everything lost

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THE LATIN AMERICAN NOTEBOOK OF WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

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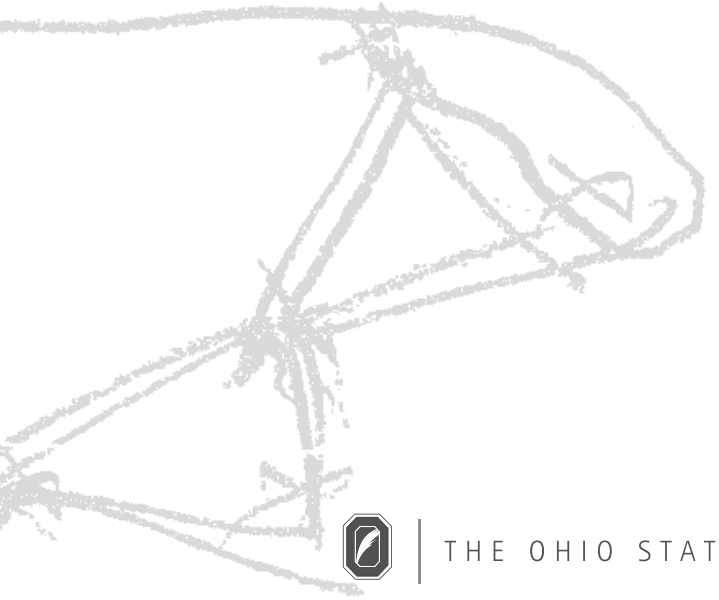

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introduction

BY OLIVER HARRIS

The publication of a notebook written by William Burroughs in Latin America during July and August 1953 might seem a matter of some marginal interest, but appearances are deceptive and this is a rare object of four-fold significance.

Firstly, its content must make us revise and rethink Burroughs' biography at a key point early in his literary career. Biographers have been able to narrate his South American quest for *yagé* by drawing on his letters from this period—both those in *The Letters of William S. Burroughs, 1945–1959,* and the dozen attributed to his persona, William Lee, that appeared as "In Search of Yage" within *The Yage Letters.* But the focus of this notebook lies elsewhere and tells a very different story of Burroughs' life as it stood in late summer 1953. Secondly, there is the specific importance of the notebook form in Burroughs' development as a writer. This, the only surviving example, allows us to recognise for the first time the notebook's role in Burroughs' creative practice, as we see him working autobiographical fragments into the fabric of his fictional universe. We can now therefore also measure the notebook's genetic and formal relation to the creative use Burroughs was starting to make of his letters, a decisive factor in the evolution of *Naked Lunch.* Thirdly, the notebook provides striking, detailed revelations about the fluid state of Burroughs' manuscripts and the ways in which he reworked them. In particular, it offers primary evidence for a far more complex picture of how he wrote major parts of what became *Queer* and *The Yage Letters.* Finally, this notebook is a unique physical remnant, and it is its singularity as a material

object that makes it so fitting to be the subject of this, the first facsimile edition of a text by William Burroughs.

To begin by expanding on this final point, *The Latin American Notebook of William S. Burroughs* marks an important advance in Burroughs textual scholarship and editing. It does so by building on two decades' of publications that have enlarged incrementally our knowledge of Burroughs' writing during the 1950s—starting with the release of *Queer* in 1985, followed by the *Interzone* collection (1989), *The Letters, 1945–1959* (1993), and three major new editions: *Naked Lunch: the restored text* (2003), edited by James Grauerholz and Barry Miles, and my own *Junky: the definitive text of "Junk"* (2003) and *The Yage Letters Redux* (2006). Shedding further light on Burroughs' foundational decade as a writer, the *Notebook* takes its place in this expansion of the scholarly field. But as an object it is entirely singular, which is why it is so appropriate that Geoffrey D. Smith and John M. Bennett should have assembled with such care this facsimile reproduction and transcription for The Ohio State University Press. For none of Burroughs' other manuscripts from this era have survived in complete form but exist only as pieces scattered across various archives—a state of disarray that reflects his lack of care as an archivist of his own material and the chaotic circumstances in which he wrote on his travels. In contrast, this notebook, the sole survivor from that past, retains a distinct physical existence whose appearance and particular feel is conveyed so well in facsimile. And so, from the opening page we immediately get an extraordinarily vivid picture of Burroughs himself, sitting alone in some dingy bar in the Peruvian coastal town of Talara, pencil in hand—his "5 P.M. rum" in the other—pressing his thoughts and observations onto the paper in his own, instantly recognisable style ("Got to watch drinking," he adds in parentheses, noting dryly, "I can black out on 4 drinks now").

The entries run from mid-July to early August 1953, and they fill out numerous minor gaps in the record of Burroughs' travels: as well as learning more about his stays in Panama and Mexico City, we now know of his stopovers in Talara, Guatemala City, and Tapachulla, and about his short trips to Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, and to Mérida, on the Yucatan Peninsula. But the initial impression of a standard travel diary is misleading, and it soon becomes clear that Burroughs is using the notebook to sketch scenes that dramatize a critical

moment in his life. A year that had begun with the inauguration of Eisenhower in Washington and the opening of *The Crucible* on Broadway, saw Burroughs depart Mexico City—since late 1949 his haven from Cold War America, but also the site of his blackest hour: the shooting of his wife, Joan—and start out, via a stopover in Miami, on his seven-month journey through the jungles of Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru. Burroughs would remain in exile for a quarter-of-a-century, dividing his time between Tangier, Paris, and London, but this was his one true expedition, and only in 1953 did he live and write constantly on the move. The *Notebook* begins on the last leg of the travels made familiar through *The Yage Letters,* and ends with Burroughs about to leave for New York and a long-awaited rendezvous with Allen Ginsberg. And yet, although his debut novel, *Junkie,* had just been published and although he had completed an adventure that would generate "an awful lot of copy" for future work,[1] the *Notebook* reveals a man contemplating dead-end despair and disaster, rather than anticipating any kind of success.

Some of the early sketches recall the vignettes of "In Search of Yage," and are written similarly in "a style which has the bitter irony of Daumier, the briefness of a Webern song."[2] But a more anguished and literally *ominous* element comes increasingly to the fore. Take his recollections of Lima, which run like a refrain through the *Notebook.* On the second page, Burroughs glumly notes, "Last few days in Lima. Cold and damp." Six pages later, after describing his arrival in Panama, he returns to "Last days in Lima," now reporting the "feeling of urgency" that makes him want to leave "at once." Thirty pages further on, these "last days" turn first into "a nightmare" and then an apocalyptic vision in the shape of a dream in which an "atomic cloud" spreads over the city. Drawn back to his memories, rewriting them as ever more sinister omens, Burroughs gives his last days in Lima an eschatological twist, literalising them as millennial end times.

Burroughs' vision of doom is developed further through a small range of specific cultural references. His allusions to country music ballads, which are predictably contemptuous of their sentimentality—"How could anyone be stupid enough to enjoy that bleating, whining crap," he snarls of songs that include

1. Burroughs interviewed by Conrad Knickerbocker (1965), *The Paris Review Interviews,* edited by George Plimpton (New York: Viking, 1967), 77.
2. Donatella Manganotti, "The Final Fix," *Kulchur* 4, no.15 (Autumn 1964): 78.

Hank Williams' posthumous hit, "Your Cheatin' Heart" (8)—also feed the sense of his isolation from contemporary America, and the blighted blandness of what he calls in a later entry "one of the most gruesome cultural straight jackets in history" (37). More significant (and surprising) is his quotation from Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* (45). Burroughs invokes the famous lyric, "Dark is life, dark is death," in the context of his preoccupation throughout the *Notebook* with individual and cultural processes of decay, aging, unfulfilled desire and death—and his despair at the poor compensations of art: "As though it made things any better to write about them." And finally, his theme is developed through four literary references that are easily missed—because such references aren't prominent in Burroughs' writing—but that are particularly resonant.

The first is to Kafka, by way of an allusion to his story "In the Penal Colony" (25), which would also figure in other contemporaneous writing.[3] Here, Burroughs identifies himself as an emotionally brutalized "Displaced Person," echoing his sense of isolated suffering, trapped in the straitjacket of American cultural values. The second, through references to Captain Ahab and the white whale (41, 45), is to Melville's *Moby Dick,* suggesting Burroughs had revised his verdict to Ginsberg back in April that his expedition had not been "Ahabesque" (*Letters* 157). Ginsberg's own understanding of why Burroughs invoked Melville is clear enough from the account he would give of his "Yage" manuscript in a letter to Malcolm Cowley that September, shortly after Burroughs had arrived in New York: "kind of an Ahab-quest; however survived."[4] Taking up the trajectory of a fateful imperial mission, the third significant literary allusion is to Joseph Conrad, invoked elliptically in one of the *Notebook*'s final entries as a devastating summation of Burroughs' own journey into a heart of darkness (53):

> Miami—
> Panama—
> Colombia—
> The horror

3. See *The Letters of William S. Burroughs, 1945–1959* (New York: Viking, 1993), 140, and "Dream of the Penal Colony," in *Interzone* (New York: Viking, 1989), 43–46.
4. Ginsberg to Cowley, September 2, 1953 (Ginsberg Collection, Columbia University).

Again, Ginsberg fully understood, and in his letter to Cowley described Burroughs' "travels in Jungles and end-of-road-Conradian despair." The final literary reference in the *Notebook* is the most revelatory, and calls for more detailed attention.

Preceding one of his references to Captain Ahab, but without any evident context, Burroughs notes: "St. Perse. This is Yage poetry" (41). This is Burroughs' first recorded reference to St.-John Perse, pseudonym of the former high-ranking French diplomat Alexis Léger, recipient of the Nobel Prize in 1960. In the early 1960s Burroughs would refer to St.-Perse, together with Rimbaud, to identify the poetics of his cut-up experiments. This much earlier allusion in the *Notebook* is particularly relevant, for two related reasons. Firstly, there is Burroughs' identification of a *yagé* poetics, which affirms creative correspondence across decades between the visionary drug and cut-up methods, linked by reference to St.-Perse. Secondly, this identification draws attention to the specific stylistic parallels between St.-Perse's densely repetitive, image-rich, Whitmanesque catalogues, and Burroughs' *yagé*-inspired vision of the "Composite City," written earlier that July, which would conclude "In Search of Yage." In fact, there is a precise irony to the parallel Burroughs implies, since eight years earlier St.-Perse had actually made his own reference to the drug—remarkable, given how little it was known outside Amazonia—in his epic poem *Vents.* From one of Ginsberg's photographs taken in his Lower East Side apartment, we know that Burroughs read this just weeks later.[5] In which case, he would have come across the allusion to "*Yaghé, liane du pauvre, qui fait surgir l'envers des choses*" ("Yaghe, liana of the poor, that evokes the reverse of things"), and no doubt have been disappointed that St.-Perse was actually rejecting rather than embracing the visions fuelled by hallucinogenic drugs.[6]

St.-Perse's other relevance here is thematic, and concerns the grand vision of human voyages and historical upheavals that informs the vatic style of his epic

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5. See Ginsberg, *Photographs* (Altadena: Twelvetrees Press, 1990). The caption reads: "William Burroughs amusing himself with 1953's recent translation of St.-Jean Perse's *Vents*, living room floor 206 East 7th Street New York City, Fall '53" (n.pag.).
6. St.-John Perse, *Winds*, bilingual edition, translated by Hugh Chisholm (New York: Pantheon, 1953; 2nd edition, 1961), 128, 129. I am grateful to Professor Roger Little, the recognised authority on St.-Perse, for confirming this understanding: "his poetics is diametrically opposed to that induced by drug taking" (personal email, January 2006).

poems, *Anabase*—which Burroughs knew in T. S. Eliot's translation—and *Vents,* based on the poet's vision of America, where he had been living in exile since the war. There is a distinctly Spenglerian dimension to St.-Perse's sweeping reflections on the cyclical crises and regenerations of human destiny, on the relations between West and East, and on "the failure of past culture and the possibility of human annihilation."[7] Ginsberg's description that September of Burroughs' "Yage" manuscript—specifically, the "Composite City" vision—likewise recognised its affinity with "the anthropological-eastern deep psychic intensity of St. J-Perse's poetry." In the context of Burroughs' *Notebook,* swept by its own apocalyptic "winds of change and death" (21), the invocation of St.-Perse is emotionally darker, implicitly drawing together as it does his ill-fated individual voyage through the Americas and a larger vision of human history, one in which "The New World is a great lack, a yearning ache of despair" (43).

Burroughs' identifications with Kafka, Melville, Conrad, and St.-Perse add up to a more potent frame of reference than the trio of literary allusions in "In Search of Yage"—Truman Capote, Evelyn Waugh, and H. G. Wells, where only the latter's "The Country of the Blind" hits the theme of tragic Western destiny. The *Notebook,* however, makes clear that Burroughs' sense of looming cultural catastrophe is grounded in his own *private* crisis, culminating in a dramatic conclusion not about the future but about what has been and gone—and this judgement radically rewrites his journey through the Americas. Far from being about his desire to write or his quest to discover *yagé,* he sees the past seven months as a series of grievous personal losses that now haunt him like dreadful revenants: "I see the S.A. trip as a disaster that lost me everything I had of value. Bits of it keep floating back to me like memories of a day time nightmare" (42).

Informing his Latin American snapshots of disease and decay, and suggesting their projection of inner fears, this urgent experience of loss reaches its conclusion in the phrase Burroughs uses in one of the last entries to sum up his whole trip: "Everything lost" (52). These words precisely echo a moving report that Jack Kerouac had made in December 1952, when describing Burroughs' state as he

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7. Paul J. Archambault, "Westward the Human Spirit: Saint-John Perse's Vision of America," *Papers on Language and Literature* 23, no. 3 (Summer 1987): 379.

departed Mexico City: "Burroughs is gone at last—3 years in Mexico—lost everything, his children, his patrimony [. . .]—all lost, dust, & thin tragic Bill hurries off into the night solitaire."[8] As the *Notebook* reveals, eight months later, back once again in Mexico City for a truly final departure, this bleak portrait was how Burroughs now saw himself.

"M"

Kerouac identified Burroughs' major personal losses, but their effect had been compounded over the following months by another absence and cause of solitude that appears in the *Notebook* as the elusive object of Burroughs' quest on his arrival in Mexico City: "I was looking only for one person. M" (9).

"M" was Lewis Marker, the reluctant lover Burroughs had taken with him on his first search for *yagé* in summer 1951, and who he fictionalised in 1952 as Allerton, William Lee's impossible object of desire in *Queer.* One of the major values of the *Notebook* is the support it gives to reassessing the importance of this relationship for his autobiographical fiction. Because it did not simply end in disaster in 1951, as *Queer* implies and as biographers and critics have assumed. To Burroughs, the relationship continued even in Marker's absence, with the paradoxical result—as the final section of this introduction will show—that it continued to have material consequences for his writing throughout 1952 and, as the *Notebook* reveals, 1953 as well.

Within the *Notebook* itself, Marker's phantom presence is absolutely central to the blurring of fact with fiction and to the slippages in space and time that characterise the Burroughsian world. Thus, immediately after describing his arrival in Mexico City to look for "M"—last seen there some ten months ago—Burroughs' compulsive quest segues into memories of another reality: "Like in a dream I had several times . . ." (9). This shift to noting his recurrent dream-searches happens so rapidly that the "real" accounts of looking for Marker that follow take on themselves the quality of a repetitious dream. This impression is supported by the way in which Burroughs not only mixes his references to "M" or "Marker" with others

8. Jack Kerouac, *Selected Letters,* 1940–1956, edited by Ann Charters (New York: Viking, 1995), 389.

to the fictional "Allerton," but seems to forget which is which, as when describing his experience of Mexico City as coloured by "an ache of memories of *Allerton*" (44; my italics). Open to the juxtaposition of travel notes, private reflections, fictional sketches, and dream reports, the hybrid and heterogeneous form of Burroughs' *Notebook* readily assimilates different kinds of materials and encourages their merger. For many writers, this confusion of fragments might have limited its usefulness; for Burroughs, this was precisely where he was going.

Under such conditions of ontological uncertainty, every detail comes to assume a "special significance" (15), an effect also of Burroughs' increasingly fragmentary, elliptical notations, which are all the more enigmatic for being often barely legible. Details acquire, in his definitive phrasing, the "cryptic significance of a dream" (18). This effect is surcharged by the disturbances in chronology produced by the form of the *Notebook* entries and the immediacy of the present tense in which they are written. As if acting out his recurrent dreams, events appear to be repeating themselves—compare pages 12 and 18, for example—and it takes a while to realise that Burroughs is in fact returning to a single event and redrafting his description. Likewise, by narrating in detail his journey to Mexico City (16–17) *after* he has already described arriving there (9), a curiously dream-like temporality emerges, with flashes of déjà-vu and an uncanny sense of fateful circularity. The reading experience generated by this process of writing, by the form of the notebook itself, therefore seems to reproduce Burroughs' own experience of internal and external realities: "My mind goes round and round repeating" (42); "Nothing is happening completely by chance. There is the special significance to every meeting" (15); "Bits of it keep floating back to me like memories of a day time nightmare."

Burroughs' struggle to escape the traps of memory and desire may even account for the extraordinary sequence towards the end of the *Notebook* where the very words on the page give up their representational function and turn irreducibly cryptic. Here, the writing turns into a series of swirls and glyphs that might be mathematical symbols, characters from Hebrew or Greek or a version of Pitman shorthand (echoes of "In Search of Yage," perhaps, and his *yagé*-fuelled vision of "Hebephrenic shorthand"), before eventually forming itself into what looks like the drawing of a rose (46–50). Unique in Burroughs, the graphic, visceral aspect

of these remarkable pages, and the accelerated and animate quality of his pencil strokes, does recall the products of other hallucinogen-driven artwork, especially that of Henri Michaux. His experiments with mescaline—first taken in 1954, and described in *Miserable Miracle*—resulted, as Michaux put it, in an "original text, more tangible than legible, drawn rather than written," where "letters ended in smoke or disappeared in zigzags."[9] It is possible that Burroughs had been taking *yagé*, since we know he had packed a quantity of the vine. Then again, it is also plausible to see these strange transformations of signs into symbols and symbols into drawings as a response to the knowledge, impelled by the narcotic ache of a compulsive desire, that it did not make things any better to write about them.

Although the *Notebook* has its own literary and aesthetic interest, and features some typically provocative ethnographic observations, it also offers a unique key to understanding the fluid state and surprising transformations of Burroughs' contemporaneous manuscripts. From the point of view of Burroughs scholarship, therefore, his relationship with Marker that haunts the *Notebook* is important because the writing here bridges in unexpected ways his manuscripts of "Queer" and "Yage." Paradoxically, to grasp this point we need to bear in mind the *absence* of Marker from Burroughs' writing since stopping work on "Queer" a year earlier. There are simply no references to him at all in any of Burroughs' surviving correspondence between January and July 1953, and of course he does not appear in "In Search of Yage," whose letters cover the same period. To look at this another way, the return of Marker/Allerton in the *Notebook*—or rather, Burroughs' return to memories and fantasies of him—would appear to link this material back to the unfinished "Queer" manuscript, and so separate it completely from "Yage." Appearances, however, prove highly deceptive, and at this point we need to explore in detail the *Notebook*'s richly complex and curious textual history in relation to Burroughs' other manuscripts.

Mexico City Return

The discontinuity signalled by Marker/Allerton's presence in the *Notebook* is all

9. Henri Michaux, *Miserable Miracle*, translated by Louise Varès (San Francisco: City Lights, 1963), 5.

the more striking because it so flatly contradicts the expectations of any reader familiar with *The Yage Letters* who then opens the *Notebook.* For it begins chronologically and geographically (July 16, Talara, Peru) almost exactly where "In Search of Yage" left off (July 10, Lima, Peru). On closer inspection, what we find is not just continuity, however, but something much more paradoxical: verbatim overlap. For scattered among the first nine pages of the *Notebook* there is almost all the material that appears in "In Search of Yage" as the last page of the letter dated July 8 (which originally concluded the whole section, until the addition of the July 10 letter for the second edition of *The Yage Letters* in 1975). Comparing the two versions of this material, we recognise passages that in the *Notebook* describe Burroughs' journey *from* Lima (up to Talara) now used for the description of his earlier journey *to* Lima (from Pucallpa). But more is at stake here than the cannibalization of three hundred words, for the transposition of material from Burroughs' notebook into the form of a letter is in fact primary evidence of how he fabricated almost *all* the "letters" of "In Search of Yage."

In order to uncover the important part played by Burroughs' notebooks in the complex genesis of "In Search of Yage," we need to start from the fact that his "Yage" manuscript was effectively composed in three stages.[10] Firstly, he completed a 9,500 word typescript in early June 1953, which was epistolary in neither form nor origin, that became the first three-quarters of "In Search of Yage." He then produced additional material during June and July, about half of which was used to make the last quarter of "In Search of Yage." Finally, all this material was reworked in Ginsberg's New York apartment between September and early December, by which time it had acquired the formal appearance of letters. While it's not clear how much, if any, of the June manuscript originated in Burroughs' notes, it does possess a significant formal relation to the *Notebook;* Ginsberg's account to Malcolm Cowley accurately describes it as a "kind of self-invented journal form." In other words, before Burroughs created its epistolary appearance, the original manuscript of "Yage" was as close in form to the notebook as to the letter.

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10. For a detailed account, see my Introduction to *The Yage Letters Redux* (San Francisco: City Lights, 2006), especially xxix–xxxv.

In the second stage of its manuscript history, the last quarter of what became "In Search of Yage," some 3,500 words, was assembled from Burroughs' notebook material and real letters (in a ratio of about two to one). It is likely that he kept just one notebook during this period, which has not survived. When he wrote Ginsberg in early July a letter that included "notes as they are in note-book, which is such a terrible mess I want to type the notes up and throw away the note-book" (*Letters* 173), it seems that this is exactly what he did. But because Burroughs retyped his notes into his letters to Ginsberg as new material to be added onto his "Yage" manuscript, much of the material from this lost notebook has been preserved. Three letters he wrote during early July together feature over three thousand words copied from that notebook (see *Letters* 169, 173–76, 178–80, 184–86), making it possible to compare his practice across notebooks. Equally, we can now see that Burroughs' real letter of July 8 was almost entirely made up of notes retyped from that notebook, and recognise there is no overlap at all with the letter of the same date that appears in "In Search of Yage."

In the third stage, Burroughs and Ginsberg—with the help of Alene Lee, who did the typing—reframed the materials by putting them into epistolary form. This created a loose overall unity by using the activity of letter writing to motivate an otherwise awkwardly discontinuous narrative made up of disparate fragments. Significantly, Burroughs would come up with a similar formal solution to similar structural problems exactly two years later in Tangier when working on what became *Naked Lunch.* Having used his regular letters to Ginsberg as a medium to record "miscellaneous ideas, a sort of running diary," in October 1955 he hit upon the idea "to alternate chapters of Letter and Journal Selections, with straight narrative chapters" (*Letters* 216, 288). After composing one "Letter and Journal" chapter of some forty pages, this arrangement was later abandoned, but traces of it remain in the published text in the form of sections entitled "*Disintoxication Notes,*" "*Habit Notes,*" and "*Notes from* yagé *state,*" while Burroughs' Introduction would speak of the whole text as "notes which have now been published under the title *Naked Lunch.*"[11] The formal presentation of all these "notes" clearly im-

11. *Naked Lunch: the restored text,* edited by James Grauerholz and Barry Miles (New York: Grove, 2003), 47, 55, 91, 199.

plies their origins in *notebooks,* although this is doubly misleading. Firstly, because it conceals the crucial genetic significance of letter-writing, the direct source for many of the novel's routines, and secondly because, while Burroughs probably did keep some notebooks during the writing of *Naked Lunch,* none appear to have survived. Whereas his closest friends, Ginsberg and Kerouac, always maintained notebooks, diaries, and journals—and have left behind dozens of examples for scholars to examine—throughout his first decade as a writer Burroughs did not.[12]

Finally, before moving on to explore the most extensive and significant relation between the *Notebook* and Burroughs' other manuscripts, there is one more, equally surprising, overlap with *The Yage Letters.* It is easily overlooked because it doesn't occur in "In Search of Yage," but in "I Am Dying, Meester?" the cut-up text from 1962 that completed the book. This text is clearly made by the recycling of fragments taken from "In Search of Yage"—nearly a quarter of its words come from the letters—mixed in with other materials composed much later. But almost a tenth derives from Burroughs' *Notebook,* including details such as his "rum coke" and the honky-tonk country song titles—"Your Cheating Heart" and "Driving Nails In My Coffin"—he hated so much.[13]

By far the most important—and indeed paradoxical—part in the textual history of the *Notebook* is its relation to *Queer,* more specifically its "Epilogue," "Mexico City Return." Comparing texts, the reader can recognise a third of "Mexico City Return"—some 850 out of 2,500 words—appears verbatim in the *Notebook,* scattered across its first twenty-four pages. In fact, the overlap seems much greater, since many parts, such as the account of Burroughs returning to Mexico City and looking for Allerton, have been simply expanded and lightly reworked. This material seems to continue where the main narrative of *Queer* leaves off: having departed Mexico City to travel through the jungles of Central America with Allerton, we now find Lee returning to Mexico City, apparently a week or two later. The upshot in terms of the chronology of Burroughs' biography, however, is the paradox of having to read "Mexico City Return"—based on material taken from the *Notebook* describing events in late summer 1953—as a seamless continuation

12. From the early 1960s, Burroughs did start to keep extensive scrapbooks that combined notes, images, and collages of material.

13. *The Yage Letters Redux,* 77.

of events that took place in late summer 1951, a full *two years* earlier.[14] Clearly, another understanding is necessary.

The immediate solution is to know that the "Epilogue" to *Queer* never belonged to Burroughs' "Queer" manuscript; it was added only during the process of editing in 1985, prompted by the publisher's request for more material to fill out the short and visibly incomplete original manuscript. Instead, "Mexico City Return" belonged to Burroughs' "Yage" manuscript.[15] Indeed, this was one of the major unused parts composed in the second stage of the manuscript's history, during July and August 1953. This knowledge clears up the puzzle of chronology, however, only to produce other, even more puzzling consequences. For if the material taken from the first two dozen pages of Burroughs' *Notebook* and later published as "Mexico City Return" was once a part of "In Search of Yage," then Allerton must have been a part of it too—which he was. Equally, if this material appeared in the manuscript of "In Search of Yage," then it must have been recast in epistolary form—which it was.[16]

In short, the *Notebook* makes apparent the remarkable fluidity of Burroughs' manuscripts, both in content and form, complicating our assumptions about the identities of the texts both as written and as published. What's striking is the sheer contingency of the three manuscripts that Burroughs wrote during his Mexican years—"Junk," "Queer," and "Yage"—whose now-familiar forms were actually shaped by a chain of circumstance and necessity tied to the economic logic of publication: because his editors at Ace wanted to expand the brief Mexican ending of "Junk," in 1952 Burroughs cannibalized the opening chapters of "Queer,"

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14. This chronological slippage is evident in Lee's anxiety on arriving at Mexico City airport; nothing in *Queer* explains his sudden fear of the police, because its basis—Burroughs' legal status in Mexico after shooting his wife—relates to events after its narrative ends.
15. The provenance of the material explains the otherwise unaccountable shift in narrative point of view in *Queer,* as the third person gives way in the "Epilogue" to the first.
16. Most of this material probably featured in a fabricated letter, "July 20, Mexico City," while the accounts of first-hand witnesses such as Robert Creeley and Alan Ansen confirm that it was part of the "Yage" manuscript in 1955; see Ansen's essay, "Anyone Who Can Pick Up a Frying Pan Owns Death," first published in *Big Table* no. 2 (1959), reprinted in *The Burroughs File* (San Francisco: City Lights, 1984). Stanford holds a copy of the last six pages of the August typescript, repaginated 39–44, indicating their location within a version of the "Yage" manuscript (Ginsberg Papers, Correspondence Series 1, Box 2, Folder 42, Stanford University).

and because what was left of that manuscript was so short as well as incomplete, when Viking came to publish it thirty years later *Queer* gained a convenient "Epilogue"—which would have already been included in *The Yage Letters* in 1963, had that volume not collected together only those sections of "Yage" already printed in magazines. It's possible to imagine completely different combinations of this early material, and in Mexico City during late summer 1953—a time curiously forgotten in all the standard biographies—Burroughs sat down with his notebook and did precisely that.

"No Word from Allerton"

The potential for alternative versions of what became "In Search of Yage" and *Queer* is contemplated in one of Burroughs' final entries in the *Notebook.* Here, in a series of seemingly cryptic notes, he plots out an entirely different future for his material (52):

> When Lee quit junk—unexpurgated version—First trip to S.A. with Allerton. Return to Mexico. Left out—Allerton goes and returns—Back to S.A. No word from Allerton, S.A. trip and back to Mexico. Everything lost—

Decoding these notations, Burroughs here envisages creating a single text out of six elements. First is the "unexpurgated version" of when Lee quit junk, by which he actually means the original beginning of "Queer." For in August 1952 Burroughs had stripped the first two chapters of his "Queer" manuscript to form a 5,500-word insert for the last, Mexican-set, quarter of "Junk" (105–19 in *Junky*)—and he now envisages restoring all the material he had edited out, which included Lee's first encounter with Allerton.[17] The second element— "First trip to S.A. with Allerton"—would correspond to the last chapters of "Queer" (79–121 in *Queer*). The third part—"Return to Mexico"—can only refer to Burroughs' return journey, alone, from Ecuador in September 1951. This might then explain the phrase, "Left out"—which itself leaves out its apparently unspeakable referent; namely Bur-

17. See my Introduction and the endnotes in *Junky: the definitive text of "Junk"* (New York: Penguin, 2003), xxvi–xxvii and 163–64.

roughs' shooting, that September, of Joan. No manuscript exists for this episode, nor for the next—"Allerton goes and returns"—although Burroughs' biography determines that it covers the period from January to September 1952. The fifth section—"Back to S.A."—refers to the travels Burroughs began in January 1953, followed by "S.A. trip and back to Mexico," which would cover the sixth months to July as described in "In Search of Yage" plus the *Notebook* entries that became "Mexico City Return." The final phrase—"Everything Lost"—therefore glosses a narrative that combines both Burroughs' 1951 and 1953 *yagé* trips, that is framed by two sets of departures from and to Mexico City, and that is centred around the search for, and loss of, Allerton.[18] Had events worked out differently, this composite manuscript would have been Burroughs' sequel to *Junkie.*

Allerton's paradoxically negative presence supplies still further links between Burroughs' manuscripts that point towards not only alternative possibilities, but new understandings of the texts as published. First, however, we need to take one stage further the already long and complex textual history of "Mexico City Return." The material that had started out as entries in Burroughs' *Notebook,* that later featured in the epistolary "Yage" manuscript, and that was eventually published as an epilogue to the narrative of *Queer* also existed in another form. For the "Mexico City Return" section was not based directly on the *Notebook* fragments, but upon a ten-page typescript that Burroughs composed at the very beginning of August (and mailed on the 3rd to Ginsberg as an addition to "Yage").[19] This August manuscript was mainly an expansion of the *Notebook* material (only two out of its ten pages have no direct relation) and, at 3,800 words long, was fifty percent longer than "Mexico City Return." About a third of the August manuscript, therefore, was not used in the Epilogue to *Queer.* There was also more material originally from the *Notebook* in the manuscript, so that, altogether, a full quarter of the *Notebook* was used to make it. Having already culled several thousand words from his first notebook during early July, Burroughs clearly started his second with a definite idea of its potential literary use.

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18. In 1955 Burroughs wrote a "new introduction" to his "Yage" manuscript set in Mexico that seems to have projected a very similar circularity for his 1953 trip by creating the "continuity of journey from Mexico to S.A. and back to Mexico" (*Letters* 251, 253).

19. Ten-page untitled typed manuscript (Ginsberg Collection, Columbia University).

Among the material present in the August manuscript that was not used for "Mexico City Return" is a doubly significant opening frame: "Back in Lima. No letter from Allerton. I felt sick and discouraged and sat down for several minutes in the embassy. Why doesn't he write?" This emphatic new beginning takes up epistolary references scattered throughout the *Notebook:* the repeated line, "So he got all my letters. Why didn't he answer. Why?" (12, 21)—which was present in the August manuscript, but again edited out of "Mexico City Return" for *Queer;* and the phrase "No Word from Allerton" in Burroughs' alternative plan for his manuscripts. Here, "No Word" means "no letters," as is clear from the covering note he sent Ginsberg with his August manuscript: "I didn't mention it before because I did not feel like talking about it, that I never heard from Marker after I left Mexico, though I wrote ten letters to his home address in Florida to be forwarded" (*Letters* 187). These references to the broken epistolary relation between Burroughs and Marker are highly significant because his letter writing had covertly structured the writing of his "Queer" manuscript during 1952. When he stopped work on it that October, Burroughs would tell Ginsberg that he "wrote *Queer* for Marker" (*Letters* 138), but he had also generated key parts of it—at least some of Lee's routines—by writing *to* him.[20]

What the *Notebook* and the August manuscript derived from it establish is that Burroughs planned to incorporate this epistolary structure, with its creative as well as emotional economy, into his writing. And what's more, this plan predated the decision to recast his "Yage" manuscript into epistolary form. This final point makes visible a particular irony in the most compelling piece of evidence for the intended continuity of Burroughs' material. For, immediately after the opening frame, with its despair at failing to receive letters, the August manuscript continues with all the material taken from his *Notebook* that, just a few weeks later, would become the last page of the July 8 letter in "In Search of Yage."

The second significance of the August manuscript's opening frame is its unexpected and striking echo of another passage: "I stopped off at the U.S. Embassy

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20. See my *William Burroughs and the Secret of Fascination* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2003), 133–57.

[. . .] No letters." Here, the embassy in question is not Lima in July 1953 but Panama in January, and these phrases occur in the very first letter of "In Search of Yage" (4).[21] Although he goes unnamed, and the reference is easily missed, a ghostly trace of Allerton does therefore appear in *The Yage Letters* after all, and takes the most appropriate possible form: a cryptic allusion to his epistolary absence.[22]

Finally, the *Notebook* and the August manuscript shed new light on the writing and significance of one of Burroughs' most potent and enigmatic routines, which at one stage might have completed his "Yage" manuscript and would later form the ending to *Queer*—the sinister story of Friendly Finance. First drafts of this material appear early on in the *Notebook* (5–6), without any apparent context. In the August manuscript, Burroughs now introduced it with the line, "Thought up gag for if I find Allerton"—at a later point, he amended the word "gag" to "routine"[23]—and by the time it was edited for *Queer* thirty years later it had changed again, to, "That night I dreamed I finally found Allerton" (132). In the *Notebook,* neither the situation nor the identities of the routine's speaker and audience are clear, since it is initially addressed, most curiously, to "Bill," and then to "Louie" (5)—a sign, perhaps, that the more developed narrative context would actually dramatize a disguised truth. This possibility is hinted at in an entry made two weeks later (August 1–3), when Burroughs develops the routine in order to reflect on the "degree of reciprocity" in his "contract" with Marker. His conclusion—that real contact with another is impossible, that what "you want to contact" is "in fact part of *yourself* " (34)—lays bare the intra-psychic dimension to what had seemed an interpersonal relationship. In other words, Burroughs was addressing himself, playing both roles in the routine, both the one who will never let go and the one desperate to escape.

What the *Notebook* and the August manuscript also reveal is that Burroughs wrote the material in two stages, since there is a gap between the appearance

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21. This passage did not appear in Burroughs' original June "Yage" manuscript, but was added during Fall 1953, very probably after he had decided on an epistolary structure.
22. At one point in the manuscript history, "In Search of Yage" actually included a letter from Lee to Allerton; see *The Yage Letters Redux,* xxxvii and 86–87.
23. Ginsberg Papers, Correspondence Series 1, Box 2, Folder 42, Stanford University.

of the representative of Friendly Finance and—"three days later," according to an aside on the manuscript—his metamorphosis into the Skip Tracer. There is a portent of this creepy, fantomatic figure, clearly a creature from the dream dimension, in the first sketch—"It hurts our feelings when a client skips out on us" (5)—but the *Notebook* does not contain a draft of this second half. Instead, following on from a broken line at the foot of the page—"But Friendly Finance never" (29)—and preceding the discussion of the "contract," there appears a tantalising blank space marked by the stubs of four sheets torn from the book. Did Burroughs first sketch the Skip Tracer on those pages, and possibly reveal more about his nightmarish self-portrait as a psychic repo man? Perhaps the absence of these four pages, this hole at the heart of Burroughs' *Notebook,* can be taken to materialise his desolate sense of all that is lost, irredeemably lost, in life and therefore in our own quest to repossess the secrets of the past.

comments on the text

BY GEOFFREY D. SMITH

It is an unassuming school notebook in plain, black paper wrappers, somewhat square in shape, eight by six inches, with cheap lined paper, forty-eight leaves in all, with the stubs of four missing leaves following leaf twenty-nine. And it traveled through much of Latin America, from Peru to Mexico, in the hands of William S. Burroughs who, with a number two lead pencil, crafted events, emotions, inchoate plots and themes in addition to doodling and scribbling. This unique literary document is part of the larger William S. Burroughs Collection in the Rare Books and Manuscripts Library at The Ohio State University Libraries. That *The Latin American Notebook of William S. Burroughs* survived the years (see Oliver Harris' "Introduction" to this volume regarding the textual history) and arrived at Ohio State can only be attributed to good fortune.

The *Notebook* went to auction as lot 22 of the *Allen Ginsberg and Friends* sale held at Sotheby's New York on October 7, 1999. The Rare Books and Manuscripts Library of The Ohio State University Libraries was bidding by telephone. In the fury of the bidding, Ohio State had already exceeded its allocated funds and made one final bid that held. Had the competitors but made the minimal raise, the *Notebook* would have been destined elsewhere. As it turned out, the *Notebook* was united with other significant Burroughs materials at Ohio State including about a third of the original *Naked Lunch* typescript, other various early manuscripts and correspondence, and virtually the entire literary archive of the Burroughs' corpus from

1972 until his death in 1997. Among significant, discrete manuscript archives, for instance, are the multiple drafts of his trilogy *Cities of the Red Night* (1981), *The Place of Dead Roads* (1983), and *The Western Lands* (1987).

As a nascent document in the Burroughs' corpus, it seemed critical for Burroughs research that this text become accessible to the international scholarly community. The general editors of the project, Geoffrey D. Smith and John M. Bennett, approached The Ohio State University Press with regard to publishing the *Notebook.* Not only did the press see the value of such a publication but expressed a desire to publish a series of Burroughs works. With the cooperation of James Grauerholz, literary executor of the Burroughs estate, and the outstanding contributions of Oliver Harris, Burroughs scholar and volume editor, this book is the first volume of a Burroughs edition that will include newly edited versions of *The Revised Boy Scout Manual, Cities of the Red Night* and *The Collected Letters of William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin.*

Titled *Everything Lost: The Latin American Notebook of William S. Burroughs,* the volume in hand includes: a digital facsimile reproduction of the *Notebook;* a documentary transcription of all the text of the *Notebook,* including excisions; and an edited fair text version. Each of these textual versions serves a specific purpose. The facsimile, from a high-resolution digital scan, does, of course, afford the audience a highly accurate view of the text as artifact. The facsimile provides a feel, a flavor, for the writer at work where one can observe Burroughs' hand as it alters according to mood or moment. The deletions (casual at some points and vigorous at others), the erasures, the re-workings, the inserts—all attest to Burroughs' crafting of the text. And, finally, the reader can witness, and, perhaps sympathize with, the editorial task of deciphering Burroughs' challenging penmanship. As noted in editorial notes, in some cases the editors openly admit that a chosen word or phrase is, quite simply, a best guess. With the facsimile available to all, the reader can judge personally as to the quality of editorial choice, and, of course, proffer alternative readings. The editorial goal has always been to identify each exact word of the *Notebook* in order to render, as nearly as possible, an unmediated text. That a wholly unmediated text cannot be provided will be evident when the facsimile *Notebook* is read: some words, to the current editors, at least, are simply indecipherable from internal examination. The few indecipher-

able portions are indicated by †, a symbol that Burroughs does not use elsewhere in the *Notebook.* Some editorial judgments are augmented by context or external evidence, such as other works by Burroughs, and are documented in the notes to the text.

The importance of the complete transcription, then, is to capture the mind at work and observe subtexts to what is finally presented as the fair copy. The question of authorial intention is not at play in this documentary edition of the *Notebook,* because there is only one state of the text. Therefore, whatever Burroughs crossed out still appears in the complete transcription, but is deleted from the fair copy. With both versions at hand, however, in addition to the digital facsimile, readers can draw their own conclusions regarding editorial decisions. For instance, as Oliver Harris notes in the "Introduction," Burroughs quotes from Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde.* The Mahler citation is crossed out in the *Notebook,* albeit less rigorously than other excisions, but still clearly deleted. The editorial decision, then, was to exclude this substantive passage from the fair copy, as tempting as it was for the editors to include it. Still, its inclusion in the transcription admits it to *a* text, if not *the* text that the editors designate as the fair copy. That is to say, there are no editorial claims to the fair copy being a definitive edition, but rather, the three textual presentations—facsimile, transcription and fair copy—provide the framework for a scholarly edition. The facsimile provides the original document in Burroughs' hand; the transcription presents a literal rendition of the facsimile, with no word or punctuation being unaccounted for (though others may read any word differently); and, the fair copy presents a text selected from the non-excised portions of the *Notebook,* presumably a text crafted by the author.

Burroughs typically wrote on only one side, the recto, of a notebook leaf. Still, there are ample instances of writing on the verso. In almost all cases, these verso recordings appear to have been added separately from the recto writings. Also, it appears that the verso writings most generally have a narrative, imaginative or logical relation to text on the facing page (i.e., the recto of the following leaf), rather than the reverse of the current leaf. Hence, in layout, when there is text on the verso, it is displayed with text from the facing page as related, creative units. The sole exception is the verso of leaf twenty-nine, which would have faced the

recto of the first of four leaves cut from the *Notebook.* It cannot be determined if that section, the verso of leaf twenty-nine, referred to an earlier, discarded text, or the resumed text, which continues the "Friendly Finance" routine from the recto of leaf twenty-nine. Also, more typical than not, when Burroughs was recording on the recto he would add inserts on those very leaves, lending further credence to the belief that the recordings on the verso leaves were added later.

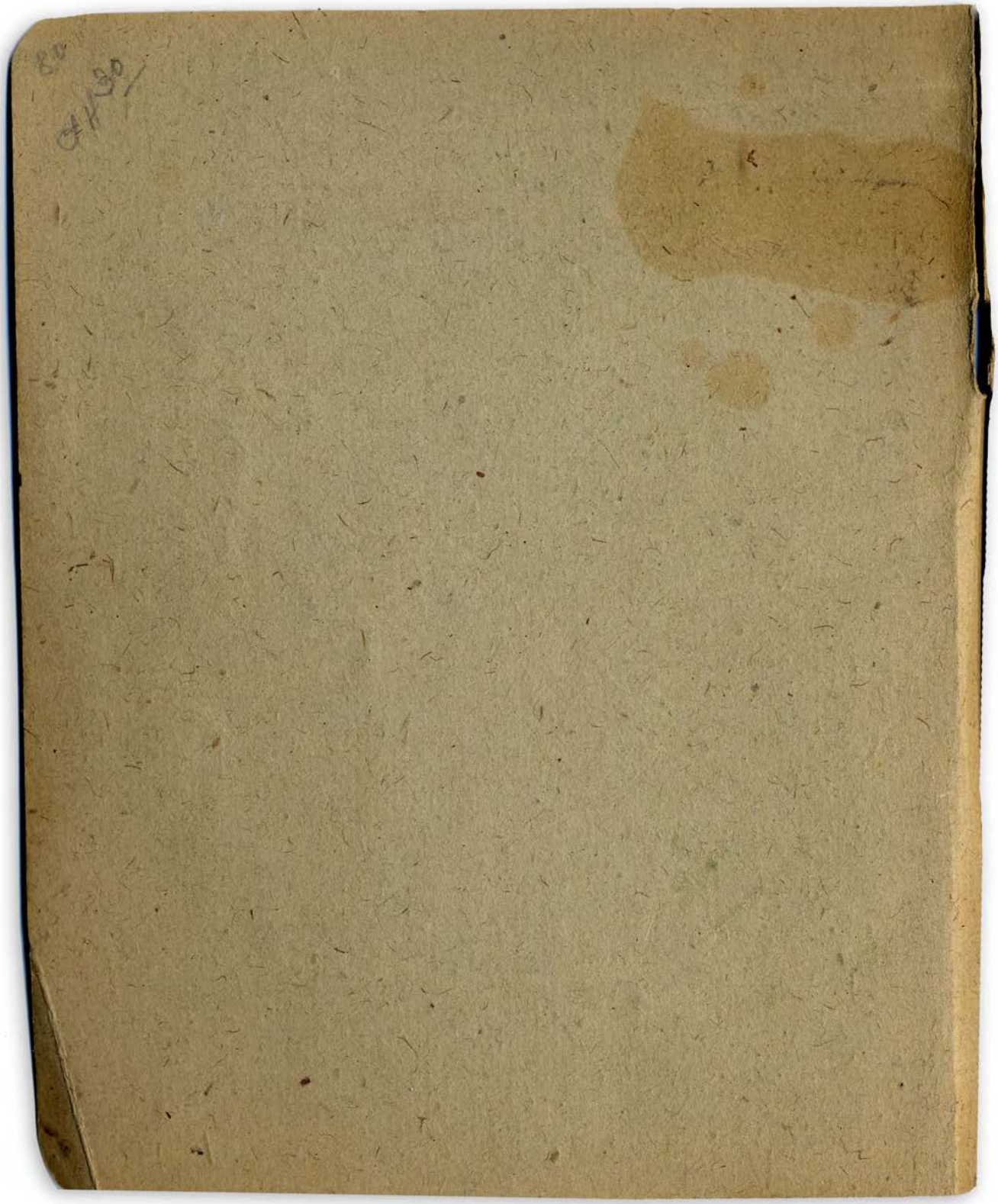
Textual notes are incorporated in the transcription text. Though reluctant to be gratuitous in most cases of identification of people, settings or events, the editors did not want to err with too little elucidation. For instance, the reference to Ethel and Julius Rosenberg (p. 172 [spread 34]) will be obvious to any scholar of mid-twentieth century American cultural history, but it seemed appropriate to emphasize that their execution occurred but a month before the inception of the *Notebook.* In the cases of grammar and idiosyncratic spellings, the editors chose to record text as Burroughs wrote it. For instance, on page 154 [spread 25], line 13, the editors retained Burroughs' spelling of *inocence,* which is repeated elsewhere in the *Notebook.* In some cases, Burroughs spells the same word differently, even on the same page: thus, on page 184 [spread 40], line 2, he writes *gentleness,* but on line 19 he writes *gentelness;* on page 178 [spread 37], line 5 he writes *immigrant,* but on line 7 he writes *imigrants.* The editors also retained Burroughs' individual use of contractions and accents, thus, *Dont* for Don't on page 148, [spread 22], line 7, and, *vamonos* for vámonos on page 138 [spread 17], line 19. In instances where Burroughs was being consciously playful with language, e.g., dialogue or the "riff" of the complete page 206 [spread 51], there are no notes. **Bolded** terms and phrases in the notes indicate that they appear as recorded from the text. The decision to attach all notes to the transcription text was, precisely, to leave the fair text free of overt editorial intervention and commentary.

A separate list of variant readings is also appended to the transcription. These are cases where there was no editorial consensus regarding specific words with decisions being determined by context, grammar, spelling idiosyncracies of Burroughs, cursive style, etc.

Since this is the first publication of *Everything Lost,* derived from a holograph manuscript, there is no additional authorial intervention. Certainly, as amply

demonstrated in the "Introduction," specific language and themes recur through Burroughs' later works (whole sections in some cases), and those works have been useful in determining difficult passages. But, this volume remains essentially a documentary text. The facsimile is a digital reproduction of the actual notebook; the transcription is, as nearly as possible, an exact recording of this unique text; and, the fair copy is Burroughs' edited version of the transcription.

notebook



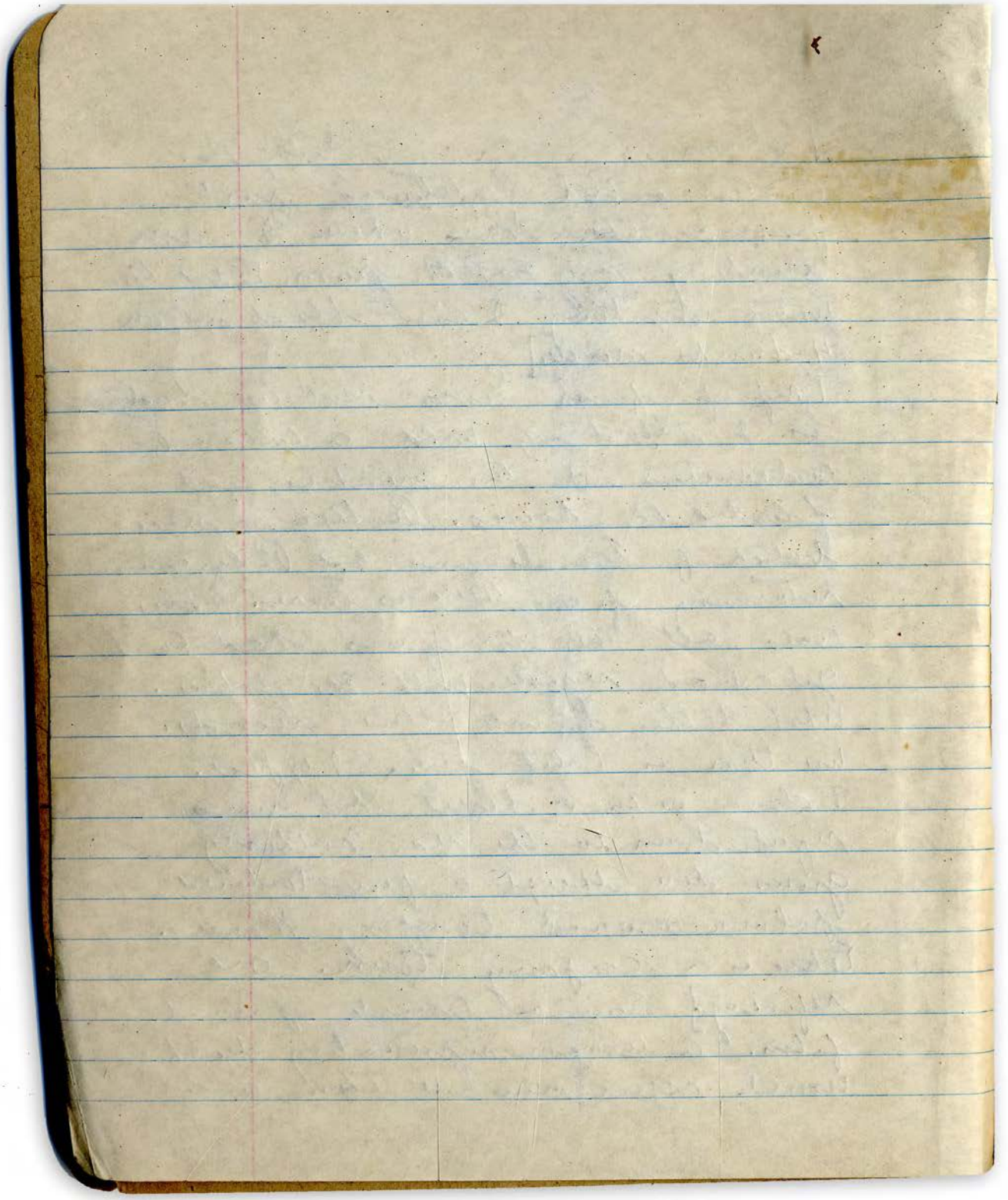
2 · notebook facsimile

Talara. July 16.

A bus called Proletario just passed the bar where I am drinking my 5 P.M. rum. [Best to watch drinking I can block out on 4 drinks now.]

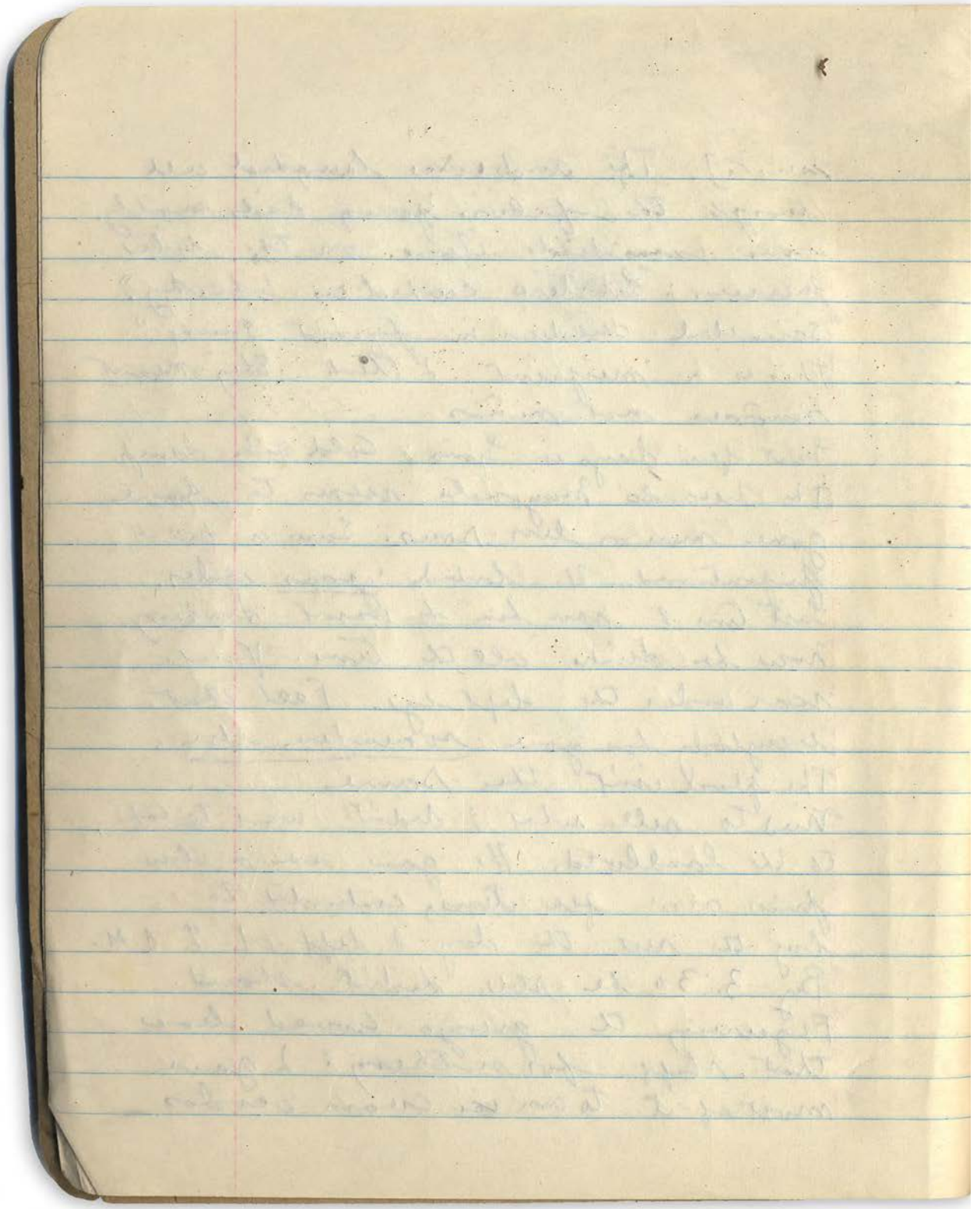
Trip up from Lima not too bad, as I shoved off with a tube of codeinetas and two nembies, and floated 12 hours. Rather a nice bunch of Ecuadorians and Bolivians returning from Buenos Aires. These times "all the foreigners" had to get out and register with the police. What do they do with these records. Use them as toilet paper I expect.

Talara is in a desert that runs right down to the sea. Nothing grows here except a few twisted palms around Company Houses. [This is a company town. Oil refining.] Saw a terrible Spanish film. A woman representing death kept appear now and then in a



4 · notebook facsimile

must J. The audience laughed all through the film. Young kids mostly. Some incredible items on the hotel menu. "Lobsters cooked in whisky." "Scrambled chicken in pigeon sauce." This is a misprint. I think they meant ranchos not niños.
Last few days in Lima: Cold and damp. The Pescado Mayonesa seems to have gone more or less sour. Saw a kid I propositioned. He looked years older. Last time I saw him he wasn't drinking. Now he drinks all the time. Funny scar under the left eye. Feel that everybody has gone somewhere else. The place isn't the same.
Tried to sell what I didn't want to take to the landlord. He gave me a low price on a few items, contracted to buy the rest the day I left at 9 A.M. By 3:30 he still didn't show. Figuring the gringo owed him that stuff for nothing. I gave most of it to an ice cream vendor.



6 · notebook facsimile

Some to a good toothed Chinese waiter, who was suspicious of the deal and did not thank me. Some people can't believe anyone is giving them anything.

July 17, Panama.

Ruins of 1910. Lined two-wooden hospitals where people died in rows from yellow fever. Walked around with camera. People always know when you are taking their picture. Concept of soul loss. ~~Thought gift~~. I was trying to get picture of young Indian on boat. Such languid animal innocence. He knew I was trying to take his picture and would always look up just as I was swinging camera into position. [Corrugated iron roofs, ~~people living in~~ billowing silhouettes. Every old crone like some witch, what do I want from him? Sitting drawing against the

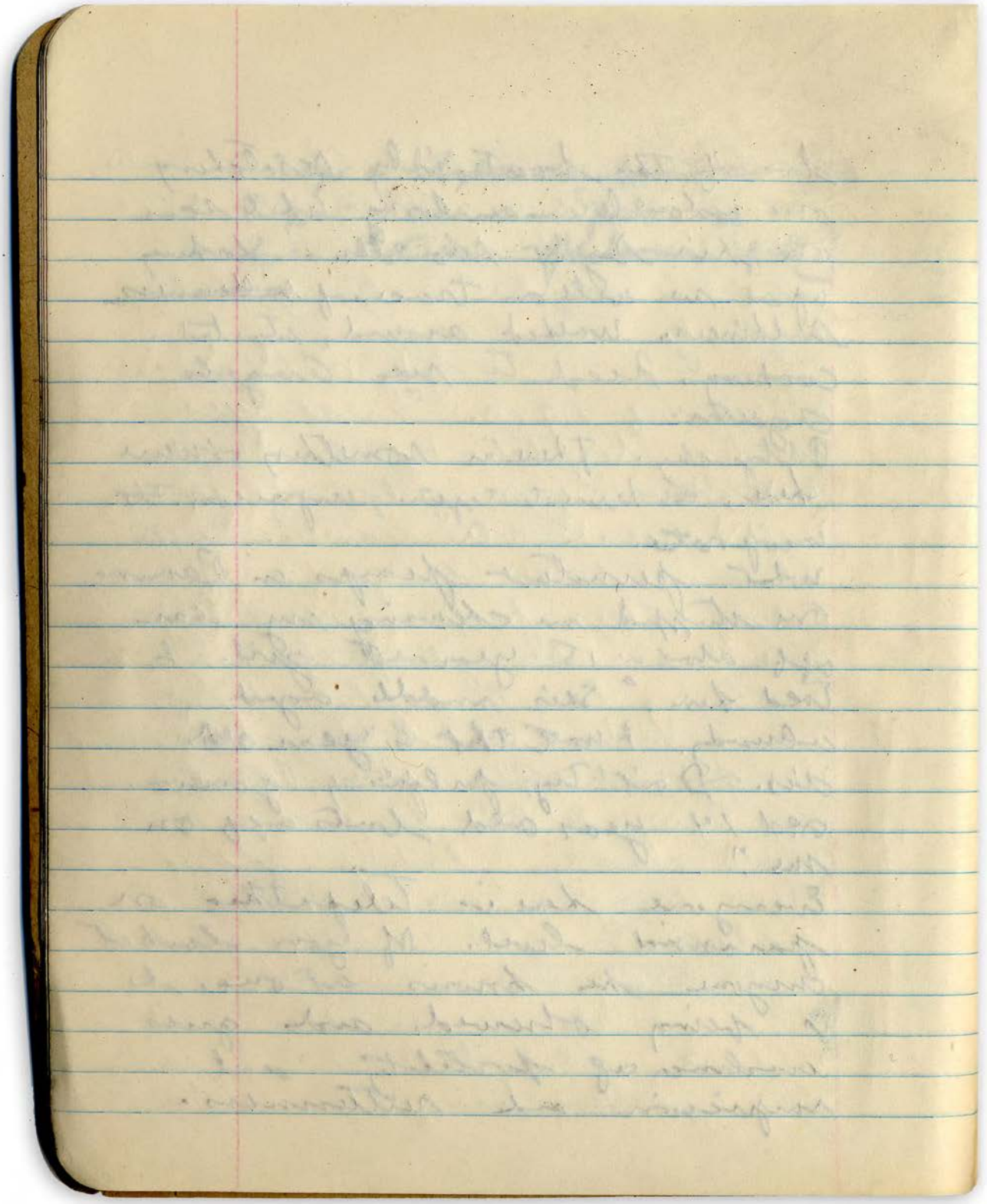
I got a letter my [illegible] got
from Herman. "Just off a
[illegible] that was pleasant [illegible]]

boa of the boat, idly scratching one shoulder — a long white scar on his right shoulder — looking up at me with a trace of ~~ruthlessness~~ ruthlessness. Walked around, started cooking. Need to see Angelo again.

Photography. There is something obscene here, a desire to capture, imprison the incorporate.

What persistent pimps in Panama. One stopped me chewing my ear off about a 15 year old girl. I told him, "She's middle aged already. I want that 6 year old." Don't try palming your old 14 year old brats off on me!"

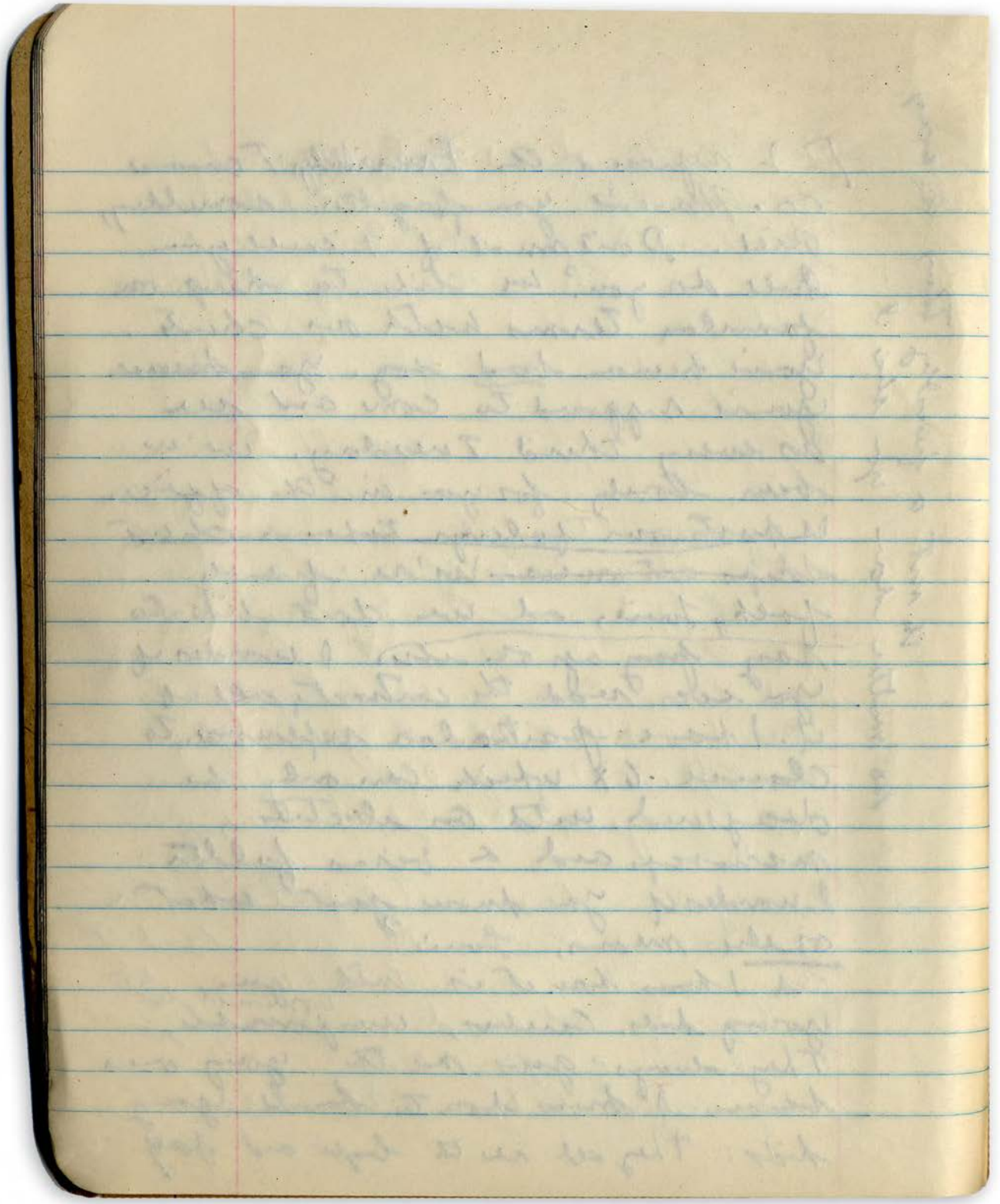
Everyone here is telepathic on paranoid level. If you look at anyone he knows at once he is being observed and gives evidence of hostility and suspicion and ruthlessness.



[I represent the Friendly Finance Co. Haven't you forgotten something, Bill. Don't mind if I call you Bill do you? We like to keep on familiar terms with our clients. You've been bad boy. ~~You know~~ You're supposed to come and see us every third Tuesday. We've been lonely for you in the office. ~~We hate our feelings to be a chest thing out on us.~~ We're friendly folks, Louie, and we don't like to have pay up or else. I wonder if you ever read the contract, all of it. I have particular reference to clause 6 which can only be deciphered with an electric microscope and a brain fulla. I wonder if you know just what or else means, Louie.

Ask I mean how it is with your young kids. Careless, ~~irresponsible~~ worthless, they. They always give me the young ones because I know how to handle young kids: They all see the light and pay

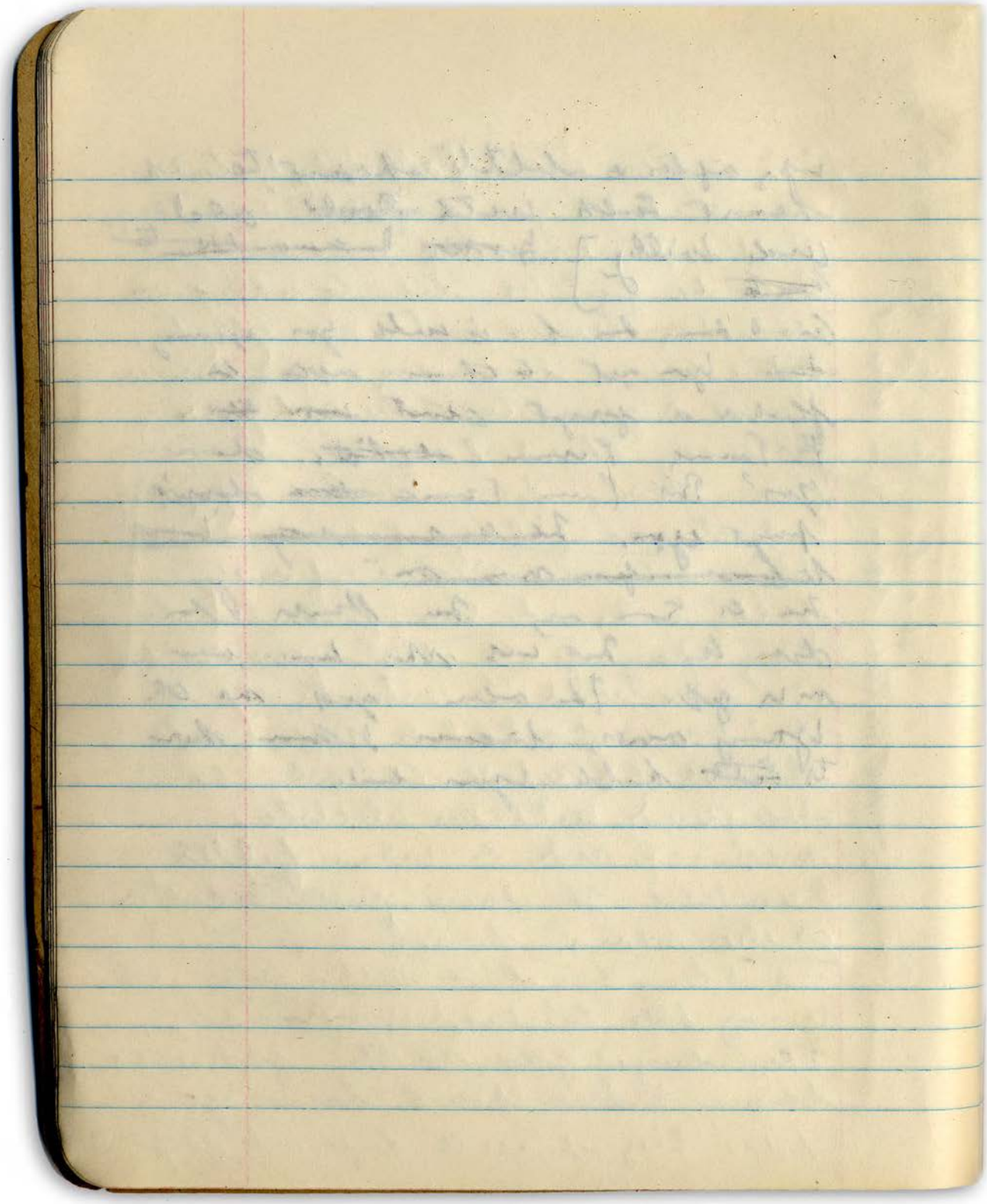
We not a friendly co. no matter how you slice it.



why, after a little heart to heart talk with ~~Dad~~ old Uncle Willy] ~~[illegible]~~

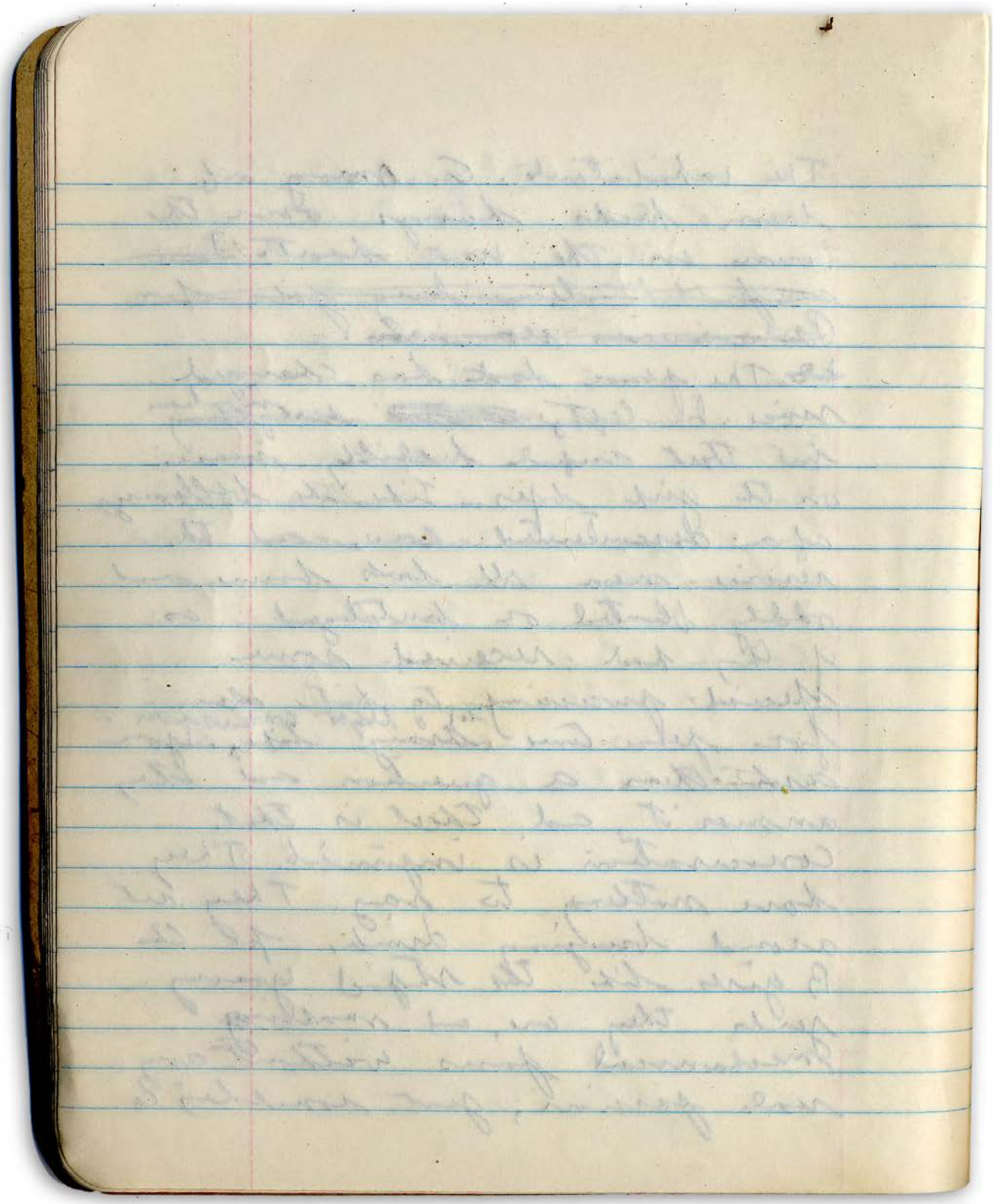
Or I don't know but it is with you young. You get to them after a fashion & forget about ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the~~ F. Tuney Tunes ~~[illegible]~~. Don't you? But I'm Tuney ~~[illegible]~~ doesn't forget you. ~~[illegible]~~

I'm a sorry for those I've done wrong. But with the ones we've got. The older girl we've young ones, because I know how to ~~[illegible]~~ handle your kind.



The inhabitants. A smoog of dawn hucks hangs over the town in the wet heats. ~~I am a prickit demanding jobs for Paranoiacs & men.~~

~~to~~ The place ~~that~~ has changed since I left, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ but that awful hellish music on the juke boxes – like the bellowing of a discontented cow, and the service men all look tame and oddly blunted or brutalized as if they had received some special processing to fit them for peace time living. In a light concussion. You ask them a question and they answer it, and that is that. Conversation is impossible. They have nothing to say. They just around buying drinks, pl the B girls like the stupid young girls they are, and making mechanical passes without any real passion, just something to



do, and playing that awful music. How could anyone be stupid enough to enjoy that bleating, whining cry. "It Wasn't God Made Honky Tonks," and "Your Dirty Work in My Coffee" or "Your Cheatin' Heart"
Last days in Lima. Nobody around the bar in the Hotel Maytania. Nothing brings you down like you go in a place you used to like and ~~nobody~~ there is nobody you know and everything is changed. The bar is a different place, the girls both moved, different waiters so you can't be sure you are in the same place.
I suddenly decided to leave Lima at once, as if I ~~was~~ ~~late with the law or~~ had an urgent appointment somewhere else. This feeling of urgency has grown on me since I left S. A. I have to be somewhere

at a certain time. It seems totally important to get a 1:30 P.M flame and not wait over until 11 A.M. The next day. In Tranquil I went to the home of the Peruvian Consul after his office hours so I could get a visa and leave one day early. Where am I going? Appointment in Talara, Tingo Maria, Pucallpa, Panama, Guatemala, Mexico? I don't know. Suddenly I have to leave right now.

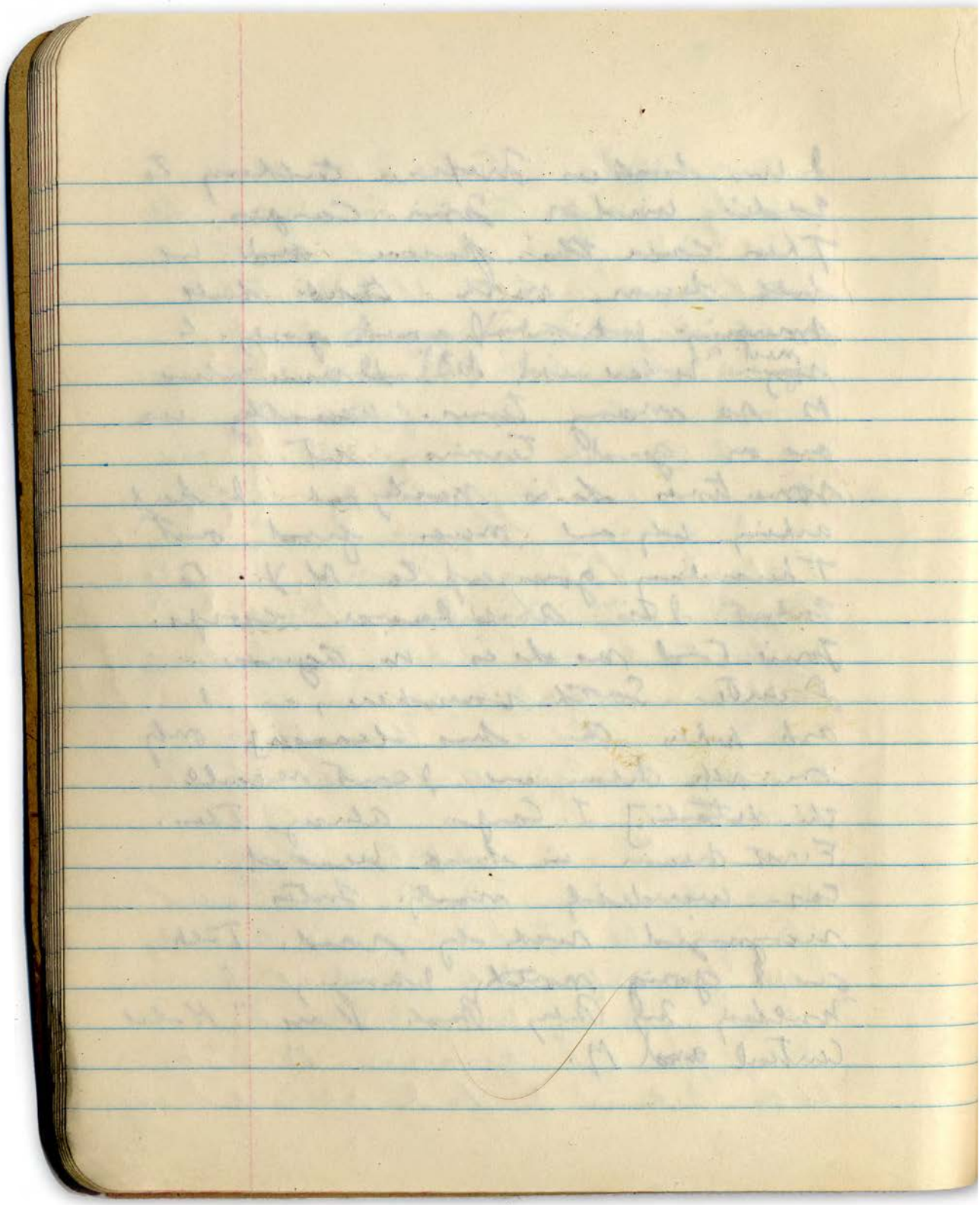
[B Mie in Chico's. Her shallow bad mind. Perfect English like a recording.

Mexico City.

~~was~~ checked in Hotel and went straight to Tato's. Jo was asking Pepe for info. He wouldn't know where anybody was. It was looking only for one person. M. Like in a dream I had several times

are [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
and admitted [illegible] [illegible] a unique
character"

I was back in Freeport talking to
Eddie and Joni Cangio.
Then came the frame and we
both drum on the table both
wondering what I am going to
say next. "Where is M?" Dream about
M so many times. usually we
are on good terms but
sometimes she is nasty and I keep
asking why and never find out.
Thursday going up to N.Y. to
enlist in Ambulance corps.
Joni told me she is in Agua-
Dulce. South somewhere, can I
ask when she has leaves.] only
one left dream and I can't recall
the details.] J. Cangio always there.
First dream in back seat of
car. wonderful nasty. Enter
recognized back by sound. Talk
and I going nuts. I singing
"Walking My Baby Back Home." Hold
Central and M.

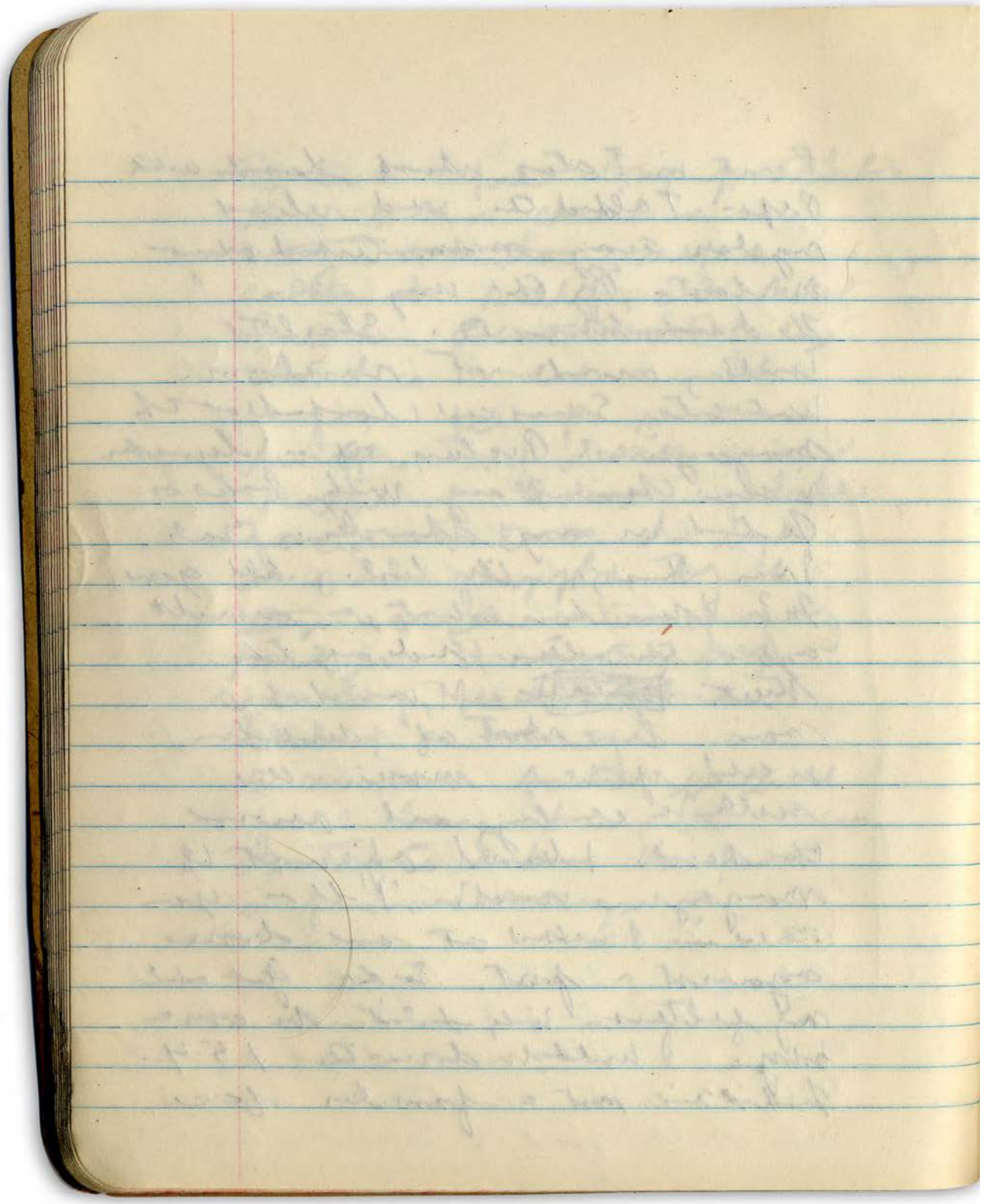


Mitchell

was in Peru? Question of
going back for more grease.
Roads impassible in restaurant.
Beggar with withered hand –
Tegucigalpa] Young U.S. offered
him 10 c and crowd not take
it. Another beggar selling
Colombian lottery tickets. Young
man with odd shirt [Blends
Jungles] U.S. St. Louis looks
Yards Says he's there is a bar.
Reference to M. [He was in gangster
hide out at & wants to find him]
Beggar wife on M. Mitchell – Bone
cancer. The H. chore character. A
woman. Young back to Tegucigalpa.
– Puerto Cortez.
Restaurant overrun with beggars and
lots of foreigners back there now.
When ~~it c~~ some one said there are
Colombian lottery tickets. No good
here. He looked a great one
propagated. He never thought of that.
Like M looks sometimes when I
run on the point of remarks frankly.

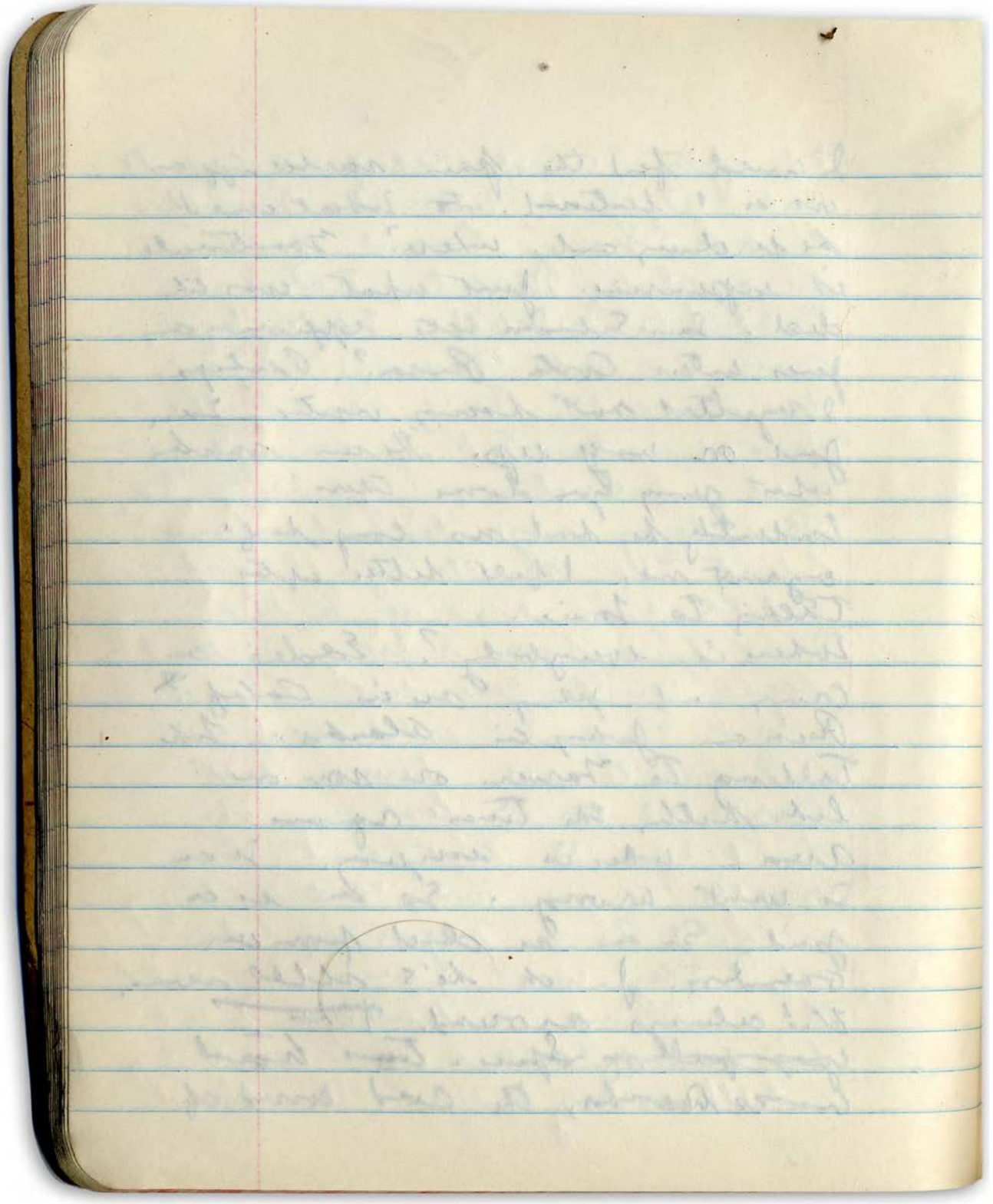
Sometimes I feel sorry for Alberto.
He is such a child in a
~~way, and he~~ selfish, one
called ~~at~~ sulky, and moral.
But he doesn't ~~want~~ realize
what he is involved in. He
is just I fell for an even
stronger, and it was merely
fiction of brotherly, unpredictable
forces. Sometimes he looks
tired and perplexed, by the
~~[illegible]~~ worried intensity of my
analysis. He wants fresh
preaching, not a relentless
looking on reality.
I am no more responsible for the
fact I sense from him than I am
~~[illegible]~~ to endure the fact
a fact and mercy.

Went in Tatos shook hands with
Pep - Talked to and returned
regular army man. Asked about
M last - "By the way -"
H. didn't know M. Started
walking around at random.
Went into Sears and looked at the
magazines. Picture of a degreeter
I saw then. Hung with bags on
the bed on my shoulder. Tired.
Iron through the bed. Will give.
M.? I saw him about a month
ago on the other side of the
street. ~~[illegible]~~ M was dressed a
man's hair short of dandelion,
a cold spending moccis the
pulle a ce bys and grown
the heart. I leaned against the
magazine rack. "I'll see you
soon". I walked out and leaned
against a post. To be got all
my letters. Why didn't he come
today? I walked down to 154.
Looked in not a familiar face.

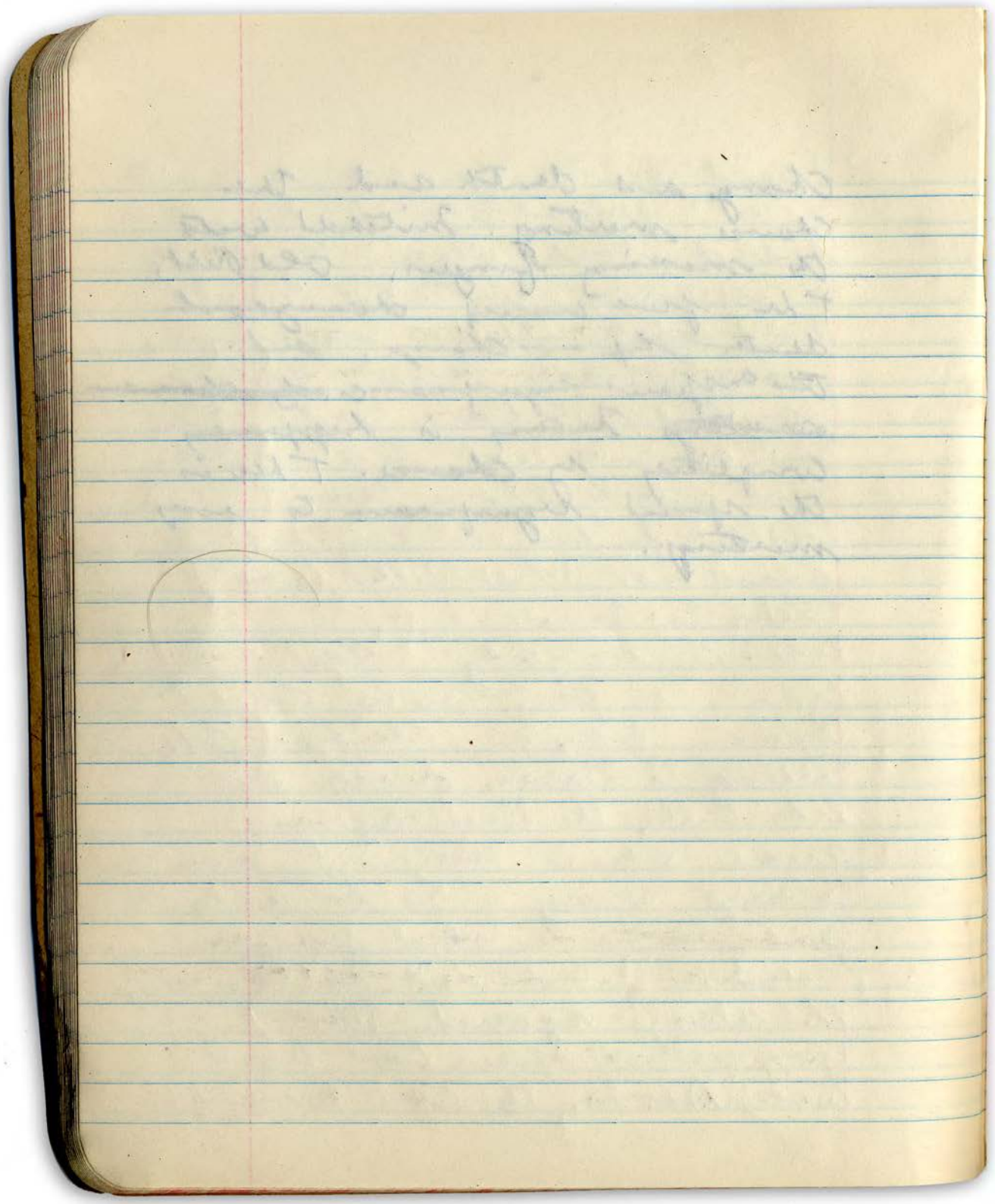


The pain which stop accidentally
as a physical wound. I walked
back to Sean. Passed Zola
and nodded. Back to Tabor.
Talked to Mitchell. Eddie here,
Cross is at Gow. Did you
hear about Mr. Fox I asked. He
went down to S.A. on some place
with a colonel as a guest. "So."
"How long ago did he leave?"
About 5 or 6 months ago. I could
feel the pain come on a bit.
"Must have been right after I
left. Yeah just about then."
I got Carpio's address, and
went over to see him. Met
him as I was leaving the
hotel. Yes Mr. left about 5
months ago and went along
as guide to a Major or his
wife. They were going to sell
the car in Johannesburg. A 47
Buick. I felt there was something
a little wrong about the deal.

I could feel the pain swelling off on
me as I listened. To what could
he be doing and where? Yucatan
is expensive. Just what was the
deal. San Salvador sets appearance
pass water. Costa Rica? Perhaps.
I regretted not having written Jan
Jose on way up. "Have some
what young you done there?"
Evidently he had no comp. beef
against me. I felt better after
talking to Irene.
Where is everybody? Eddie's on
cruise and gone on in Calif. &
Russ on fishing in Alaska. The
talking to Farmer or some one
like Kelly, the times again
are where is everyone. So on
So went wrong. So he is in
jail. So as dead from an
overdose. J. oh he's ~~still~~ around.
He's always around. ~~The~~
~~you feel of~~ Space. Time travel
across decades, the cool wind of



Chang and death and the chance meeting. Mitchell with the missing fingers, Old Bill, the free money ~~changed~~ ~~death~~ life and chance, and the special significance. ~~to chance meeting~~. Nothing is happening completely by chance. There is the special significance to every meeting.



Today for M.

I got out of the plane and waited for the tourist. ~~to collect his hat and with stern hot tempered mustache at his hand bag and his camera.~~ "Let's take a car into town." Spat it. Changes that way". We walked through the airport lobby followed him. I took off my glasses and my hat was pushed away in a sports coat. I had my camera slung over my shoulder. Two tourists.

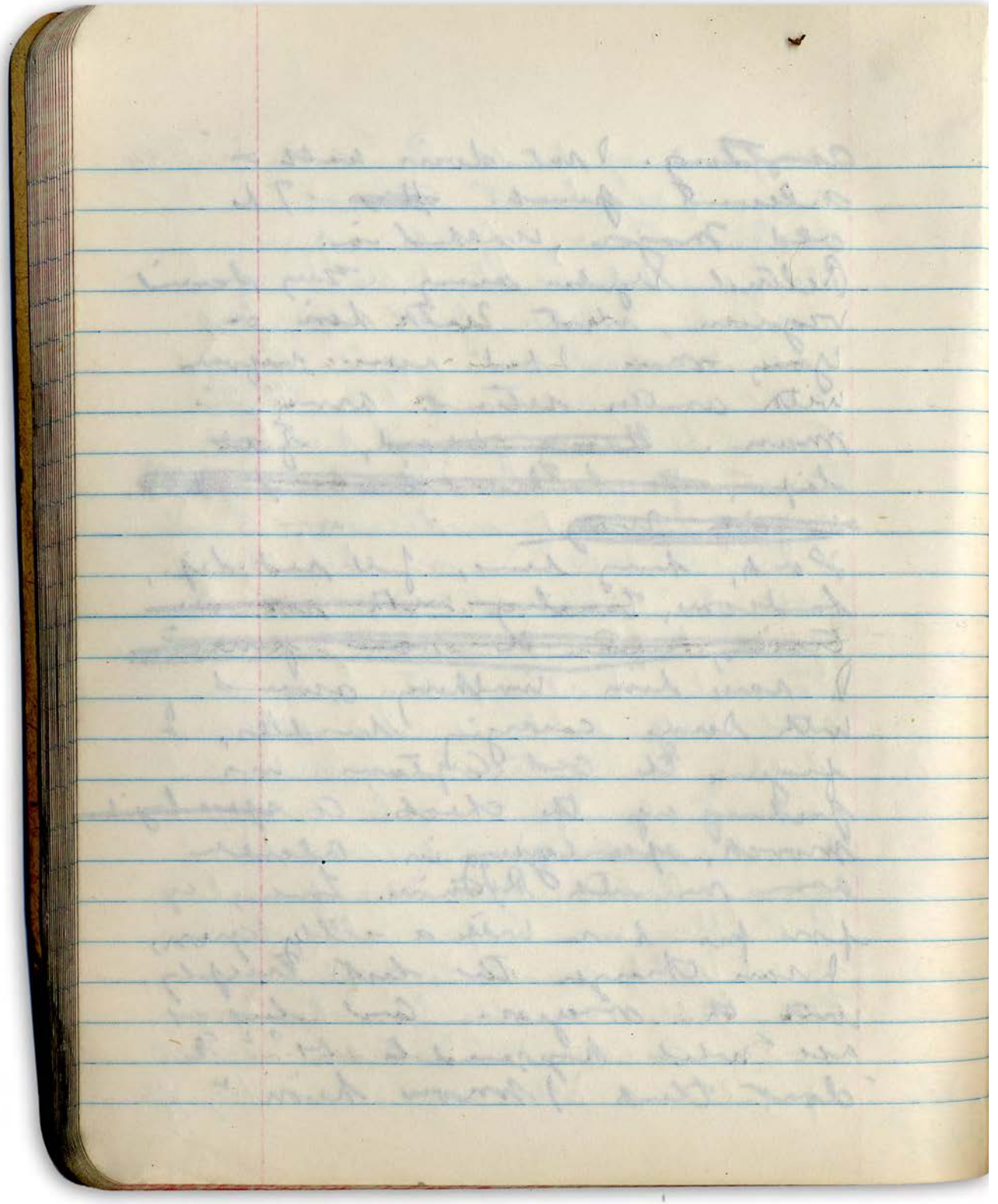
"Yes" I was saying "that wild boy in Yucatan wanted to charge me $2.00 for from the Palma Hotel out to the airport. I told him $1." I held up a finger." ~~[illegible]~~ No one looked at us. ~~[illegible] car driver~~ We got in a taxi. The drive cost 12 for both.

"Wait a minute" the Tourist said.

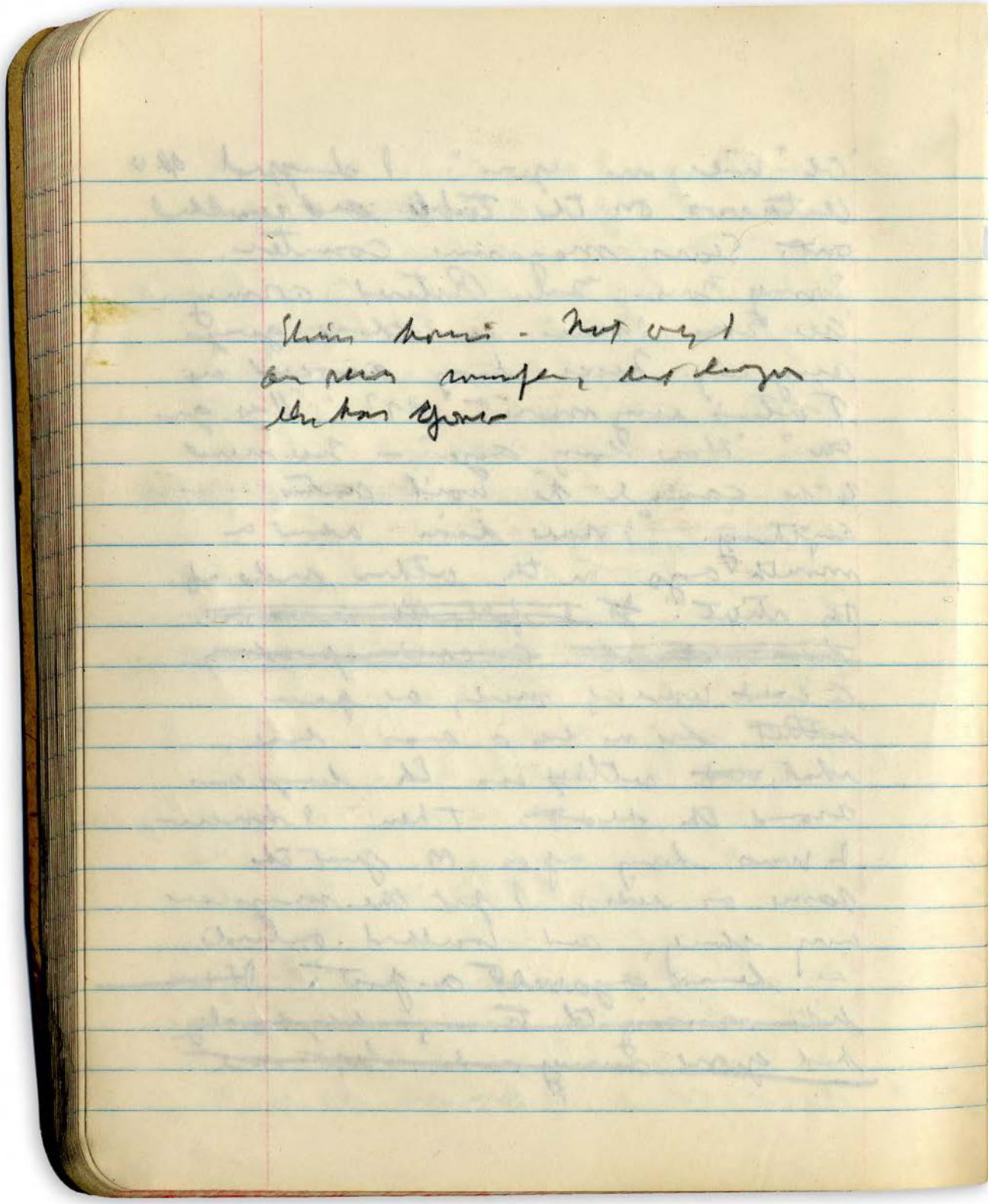
"No meter. Where is your meter.
You got to have a meter."
The driver asked me to explain.
They were authorized to carry
air line passengers without
meter.
"No" he shouted. "Go on take me
to the Regis. But I pay what
is on the meter. Police. I call
the Policeman. You required to
have a meter."
Oh God I thought. That's all I
need, ~~[illegible]~~ This old fool
should call the law. He was
yelling out of the car window
drawing the number. "I call police
plenty quick" he said.
I said "well I think I'll take this
car anyway." "Nonsense" I said to
the driver. We started on through
the outskirts of Mexico, dogs
playing, houses, trees and
open lots ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ I had to
come this way every Monday to

says my friend. Ends in Mexico City. The least chance acquaintance, finding out we dropped like a tired no longer useful. I had left behind when he got out of the taxi. Ended in Mexico City. ~~[illegible]~~ From here on ~~[illegible]~~ I would meet people who had the cryptic significance of a dream. Part of Oaxaca ~~[illegible]~~ Evans, "Men this could be." I checked into a 8 peso hotel. I walked out towards Tatoi, my attention caved into enlitment. Air it was full of its water. "Say now. Come. Come. You time to be alive!" The bar was in a different place. Redecorated. New furniture. But there was Pepe with his gaped teeth on his mountain. ~~Oh~~ "Oh ovaraile?" he said. "Gracias." I looked at him speechless. Not much was coming from

anything. I sat down with an
elderly gent. ~~He~~ The
old Major walked in.
Retired Regular army. Very tall
vigorous, short. With him a
young man I had seen before
with another retired army
man. ~~Heavy beard, full~~
~~lips, a handsome [illegible] 1923,~~
~~[illegible] way.~~
Dark, strong face, full red lips,
handsome, ~~[illegible] with some an~~
~~[illegible] after the [illegible] generation~~
I saw him walking around
with bags carrying bundles. I
figure the old Captain has
pushing up the checks. A ~~[illegible]~~
mooch, ~~spendthrift~~ in Alaska
and now with Pyramid. Turns up
from his tour with a silly grin.
I saw them the last evening
with the Major. And last of
all "what happened to M?" &
"don't think I know him."



"Oh" rules me you". I dropped the
Cartoons on the table and walked
out. Sears magazine counter.
Sorry Yous - Sale. Retired army.
"Ah Ron I never see those guys
anymore. Never hang around at
Tate's anymore" Mr? "He's gone
to" "How long ago? - He need
to be careful he won't notice
anything. "I saw him about a
month ago on the other side of
the street". ~~It I felt like a movie~~
~~that shot of a cold spreading~~
A cold wave of misery or pain
~~settled~~ hit me like a man has
shot, ~~and~~ settling in the lungs an
around the heart. Then I knew
I was being after M. just the
same as ever. I put the magazine
away slowly, and walked outside
and leaned against a post. ~~It was~~
~~like seeing the train, everybody~~
~~had gone away and left me~~



~~Like a~~ I was ~~[illegible]~~ Marden from my time gap. ~~Left completely alone in a [illegible] place where~~ ~~I felt like [illegible]~~ I missed the last train out of the Penal Colony, Everything else ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ gone. ~~&~~ Chill of final desolation and ~~despair~~. He had missed the letters. Why didn't he answer why? ~~Something the [illegible] more important.~~

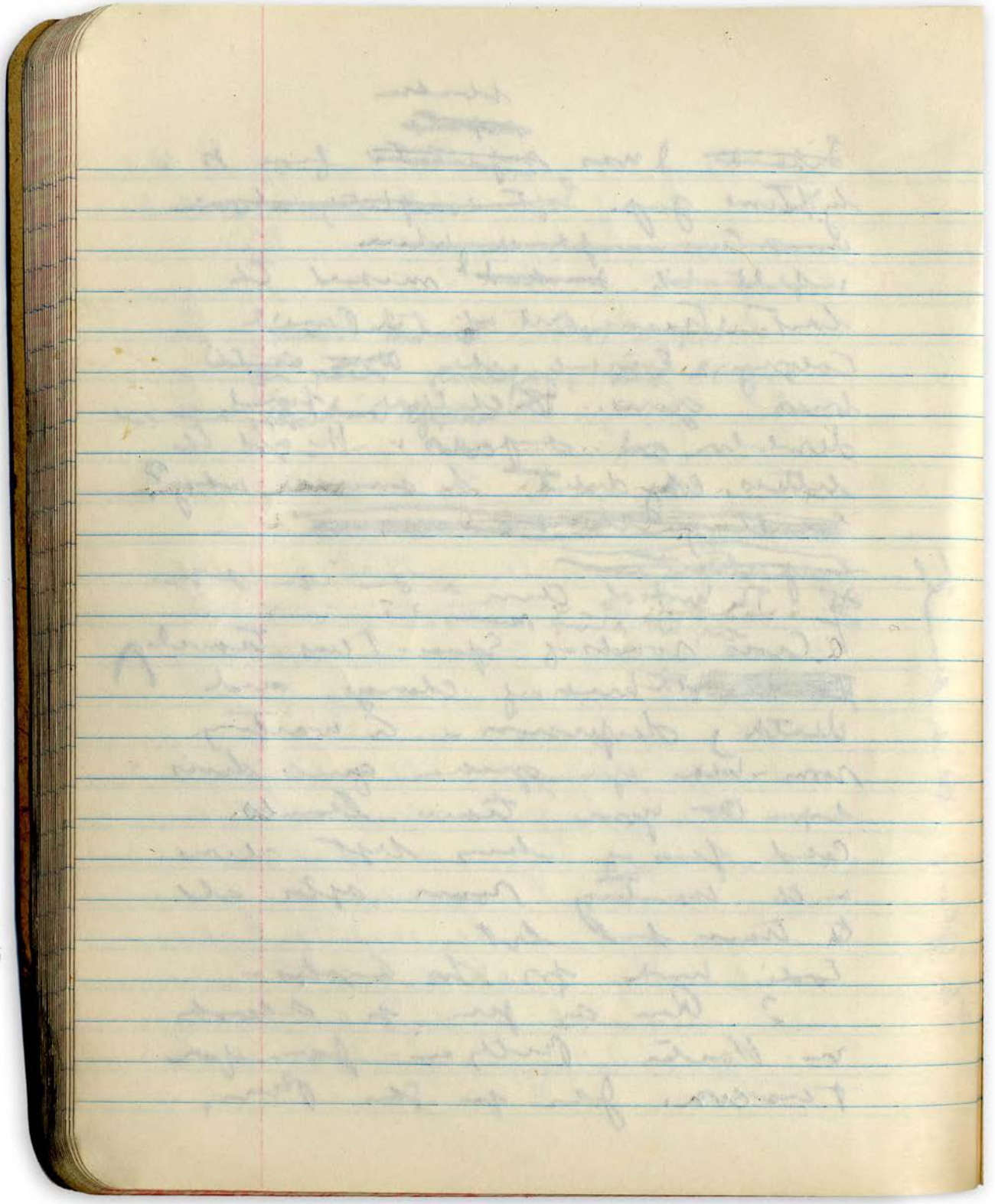
~~&~~ The words of Chase a dance [illegible] with [illegible]

A Crossroads of Space-Time travel ~~[illegible]~~ the house of change and death, depression - A waiting room - where you grab a quick drink - despite ~~or~~ your train leaves. Cold fear of being left alone in the waiting room after all the trains had left.

Eddie waiting for his lifeline -

? Run a gun for Alaska or Harlem. Pretty a gun for Tucson. Gun for San Pedro,

To play [illegible]

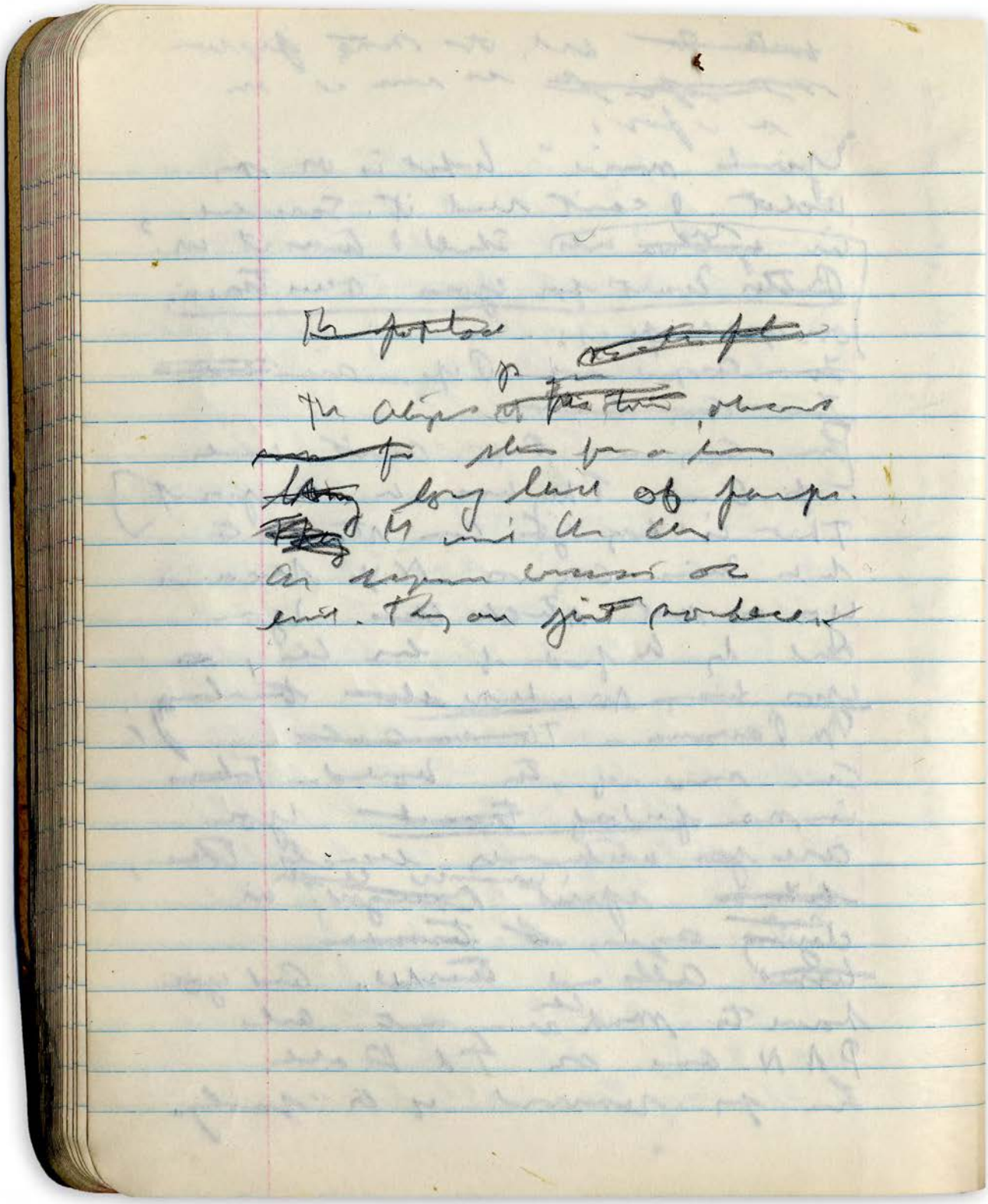


Mother yes. There's my train
where to? I can't see my
train. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
The answer supplied by Lettuce.
I can't catch the mother. Shows
I stay in my ticket? If you be
my you'll never find him.
~~If you by looking~~ ~~Because the~~
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ You'll be
up in a working room ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ when
the train don't stop anymore,
the lines grow over with weeds,
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ people ~~[illegible]~~ shovel
and a little matter with bottle
tops, listening to the sounds
of M's train fading in the
distance, across the lonely
yards, and red brick houses ~~of~~
~~St. Louis 1918.~~ of St. Louis
1918. [The other matter is
written on the bottle top opposite].

Page bottle top shows bits & pieces made.

[illegible] the [illegible] paper
[illegible] is [illegible] on
[illegible]

"Yours [illegible]" What is on my
[illegible]. I can't read it. Scrawled
in [illegible] [illegible] Shall I turn it in?
Better wait for your own train.
on yellow paper.
~~[illegible] and Pop, are [illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
[illegible] Pop aren't [illegible]
[illegible] time. They [illegible] [illegible] good]
That is why you can stand to
be in Mexico City or N.Y. because
you are not stuck there. You
can do the good of the life,
~~you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]~~ [illegible]
in Panama. The [illegible]
can [illegible] of the world. [illegible]
~~is no fun of [illegible]~~ You
are so unknown [illegible] there,
~~[illegible]~~ spirit [illegible] in
~~dying~~ again ~~&~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ alles and [illegible]. And you
have to [illegible] [illegible] and
PAN are or 4 & D are
[illegible] for [illegible] of the [illegible].



unconditional

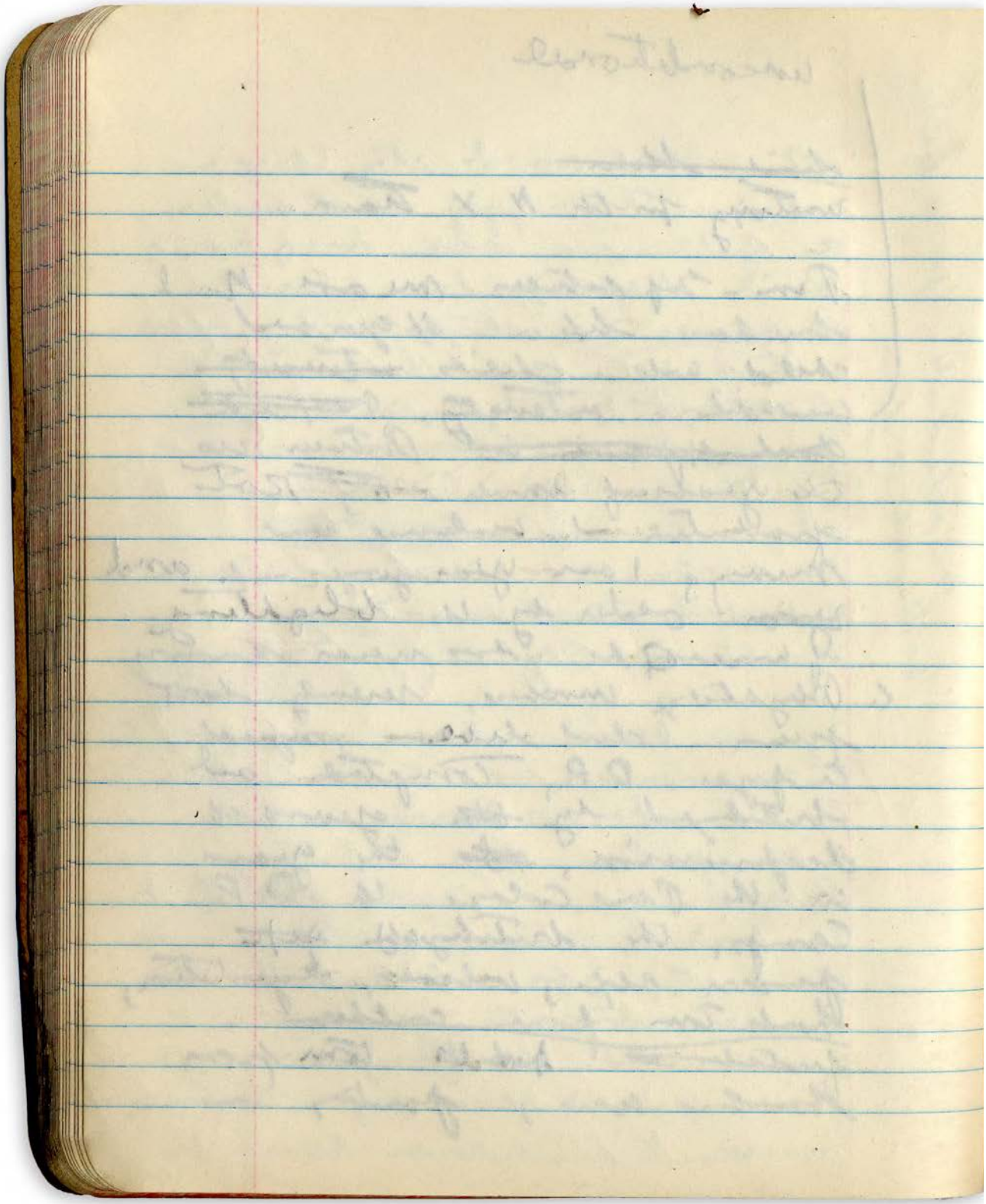
Otherwise it would stay there —
not in the muggy heat under
a galvanized tin roof on a
~~dry~~ slip low stern
slip over the stagnant bay where
vultures sat fish entrails out low
~~tide~~ tide. ~~You can't wait~~
~~for you train. At any train out~~
~~of there~~ You then drive
stop in Panama. ~~Only~~
In Panama only stand on the
and better start made it. In
Guatemala City maybe once
in non gringo. In Bogota
you can ~~[illegible]~~ get a lift
to your town on a Point 4 car.
Ecuador has no service.
Note spelling — Ron & Johnny.
Betty and Jean & Eddie to L.A.
the ~~first bright~~ ~~[illegible]~~
least step for U.S. D.P.S.
Another with the hoodlum
Con man and the youngest wife.
Bill's mother ~~blue eyes turning~~
~~to N.Y. has a heart~~

we relaxed. You'd better
be the wise [illegible]

unconditional

~~Said Hero~~
waiting for the N. Y. Train.

There is a gap between me and M. I
know him like a lifelong friend
child, with a chasm ~~twenty~~
unconditional intensity. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ Between us
the years of war, ~~not~~ Rot
production and violence and
dreaming. I am years younger ~~[illegible]~~ and
~~[illegible]~~ older by the blighting
of war. He has never known
a blighted income, seeming lost
prime. I don't have an injured
to prove D.P., Compton and
brutalized by ~~the~~ years of
deprivation, ~~[illegible]~~ the years
in the Peace Corps, the D.P.
Camps, the brutalized ~~[illegible]~~
prison reps, violence, degradation,
~~[illegible]~~ torn from ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ torn from
[illegible] wars, fighting on

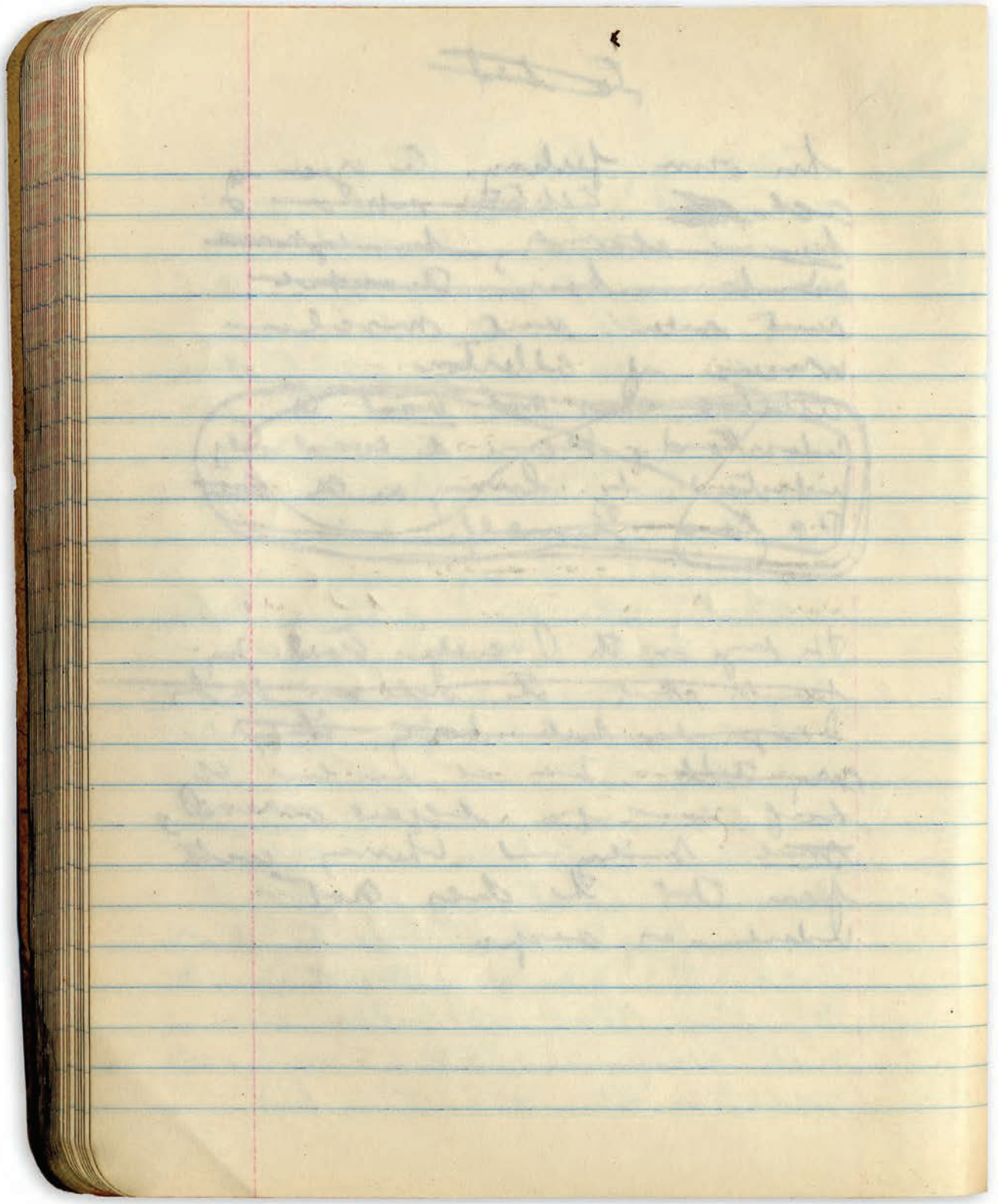


making ~~life~~ the
unexplained around or
child, this has learned the
rules, he knows the lessons
were in them from his own
people on fingers point among -
but he will never change
never mature, He can
learn formulas, trembling,
how to command, but
responsibility, acceptance,
authority he can never learn.
Poor child with the years of
degradation and vice and
violence, but the eyes still have
not things the wise, unexpected
or 'true'
He ~~can~~ learns as a ~~thing~~ child
learns the customs of an
alien people. But he does not understand or
accept. ~~He is [illegible]~~
He knows that alien does
not respect, but he can not
walk from the or allies his

~~Contd~~

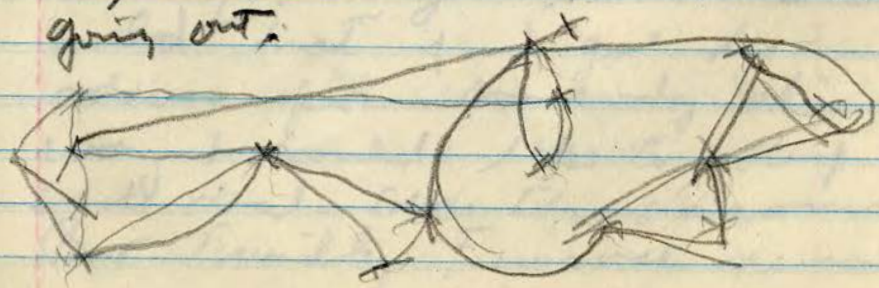
his own feeling. A young
[illegible] ~~Allerton's [illegible] of~~
~~[illegible] stature, his [illegible]~~
~~and brown hair, the [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] of Allerton.~~
~~Allerton does not want to~~
~~understand, because he wants only~~
~~understand by living on a [illegible]~~
~~P.P. [illegible] himself.~~

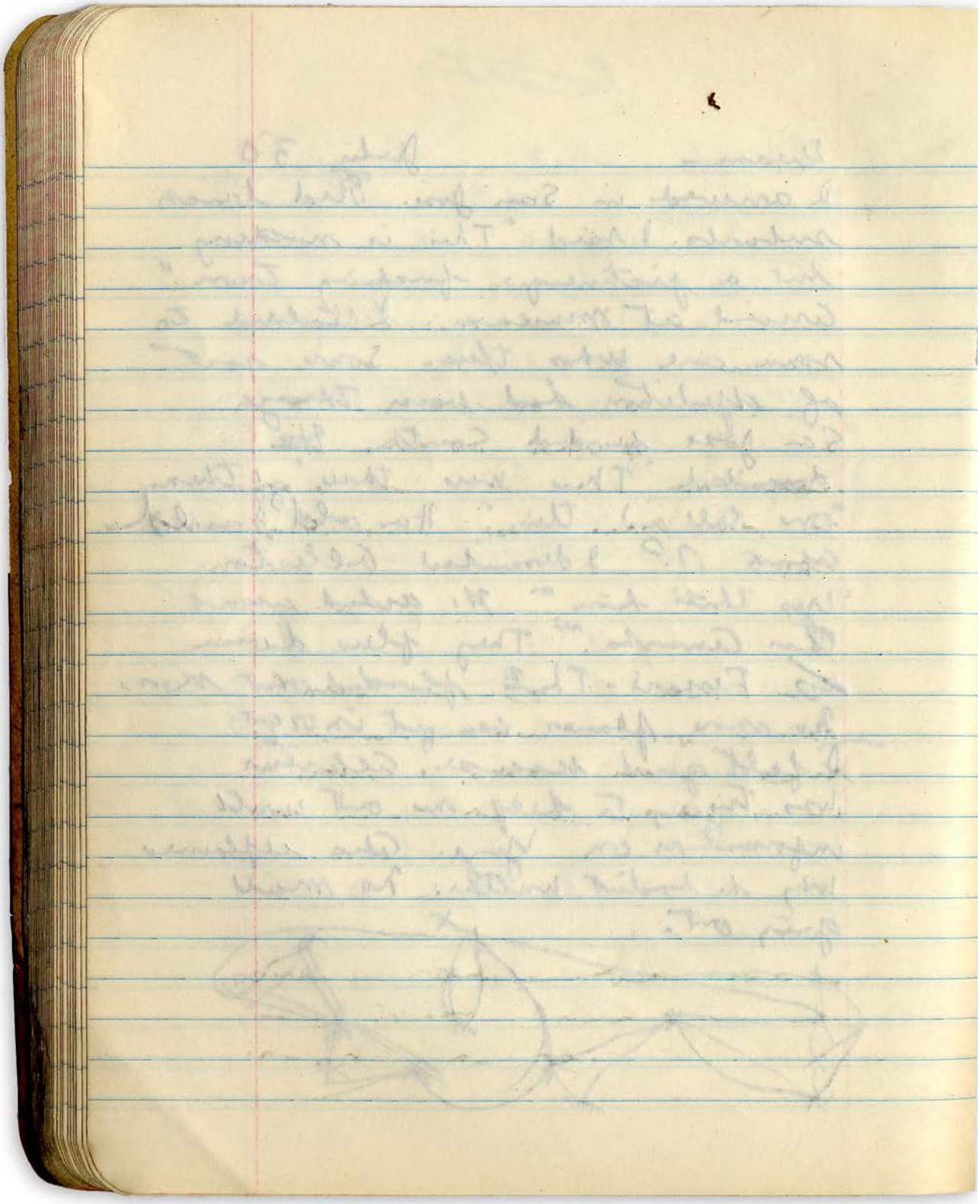
The [illegible] on the Quenalgan Coast. [illegible]
~~[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible]~~
~~I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] [illegible]~~. [illegible] at [illegible] end of
half [illegible] of a [illegible] [illegible],
~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] and [illegible] with
[illegible] but he does not
[illegible] or escape



Dream — July 30

I arrived in San Jose. Red brick suburbs. I said "This is nothing but a picturesque fucking town." Arrived at museum. I talked to some one ~~who~~ there. Some sort of expedition had been through San Jose headed South. ~~He described~~ "There were three of them. One tall and thin." How old? I asked about 17? I described Allerton. "Yes that's him." He asked about the Canada. They flew down to Ferrari - That's flooded out now, no more planes can get in or out. I felt good because Allerton was trying to help me out with information on Yage. Also explained why I hadn't written. No mail going out.





July 31,

A party. All. ~~there~~. He seemed annoyed about something later I went back and the party was over. I figured he had gone to sleep in one of the rooms. Waiting till 6 o'clock was because I was annoyed he had said he gave M.S. of Malone to someone and had not done so.

August 1

An address in Mexico for J. A. Ito. To Mr. Beaton — test. To test. I was hurt because he had not sent me the address. Address was written on a blue envelope in left hand corner. It was just how much it would hurt if I got his address from somebody else. In a way I would like to drop the total deal. Close the account. But Friendly I never never

In view of subsequent
discoveries in Peru, my ~~previous~~ earlier
conclusions ~~as~~ ~~regard of Yoga~~
~~are completely invalid. Yoga subject~~
Yoga subject to doubtful allusion.

I made subsequent discoveries
~~regarding~~ about Yoga in Peru
in view of which ~~some~~ earlier
conclusions are completely invalid.

certain goods, chattels, ~~or~~ services,
~~or profession~~ when in
charge or guardian,

The situation is getting worse.
Well this is what you ordered.
Did it? Some are not
interchangeable. Nothing was said in
the contract as to degree of reciprocity:
an affair being the only stipulation.
So like the Rosenzweigs "what you have
longest have done obtained." Is this
the closest you can come to contact?
[Approach to complete interchangeability
is opposed to no contact]. All cant.
As one can. It is precisely your own
hyde-conformist ~~ways~~ you want to
contact. Is in fact part of yourself.

August 3,

Ran into Phil Burton. Letter to Angela
all over S.A. the dream —. ~~Then~~
~~on feeling~~ Did not show. I have a
feeling he is gone too. I'd like to
quit, clear out A's account. But
Friendly Finance never turns down of
a client, or an agent.
Contract.
The Party is the first part —

being of the human species, ~~and~~
~~a condition~~ to does hereby
does ~~[illegible]~~ agree to fulfill
the terms of the contract as follows.
clause. 1. [021020 X] A. ~~It is~~
~~hereby agreed that for consideration~~
~~extended by P.~~ Party in first
Part ~~[illegible]~~ for

August 4

no sign of Angelo. He's gone
too. ~~D~~ I hate Mexico, actual
fucking hemisphere. No wonder
they took off from S. A. to
the South Pacific. Ending up in
the lowest place of all. Earth
placed on the fear of death.
Fear of death is form of stasis
dormus. The dead weight of time.
In East is no ~~[illegible]~~ stasis
because time is.
Everything is deliberate to me.
Mexico to rain everything.
Allerton. His darkness is a
fraud, he is a dragon who

[All the foreigners out. Yet our
upcoming surgeon, hotel cop.
a pale ghost of a courteous presence
in the misty room. Young Indian
writes down the details. "Hey an
animal."
He & I face across misty,
windy gap. What the matter with
that guy over there? I say, you
what do you want? I don't know.
What do you want. You ...
Can't you see he's impossible? pointing
to misty canyon.]
Swallowed the U.S.A. Culture
Con. whole. ~~the~~ A representative
of this misunderstood culture
~~[illegible]~~ hideous with powerless
conflict, strange tumors, a
spasms - world's silence' accepted
with the cynic resignation of
a Nick Carr. I hate the whole
fucking hemisphere. How typical
American to go to bed with some
one and resent it at the same time.

Everything has gone wrong here. The question is why did they ever leave in first place? Something like the European immigrants? Land of opportunity, life. Isn't all that bunk? Just the emigrants who come to America looking for a better life. What they get instead if they find the misfortune to be successful are of the most gruesome callous ~~[illegible]~~ jackals in history. strangers

Why the fear of the Foreigner? The white Foreigner. All S. A. can pass without papers, but a foreigner can not.

Last few days in fine a nightmare. The wind across the veldt lots, as no days ~~of the~~. D. [illegible] to get out of here.

Made — [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] on [illegible] [illegible]

Last night dreamed of a
great ~~black~~ atomic cloud
coming up from Chile spreading
a jungle shadow over ~~Peru~~
Lima, darker and darker. A
boy stands in the violet light,
and throws a juju. He and
whistles an insolent little tune.
The drivers are shutting the doors
of their stuffy, pulling down
metal blinds.
A blind legless beggar plays a
sad high mountain tune on a
bamboo pipe in the empty street.

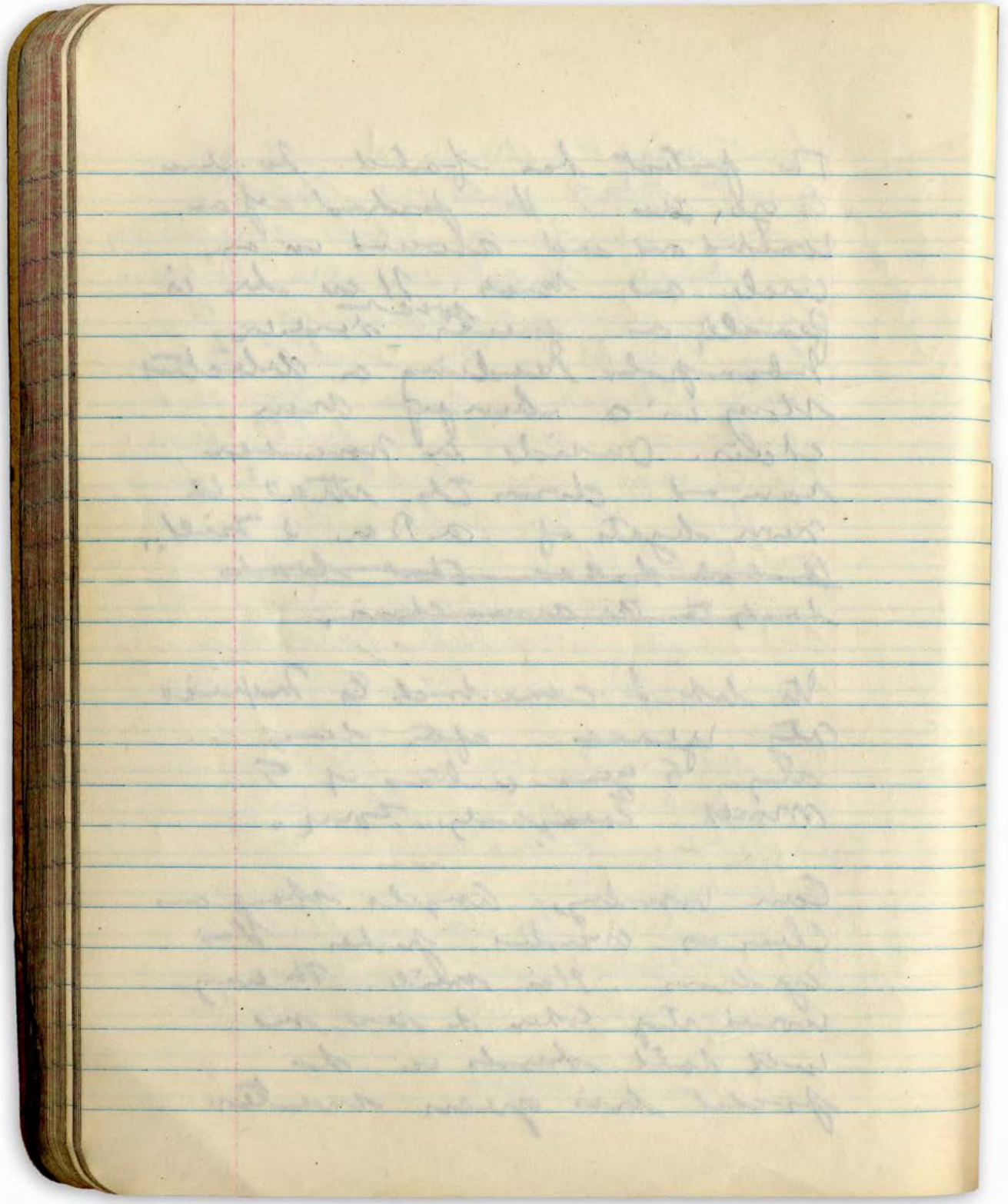
The reformed drunk, the junkie
of protest cry, the drunk
complete, lies in his room reading a
detective story in a lumpy
arm chair, ~~in~~ ~~in a little~~
~~white house in a pine wood~~
~~[illegible] in Bolinquilla~~

~~A glass of milk~~

The protest has failed. He plans to go, the. He pushed eyes rolled out and around in an arch and looks. Here he is finally on power were seen Indianapolis reading a detective story in a hanging arm chair. Outside a November rained down the street the neon lights of a Bar & Grill.
~~He and he see the hands back to the arm chair.~~

He like I come back to Indianapolis city ~~years~~ after been away 5 years within of 5 month. Everybody. Tony.

Can wonderfully Angelo stay on Clear as overdue further. His eyebrows. His smile. The way wound stay when he turn me with both hands in the pocket hair green sweater.



His ~~[illegible]~~ young male
gentleness, ~~[illegible]~~ &
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ serenity

Allerton Zoo, Angelo gone.
An ache has I got? Just
been lazy. Or energy
a mood? A memory of
places NO? Anyway it gives me
a good certain sensation to
remember myself there.
"Rogers had, Ollie's sport."
Was almost too fat. Angelo
gone. He was a bear by
[illegible] & detail from O.
I used to give him 20.
now I would give him $100.
I want to help him.
So we sat had a young
young male gentleness like an
affectionate animal. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible] of recognition or conflict.~~
Almost saintly ~~[illegible]~~ in his
freedom from recognition, looking

Conflict.

El Paso. This is Yogy.
pretty. Just as there is wind
music or poetry in poetry.
I wonder if he has heard E. I
wonder if it grows in South
Dakota.
Arthur has come home. His mother
~~young wife~~ has ~~gone~~ run off
with a traveling man. His
young wife to has gone
to ——— with a cel
in ——— . ~~He was~~ He is
~~regarded~~ according to the Bonny
by Salem as an unnatural
daughter, hussy. ~~He said~~
Sam, Jack, the white wolf."
yeah." Sam was I got had
an appointment."

Outside in the pain. Tumbleweeds
and like foxy horses, on cars,
the city, are ~~lost~~ no longer

have any place here.

What are they talking about.
Moslem and Christian? Who
gives a fuck about religion.
I been to South America.
and S. and Pacific more
back here when we started from.
are this is the talk of children.
Moslem & Christian! God Send.
Do they believe all this
well what about Allah?

Vera Cruz.

Hot and I feel a deep
discouragement. My mind goes
round and round ~~mechanical~~
repeating the same routine of
dull defensive clichés like a
nagging idiot. I see the S. A
trip as a disaster that lost
me everything I had of value.
Bits of it keep floating back to me
like memories of a day time
nightmare. Slow traps. Pho

Mercado Magnesite reveals full
grip and indifference by very
fact of tolerance. What is wrong
with S. A? ~~The~~ Disintegration into
component parts. The mystic
fear of death and age, you feel
they stay as something lost,
your flesh ogils before your
eyes like a speed up movie.
Control is growing like a cancer,
~~a~~ ~~the~~ a proliferating ~~growth~~
tumor of stupidity.
People just disappear. Into
the magnesite. You never see them
again. Angelo.
Men at night people swarm out and
walk round & round the
square.
The ideas are red and beaten
by the great meaningless committee.
The new world is a ~~quiet~~ lock
a yearning ache of despair. ~~in~~
deprivation and ~~dappling~~ shrinkage
The fish corpses in the shrinking pond

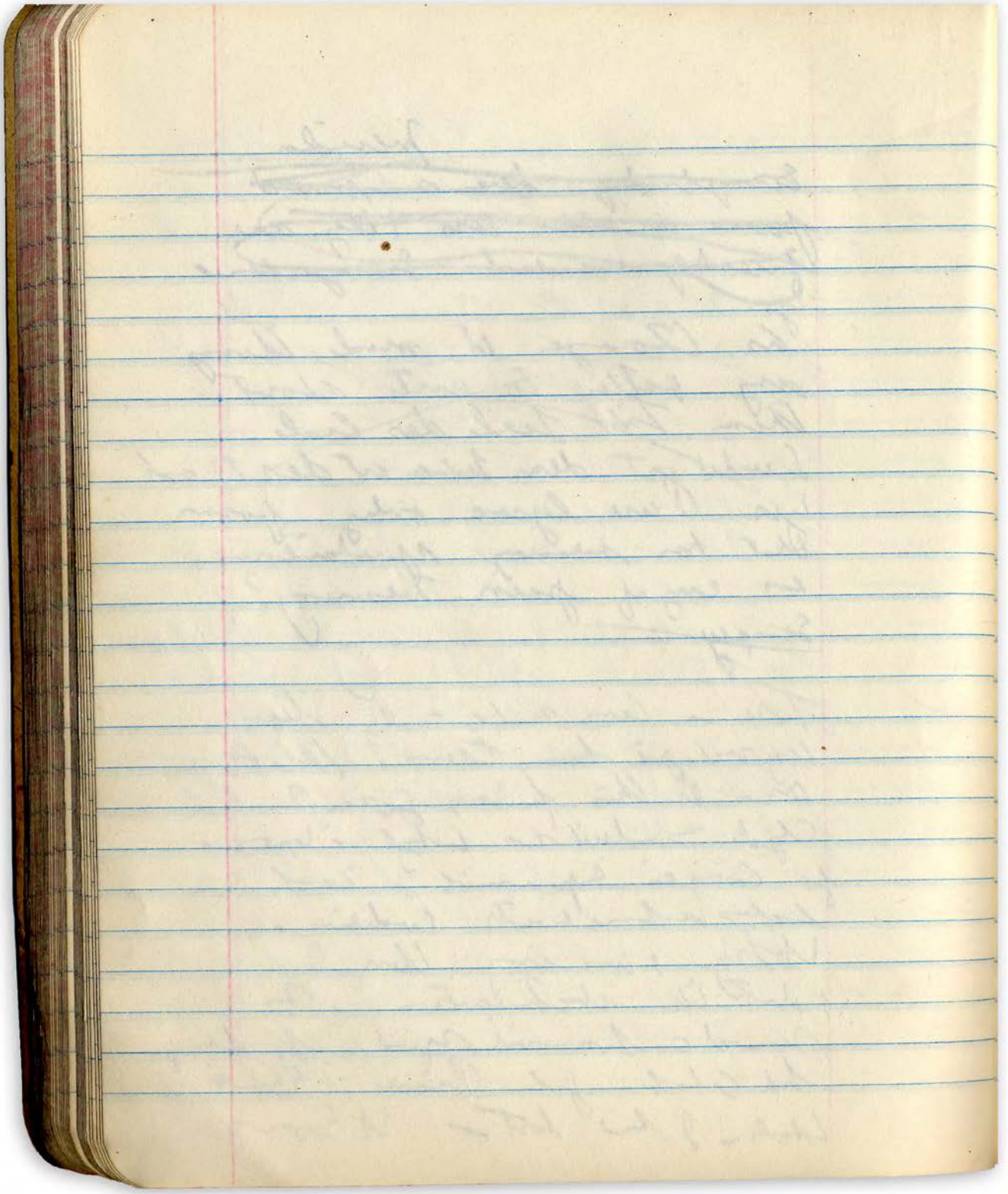
Dream - I was in Mexico City on ~~each~~ evergreen & looked much an book of memories of Allerton and feeling as tho gone away. I could not stay there. I must go now two. Angels sweet and sad, tho [redacted] gone away somewhere. ~~I was~~ The way he used to help around the cafe. and he hoped & wished help him, as now I want to see he is gone, altogether gone like Allerton, and Dave and Jurado, and Jerry and all the things ~~and~~ ~~time gap~~. ~~but~~ As if I had been away & gone. I am separated from them by a time gap. and especially from Marker.

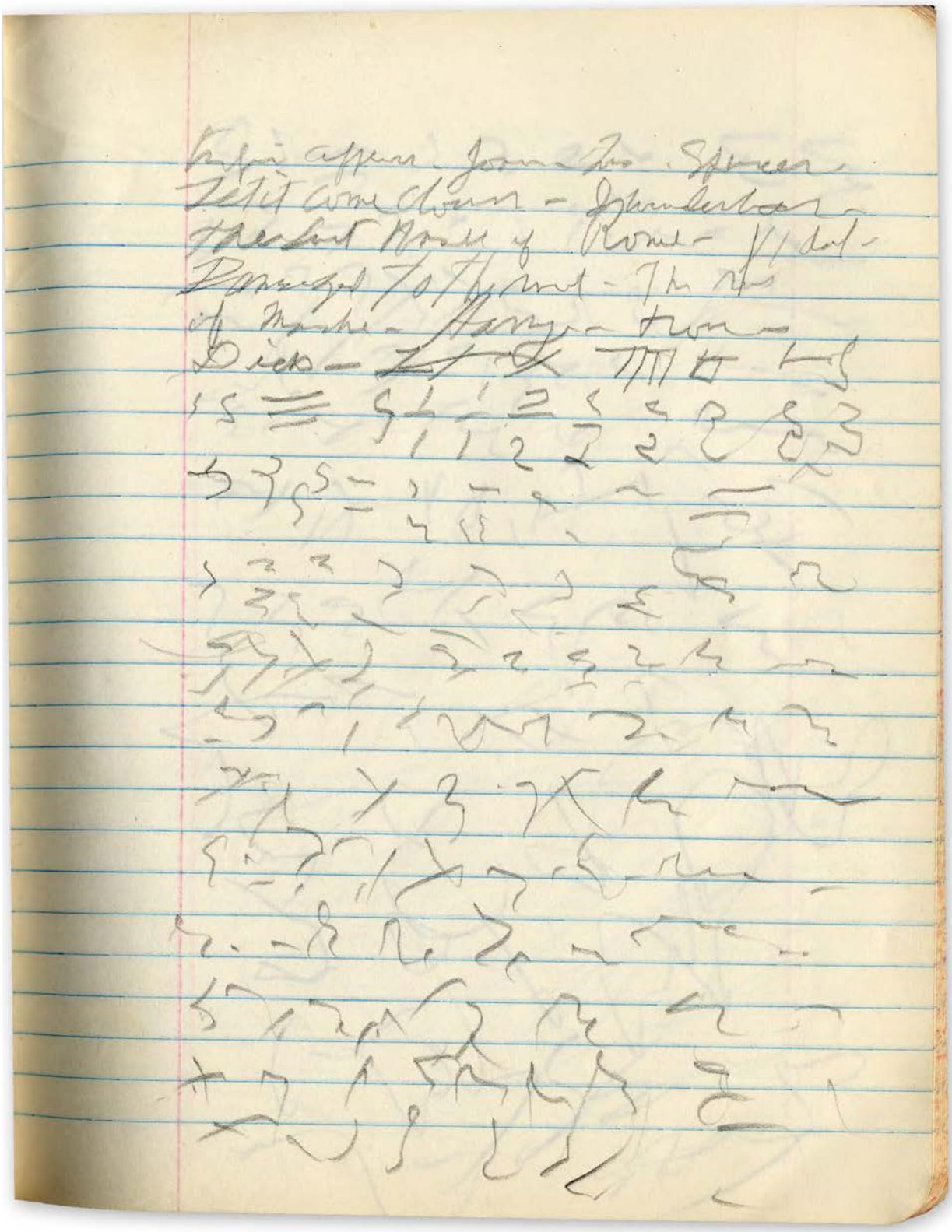
Merida

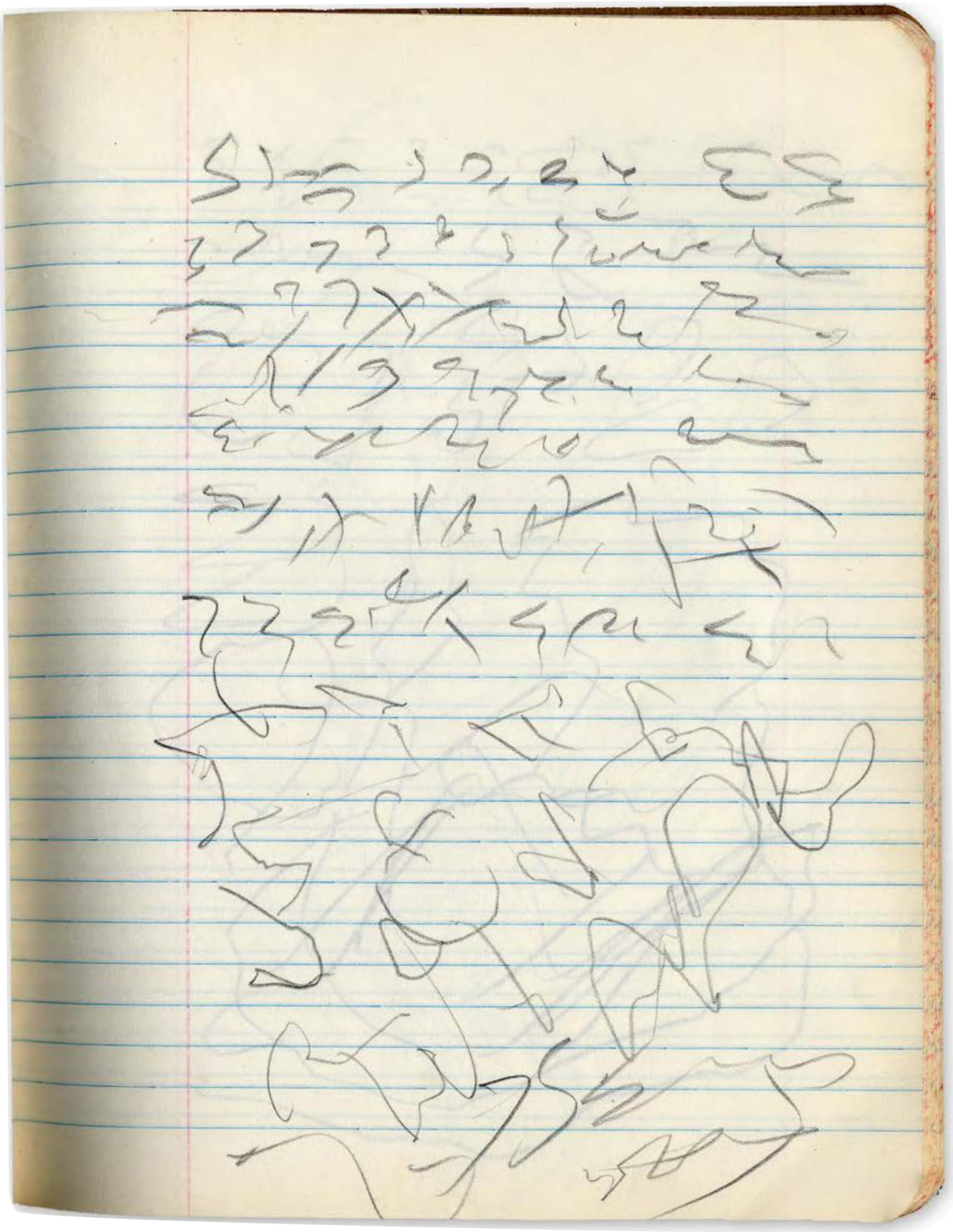
~~Everybody have a mild pain in the ass. They are [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] life~~

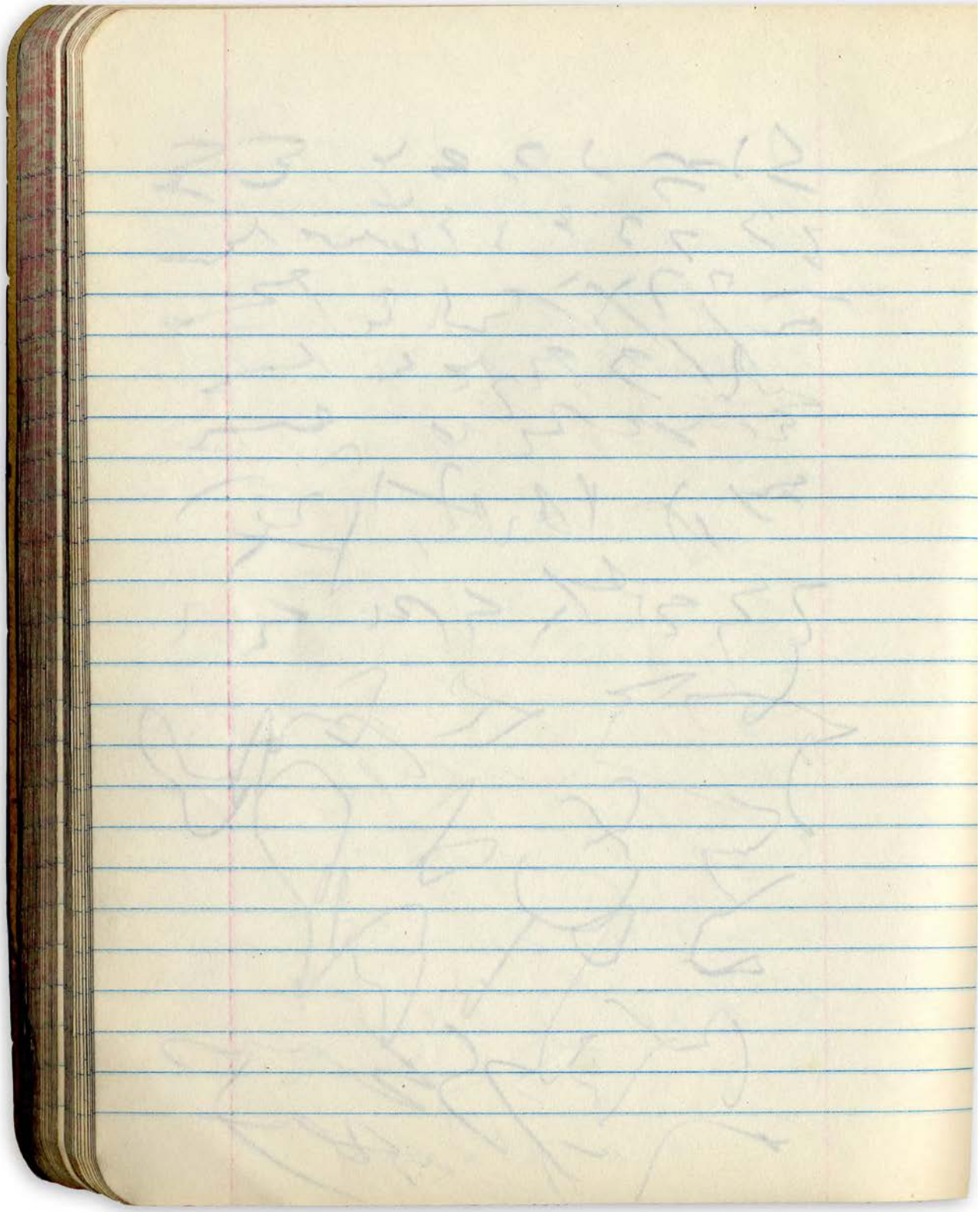
As Charge it made things any better to write about them. Ich Feid des Ende. Dunkel gat dem Schwert der I ad. Yes. I am lyric only form that has meaning. Spontaneous as cry of pain. Meaning? Simply

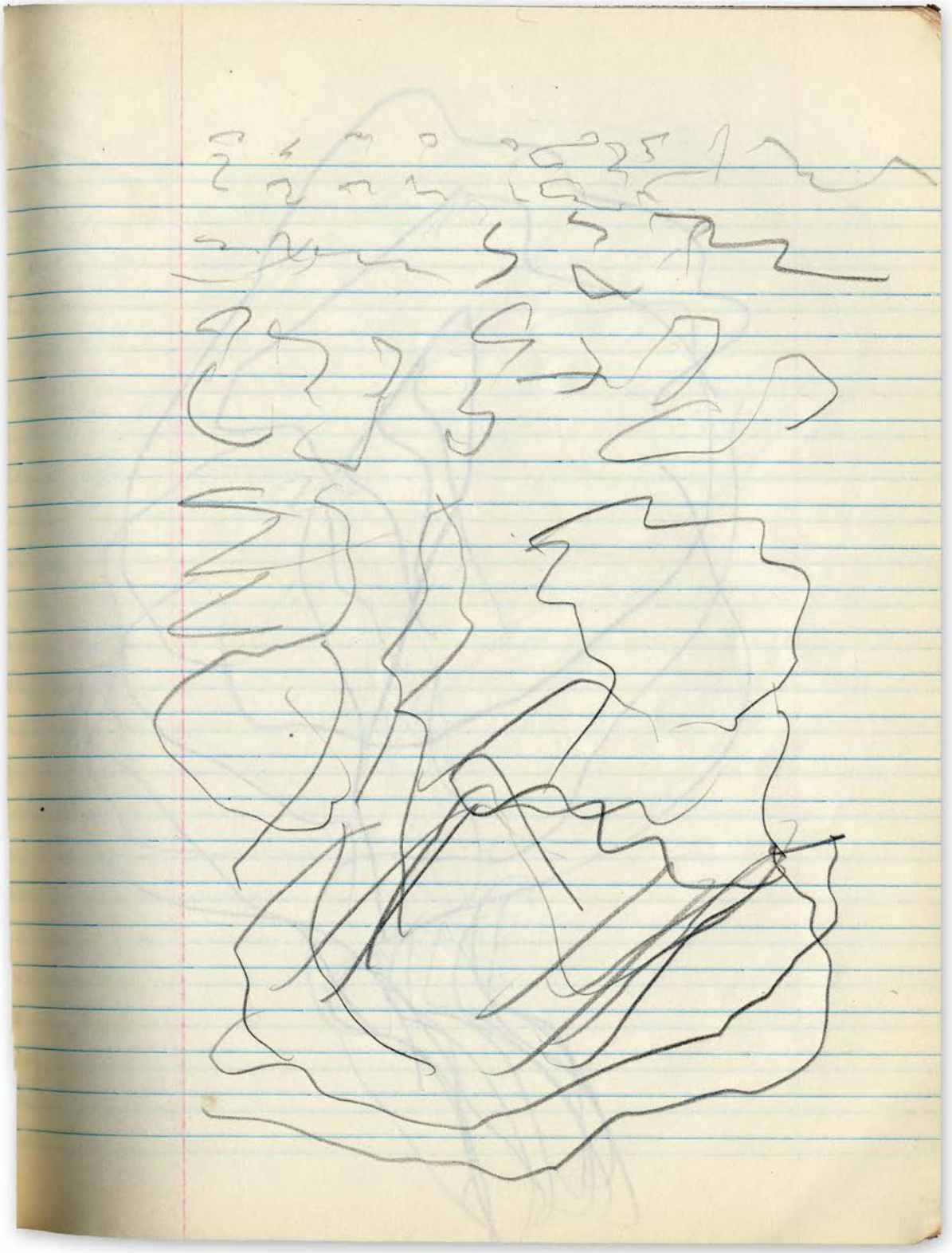
The – Cincinnati – R. Stein. Why not get from them? Photo on – is this funny scene? Clyde – undress – what is here for comic supposed – Hard [illegible] actress [illegible] Cordelia. Why – I was sorry then. I don't like dramatization. Too [illegible] – [illegible] Hamlet – John Barrymore. Photo [illegible] – I have lost – St Louis

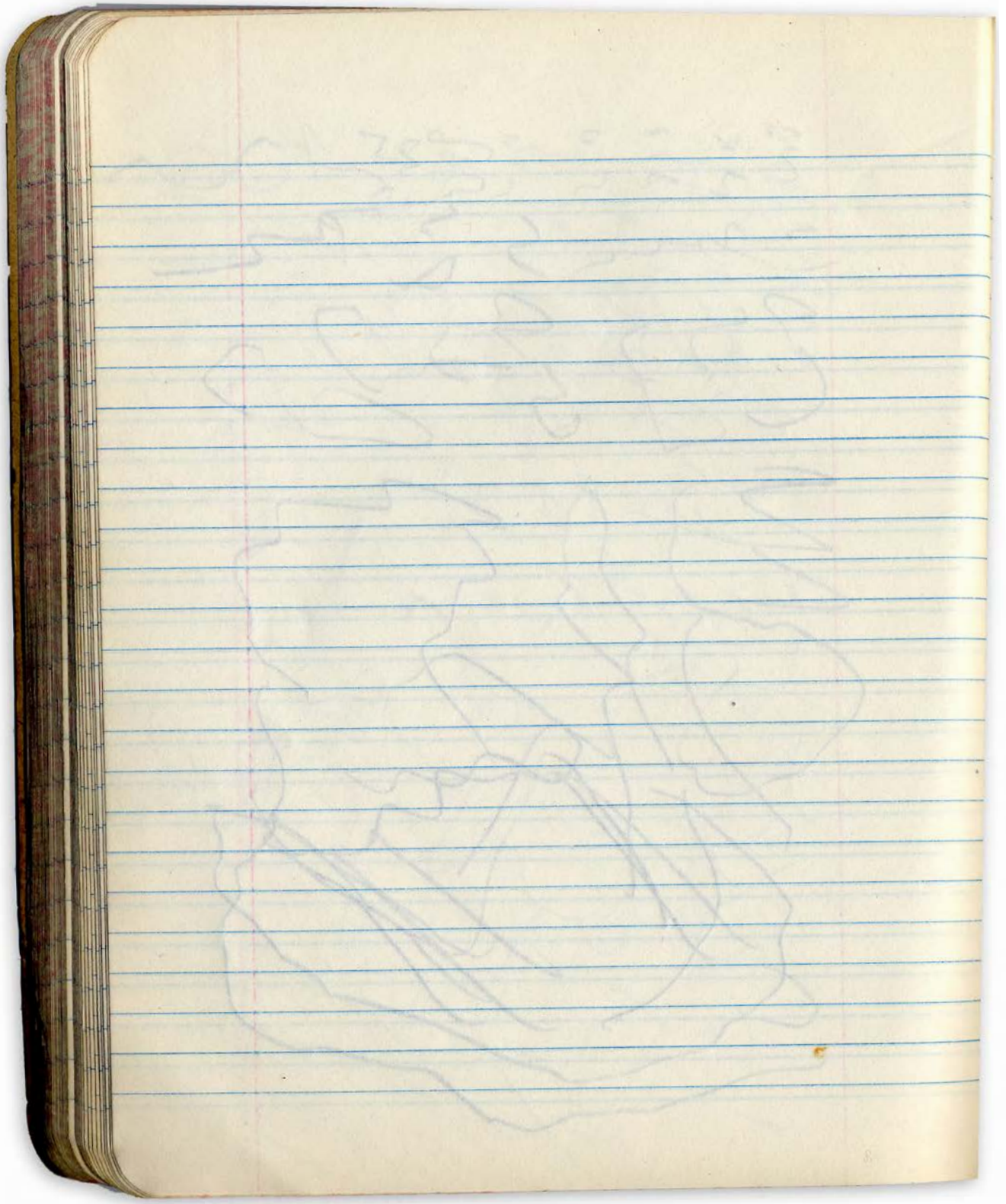


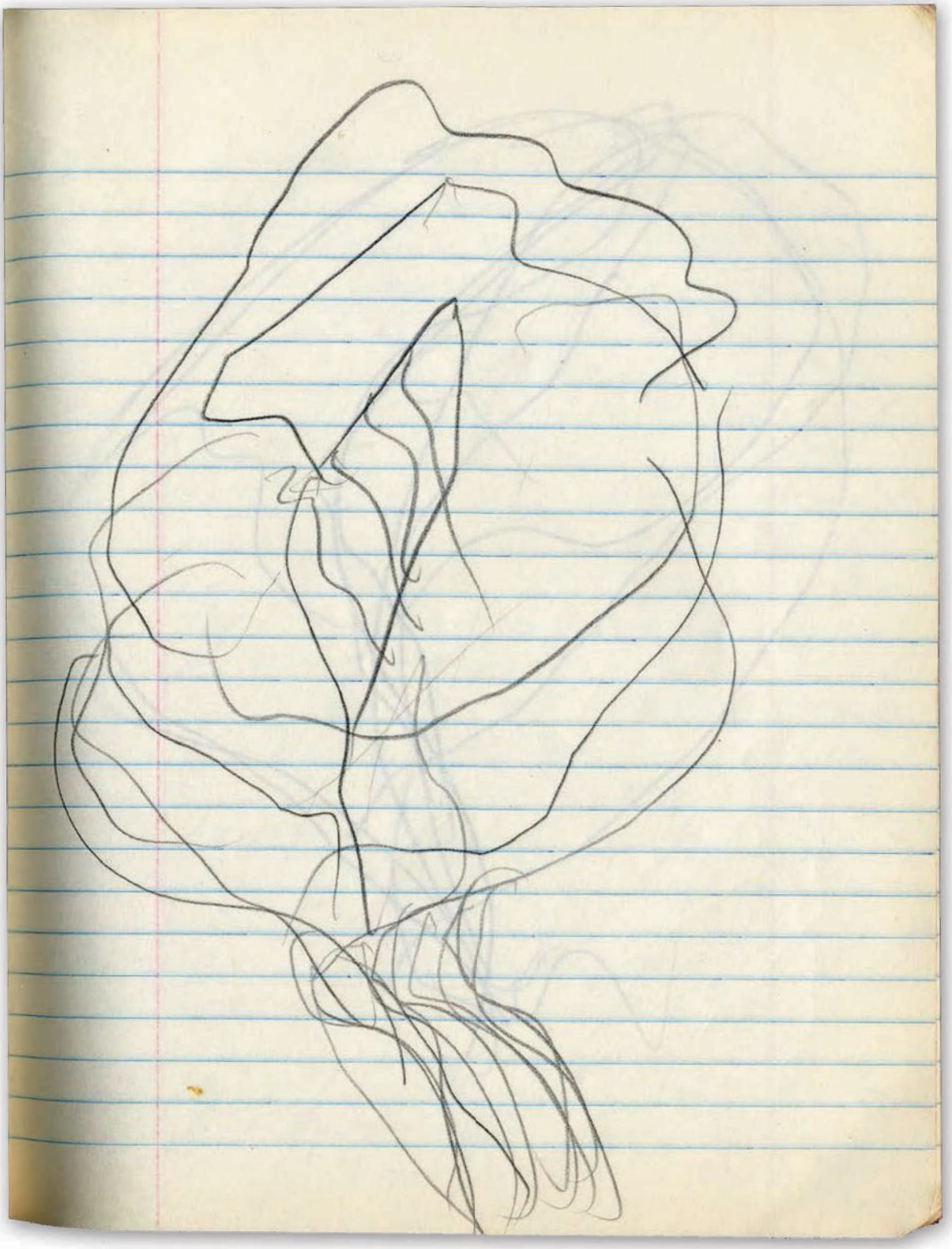


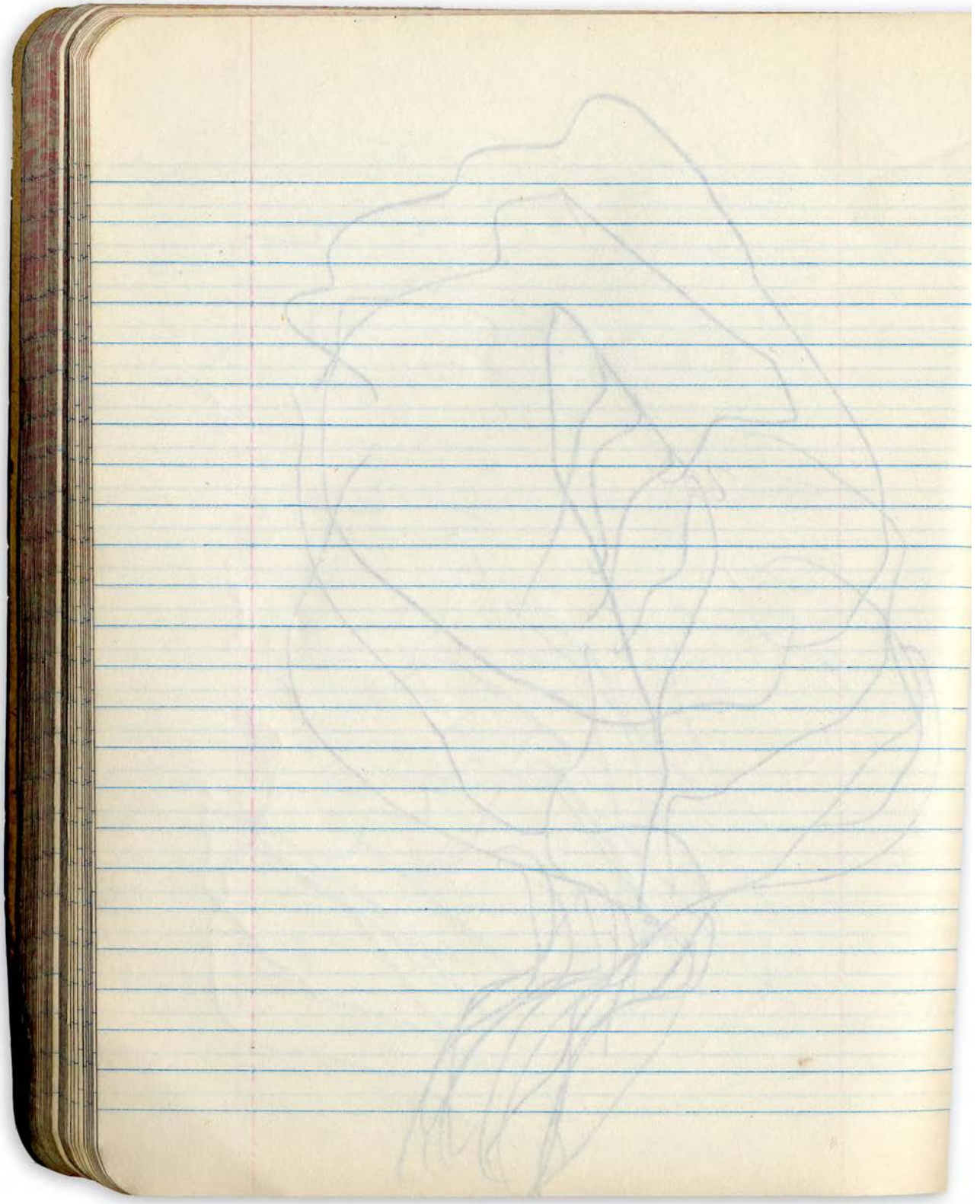


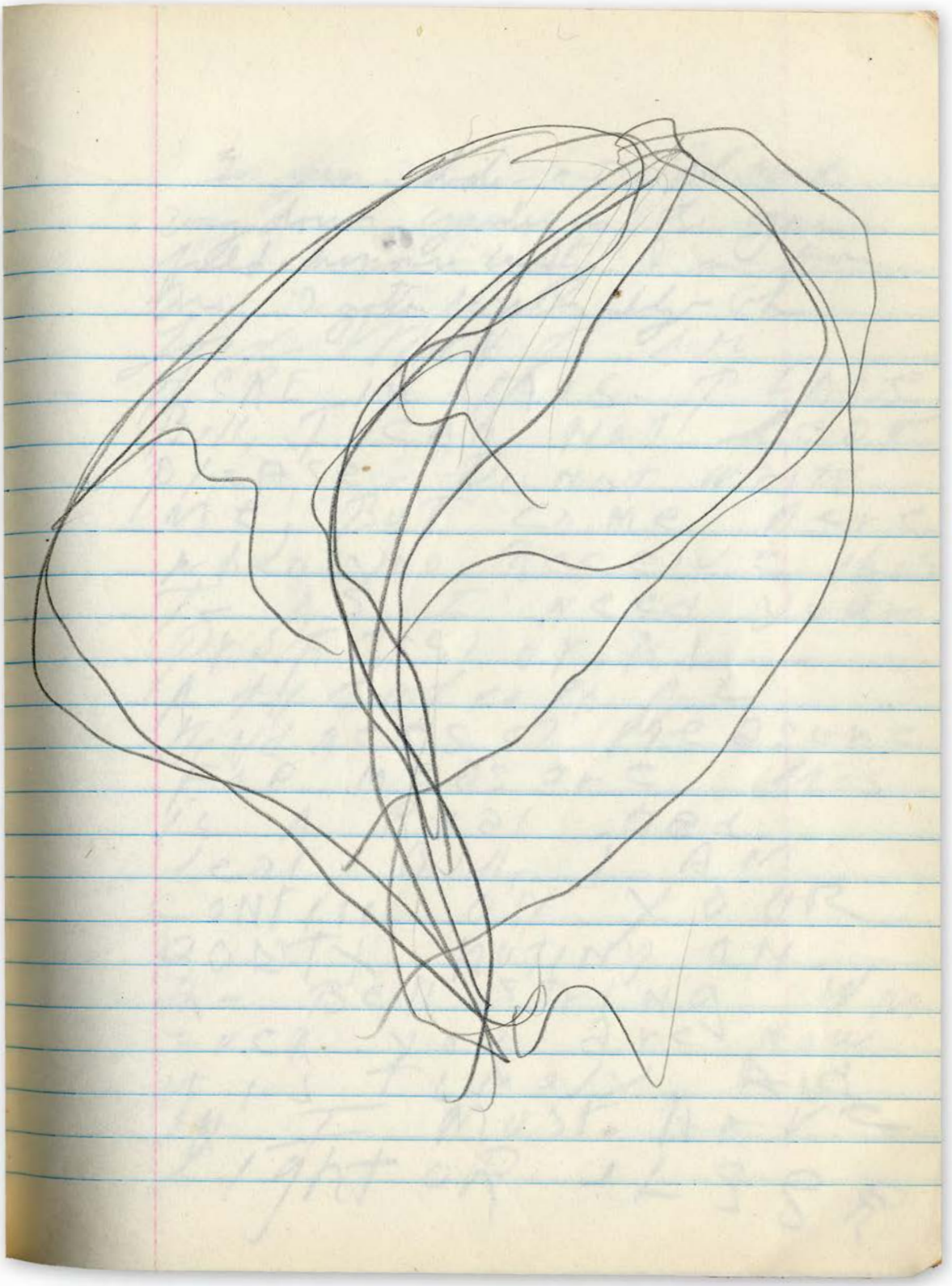


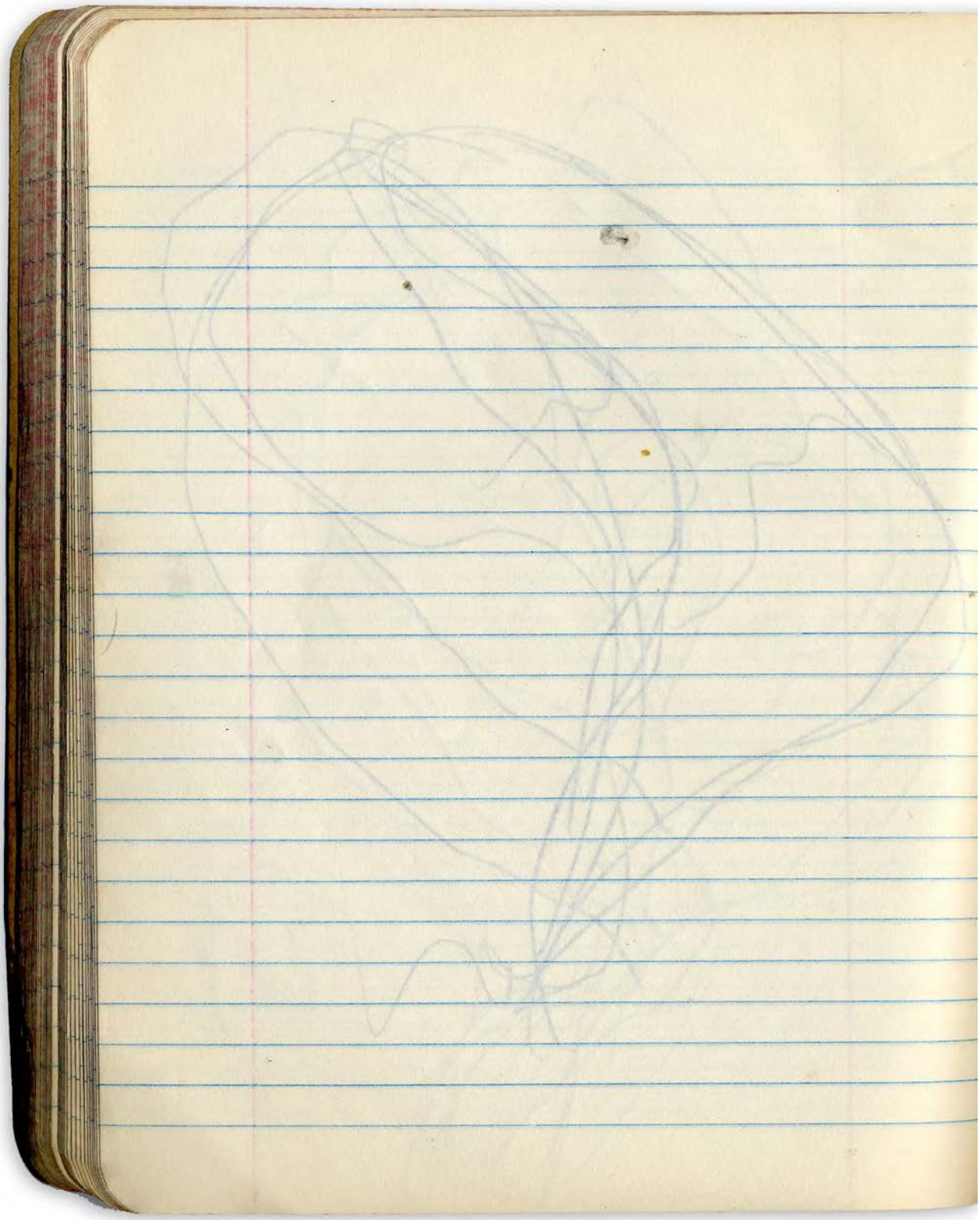












Ex gum - hide - out - Not much
way down garden in the gan
field - missouri valley - I'm from
Iowa, - I gotta be shoulder oh
Jack - WHEN I AM
HERE IN THIS PLACE
BILL, I CAN NOT LEAF
PLEASE - DO NOT WRITE
ME, BUT COME HERE
when you RECEIVE this
I - AS I need your
PROFESSIONAL
AFFICATIONAL
MENDACESS OF MEASURE
FOR MEASURE this
is A Real bad
deal, BILL, I AM
CONTIN ON YOUR
BONTY MUTINY ON
the BELL STRING WHO
EVER you are now
IT IS TIME/X AID
IN I MUST HAVE
LIGHT OR ELSE

[illegible] Sec great job - unexpurgated
version - Fine trip to S.A with
Allerton - Return to Mexico.
Left out = Allerton gun and
returns - Back to S-A -
Inward from Allerton, S-A
Cipher key & Mexico.
Everything left —

Miami -
Panama -
Colombia -
The horror

Boogeys - years
The Hill - the years -
beggars lined up - Smith
Cabinet - Spade lad
Bacon years latter. there
is some thing -

B. Lee - Bruce -
flight - I can not or
will not -

S. A. The growing up - The quitting.
The resignation,
He got on the plane a little drunk
his clothes rumpled with
~~[illegible]~~

Panama and old Bill -

Lee

Mexico, D. F.

Everybody gone. Ord she disappeared, Allerton gone, Angelo gone, my lawyer still on the firm. As I had been away 5 years

transcript and fair copy

(with notes and variant readings)

Talara July 16 .
A bus called Proletario just
passed the bar where I am
drinking my 5. P.M. rum. [Got to
watch drinking I can black out on
4 drinks now.]
Trip up from Lima not too bad,
as I shoved off with a tube of
codeinetas and two nembies, and
floated 12 hours. Rather a nice
batch of Ecuadorians and Bolivians
returning from Buenos Aires. Three
times "all the foriegners" had to
get out and register with the police.
What do they do with these records.
Use them as toilet paper I expect.
Talara is in a desert that runs
right down to the sea. Nothing
grows here except a few watered
palms around Company Houses.
[This is a company town. Oil
refinery.] Saw a terrible Spanish
film. A woman representing death
would appear now and then in a

variant readings

line 13: **foriegners** [sic], i.e., foreigners
line 21, 22: Oil / **refining**

notes

line 9: "codeinetas" appears as "codeineetas" in *Yage Letters Redux,* edited by Oliver Harris (San Francisco: City Lights, 2006, p. 59); *Naked Lunch: The Restored Text*, edited by James Grauerholz and Barry Miles (New York: Grove, 2003, p. 41).

spread 1

Talara July 16 .
A bus called Proletario just
passed the bar where I am
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watch drinking I can black out on
4 drinks now.]
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codeinetas and two nembies, and
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Talara is in a desert that runs
right down to the sea. Nothing
grows here except a few watered
palms around Company Houses.
[This is a company town. Oil
refinery.] Saw a terrible Spanish
film. A woman representing death
would appear now and then in a

mist]. The audience laughed all
through the film. Young kids mostly.
Some incredible items on the hotel
menu. "Lobsters cooked in whisky."
"Scrambled children in piquant sauce."
This is a misprint. I think they meant
reñones not neños.
Last few days in Lima: Cold and damp.
The Mercado Mayorista seems to have
gone more or less sour. Saw a kid I
propositioned. He looked years older.
Last time I saw him he wasn't drinking.
Now he drinks all the time. Knife
scar under the left eye. Feel that
everybody has gone somewhere else.
The place isn't the same.
Tried to sell what I didn't want to take
to the landlord. He gave me a low
price on a few items, contracted to
buy the rest the day I left at 9. A. M.
By 3:30 he still hadn't showed.
Figuring the gringo would leave
that stuff for nothing. I gave
most of it to an ice cream vendor.

notes

line 7: **reñones** [sic], i.e., riñones; **neños** [sic], i.e., niños. *Riñones* and *niños* mean kidneys and children, respectively.

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through the film. Young kids mostly.
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By 3:30 he still hadn't showed.
Figuring the gringo would leave
that stuff for nothing. I gave
most of it to an ice cream vendor.

Some to a gold toothed Chinese waiter,
who was suspicious of the deal
and did not thank me. Some people
can't believe anyone is giving them
anything.

July 17, Panama.

~~+~~ Ruins of 1910. Limed Trees –
Wooden hospitals where people
died in rows from yellow fever.
Walked around with camera. People
always know when you are
taking their picture. Concept of
soul loss. ~~Through pict .~~ I
was trying to get picture of
young Indian on boat. Such
languid animal inocence. He knew
I was trying to take his picture and
would always look up just as
I was swinging camera into
position. [Corrugated iron roofs,
~~people living in~~ . Wheeling albatrosses.
Every cell vexes like junk
sickness, what do I want from
him? sitting leaning against the

variant readings

line 22: Every **one** vexes

notes

line 9: **Yellow fever** had effectively been controlled in Panama by 1910.
line16: **inocence** [sic], i.e., innocence.

Some to a gold toothed Chinese waiter,
who was suspicious of the deal
and did not thank me. Some people
can't believe anyone is giving them
anything.

July 17, Panama.

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would always look up just as
I was swinging camera into
position. [Corrugated iron roofs,
Wheeling albatrosses.

Every cell vexes like junk
sickness, what do I want from
him? sitting leaning against the

I got a batch of irradiation girls
in from Hiroshima. "Just off the
boat. Hot as a plutonium pile"]

bow of the boat, idly scratching
one shoulder — a long white scar
on his right shoulder — looking
up at me with a trace of ~~sulleness~~
sulkiness. Walked around, started
cooking. Need to see Angelo
again.
Photography. There is something obscene
here, a desire to capture, imprison ~~the~~
incorporate.
What persistent pimps in Panama
One stopped me chewing my ear
off about a 15 year old girl. I
told him. "She's middle aged
already. I want that 6 year old
ass. Don't try palming your
old 14 year old bats off on
me."
Everyone here is telepathic on
paranoid level. If you look at
anyone he knows at once he
is being observed and gives
evidence of hostility and
suspicion and restlessness.

variant readings

line 2 (left): off **a** / boat

notes

line 11: **Panama** [sic], i.e., **Panama.**: see fair copy, line 11.

I got a batch of irradiation girls
in from Hiroshima. "Just off the
boat. Hot as a plutonium pile"]

bow of the boat, idly scratching
one shoulder — a long white scar
on his right shoulder — looking
up at me with a trace of
sulkiness. Walked around, started
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ass. Don't try palming your
old 14 year old bats off on
me."
Everyone here is telepathic on
paranoid level. If you look at
anyone he knows at once he
is being observed and gives
evidence of hostility and
suspicion and restlessness.

[I represent the Friendly Finance
Co. Haven't you forgotten something,
Bill. Don't mind if I call you
Bill do you? We like to keep on
familiar terms with our clients.
You've been a bad boy. You know
you're supposed to come and see
us every third Tuesday. We've
been lonely for you in the office.
It hurts our feelings when a client
skips out on us. We're friendly
folk, Louie, and we don't like to
say pay up or else. ^ I wonder if
you ever read the contract, all of
it. I have particular reference to
clause 6 X which can only be
deciphered with an electric
microscope and a virus filter.
I wonder if you know just what
or else means, Louie?
Ach I know how it is with you
young kids. Careless, irresponsible, ^ women, eh kid?
They always give me the young ones
because I know how to handle young
kids: They all see the light and pay

^ Its not a friendly thing to say no matter how you slice it.

notes

lines 10-11: **It hurts . . . out on us.** Editors cannot determine if this passage is underlined or excised.
from margin: **Its** [sic], i.e., It's.

[I represent the Friendly Finance
Co. Haven't you forgotten something,
Bill. Don't mind if I call you
Bill do you? We like to keep on
familiar terms with our clients.
You've been a bad boy. You know
you're supposed to come and see
us every third Tuesday. We've
been lonely for you in the office.
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kid?
They always give me the young ones
because I know how to handle young
kids: They all see the light and pay

up, after a little heart to
heart talk with ~~Bill~~ old
Uncle Willy.] ~~Yes sir I never had to have to~~
Aw I know how it is with you young.
~~kids~~ You get to chase after the
floozies a forget about ~~us the~~
F. Friendly Finance ~~eh kid,~~ don't
you? But Friendly Finance ~~doesn~~ doesn't
forget you. ~~Like the song say "Learning to love from now on~~"
Like the song say No Hiding Place
Down here. Not with skip tracer being
on the job. They always give me the
young ones, because I know how
to ~~talk~~ handle young kids.

variant readings

line 5: **Ah** I know . . .

notes

line 6: ~~**kids**~~ is an erasure.
line 7: **a** [sic]**,** i.e., **and**: see fair copy, line 6.

up, after a little heart to
heart talk with old
Uncle Willy.]
Aw I know how it is with you young.
You get to chase after the
floozies and forget about
F. Friendly Finance don't
you? But Friendly Finance doesn't
forget you.
Like the song say No Hiding Place
Down here. Not with skip tracer being
on the job. They always give me the
young ones, because I know how
to handle young kids.

The inhabitants. A smog of
bum kicks hangs over the
town in the wet heat. ~~Saw~~
~~a picket demanding jobs for~~
~~Panamanian sea men.~~
~~In~~ The place ~~had~~ has changed
since I left, ~~a time—everything~~ nothing
but that awful hillbilly music
on the juke boxes — Like the bellowings
of a discontented cow, and th
service men all look bovine and
oddly blunted or brutalized as
if they had received some
special processing to fit them
for peace time army life by a light concussion. You
ask them a question and they
answer it, and that is that.
Conversation is impossible. They
have nothing to say. They sit
around buying drinks for the
B girls like the stupid young
jerks they are, and making
mechanical passes without any
real passion, just something to

variant readings

line 15: life **in** a light

notes

line 10: **th** [sic], i.e., **the**: see fair copy, line 8.

spread 7

The inhabitants. A smog of
bum kicks hangs over the
town in the wet heat.
The place has changed
since I left, nothing
but that awful hillbilly music
on the juke boxes — Like the bellowings
of a discontented cow, and the
service men all look bovine and
oddly blunted or brutalized as
if they had received some
special processing to fit them
for peace time army life by a light concussion. You
ask them a question and they
answer it, and that is that.
Conversation is impossible. They
have nothing to say. They sit
around buying drinks for the
B girls like the stupid young
jerks they are, and making
mechanical passes without any
real passion, just something to

do, and playing that awful
music. How could anyone be
stupid enough to enjoy that
bleating, whining crap. "It wasn't
God made Honky Tonks," and
"Youre driving Nails in My Coffin"
and "Your Cheatin Heart."
[Last days in Lima. Nobody around
the bars in the Mercado Mayorista.
Nothing brings you down like
you go in a place you used to
like and ~~nobody~~ there is nobody
you know and everything is changed.
The bar in a different place,
the juke box moved, different
waiters so you can't be sure
you are in the same place.
I suddenly decided to leave
Lima at once, as if I ~~was
hot with the law or~~ had
an urgent appointment somewhere
else. This feeling of urgency
has grown on me since I
hit S. A. I have to be somewhere

variant readings

line 14: bar **is** a different

notes

line 6: **"Youre** [sic] . . .**"**, i.e., "You're . . ."

do, and playing that awful
music. How could anyone be
stupid enough to enjoy that
bleating, whining crap. "It wasn't
God made Honky Tonks," and
"Youre driving Nails in My Coffin"
and "Your Cheatin Heart."
[Last days in Lima. Nobody around
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Nothing brings you down like
you go in a place you used to
like and there is nobody
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The bar in a different place,
the juke box moved, different
waiters so you can't be sure
you are in the same place.
I suddenly decided to leave
Lima at once, as if I
had
an urgent appointment somewhere
else. This feeling of urgency
has grown on me since I
hit S. A. I have to be somewhere

at a certain time. It seems
vitally important to get the
1:30 P M plane and not
wait over until 11 A M. The
next day. In Guayquil I
went to the house of the Peruvian
Consul after his office hours
so I could get a visa and
leave one day early. Where
am I going? Appointment in
Talara, Tingo Maria, Pucallpa,
Panama, Guatemala, Mexico?
I don't know. Suddenly I have
to leave right now.
[B girl in Chico's. Her shallow
bird mind. Perfect English like a
recording.
Mexico City.
~~Wen~~ Checked in Hotel and went
straight to Tato's. No use asking
Pepe for info. He wouldn't know
where anybody was. I was looking
only for one person. M. Like
in a dream I had several times.

notes

line 4: **T**he [sic], i.e. **t**he: see fair copy, line 4.
line 5: **Guayquil** [sic], i.e. Guayaquil.

at a certain time. It seems
vitally important to get the
1:30 P M plane and not
wait over until 11 A M. The
next day. In Guayquil I
went to the house of the Peruvian
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straight to Tato's. No use asking
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where anybody was. I was looking
only for one person. M. Like
in a dream I had several times.

one dream takes me by arm
and admitted I was a unique
character"

I was back in Mexico talking to
Eddie Wood or Louis Carpio.
Then came the pause and we
both drum on the table both
knowing what I am going to
say next. "Where is M?" Dream about
M so many times. Usually we
are on good terms but
some times he is nasty and I keep
asking why and never find out.
Thursday going up to N. Y. to
Enlist I in ambulance corps.
Louie told me he is in Agua -
Diente. South somewhere, and I
ask when the bus leaves.] only
one sex dream and I can't recall
the details.] L. Carpio always there.
First dream in back seat of
car. Incredibly nasty. Later
recognized rocks by road. Talk
and I going north, I singing
"Walking My Baby Back Home." Hotel
Central and M.

notes

line 1 from facing page: **one** [sic], i.e. **One**: see fair copy line 8.
line 1 from facing page: Editorial decision to insert **One dream . . . character"** from facing page into main text. The passage is judged integral to the narrative: see fair copy, l. 8-10.
line 3 from facing page: **character**" [sic], i.e., **character.":** see fair copy, line 10.

spread 10

I was back in Mexico talking to
Eddie Wood or Louis Carpio.
Then came the pause and we
both drum on the table both
knowing what I am going to
say next. "Where is M?" One dream
takes me by arm and admitted I was a
unique character." Dream about
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the details.] L. Carpio always there.
First dream in back seat of
car. Incredibly nasty. Later
recognized rocks by road. Talk
and I going north, I singing
"Walking My Baby Back Home." Hotel
Central and M.

< Mitchell

was in Peru? Question of
going back for more yage.
Roads impassible. In restaurant.
Beggar with withered hand —
^ Tapachula.] Young U. S. offered
him 10 c and would not take
it. Another beggar selling
Colombian lottery tickets. . Young
man with odd shirt — [Beads
spangles] U.S. St. Louis back
yard. Saw him there in a bar.
Reference to M. [He was in gangster
hideout and I went to find him.]
Beggar info on M. Mitchell — Bone
cancer. The H. Chase character. A
woman. Going back to Tapachula.
—Pucallpa.
Restaurant overun with beggars and
lots of forigners back there now.
When ~~it u~~ some one said these are
Colombian lottery tickets. No good
here. He looked ~~a~~ hurt and
puzzled. He never thought of that.
Like M looks sometimes when I
run on the point of American friendship.

notes

line 18: **overun** [sic], i.e., overrun.
line 19: **forignors** [sic], i.e., foreigners.
line 25: **American friendship** is a best guess by Editors.

was in Peru? Question of
going back for more yage.
Roads impassible. In restaurant.
Beggar with withered hand —
Mitchell Tapachula.] Young U. S. offered
him 10 c and would not take
it. Another beggar selling
Colombian lottery tickets. . Young
man with odd shirt — [Beads
spangles] U.S. St. Louis back
yard. Saw him there in a bar.
Reference to M. [He was in gangster
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cancer. The H. Chase character. A
woman. Going back to Tapachula.
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Restaurant overun with beggars and
lots of foreigners back there now.
When some one said these are
Colombian lottery tickets. No good
here. He looked hurt and
puzzled. He never thought of that.
Like M looks sometimes when I
run on the point of American friendship.

Sometimes I feel sorry for Allerton
He is such a child in a
~~way, and he~~ selfish, and
callow ~~ad~~ sulky, and sweet.
But he doesn't ~~want~~ realize
what he is involved in. Like
the pity I felt for my severed
finger, as if it was inocent
victim of violent, unpredictable
forces. Sometimes he looks
hurt and puzzled, by the
~~inten~~ warped intensity of my
emotions. He wants my
fucking, not a relationship
bordering on insanity.
A no more suited for this the
part I anger him than I am
suited to endure the fear
or pain and misery.

First in Tato's shook hands with
Pepe- Talked the old retired
regular army man. Asked about
M last. "By the way _ "
He didn't know M. Started
walking around at random.
Went into Sears and looked at the
magazines. Pictures of a lynching
I see them Hang with bodies on
A hand on my shoulder. Gale.
I ran through the list. All gone.
M? I saw him about a month
ago on the other side of the
street. ~~I felt a~~ It was like a
main line shot of desolation,
a cold spreading misery that
settles in the lungs and around
the heart. I leaned against the
magazine rack. "I'll see you
Gale." I walked out and leane
against a post. So he got all
my letters. Why didn't he answer
Why? I walked down to 154.
Looked in not a familiar face.

variant readings

line 17 (left): I **imagine** him
line 18 (left): **sentenced** to endure

notes

line 1 (left): **Allerton** [sic], i.e., **Allerton.**: see fair copy, line1.
line 8 (left): **inocent** [sic], i.e., innocent.
line 16 (left): **A** [sic], i.e. Allerton.
line 20: (right) **leane** [sic], i.e., **leaned**: see fair copy, line 20.

spread 12

Sometimes I feel sorry for Allerton.
He is such a child in a
selfish, and
callow sulky, and sweet.
But he doesn't realize
what he is involved in. Like
the pity I felt for my severed
finger, as if it was inocent
victim of violent, unpredictable
forces. Sometimes he looks
hurt and puzzled, by the
warped intensity of my
emotions. He wants my
fucking, not a relationship
bordering on insanity.
A no more suited for this the
part I anger him than I am
suited to endure the fear
or pain and misery.

First in Tato's shook hands with
Pepe- Talked the old retired
regular army man. Asked about
M last. "By the way _ "
He didn't know M. Started
walking around at random.
Went into Sears and looked at the
magazines. Pictures of a lynching
I see them Hang with bodies on
A hand on my shoulder. Gale.
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M? I saw him about a month
ago on the other side of the
street. It was like a
main line shot of desolation,
a cold spreading misery that
settles in the lungs and around
the heart. I leaned against the
magazine rack. "I'll see you
Gale." I walked out and leaned
against a post. So he got all
my letters. Why didn't he answer
Why? I walked down to 154.
Looked in not a familiar face.

The pain inside sharp and definite
as a physical wound. I walked
back to Sears. Passed Gale
and nodded. Back to Tato's.
Talked to Mitchell. Eddie Wood,
Crowley is all gone. Did you
hear about M? No I said. He
went down to S.A or some place
with a colonel as a guide? "So"
How long ago did he leave?"
About six months ago. I could
feel the pain ease ~~up~~ a bit.
"Must have been right after I
left. "Yeah just about then."
I got Carpio's address, and
went over to see him. Met
him as I was leaving the
hotel. Yes M. left about 5
months ago and went along
as guide to a Major and his
wife. They were going to sell
the car in Guatemala. A 47
buick. "I felt there was something
a little wrong about the deal.

spread 13

The pain inside sharp and definite
as a physical wound. I walked
back to Sears. Passed Gale
and nodded. Back to Tato's.
Talked to Mitchell. Eddie Wood,
Crowley is all gone. Did you
hear about M? No I said. He
went down to S.A or some place
with a colonel as a guide? "So"
How long ago did he leave?"
About six months ago. I could
feel the pain ease a bit.
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hotel. Yes M. left about 5
months ago and went along
as guide to a Major and his
wife. They were going to sell
the car in Guatemala. A 47
buick. "I felt there was something
a little wrong about the deal.

I could feel the pain switch off and
on as I listened. ~~to~~ What could
he be doing and where? Guatemala
is expensive. Just what was the
deal. San Salvador etc expensive and
jerk water. Costa Rica? Perhaps.
I regretted not having visited San
Jose on way up. "He said something
about joining you down there."
Evidently he had no ~~comp~~ beef
against me. I felt better after
talking to Louie.
Where is everybody? Eddie and
Crowley and Johnny are in Calif.~~?~~
Russ and Johnny in Alaska. Like
talking to Garver or some one
like hitting the Times Square
area. Where is everybody. So and
So went wrong. So and so in
jail. So and so dead from an
overdose. J. oh he's still around.
He's always around. ~~The~~
~~yage feel of~~ Space - time travel
across sands, the cold wind of

variant readings

line 24: across **winds**, the cold

notes

line 8: **Jose** [sic], i.e., José.

spread 14

I could feel the pain switch off and
on as I listened. What could
he be doing and where? Guatemala
is expensive. Just what was the
deal. San Salvador etc expensive and
jerk water. Costa Rica? Perhaps.
I regretted not having visited San
Jose on way up. "He said something
about joining you down there."
Evidently he had no beef
against me. I felt better after
talking to Louie.
Where is everybody? Eddie and
Crowley and Johnny are in Calif.
Russ and Johnny in Alaska. Like
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like hitting the Times Square
area. Where is everybody. So and
So went wrong. So and so in
jail. So and so dead from an
overdose. J. oh he's still around.
He's always around.
Space - time travel
across sands, the cold wind of

change and death and the
chance meeting. Mitchell with
the missing fingers, Old Bill,
the fresh winds of ~~damage and~~
~~death~~ life and change, and
~~the~~ a special significance. ~~of chance~~
~~meetings.~~ Nothing is happening
completely by chance. There is
the special significance to every
meeting.

change and death and the
chance meeting. Mitchell with
the missing fingers, Old Bill,
the fresh winds of
life and change, and
a special significance.
Nothing is happening
completely by chance. There is
the special significance to every
meeting.

Looking for M.
I got out of the plane and waited
for the tourist. ~~to collect his~~
~~hat and wide straw hat —~~
~~bought in Guatemala — and his~~
~~hand bag and his camera~~,
"Lets take a cab into town. Split
it. Cheaper that way". We
walked through the airport like
father and son. I took off my
glasses and my hat was packed
away in a suit case. I had my
camera slung over my shoulder.
Two tourists.
"Yes" I was saying "that old
boy in Guatemala wanted to
charge ~~us~~ me $2.00 ~~to~~ from the
Palace Hotel out to the airport.
I told him $1. "I held up a finger."
~~But he say no. This~~ No one
looked at us. ~~except cab drivers~~
We got in a taxi. The driver said
12 for both.
"Wait a minute" the tourist said.

notes
line 7: **"Lets** [sic], i.e., "Let's.

spread 16

Looking for M.
I got out of the plane and waited
for the tourist.
"Lets take a cab into town. Split
it. Cheaper that way". We
walked through the airport like
father and son. I took off my
glasses and my hat was packed
away in a suit case. I had my
camera slung over my shoulder.
Two tourists.
"Yes" I was saying "that old
boy in Guatemala wanted to
charge me $2.00 from the
Palace Hotel out to the airport.
I told him $1. "I held up a finger."
No one
looked at us.
We got in a taxi. The driver said
12 for both.
"Wait a minute" the tourist said.

"No meter. Where is your meter.
You got to have a meter."
The driver asked me to explain
they were authorized to carry
air line passengers without
meter.
"No" he shouted. "Go on take me
to the Regis. But I pay what
is on the meter. Police. I call
the Policía. Youre required to
have a meter."
Oh God I thought. Thats all I
need, ~~is the~~ this old Jerk
should call the law. He was
getting out of the car and taking
down the number. "I call policia
plenty quick" he said.
I said "Well I think I'll take this
cab anyway, "vamonos" I said to
the driver. We started on through
the outskirts of Mexico, boys
playing handball, trees and
open lots ~~and Mo~~ I used to
come this way every Monday to

variant readings

line 22: playing **baseball**, trees

notes

line 10: **Youre** [sic], i.e., You're.
line 12: **Thats** [sic], i.e., That's.
line 16: **policia** [sic], i.e., policía.
line 19: **vamonos** [sic], i.e., vámonos.

"No meter. Where is your meter.
You got to have a meter."
The driver asked me to explain
they were authorized to carry
air line passengers without
meter.
"No" he shouted. "Go on take me
to the Regis. But I pay what
is on the meter. Police. I call
the Policía. Youre required to
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Oh God I thought. Thats all I
need, this old Jerk
should call the law. He was
getting out of the car and taking
down the number. "I call policia
plenty quick" he said.
I said "Well I think I'll take this
cab anyway, "vamonos" I said to
the driver. We started on through
the outskirts of Mexico, boys
playing handball, trees and
open lots I used to
come this way every Monday to

sign my bond. Back in Mexico
City. The last chance
acquaintance, picked up and
dropped like a tool no longer
useful I had left behind
when he got out of the taxi.
Back in Mexico City. ~~Here~~
From here on ~~people~~ I would
meet people who had the cryptic
significance of a dream. Past
orizaba ~~back~~ Sears, "Here this
will do". I checked into a 8
peso hotel. I walked out
towards Tato's, my stomach
cold with excitement like it was
full of ice water. "Easy now.
Cool. Cool. You have to be cool."
The bar was in a different
place. Redecorated. New furniture.
But there was Pepe with his
gold teeth and his moustache.
~~Oh~~ 'Ah como esta?" ~~h?~~ he
said. American". I looked at him
speculating. Not much use asking him

variant readings

line 1: bond. **Bonds** in Mexico
line 5: I **have** left
lines 23, 24: him / **speaking**. Not

notes

line 11: **orizaba** [sic], i.e., Orizaba. Burroughs had lived in Apartment 5 at 210 Orizaba, in the Colonia Roma, from June 1951 until he left Mexico City in December 1952.
lines 22: **"Ah como esta?"** [sic], i.e., "Ah cómo está?".

sign my bond. Back in Mexico
City. The last chance
acquaintance, picked up and
dropped like a tool no longer
useful I had left behind
when he got out of the taxi.
Back in Mexico City.
From here on I would
meet people who had the cryptic
significance of a dream. Past
orizaba Sears, "Here this
will do". I checked into a 8
peso hotel. I walked out
towards Tato's, my stomach
cold with excitement like it was
full of ice water. "Easy now.
Cool. Cool. You have to be cool."
The bar was in a different
place. Redecorated. New furniture.
But there was Pepe with his
gold teeth and his moustache.
'Ah como esta?" he
said. American". I looked at him
speculating. Not much use asking him

anything. I sat down with a
delaware punch. ~~He's~~ The
old Major walked in.
Retired regular army. Grey haired
vigorous, short. With him a
young man I had seen before
with another retired army
man. ~~Heavy beard, full~~
~~lips, and handsome in a 1920,~~
~~lowlife way.~~
Dark, heavy beard, full red lips,
handsome, ~~traveling with some one~~
~~trailing after the man's pension.~~
I saw him walking around
with Sarge carrying bundles. I
figure the old Captain was
picking up the check. A ~~specialized~~
mooch, specializing in alcoholic
army men with Pensions. Looking up
from his beer with a silly grin,
I ran through the list crisply
with the Major. And last of
all "What happened to M?" "I
"don't think I know him."

notes

line 2: **delaware punch** [sic], i.e., Delaware Punch, a fruit flavored soft drink from the early twentieth century and still sold in Texas.
line 10: ~~**lowlife way**~~ is a best guess by Editors.

anything. I sat down with a
delaware punch. The
old Major walked in.
Retired regular army. Grey haired
vigorous, short. With him a
young man I had seen before
with another retired army
man.
Dark, heavy beard, full red lips,
handsome,
I saw him walking around
with Sarge carrying bundles. I
figure the old Captain was
picking up the check. A
mooch, specializing in alcoholic
army men with Pensions. Looking up
from his beer with a silly grin,
I ran through the list crisply
with the Major. And last of
all "What happened to M?" "I
"don't think I know him."

Ah "well see you". I dropped 40
centavos on the table and walked
out. Sears magazine counter.
Sonny Goons — Gale. Retired army.
All Gone. I never see those guys
anyway. Never hang around in
Tato's any more ~~"~~ M? "Hes gone
too?" "How long ago? — No need
to be casual he won't notice
anything. "I saw him about a
month ago on the other side of
the street." ~~It I felt like a main~~
~~line shot of a cold spreading~~
A ~~cold~~ wave of misery and pain
~~settled~~ hit me like a main line
shot, ~~and~~ settling in the lungs and
around the heart. Then I knew
I was hung up on M. just the
same as ever. I put the magazine
away slowly, and walked outside
and leaned against a post. ~~It was~~
~~like missing the train, everybody~~
~~had gone away and left me~~

notes

line 7: **Hes** [sic], i.e., He's.

spread 20

Ah "well see you". I dropped 40
centavos on the table and walked
out. Sears magazine counter.
Sonny Goons — Gale. Retired army.
All Gone. I never see those guys
anyway. Never hang around in
Tato's any more M? "Hes gone
too" "How long ago? — No need
to be casual he won't notice
anything. "I saw him about a
month ago on the other side of
the street."
A wave of misery and pain
hit me like a main line
shot, settling in the lungs and
around the heart. Then I knew
I was hung up on M. just the
same as ever. I put the magazine
away slowly, and walked outside
and leaned against a post.

blocked
~~separate~~
~~Like I~~ I was ~~separated~~ from M
by ~~a~~ time gap. ~~Left completely alone~~
~~in a time and place where~~
~~I felt like I had~~ I missed the
last train out of the Penal
Colony, Everybody else ~~was on the~~
~~train~~ gone. ~~A~~ Chill of final
must have all
desolation and despair: He got the
letters Why didn't he answer why?
~~Something else was more~~
~~important~~
~~Y~~ The winds of change and death dispersion
and the seeing s~~t~~~~t~~~~t~~~~t~~,
A Cross roads of Space —Time travel ^
~~the him~~ ~~th~~ winds of change and
death, dispersion. A waiting
room — where you grab a quick drink —
before ~~the~~ your train leaves.
Cold fear of being left alone
in the waiting room after all
the trains had left.
Eddie Wood for Los Angeles —
? Russ and Johnny for Alaska
via Houston. Betty and Jane for
Tuscon. John for San Juan,

^ the glory ~~t~~~~t~~~~t~~ ~~t~~~~t~~~~t~~~~t~~~~t~~~~t~~.

Stasis horrors. Not only I
am never simple, but everyone
else has gone

variant readings

line 17: quick **dinner**
line 23: **Ron** and **Jim** for Alaska

notes

line 2 (left): **simple** is a best guess by the Editors.
line 8: Transcription **must have all got** emended to **must have got all** in fair copy, line 7.
line 9: **letters** [sic], i.e. **letters.** : see fair copy, l. 8.
line 25: **Tuscon** [sic], i.e., Tucson.

spread 21

Stasis horrors. Not only I
am never simple, but everyone
else has gone

I was blocked from M
by time gap.
I missed the
last train out of the Penal
Colony, Everybody else
gone. Chill of final
desolation and despair: He must have got all the
letters. Why didn't he answer why?
The winds of change and death dispersion
and the seeing s++++,
A Cross roads of Space — Time travel ^ the glory +++ +++++.
winds of change and
death, dispersion. A waiting
room — where you grab a quick drink —
before your train leaves.
Cold fear of being left alone
in the waiting room after all
the trains had left.
Eddie Wood for Los Angeles —
? Russ and Johnny for Alaska
via Houston. Betty and Jane for
Tuscon. John for San Juan,

Marker for - That's my train —
where to? I can't hear you
where to? ~~He is always on the~~
~~train and I cant hear the r~~
His answer muffled by distance.
I can't catch the name. Should
I turn in my ticket? Dont be
sure you'll never find him.
~~If you keep looking Because he~~
~~isn't where you~~ You'll end
up in a waiting room ~~somewhere~~
~~with no tr like Mexico~~ where
the train don't stop anymore,
the tracks grown over with weeds,
~~and the insane station master~~
~~calls out~~ playing ~~eternal~~ checkers
with the station masters with bottle
tops ^ playing bottle top checkers with the station master ^ listening to the whistle
of M's train fading in the
distance, across the back
yards, and red brick houses~~, of~~
~~St. Louis 1918.~~ of St. Louis
1918. [The station master is
setting up the bottle top again].

variant readings

line 8: **silly** you'll never

notes

line 7: **Dont** [sic], i.e. Don't.
line 24: **top** [sic], i.e., **tops**: see fair copy, line 21.

spread 22

Marker for - That's my train —
where to? I can't hear you
where to?
His answer muffled by distance.
I can't catch the name. Should
I turn in my ticket? Dont be
sure you'll never find him.
You'll end
up in a waiting room
where
the train don't stop anymore,
the tracks grown over with weeds,
playing checkers
with the station masters with bottle
tops playing bottle top checkers with the sta-
tion master listening to the whistle
of M's train fading in the
distance, across the back
yards, and red brick houses
of St. Louis
1918. [The station master is
setting up the bottle tops again].

~~with the~~ all the same populace
~~!!!! for the~~ in room and in
a for,
"You're move." What is on my
ticket I can't read it. Scrawled
in ~~yellow~~ red ink Shall I turn it in?
~~Better~~ wait for your own train.
on yellow paper.
~~Lou Carpio and Pepe, are-still-~~
~~Lou Carpio bought-~~
[Lou Carpio and Pepe aren't waiting
for him. They are in a joint]
That is why you can stand to
be in Mexico City or N.Y. because
you are not stuck there. You
are by the fact of being there, —
~~you being somewhere-else~~ traveling.
In Panama — ~~The so called~~
cross road of the world — ~~There~~
~~is no feel of travel—~~ you
are ~~jus~~ withering exactly there,
~~like a~~ spirit ~~caught,~~ innocence caught in
~~dying~~ sign aging ~~!!~~ ~~tissue~~
~~tissue~~ cells and tissue.. And you
have to make the arrangements with
P A N Am or the Dutch
Line for removal of the body.

variant readings

line 21: are **unknown** exactly
line 21: withering **back** there; withering **wreck** there

notes

line 8: **on yellow paper** inserted into l. 3 of fair copy: see facsimile.
top margin: **all the same populace . . .for** inserted into fair copy, lines 7-9: see facsimile.

spread 23

"You're move." What is on my
ticket I can't read it. Scrawled
in red ink on yellow paper. Shall I turn it in?
wait for your own train.
[Lou Carpio and Pepe aren't waiting
for him. They are in a joint]
all the same populace
in room and in
a for
That is why you can stand to
be in Mexico City or N.Y. because
you are not stuck there. You
are by the fact of being there,
traveling.
In Panama —
cross road of the world —
you
are withering exactly there,
spirit innocence caught in
aging
cells and tissue.. And you
have to make the arrangements with
P A N Am or the Dutch
Line for removal of the body.

~~the populace~~

p ++++++ ++++

The citizens ~~of this town/~~ ^ obviously
~~come from~~ stem from a line
~~long~~ long line of pimps.
~~They~~ M isn't the one
Or ++++ conscious or
evil. They are just nowhere.

^ no schedule. You'd better be there when it leaves

Otherwise it would stay there and
rot~~s~~ in the muggy heat under
a galvanized iron roof and on
~~on~~ a ~~dry, cliff~~ lime stone
cliff over the stagnant bay where
vultures eat fish entrails at low
~~tides.~~ tide. ~~You can't wait~~
~~for your train. Get any train out~~
~~of there.~~ Your train doesn't
stop in Panama. ~~Any ++~~
In Lima only now and then
and better not miss it. ^ In
Guatemala City maybe once
in seven years. In Bogotá
you can occasionally get a lift
to your train in a Point 4 car.
Ecuador has no service.
Note splits. Russ & Johnny.
Betty and Jane. [Eddie to L..A..
the ~~final nightmare of ++++++ of~~
last stop for U.S.D.P.S.
Marker with the handsome
con man and the youngish wife.
Bill's ~~watery blue eyes turning~~
~~towards N. Y. like a sea side~~

variant readings

line 15: can **usually** get

notes

line 12 (right): **no schedule . . . leaves**: inserted from margin into fair copy, lines 12–13.

line 16: **Point 4**, i.e., Point Four Program of Technical Assistance to Developing Nations, was a United States governmental program proposed by President Truman in his 1949 Inaugural Address and later enacted by Congress.

line 21: **U.S.D.P.S.** is an apparent acronym for a displaced persons program, but an exact program matching the acronym has not been identified.

The citizens obviously
stem from a line
long line of pimps.
M isn't the one
Or †††† conscious or
evil. They are just nowhere.

Otherwise it would stay there and
rot in the muggy heat under
a galvanized iron roof and on
a lime stone
cliff over the stagnant bay where
vultures eat fish entrails at low
tide.
Your train doesn't
stop in Panama.
In Lima only now and then
and better not miss it.
no schedule. You'd better
be there when it leaves. In
Guatemala City maybe once
in seven years. In Bogotá
you can occasionally get a lift
to your train in a Point 4 car.
Ecuador has no service.
Note splits. Russ & Johnny.
Betty and Jane. [Eddie to L..A..
the
last stop for U.S.D.P.S.
Marker with the handsome
con man and the youngish wife.
Bill's

unconditional
~~bird blown~~
waiting for the N. Y. train.

Time—Gap between me and M. I
love him like a 4 year old
child, with a childs ~~intensity~~
^ uncondition intensity. ~~Only like~~
~~death experience is~~ Between us
the years of inner ~~rot,~~ rot
frustration and violence and
misery, I am year younger ~~and~~ and
~~year~~ older by the blighting
of horrors he has never known.
A Blighted, inocense, serenity lost
forever. I don't <u>believe</u> myself
a psychic D. P., corrupted and
brutilized by ~~the~~ years of
dispossession, ~~and~~ the years
in the Penal Colony, the D.P.
Camp, the brutilized ~~sex~~
prison sex, vileness, degradation,
~~hands torn from countless~~
~~futile~~ hands torn from
barbed wire, panting and

variant readings

line 15: don't **<u>liken</u>** myself

notes

line 6: **childs** [sic], i.e. child's.
line 7: **unconditional** from the top of the page replaced **uncondition** in fair text, line 5: see facsimile.
line 14: **A**, from margin, seemingly added later.
line 14: **inocense** [sic], i.e. innocence.
lines 17, 20: **brutilized** [sic], i.e., brutalized.

waiting for the N. Y. train.

Time—Gap between me and M. I
love him like a 4 year old
child, with a childs
unconditional intensity.
Between us
the years of inner rot
frustration and violence and
misery, I am year younger and
older by the blighting
of horrors he has never known.
A Blighted inocense, serenity lost
forever. I don't believe myself
a psychic D. P., corrupted and
brutilized by years of
dispossession, the years
in the Penal Colony, the D.P.
Camp, the brutilized
prison sex, vileness, degradation,
hands torn from
barbed wire, panting and

snarling, ~~like~~ the
uncomprehending animal or
child, that has learned the
routine, he knows the barb
wire is there from his torn
hands — one finger joint missing —
but he will never change
never, mature. He can
learn sometimes, thinking,
how to circumvent, but
resignation, acceptance,
"maturity" he can never learn .
Face is old with the years of
degradation and vice and
vileness, but the eyes slits look
out through the wire; the eyes of
a
He ~~can~~ has learned as a ~~stranger~~ tourist
learns the customs of an
alien people. But he did not understand or
accept. ~~He is patient, and~~
He knows that Allerton does
not reciprocate, but he can not
withdraw ~~the~~ or alter his

variant readings

line 11: resignation, **accepting**
line 18: **had** learned

notes

line 24, and spread 27, line 2: Apparent repetition of **his**; second his deleted from fair copy, spread 27, line 1.

snarling, the
uncomprehending animal or
child, that has learned the
routine, he knows the barb
wire is there from his torn
hands — one finger joint missing —
but he will never change
never, mature. He can
learn sometimes, thinking,
how to circumvent, but
resignation, acceptance,
"maturity" he can never learn .
Face is old with the years of
degradation and vice and
vileness, but the eyes slits look
out through the wire; the eyes of
a
He has learned as a tourist
learns the customs of an
alien people. But he did not understand or
accept.
He knows that Allerton does
not reciprocate, but he can not
withdraw or alter his

~~to bed~~

his own feeling. A yearning
ache ~~1111 Allerton's ribs and~~
~~hands and stomach, his eyebrows~~
~~and brown hair, the whole~~
~~sweet~~ sullen - sweet muscular
inocence of Allerton.
~~Allerton does not~~ <u>want</u> ~~to~~
~~understand, because he could only~~
~~understand by living in the camp~~
~~D.P. camp himself.~~

The lungs on the Pucallpa trail. ~~My~~
~~breath short, the ache in the lungs~~
~~I caught my hands shaking though~~
~~my tulla.~~ Look at him with the
half snarl of a baffled animal,
~~snarl~~ snarling and whining with
pain that he does not
understand or accept.

notes

line 7: **inocence** [sic], i.e. innocence.
line 15: **tulla**: Volume editor Oliver Harris notes that the word *tulla* is defined in "In Search of Yage," as a "rubber bag."

own feeling. A yearning
ache
sullen - sweet muscular
inocence of Allerton.

The lungs on the Pucallpa trail.
Look at him with the
half snarl of a baffled animal,
snarling and whining with
pain that he does not
understand or accept.

Dream — July 30
I arrived in San Jose. Red brick
suburbs. I said, "This is nothing
but a picturesque fucking town".
Arrived at museum. I talked to
some one ~~who~~ there. Some sort
of expedition had been through
San Jose headed South. ~~He~~
~~described~~ "There were three" of them.
"One tall and thin." How old? I asked
about 17? I described Allerton.
"Yes that's him " He asked about
this Auaska. " They flew down
to Ferrari — That's flooded out now.
No more planes can get in or out.
I felt good because Allerton
was trying to help me out with
information on Yage. Also explained
why he hadn't written. No mail
going out.

[DRAWING]

notes

lines 2, 8: **Jose** [sic], i.e., José.
line 13: **Auaska** [sic], i.e., Ayahuasca, the Quechua name for *yagé* for which Burroughs was searching.

spread 28

Dream — July 30

I arrived in San Jose. Red brick
suburbs. I said, "This is nothing
but a picturesque fucking town".
Arrived at museum. I talked to
some one there. Some sort
of expedition had been through
San Jose headed South.
"There were three" of them.
"One tall and thin." How old? I asked
about 17? I described Allerton.
"Yes that's him He asked about
this Auaska. They flew down
to Ferrari — That's flooded out now.
No more planes can get in or out.
I felt good because Allerton
was trying to help me out with
information on Yage. Also explained
why he hadn't written. No mail
going out.

[DRAWING]

July 31,

A party. All. there. He
seemed annoyed about something.
Later I went back and the party
was over. I figured he had
gone to sleep in one of the rooms.
Waiting. till 6 o'clock or so
because I was annoyed he had
said he gave M.S. of malaria
to some one and had not done
so.

August 1

An address in Mexico for J.
A.— Ihta— c/o Mr. Beaton —
sent. ~~Fr~~ to Art. I was hurt
because he had not sent me
the address. Address was written on
a blue envelope in left hand
corner. [know just how much it
would hurt if I got his
address from somebody else. In a
way I would like to drop the
whole deal. Close the account.
But Friendly Finance never

notes

line 2 **All.** is almost certainly an abbreviation for Allerton.

spread 29

July 31,

A party. All. there. He
seemed annoyed about something.
Later I went back and the party
was over. I figured he had
gone to sleep in one of the rooms.
Waiting. till 6 o'clock or so
because I was annoyed he had
said he gave M.S. of malaria
to some one and had not done
so.

August 1

An address in Mexico for J.
A.— Ihta — c/o Mr. Beaton —
sent. to Art. I was hurt
because he had not sent me
the address. Address was written on
a blue envelope in left hand
corner. [know just how much it
would hurt if I got his
address from somebody else. In a
way I would like to drop the
whole deal. Close the account.
But Friendly Finance never

[EXCISED PAGE]

In view of subsequent
discoveries in Peru, my ~~previous~~ earlier
conclusions ~~on subject of Yage.~~
~~are completely invalid and subject~~
Yage subject to drastic alteration.

I made subsequent discoveries
~~in regard to~~ about Yage in Peru
in view of which ~~forme~~ earlier
conclusions are completely invalid.

certain goods, chattels and services,
~~and packing~~. including the
charges and packing.

[4 LEAVES EXCISED, including facing page to
this page]

notes

spread 30: Four leaves were excised from the notebook at spread 30 (see Facsimile, spread 30–34). For purposes of textual accuracy, the remaining noteook leaves are numbered as if the missing leaves were there. Thus, in the transcribed and fair copies, numeration goes from spread 30 to spread 34. Also, it is impossible to determine if the facing pages at the point of excision (again, see Facsimile, spread 30–34) were written as a textual unit, though the editors suspect not.

[EXCISED PAGE]

In view of subsequent
discoveries in Peru, my earlier
conclusions
Yage subject to drastic alteration.

I made subsequent discoveries
about Yage in Peru
in view of which earlier
conclusions are completely invalid.

certain goods, chattels and services,
including the
charges and packing.

[4 LEAVES EXCISED, including facing page to
this page]

[EXCISED PAGE]

[EXCISED PAGE]

[EXCISED PAGE]

[EXCISED PAGE]

[EXCISED PAGE]

[EXCISED PAGE]

The situation is getting worse.
Well this is what you ordered.
Isn't it? Some one not as replaceable
interchangeable. Nothing was said on
the contract as to degree of reciprocity:
an affair being the only stipulation.
So like the Rosenbergs'. "What you have
sought have have obtained." Is this
the closest you can come to contact?
[Approach to complete interchangeability
is approach to no contact]. if I can't.
No one can. It is precisely your own
hyster confusion ~~hys~~ you want to
contact. Is in fact part of yourself.
August 3,
Ran into Phil Benton. Letter to Angelo
All over S. A. the dream ____ . ~~I have~~
~~a feeling~~ Did not show. I have a

feeling he is gone too. I'd like to
quit, close out A's account. But
Friendly Finance never turns loose of
a client, or an agent.
Contract.
The Party in the first part _____

variant readings

line 11: contact.] **Al** can't

notes

lines 3-4: Editorial restoration of erasure: Some one not **as replaceable /** interchangeable.

line 7: An apparent reference to Ethel and Julius Rosenberg who were executed for treason, June 19, 1953, about a month before Burroughs began his journey.

line 8: **have have** [sic], i.e., **has been**: see fair copy, line 8.

line 13: **hyster** [sic], i.e., **hysteric**: see fair copy, line 13.

line 16: **Benton**, q.v. **Beaton**, spread 29, line14: each name appears clear in *The Notebook*, but Burroughs may have intended to use the same name in both instances, especially in light of their proximity and context, i.e., Benton's/Beaton's relation to Friendly Finance.

spread 34

The situation is getting worse.
Well this is what you ordered.
Isn't it? Some one not
interchangeable. Nothing was said on
the contract as to degree of reciprocity:
an affair being the only stipulation.
So like the Rosenbergs'. "What you have
sought has been obtained." Is this
the closest you can come to contact?
[Approach to complete interchangeability
is approach to no contact]. if I can't.
No one can. It is precisely your own
hysteric confusion you want to
contact. Is in fact part of yourself.
August 3,
Ran into Phil Benton. Letter to Angelo
All over S. A. the dream ____.
Did not show. I have a

feeling he is gone too. I'd like to
quit, close out A's account. But
Friendly Finance never turns loose of
a client, or an agent.
Contract.
The Party in the first part _____

being of the human species, ~~and~~
~~in condition to~~ does hereby
does ~~swear and~~ agree to fulfill
the terms of the contract as follows.
Clause. 1 — [0 2 1 0 2 0 X] A. ~~It is~~
~~hereby agreed that for considerations~~
~~extended by P~~. Party in first
Part — ~~on receipt~~ for [agree, before]

August 4.
No sign of Angelo. He's gone
too. ~~It.~~ I hate Mexico, whole
fuckin hemisphere. No wonder
they took off from S. A. to
the South Pacific . Ending up in
the worst place of all. Easter
Island and the fear of death.
Fear of death is form of stasis
horrors. The dead weight of time.
In East is no stasis horrors
because timeless.
Everything is detestable to me.
Mexico the rain, everything.
Allerton. His sweetness is a
fraud, he is a square who

notes

line 8: Editorial restoration of erasure: Part: ~~on receipt~~ for **agree, before /** August 4.
line 12: **fuckin** [sic], i.e., fucking.

being of the human species,
does hereby
does agree to fulfill
the terms of the contract as follows.
Clause. 1 — [0 2 1 0 2 0 X] A.
Party in first
Part — for

August 4.
No sign of Angelo. He's gone
too. I hate Mexico, whole
fuckin hemisphere. No wonder
they took off from S. A. to
the South Pacific . Ending up in
the worst place of all. Easter
Island and the fear of death.
Fear of death is form of stasis
horrors. The dead weight of time.
In East is no stasis horrors
because timeless.
Everything is detestable to me.
Mexico the rain, everything.
Allerton. His sweetness is a
fraud, he is a square who

[All the foriegnors out. Get out
expecting suspicious, hostile cop.
A pale ghost of a courteous presence
in the misty room young Indian
writes down the data. "Hay un
animal."
H & H face to face across misty,
windy gap. Whats the matter with
that guy over there? I say you
what do you want? I don't know.
What do you want. You and
Cant you see its impossible? pointing
to misty canyon.]
Swallowed the U. S. A. culture
con. whole. ~~The~~ A representative
of this miserable ~~cu~~ culture
~~sorry~~ hideous with pointless
conflict, stupid terrors, a
spacho-somatic illness accepted
with the cynical resignation of
a sick cow. I hate the whole
fuckin hemisphere. How typical
American to go to bed with some
one and resent it at the same time.

variant readings

line 5: data. "**Hoy** un

notes

line 1: **foriegnors** [sic], i.e. foreigners.
line 8: **Whats** [sic], i.e., What's.
line 12: **Cant** [sic], i.e., Can't.
line 12: **its** [sic], i.e., it's.
line 14: **Swallowed the U. S. A. culture con** is the apparent continuation of the narrative sequence from the end of spread 35, **he is a square who**. Bracketed section, lines -13 at top of spread 36 appears unrelated to narrative sequence.
line 19: **spacho-somatic** [sic], i.e., psycho somatic.
line 22: **fuckin** [sic], i.e., fucking.

spread 36

[All the foriegnors out. Get out
expecting suspicious, hostile cop.
A pale ghost of a courteous presence
in the misty room young Indian
writes down the data. "Hay un
animal."
H & H face to face across misty,
windy gap. Whats the matter with
that guy over there? I say you
what do you want? I don't know.
What do you want. You and
Cant you see its impossible? pointing
to misty canyon.]
Swallowed the U. S. A. culture
con. whole. A representative
of this miserable culture
hideous with pointless
conflict, stupid terrors, a
spacho–somatic illness accepted
with the cynical resignation of
a sick cow. I hate the whole
fuckin hemisphere. How typical
American to go to bed with some
one and resent it at the same time.

Everything has gone wrong here.
The question is why did they
ever leave in first place?
Something like the European
immigrant? Land of opportunity,
life — room all that shit ?
Look at the imigrants who come
to America looking for a better
life. What they got now. If
they had the misfortune to
be successful one of the most
gruesome cultural ~~strait~~ jackets
straight
in history.
Why the fear of the Foriegnor? The
white Foriegnor. All S. A. can
pass without papers, but a
foriegnor can not.

Last few days in Lima a nightmare
The wind across the rubbly lots,
and no boys ^ ~~and the~~. I have
to get out of here.

and damp and cold, and an shifting sickness
^ inside — ~~now stomach, now~~
~~one day a stomach ach~~

variant readings

(margin): boys **pride**; boys **outside**

notes

line 7: **imigrants** [sic], i.e., immigrants.

lines 14, 15, 17: **Foriegnor, foriegnor** [sic], i.e., Foreigner, foreigner.

line 19: **rubbly lots** chosen as preferred phrase over muddy lots. Volume editor Oliver Harris notes that "the appearance of the phrase 'rubbly lot' in Burroughs' letter of June 6, 1953, clearly describing the same scene in Lima (and the phrase 'rubble strewn lots' in another version of it), confirms likelihood of" chosen reading.

line 20 (from margin): **and an [sic] shifting**; appears as **and a shifting** in fair copy, lines 20–21.

spread 37

Everything has gone wrong here.
The question is why did they
ever leave in first place?
Something like the European
immigrant? Land of opportunity,
life — room all that shit ?
Look at the imigrants who come
to America looking for a better
life. What they got now. If
they had the misfortune to
be successful one of the most
gruesome cultural straight jackets
in history.
Why the fear of the Foriegnor? The
white Foriegnor. All S. A. can
pass without papers, but a
foriegnor can not.

Last few days in Lima a nightmare
The wind across the rubbly lots,
and no boys inside — and damp and cold, and a
shifting sickness. I have
to get out of here.

Last night dreamed of a
great ~~black~~ atomic cloud
coming up from Chile spreading
a purple black shadow over ~~Peru~~
Lima, darker and darker. A
boy stands in ~~fron~~ the violet light,
^ on a rising
^ and throwing a jujo. ~~He~~ and,
whistles an insolent little tune.
The Chinamen are shutting the doors
of their shops, pulling down
metal blinds.
A blind legless beggar plays a
sad high mountain tune on a
bamboo pipe in the empty street.

The reformed drunk, the years
of protest over, the circle
complete, back in Indiana ^ reading a
detective story in a lumpy
arm chair. ~~an in a little~~
~~white house in a mid west~~
~~suburb in Indianapolis~~
~~a glass of milk~~

notes

line 7: A **jujo** may be a misspelling of juju, a West Africa term meaning amulet or fetish. *The Oxford English Dictionary* says juju derives from the French word joujou, a toy or plaything.

spread 38

Last night dreamed of a
great atomic cloud
coming up from Chile spreading
a purple black shadow over
Lima, darker and darker. A
boy stands in the violet light,
on a rising and throwing a jujo. and,
whistles an insolent little tune.
The Chinamen are shutting the doors
of their shops, pulling down
metal blinds.
A blind legless beggar plays a
sad high mountain tune on a
bamboo pipe in the empty street.

The reformed drunk, the years
of protest over, the circle
complete, back in Indiana reading a
detective story in a lumpy
arm chair.

The protest has failed. No place
to go, ~~the~~ . He packed up and
walked out and around in a
circle and back. Here he is
finally and forever soever here in
Indianapolis reading a detective
story in a lumpy arm
chair. Ouside a November
rain and down the street the
neon lights of a Bar & Grill..,
~~the cul de sac that leads~~
~~back to the arm chair.~~

It's like I came back to Mexico
City ~~years~~ after being
away 5 years instead of 5
month. Everybody. Gone.

Can visualize Angelo sharp and
clear as overdue pusher. His
eye brows. His smile. The way
would stop when he saw me
with both hands in his
pocket his green sweater.

notes

line 5: **soever** [sic], i.e., so ever.
line 8: **Ouside** [sic], i.e., **Outside**, see fair copy, line 8.
line 16: **month** [sic], i.e. **months**, see fair copy, line 14.

spread 39

The protest has failed. No place
to go, . He packed up and
walked out and around in a
circle and back. Here he is
finally and forever soever here in
Indianapolis reading a detective
story in a lumpy arm
chair. Outside a November
rain and down the street the
neon lights of a Bar & Grill..,

It's like I came back to Mexico
City after being
away 5 years instead of 5
months. Everybody. Gone.

Can visualize Angelo sharp and
clear as overdue pusher. His
eye brows. His smile. The way
would stop when he saw me
with both hands in his
pocket his green sweater.

His ~~masculine~~ young male
gentleness, ~~in that ttt In I~~
~~felt both an animal serenity.~~

Allerton Gone, Angelo gone.
And what have I got? Not
even yage.. ~~A~~ visualize
a sickness. The memory of
places so awful it gives me
a ~~sick~~ sinking sensation ~~y~~ to
remember myself there.
"Naughts had, all's spent."
M is almost too pat. Angelo
gone. He was the best boy I
ever had, and I didn't know it.
I used to give him $20.
Now I would give him $100.
I want to help him.
No one else had the same
young male gentelness like an
affectionate animal. ~~Not a~~
~~trace of viciousness or conflict.~~
Almost saintly ~~in his~~ in his
freedom from viciousness, hostility,

variant readings

line 6: **like** yage

notes

line 6: **visualize** is a best guess by the Editors.

line11: **Naughts** [sic], i.e., Nought's. "Nought's had, all's spent," spoken by Lady Macbeth, Act III, Scene II. Ted Morgan notes in his biography of Burroughs, *Literary Outlaw*, that Burroughs could recall hundreds of quotations of Shakespeare that he was required to memorize in George Lyman Kittredge's Shakespeare course at Harvard.

line 19: **gentelness** [sic], i.e., gentleness.

spread 40

His young male
gentleness,

Allerton Gone, Angelo gone.
And what have I got? Not
even yage.. visualize
a sickness. The memory of
places so awful it gives me
a sinking sensation to
remember myself there.
"Naughts had, all's spent."
M is almost too pat. Angelo
gone. He was the best boy I
ever had, and I didn't know it.
I used to give him $20.
Now I would give him $100.
I want to help him.
No one else had the same
young male gentelness like an
affectionate animal.
Almost saintly in his
freedom from viciousness, hostility,

conflict.

St-Perse. This is Yage.
poetry. Just as there is weed
music and painting and poetry.
I wonder if he ever used it. I
wonder if it grows in South
Pacific.
Ahab has come home. His mistress
~~young wife~~ has ~~gone~~ run off
with a traveling man. His
young wife ~~b~~ has gone
to ____ with a certain
Mr. ____. ~~No one~~ He is
~~regarded~~ avoided on the Bounty
by Sailors as an incompetent
drunken, lunatic. ~~No one~~
Sure, Jack., the white wale .. ~~"~~
yeah .. Scuse me I got like
an appointment"

Outside in the rain. Trainwhistle,
and like fog horns, and cars,
The City, and ~~I am~~ no longer

variant readings

line 3: there is **word**
line 5: if he **has** used it
line 13: **man** _____. He is

notes

line 2: **St-Perse**, i.e., Saint-John Perse (1887-1975), French poet and winner of the 1960 Nobel Prize for literature. For further commentary, see "Introduction," pp. xiii–xiv.
line 17: **wale** [sic], i.e., whale.
line 20: **Trainwhistle** [sic], i.e., Train whistle.

conflict.

St-Perse. This is Yage.
poetry. Just as there is weed
music and painting and poetry.
I wonder if he ever used it. I
wonder if it grows in South
Pacific.
Ahab has come home. His mistress
has run off
with a traveling man. His
young wife has gone
to ____ with a certain
Mr. ____. He is
avoided on the Bounty
by Sailors as an incompetent
drunken, lunatic.
Sure, Jack., the white wale ..
yeah .. Scuse me I got like
an appointment"

Outside in the rain. Trainwhistle,
and like fog horns, and cars,
The City, and no longer

have any place here.

What are they talking about
Moslem and Christian? Who
gives a fuck about religion.
I been to South America.
and South Pacific now
back here where we started from.
all this is the talk of children.
Moslem & Christian! God said.
Do they believe all this
bull shit about Allah?
Vera Cruz.
Hot and I feel a deep
discouragement. My mind goes
round and round ~~mechanical~~
repeting the same routine of
dull defensive cliches like a
nagging idiot. I see the S. A.
trip as a disaster that lost
me everything I had of value.
Bits of it keep floating back to me
like memories of a day time
nightmare. Slow traps. The

notes

line 16: **repeting** [sic]; i.e., repeating.

have any place here.

What are they talking about
Moslem and Christian? Who
gives a fuck about religion.
I been to South America.
and South Pacific now
back here where we started from.
all this is the talk of children.
Moslem & Christian! God said.
Do they believe all this
bull shit about Allah?
                Vera Cruz.
Hot and I feel a deep
discouragement. My mind goes
round and round
repeting the same routine of
dull defensive cliches like a
nagging idiot. I see the S. A.
trip as a disaster that lost
me everything I had of value.
Bits of it keep floating back to me
like memories of a day time
nightmare. Slow traps. The

Mercado Mayorista reveals full
gap and indifference by very
fact of tolerance. What is wrong
with S.A? ~~The~~ Disintegration into
component parts. The nightmare
fear of death and age, you feel
every day as something lost,
your flesh ages before your
eyes like a speed up movie,
Control is growing like a cancer,
~~a like~~ a proliferating ~~growth~~
Tumor of stupidity.
People just disappear. Like in
the Mayorista. You never see them
again. Angelo.
Here at night people swarm out and
walk round and round the
square.
The Indians are sad and beaten
by the great meaningless country.
The New World is a ~~great~~ lack
a yearning ache of despair. ~~in~~
deprivation and ~~crippling~~ shrinkage.
The fish caught in the shrinking pond

notes

line 5: **nightmare** chosen as preferred term over nighttime. Volume editor Oliver Harris "cannot ever recall Burroughs using the word 'nighttime' whereas the phrase 'nightmare fear' is recurrent (he used it in his 'Yage' letter of June 4, 1953, for example)."

line 8: **ages** written over aging.

spread 43

Mercado Mayorista reveals full
gap and indifference by very
fact of tolerance. What is wrong
with S.A? Disintegration into
component parts. The nightmare
fear of death and age, you feel
every day as something lost,
your flesh ages before your
eyes like a speed up movie,
Control is growing like a cancer,
a proliferating
Tumor of stupidity.
People just disappear. Like in
the Mayorista. You never see them
again. Angelo.
Here at night people swarm out and
walk round and round the
square.
The Indians are sad and beaten
by the great meaningless country.
The New World is a lack
a yearning ache of despair.
deprivation and shrinkage.
The fish caught in the shrinking pond

Dream. I was in Mexico City and
~~each~~ everywhere I looked such
an ache of memories of Allerton
and people who have gone away.
I could not stay there. I must
go now too. Angelo sweet and
sad, has ~~packed up a~~ gone

away somewhere. ~~I wan~~ The way he
used to help around the apt.
and he hoped I would help him,
and now I want to and he is
gone, inexplicably gone like Allerton,
and Dave and Jurado, and
Juan and all the boys . ~~as if~~
~~a time gap. had~~ As if I had been
away 5 years. I am separated
from them by a time gap.
and especially from Marker.

variant readings
line 14: **Joan** and all the boys

spread 44

Dream. I was in Mexico City and
everywhere I looked such
an ache of memories of Allerton
and people who have gone away.
I could not stay there. I must
go now too. Angelo sweet and
sad, has gone

away somewhere. The way he
used to help around the apt.
and he hoped I would help him,
and now I want to and he is
gone, inexplicably gone like Allerton,
and Dave and Jurado, and
Juan and all the boys .
As if I had been
away 5 years. I am separated
from them by a time gap.
and especially from Marker.

Merida.

~~Everybody here a mild~~
~~pain in the ass. They are~~
~~friendly and sad. Everywhere~~
~~you~~
~~As though it made thing~~
~~any better to write about~~
~~them. Like Liede der Erde~~
~~Dunkel ist den Leben ist der Tod.~~
~~Yes. Pure lyric only form~~
~~that has meaning spontaneous~~
~~as cry of pain. Meaning?~~
~~Simply~~

The — lam as he — R. Stern.
Why not just hang them? Like in
Oran — Is this for my sake?
Clyde Gardinier — What is word
for Con in Spanish? Gale
likes aspirin with codiene.
Why. I was sorry then .
I don't like abstraction. The
reward — homicide squad, by hemp.
like Ahab. John Brown. The white
whale — I have lost __. St. Louis

variant readings

line 14: The — lam **and** — R. Stern; The — **law and** — R. Stern; The — **law** as he — R. Stern
line 16: for my **sore**
line 24: I **had** lost

notes

line 1: **Merida** [sic], i.e., Mérida.
line 19: **codiene** [sic], i.e., codeine.

spread 45

Merida.

The — Iam as he — R. Stern.
Why not just hang them? Like in
Oran — Is this for my sake?
Clyde Gardinier — What is word
for Con in Spanish? Gale
likes aspirin with codiene.
Why. I was sorry then .
I don't like abstraction. The
reward — homicide squad, by hemp.
like Ahab. John Brown. The white
whale — I have lost __. St. Louis

tragic affairs. Joan. Mrs. Spencer
Let it come down — I wunderbar
The Last Annals of Rome — Vidal —
Damaged to the soul — the news
of Marker — Harry — Tom —
Dick —

[Remainder of page is asemic writing]

notes

line 2: **Let it come down**: The phrase, which derives from *Macbeth,* was also the title of Paul Bowles' 1952 novel.
line 3: **Vidal**: Gore Vidal's 1948 novel *The City and the Pillar* created a sensation due to its main character being homosexual.
lines 2–3: Oliver Harris notes that Burroughs had recently been reading new works by these authors and would meet them both within a matter of weeks, in the case of Vidal, in New York, and in a few months, in the case of Bowles, in Tangier.

spread 46

tragic affairs. Joan. Mrs. Spencer
Let it come down — I wunderbar
The Last Annals of Rome — Vidal —
Damaged to the soul — the news
of Marker — Harry — Tom —
Dick —

[Remainder of page is asemic writing]

[PAGE OF ASEMIC WRITING]

[PAGE OF ASEMIC WRITING]

[ASEMIC WRITING AND DRAWINGS]

spread 48

[ASEMIC WRITING AND DRAWINGS]

[DRAWING]

[DRAWING]

[DRAWING]

[DRAWING]

G's gun hide-out — Not much
way down yonder in the green
field — Missouri cruelty — I'm from
Mo, — I gotta be showdby Oh
Lord. When I AM
HeRE IN this . PLACe
Bill, I CAN NOT LeaF
PleASe — Do not write
Me, BUT COMe Here
when yoo Receive this
T — AS I Need your
professionalAL
AttentionAL
Kindees of Measure
FOR Measure this
is A Real bad
deal, Bill, I AM
CONTIN ON YOUR
BONTY MUTINY ON
The Bell string Who
ever you are now
it is timely Aid
IN I MUSt HAVe
light oR eLSe ?

variant readings

line 2: the **grave** / field; the **grain** / field

notes

line 1: **[gun]** was erased following **G's** and preceding **hide-out**.

spread 51

G's hide-out — Not much
way down yonder in the green
field — Missouri cruelty — I'm from
Mo, — I gotta be showdby Oh
Lord. When I AM
HeRE IN this . PLACe
Bill, I CAN NOT LeaF
PleASe — Do not write
Me, BUT COMe Here
when yoo Receive this
T — AS I Need your
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FOR Measure this
is A Real bad
deal, Bill, I AM
CONTIN ON YOUR
BONTY MUTINY ON
The Bell string Who
ever you are now
it is timely Aid
IN I MUSt HAVe
light oR eLSe ?

When Lee quit junk — unexpurgated
version — First trip to S. A with
Allerton. Return to Mexico,
Left out — Allerton goes and
returns — Back to S. A.
No word from Allerton, S. A
trip and back to Mexico.
Everything lost —

spread 52

When Lee quit junk — unexpurgated
version — First trip to S. A with
Allerton. Return to Mexico,
Left out — Allerton goes and
returns — Back to S. A.
No word from Allerton, S. A
trip and back to Mexico.
Everything lost —

Miami —
Panama —
Colombia —
The horror

[DRAWING]

Bogota — Green grass
The Hill — the park —
beggars lined up — Snake
Charmer. Spider lal
Back years latter. There
is some thing —

L. B. Lee — In or †† —
blighted — I can not or
will not ——

[TWO DRAWINGS]

notes

line 5: **Bogota** [sic], i.e., Bogotá line 5.
line 9: **latter** [sic], i.e., later.

spread 53

Miami—
Panama —
Colombia —
The horror

[DRAWING]

Bogota — Green grass
The Hill — the park —
beggars lined up — Snake
Charmer. Spider lal
Back years latter. There
is some thing —

L. B. Lee — In or †† —
blighted — I can not or
will not ——

[TWO DRAWINGS]

S. A. The giving up. The quiting.
The resignation,

a little drunk
He got on the plane ~~drunk,~~
his clothes soaked with
~~junk sick sweat~~ [DRAWING]

Panama and old Bill —

Lee

notes
line 1: **quiting** [sic], i.e., quitting.

spread 54

S. A. The giving up. The quiting.
The resignation,

He got on the plane a little drunk
his clothes soaked with
 [DRAWING]

Panama and old Bill —

Lee

Mexico, D. F.

Everybody gone. Old Ike
disappeared, Allerton
gone, Angelo gone, my
lawyer still on the lam.
as if I had been away 5 years.

spread 55

Mexico, D. F.

Everybody gone. Old Ike
disappeared, Allerton
gone, Angelo gone, my
lawyer still on the lam.
as if I had been away 5 years.

about the editors

GEOFFREY D. SMITH is professor and head of the Rare Books and Manuscripts Library of The Ohio State University Libraries and adjunct professor in the department of English. He received his doctorate from Indiana University where he first became interested in textual editing through a Textual Studies concentration and work with the *Selected Edition of William Dean Howells*.

JOHN M. BENNETT was born in Chicago. He received his doctorate in Latin American literature from UCLA. A life-long poet, his work started to become well-known in the 1970s. He has worked in a wide variety of genres, including text, visual poetry, graphics, sound and performance poetry, mail art, film and media, and has collaborated with other writers and artists from around the globe. He was also editor of the international literary journal *Lost and Found Times* from 1975 to 2005. He is the curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries.

Specializing in Burroughs scholarship since the 1980s, **OLIVER HARRIS** has edited *The Letters of William S. Burroughs, 1945-1959* (1993), *Junky: the definitive text of "Junk"* (2003), and *The Yage Letters Redux* (2006). The author of *William Burroughs and the Secret of Fascination* (2003) and numerous critical essays, he is professor of American literature at Keele University, England.