everything lost
# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ACKNOWLEDGMENTS</td>
<td>vii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTRODUCTION BY OLIVER HARRIS</td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COMMENTS ON THE TEXT BY GEOFFREY D. SMITH</td>
<td>xxvii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOTEBOOK FACSIMILE</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRANSCRIPT AND FAIR COPY (with notes and variant readings)</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABOUT THE EDITORS</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
First and foremost, the editors wish to thank James Grauerholz, literary executor of the William S. Burroughs estate, for permission to publish this seminal holograph notebook. We also thank James for his stalwart support over the years. The Ohio State University Press has been a strong advocate for this project and, in particular, Sandy Crooms, Senior Acquisitions Editor, Eugene O'Connor, Managing Editor and Jennifer Shoffey Forsythe, Designer and Typesetter, who have been unstinting in their efforts to bring this publication to fruition. Each of the editors also thanks those family and friends who bear with our obsessions.
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

---

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. 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.” 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

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. In which case, he would have come across the allusion to “Yaghe, 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.

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

---


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.”” 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

---

departed Mexico City: “Burroughs is gone at last—3 years in Mexico—lost everything, his children, his patrimony [. . .]—all lost, dust, & thin tragic Bill hurry 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

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

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. 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.

---

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—re-framed 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-

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.\textsuperscript{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.\textsuperscript{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

\begin{flushright}
\textsuperscript{12} From the early 1960s, Burroughs did start to keep extensive scrapbooks that combined notes, images, and collages of material.
\end{flushright}

\begin{flushright}
\textsuperscript{13} *The Yage Letters Redux*, 77.
\end{flushright}
of events that took place in late summer 1951, a full two years earlier.\textsuperscript{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.\textsuperscript{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.\textsuperscript{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,”

\textsuperscript{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.

\textsuperscript{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.

\textsuperscript{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-

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. 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”). 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.

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

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). 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

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.
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

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 Brian 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 innocence, 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 gentleness; on page 178 [spread 37], line 5 he writes immigrant, but on line 7 he writes immigrants. The editors also retained Burroughs’ individual use of contractions and accents, thus, Don’t for Don’t on page 148, [spread 22], line 7, and, vámonos 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
Talara.
July 16.
A man called Politano just passed the bar where I am drinking my 5:00 P.M. beer. [Excuse the drinking. I can block out or 4 drinks, more.]

Trip up from Lima not too bad, as I had off with a couple of companions and two mechanics, and about 12 hours. Rather a nice boat, except of Ecuadorians and Rabelins returning from Buenos Aires. These times, all the foreigners had to get out and register with the police. What do they do with their records?

Talara is in a district that runs right down to the sea. Nothing grows here except a few banana palms around Company House. This is a company town. Is refining Java or tobacco Spain's film. A woman representative dealt would appear here and then in a
The Andersons laughed all through the film. Young and mostly some muckytuk items on the notes men. "Solitary caught on blocky," "scared children in jujube sauce."

This is a messenger. I think they meant removes and means.

Just few days in Lima. Cold and damp. The immovable vegetarian seems to have gone more on him down. Saw a tin of ginger.

Some of the others girls. Last time I saw him I didn't drink now he drinks all the time. Tiny scar under the left eye. Feel that everybody has gone somewhere else.

The word isn't the same.

Things to sell what I didn't want to give to the landlord. He gave me a few more and few items, contractors to buy to rest this day. I left at 9 A.M.

By 3:36 he still didn’t show. Figuring a grocer learned from that stuff for nothing. I gave most of it to an ice cream vendor.
Some to a good toothless Chinese woman, who was impervious of the dead and did not thank me. Some people can't believe anyone is giving them anything.

July 17, Panama.

@ Ruins of 1910. Gravestones - wooden hospital where people died in coma from yellow fever. Walked around with camera. People always knew when you were taking their picture. Concept of soul loss. Through that, I was trying to get picture of young Indian on roof. Such long-faced animal instance. It was as if I was trying to take his picture and would always look up just as I was moving camera into position. Consequently drew corps, 

Every cell was seen like great

Whatever the I have from

Nothing having another. 
I got a letter from Judder last night, from summer camp. "Just got here, but it's an awfully pale]
One of the worst things about New York is the constant yelling and screaming. It's like being in a constant state of chaos.

The subway is like a never-ending nightmare. People are always in a hurry, jostling past each other, trying to get where they're going. It's exhausting.

I've decided to take a break and try out some local restaurants.

I've been reading a lot about the history of the city. It's fascinating to see how it has evolved over the years.

I think I'll try to take a walk in Central Park. It's always quiet and peaceful there.

Everyone here is telepathic on a paranoid level. If you look at anyone too long, they become obsessed andquis ex ore suavis.
I refer to Friendly Fences Co. Have you forgotten something.
And, don't mind if I call you by the way, do you? We like to keep on
personable terms with our clients.
You've been kind say, you know.
You're supposed to come out and see
us every third Thursday. We'll be
there for you in the office.
When our feelings taken a elbow
drop out once we're friendly
folk, tony, ad we don't like to
stay away on when I wonder if,
you ever think the contract, now is
it. I have particular reference to
clause 47 which can only be
executed with an electric
microscope and a beam gullotin.
I wonder if you know your client
of the main, tony.

And I know how it is with you
with young kids, gambles, impossible.
They always give me the young ones
before I know how to handle young
kids. They all are the bigger and gay.
up, after a little, used to

heart to heart with God and Jesus

and Billy

In a kind and wise way you might say

you got a clear cut at the

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a

and I was a proud sort of a
The inhabitants. A string of
burnt black hang on the
town in the wet heat. It is
a quiet, demanding job for
the police officers. It has
to be done, but it is
harsh and tedious, moving
on as life goes. It is the
glimpse of a deserted town, as the
movie men all have some odd
and almost featured, as if they had some
special purpose to fit them
for their time among us. You
ask them a question and they
answer it and that is that.
Conversation is impossible. They
have nothing to say. They sit
around but do nothing. We
girls like the stupid young
girls; they are not making
mechanical guns, just something
of
do, and playing that awful music. He forced everyone to stupid nonsense in singing that bleeding "Morning Star." It was very bad, but "Hardy's Tune," one "Your loving heart in my coffee," or "Your loving heart in my head?"

That day in June, actually now, the rain in the streets was pretty. Nothing strange you dream that you go in a place you used to be and everything is changed. The sky in a different place, the sun too moved, different winter so you can't be here you are in the same place. I suddenly decided to leave, turn off, as if I were not with them anymore, and an urgent appointment somewhere else. This feeling of urgency has grown on me more and

S.A. I have to do something
at a certain time. It seems vitally important to get a 1:30 P.M. plane and not wait over until 11 A.M. for the next day. In the evening I went to the home of the Roman Lord after his office hours so I could get a view of town one day early. When am I going? Appointment in Palma. Tengo rain, Peninsula, Panama. Transparent Mexico, don’t know. Suddenly I have to leave right now.

Brie in Cuba. Her shallow, hard mind. Perfect English like a recording.

Jerez de la Frontera City. Been checked in Hotel and went straight to Table. Good and heavy. Rope for info. He wouldn’t know where anybody was. I was looking only for old person. N. Ili in a dream. I heard several Exors.
all dream alike, even as people are alike. I was a long time charmed.
I can hear the Djerre talking to some friend of mine. Coopin.
Then came the scene where he daughter on the table told
my friend what I am going to sing. "Where is he?" Drum said.
I'm so many times, usually we are on good terms but
sometimes he is nasty and I had to
rise up and move fast out.
Thursday, go up to N.Y. to
end of the Ambulance corps.
Some local one in the is in Agusta.
Doctor Southey, my father who as a doctor when the gun
leaves only the red room we I can't recall the details. I, Coopin always, there.
First dream in book sent me a walking, mystery. It was
recognized with my hand. This was a going North, I
knowing the baby back. "Hello Central. Good morning."
was in Phen. Question of going back for more Yege.

Wolf, impossible. in Restaurant.

Beggars with with third bread.

To her, young U. S. friend.

The 10th had learned un 6th.

Another beggar asking

Colosan lottery tickets. young

man with odd hand.

Youngs of U. S. your lock.

Yard. Saw her there in a bar.

Necessary a 14. [The man in Ganges,

asked at a woman.]

Beggar wife on Mr. Mitchell - Bone

camera. The 11th, character. a

woman. Going back to Tepochula.

Peculiar. Woman with beggars and

told foreign lady here now.

When I saw one second then an

American lottery ticket. No good.

No. He turned a man or

argued. He never thought of that.

That I late sometimes when I

run on the bank of Cammara, probably.
Sometimes I feel very grateful
He is such a child in a
way. I wanted to help, to
nurse at times, and hear
But he doesn't want anyone
that he is ignored or... 
He's very much in pain
as well. I feel for my own
strength and for some
He very much in danger,
from infection. He has
deadened very much
by the
This worries me very much
He very much...
I am very much in
worrying...
First in Tato's short hands, with
lips. Talked to ed and went
regular army mean. And ed ome-
ly wanted. "By the way"
his thin frame. Started
looking around the room.
That side. Seen and looked at the
magazines. Picture of a depression
as seen. Hung with books or
had on my shoulders. Told
from through the hole. Did you
me? How here about a small
eye on the upper side of the
heart. [Inscribed: "map like a
map in short of death."
and spunky. Seeing the
nails in my legs and across
the heart. I breathed against the
magazines. Book in eye.
I method out of home
against a road. So he put all
my letters. Now, didn't see come
Seemed not a familiar tree.
The rain which was already on my face, as we walked towards town, was turning into snow. I walked back to the house, passed the town square, and walked back to the store. I asked to see James, and he said, "Yes, Mr. Smith."

"To the store!" I said. "To the store!"

"Yes, Mr. Smith."

I asked him to meet me at 5 A.M. on the first of January. With a cold and a quick "Yes,"

"How long ago did the first snowfall start?"

"About six months ago, Mr. Smith."

"I can't read the print on this."

"We have been right, great."

"Yes, just about there."

"I got Upson's address, and went over to see him."

"Then on the way back, it started snowing."

"Yes, Mr. Smith."

"To the store!"

"Yes, Mr. Smith."

"For the three years, and now going on five months ago, and what's going on, as usual, is a regular, bad day. They were going to need the coal, the coal, and coal."

"I felt that was something a little wrong about the deal."

"I knew that was something a little wrong about the deal."

"I felt that was something a little wrong about the deal."
...
I would feel the pain spread off on us as I decided. To what end
be the agony and where? Existence
is strange. Just what was the
deal. Some sinister act appeared a
joke with Card. Then? Perhaps
not. I regretted not having adverse. Can you
get on very up. It was much
what going you done then.
Eventually be said no camping.
Against me. I feel better after
Taking to train.
When is everybody? Eddie and
Dave not playing car in Calif.
Benny in Idaho. J.R. in Alaska. The
Tala take over as now on
Life with. The times again.
Your, when is anything. For
So went wrong. So be as a
girl. She a at dead from own
Grandma. J. of he's called me.
No always around. The
your father figure. Two hands
Crossed hands, the end round of

Spread 14 · 29
Change and death and the change meeting. Mitchell with the meaning finger, old Bill, the five new changed death up on change, and the apriori significance of the meeting. Nothing is happening completely by chance. This is the special significance to every meeting.
I got out of the plane and waited for the tourist. I collected his luggage and took it to his hotel. I took a cab into town. I met him at the airport. I helped him with his luggage. I took him to his hotel. I met him at the airport. I helped him with his luggage. I took him to his hotel. I met him at the airport. I helped him with his luggage. I took him to his hotel.
No other listener in your circle
you got to have a mite.

The story ended and we to explain.
You were accustomed to every
kind of person you met in.

"No one knows," he said. "Be with us
to the dance. But I say sister
is on the water. Other. I could
at midnight. Your request to
have a mite."

"Just that," I thought. That is all I
needed, this one for
more and the dance. The was
easily one of the two calling
down the number. "I said when
plenty goods," he said.

"Then unless I think I'll be hard
for anyone," someone I once
be danced. We started the things
by outside of nature, big
plenty broken, this can
continue. She asked... I could in
come this long long Monday to
Vises may land. Branch in Mexico city. The last chance acquaintance, broke up, dropped like a dead man. (I was left behind, when he got out of the train. And in Mexico city.) From here we... I could meet people who had the cryptic significance of a dream. Part regular train. 2 days. The train will be... I checked into a $5 per night hotel. I walked up to the train station. Tacos, my stomach cried with excitement. She was filled up, it seemed. "Eat now. Cook. Cook. You have to eat and." The train was in a different place. A different train. Her familiar. But then we woke up, his mouth whitened, his mouth opened wide with his mouth wide open. "As soon as I know nothing, I look at him, my resolution. And much love every turn..."
anything. I sat down with a relieved guess. The old Major walked in. Behind him came my beard, Regan, short. With him or young man I had seen anyone with an air of return anyone man. Heavy-shouldered, feet hips, a badger.

And, long arms, full and lisp, lacrosse, football with now one leading after the other. I have been nothing around with some carrying hurdles. I figure the old Captain has picked up the check. A poorly march, speckling in ashes arm arm might. I think, 2

from his hair with a silly grin, I saw things the last trilogy with the majesty. And but of all, what happened to me? I don't think I know him.
"Oh, well, we are gone." I dropped the utensils on the table and walked over to the magazine counter. I was now in the Retired Army. At this time, as those guys anyway, were living across the street any more. "Mr. " he said. "How long ago? He must not come in here any more, anything. I saw her about a month ago in the other end of the street. It felt like a moment's explosion of anxiety or pain, but I was not there, the day on around the street. Then I knew I was up for it. Just the same as ever. I put the magazine away and tucked it under a hand against a post. Then I was running the town in disguise, but sure enough to catch me.
Shelt. none. Hot and
on their answers. and I give
them some.
I think I was affected from 3
Time gaps, left completely alone
in a car. I was alone, I felt
left behind. I missed the
last train out of The Pearl
Colony. Everyone else was on the
ление in due. It left my mind in
desperation and I paused. Why didn’t he answer why?

somewhere else those rooms were

The word of Amen a one in a box
The crossroads of Spain. I was traveling

through my church and
death depression - a waiting
room where you spend quite days
before your train leaves.

and you are left alone
in the waiting room after all
A train had left.

Today marks for the holidays -
Run a gun to death
in Heaven. Only 4. Run for
renewal. June 1. Run for
renewal. June 4. Run for
Breathe in. There is a room when he? I can see you turn a? 47.5. I can see you breathe. I am more myself by dinture. I can enter the made. Even? I can in any corner? I am to move you'd never find them. If you stop thinking just what. You are up in a world. Across. 

When the train doesn't stop anywhere, six miles from even lights, I am beneath another without planes. Shining me a shiver, where teeth began lecturing to his brain. As though finding in the distance, across the dozen yards, and not his dream set in 1918. Of 1918. The other mind is written in the metal of organ...
Spread 23 - 47

Your's mornin: What is on my
ticket. I can't read it. Sanders
in sight. We'll turn it up.
Better wait for your own train.
On yellow paper.
Your cargo: Rep. on eye
Painters. They are in a great
That is my last. Can stand on
in Kinnick Ave. or N.Y. I mean
you or not. You think.
the hop of a dog in the line.
You been thinking of standing
the Panama: There are no
Can spend up in Chicago. There
in a few days. You
are going somewhere there,
the spirit of a young
clergyman. At trouble. And you
have to take another one.
P.A.N. on 4th. 12 one
in pursuit of a lodge.
In the future, if things go as planned.

If this plan is done.

Then the long line of pumps.

As a result, we can

An error occurs or

They are just conducted.
Sometimes I would stay there not to be in the muddy heat under the Gulangyu old roof no so long to be down here now. Only once the storm big when I feel like a life but just what not be of that kind. You can stand for your hair to go to town out of them. You can clean your skin out of Panama. 

I'm sure only more can that and better must mix of the maintenance city mayor over the new girl. In Bogota you can usually get a large leather purse or about 4,000. 

Random times always. 

Write reporter: Ann & Johnny 
Billie and Jerry. Edith is L.A. 

the final destination of the 
least step, 24, U.S. P.S. 

shaken with the homeland 
Can mean of the Younger Kings. 
Bill's in happier days turning 
O.K. to a reconciliation.
...
unconditional

sent home

waiting for the N.Y. Train.

Don't trip between me and N. I don't have her in 14 years and child into a child's interest.

Don't trip between us.

The years of the Roth graduation and suicide and married I am yesterday... and you order by the slighting of incomprehensible reason means the slaying. I mean, mercy lost

print I don't have a program to open D.P. computers and

shattered by the years of depression in the years in the Free Colony, to D.P.

camp, the burdens of the

Japan repatriation, degradation

stands from Japan cartoon

winks, turns, points, pointing...
mention that the circumstances around our child that the learned the music in these few days
most on paper, good, many.
but we will find change,
never more. It can
never change, thinking,
how to accomplish, not
Algonquin acceptances,
not this he can never learn.
From God with knowledge,
understand our eyes, and
the eyes alone has
not ways to his jargon to
a sign he can learn as a sign
learn the customs, the
African people. But understand
accept. He
He from that African does
not accept, she to come any
will have the matter this
In some feeling, a young man, standing in a room, his eyes closed, his hands on his head, his muscles tense, a sense of attention.

Attention can not exist without a focus. In a room, I exist only by being in a room.

I lay on the Overweg garden, my head on the rock, my cheek against the rock, my vision closed, my body still. I am at the end of my life, a little more of a bitter and white, the sun and cherry with time. But she does not understand an array.
July 30

Dream —

I arrived in San Jose. The brick sidewalks. I said, "This is nothing but a picturesque farming town." Arrived at museum. I talked to some one who there. Some sort of expedition had been through San Jose headed South. He described them new there of them. "On talk and their. How old? I asked. About 17? I described Allerton. "Yes that him." He asked about the picture. "They flew down to Ferri. That's flower and more, the same plane can not in 1935. I felt good because Allerton was trying to help me out with information on Yoga. Also information why he decided written in much going on."
July 31

A party. All that remained annoyed about something. Later I went to bed. The party was over. I figured he had gone to sleep in one of the rooms. Wanting all the clothes in

because I was annoyed he had said he gave Miss. of Malone to some one and she must don

August 1

An address in Mexico for J.

A: 

To Mr. Remington

Next. To Mr. I was sent

because he had sent one on the address. Address less written on a slip stamped in left hand corner. It was for the more it

would hurt if I got the

address from somebody else. In a way I would like to deny the account. But certainly forever never
In view of subsequent discoveries in Peru, my present conclusions as regards the subject of Inca civilization may completely be revised. In fact, the subject is not at all worthy of discussion.

I must suspect that the subject of Inca civilization is not at all worthy of discussion.

Certain aspects of the subject remain completely unexplored.
The situation is getting worse. Will this be what you ordered? 30". Some on part of the integers may be fine. Other parts are not as fine. An appeal has been raised to the Court as to degree of nearness, an appeal being the only stipulation. So far as the Board's point of view, you have longer been done otherwise. In other words, you can come to contact? (Appeal to contract) nut the secondary is approved there is contract? (Appendix) No one can it is generally your own. If a compromise of some kind is not to be reached, is in fact joint of oneself. August 3rd. Ran into Old Bitter. Letter to Complex will come. It's the result of competition. But what now? When a feeling like in gone too. I'd like to quit. Clear at A's account. Pull friendly finance more than love of a client, or on agent. Contract: The Party in the first year. 
...
being of the human species, and
condition to close fully
the terms of the contract as follows:
Class. 1. 521020 x7 A. the
Lessee agreed that for consideration
undertaken by both parties, in further
part a receipt for
August 4,
the beginning of Angola. It's gone
too. P. I hate Mexico, until
withdrawing ourselves. He wonder
they took off from S. A. to
the South Pacific. Ending up in
the back plane of U. S. South
Island on the peace of doubt.
Every death is form of memory.
linger. This dead length of time.
In ear is no other source
provides time.
Everything is delayed. It's my
memory to rain everything.
Collection. No collection. It's a
found, she is a dream been
Call the foreman out. Tell our Spring mountains, animals, or a gallon of a countess preserve in the meat. Some young Indians wrote down the dotted "Hey an animal."

He is your to face across many. "Who's going to see that guy over there? I say, you what do you want? I don't know what you want. You can't you are a corpsman? junction to meet canyon.

Married the U. S. A. Culture. Con. which. To a representative of this principle. Culture Hindus with jowllness compact, shaped toward an open-air adbire alien except

with the repara spinae of a Nick's corn. Into the looking forward anymore. How typical American to go to bed and what on at present but the same time.
Everything has gone wrong here.
The question is why did they
also become in first place?
Something like an European
immigrant? A land of opportunity.
Are there any other cell that?
Just not an immigrant who came
to America looking for a better
life. What they got now is
they need the immigrants to
be successful out of the current
American culture and system
in taking
why the fear of the foregoers? The
white foregoers all S. A can
stay without anyone, has a
foregoer can not.
Just few days to win a dream
The hard dream as really hard.
No days of the. 1 year

to get out of here.
bent paper dream of a
giant atom cloud
coming from Chile spreading
a purple mushroom over
Earth. down a pathway. a
long stand in the lower light
and then a gypsy, the and
another car without light tune.
The dreamers are carrying the door
of their horses, pulling down
metal sheets.

To their high wagons gangs
and dry mountain lines on a
hump of gypsy in the empty street.

The stampede church, the guns
of postal cogs to dark
Complete, barely leading a
detective story in a clumsy
arm chair to in a little

White hare in a may corn

Weakened to the unshakable
in glass of milk
The protest has failed. He goes to go. He packed cigs.

He walked out and almost in a circle ate alone. Then he is

Finally an evening spent in

Indianapolis reading a detective

story in a library arm

chair. Outside in November

snow, down the street at

noon lights of a Bar and

in the bar a man stands

behind the bar counter.

In like I come back to Indiana

Our years after many

5 years when I am

May. Everybody, Zoom,

Cam reasonably. Angels they on

cleaned a window together. The

eye dress. Hair white. The every

want stop, when the sun was

with both hands in the

great blue green sweater.
I think of coming to

in the middle and to this

that is not end. It is end

and the end never comes.

The end never comes.

I don't mind if the end

never comes.

I don't mind if the end

never comes.
His mountain's young male
gentleness, love and
selflessness, and warmth.

Alberta. You, Angela, your
ancestors here a long time.
They lived in a culture of
peace, not war, it gave me
a new sense of nationhood.
I vowed, myself, then.

Age, death, cold, hunger.
Not almost two weeks, Angela.
You, and the other men.
I didn't know it.
I vowed to give him love,
and I would give him 100.
I vowed to help him.

We were all had to move.
Young male gentleness is an
important asset. To
transform to government.
Almost forty men in his
fashion for winners, kindness.
conflict.

71 Rand. This is you.

Great. Just as they did and make a pretty pretty.

I wonder. I'm sure I won't wonder if I grow in Negro Pacifis.

above the same here. It is where

Young lift his gun off had a touching man. His

Young wife it has gone

And he's back a call.

The is

arrested someone in the Penis

Selma as the unique
democracy.

Sun. job, the white work.

yeah. None can I get back in appointment.

outside with pain. Fastened to

and like many horns on cars in the city as born no longer
from any place here.

what are they talking about.

Modern and Christian. It's

given a fact about religion.

I lived in South America

and S. and Pacific from

North here when we started from.

as this is the tale of children.

Modern & Christian. 2nd Hand.

Do they believe all this.

Vera Cundy

Hot and I feel a deep

disencouragement. My mind goes

round at round. Sometimes

imagining the same pictures of

their defences [or] like a

hanging with I can the 3. 4

trip also disaster that did

not everything I had of value

But if I have floating back to me

the memories of it by line

nighttime. Some traps.


Spread 42 · 77
SprEad 43.

SprEad 43.

SprEad 43.

SprEad 43.

SprEad 43.

SprEad 43.
Dream. I was in the city with everyone looking back in fear of memories of Alberton and I was too far gone away to stay there. I must go now two trips sweet of bad, to gone away now. There things had to keep around the eyes and be kept it would help keep it now. I want to come if it is good, unexpectedly gone like Alberton and Davie and Janette and I am a great deal, and from all the dogs. My time well. As if I had been away already. I am reported from them by a time guy, no specially from market.
Everyday has a most

From strange af made thing

My brother if gone over

Then eed for end

Dont get them between can't of

Yes. Can begin only from

That in seeing. Impression in any of pain. Meaning?

Simpson

The a line and - H. S. He

Dear for from than? K \n
ah - to this from from

A please make a living in love

for cause expansion

In enlarged within

When I was recognition

Shop for what the

Torend - her and sound. My hope

That is to John Brian. His to

Woke - I have lost -
I am late out. Stuck from down in garden by gate.

-Field -down in future. I mix -

You, gotta be ready by

next "VINTAGE" AM

HERE IN THIS PLACE!

Bill, I can not leave.

Please. Do not write

me, but come here

when you receive this

As I need your

professional skills.

Please send all

measures of measure

for measure. This

is a real bad

case. Bill, I am

continuing your

body in motion on

the 22nd string. Who

ever you play now.

It is time now for right or left.

night or right
SprEad 52

...good job - many good

returns - return to Mexico

returns - return to Mexico

returns - return to Mexico

returns - return to Mexico

returns - return to Mexico

returns - return to Mexico
Spraed 53.

Bogota—then again.

The Hill—the Park—

Bogota lined up—Smith—

Bogota had

That was before letter—There

is some thing—

See—Please—

light. I cannot see.

Spread 53. 99
S. A. The going up. The quitting. The resignation.

We got on the plane. He's dressed in red and yellow.

Panama and red Bill.

Lee
Jesus, D. F.

Every town gone. Bed the deserted. Abandoned gone. Angels gone. This larger still of them. As 31st week 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

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
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.
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.
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 piet... 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. 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: innocence [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.

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. 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, 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 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 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 cooking. Need to see Angelo again.

Photography. There is something obscene here, a desire to capture, imprison 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.
[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, eh kid? They always give me the young ones because I know how to handle young kids: They all see the light and pay]
[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.

It’s not a friendly thing to say no matter how you slice it. 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
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'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
dloozies 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 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. 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.

118 · transcription
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 "You're 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
"You're 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 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
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: The [sic], i.e. the: 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 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.

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.
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.
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 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.
was in Peru? Question of going back for more yage.
Roads impassible. In restaurant.
Reference to M. [He was in gangster hideout and I went to find him.]
Restaurant overrun with beggars and lots of foreigners back there now. When it 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: overrun [sic], i.e., overrun.
line 19: forigners [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
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 overrun 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 and sulky, and sweet.
But he doesn’t want to realize what he is involved in. Like
the pity I felt for my severed finger, as if it was innocent
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.
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 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.

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, line 1.
line 8 (left): innocent [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.
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 innocent 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. I ran through the list. All gone. 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."
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. “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.
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 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.
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 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. Space – time travel across sands, the cold wind of
change and death and the change and death and the chance meeting. Mitchell with change and death and the chance meeting. Mitchell with the missing fingers, Old Bill, the missing fingers, Old Bill, the fresh winds of damage and death life and change, and damage and death life and change, and the a special significance. of chance the a special significance. of chance meetings. Nothing is happening meetings. Nothing is happening completely by chance. There is completely by chance. There is the special significance to every meeting. 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 $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."
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 Policia. 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

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., policia.
line 19: vamonos [sic], i.e., vamonos.
"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 Policia. Youre required to have a meter."
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?” 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
terse, 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.

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.
Like I was separated from M by a time gap. Left completely alone in a time and place where I felt like I had missed the last train out of the Penal Colony. Everybody else was on the train gone. A Chill of final desolation and despair: He got the letters. Why didn’t he answer why? Something else was more important.

The winds of change and death dispersion and the seeing... A waiting room — where you grab a quick drink — before the 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,
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 ^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 can't hear the His answer muffled by distance. I can't catch the name. Should I turn in my ticket? Don't 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 — 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 top again].

variant readings
line 8: silly you'll never

notes
line 7: Don't [sic], i.e. Don't.
line 24: tops [sic], i.e., tops: see fair copy, line 21.
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? Don't 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 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, innocence caught like a spirit caught, in sign dying—aging ++ tissue cells and tissue.. And you have to make arrangements with PAN 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.
“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.
Otherwise it would stay there and rot in the muggy heat under a galvanized iron roof and on a dry, cliff lime stone cliff over the stagnant bay where vultures eat fish entrails at low tides. 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 seaside
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.


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 child’s intensity. Only like death experience is.

Between us the years of inner rot; rot frustration and violence and misery, I am year younger and year older by the blighting of horrors he has never known.

A Blighted, innocence, serenity lost forever. I don’t believe myself a psychic D. P., corrupted and brutalized by the years of dispossession, and the years in the Penal Colony, the D.P. Camp, the brutalized sex prison sex, vileness, degradation, hands torn from countless futile hands torn from barbed wire, panting and

variant readings
line 15: don’t liken 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: brutalized [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 child's 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 innocence, serenity lost forever. I don't believe myself a psychic D. P., corrupted and brutalized by years of dispossession, the years in the Penal Colony, the D.P. Camp, the brutalized 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 tourist. He can learned as a stranger 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 Allerton's ribs and hands and stomach, his eyebrows and brown hair, the whole sweet sullen - sweet muscular innocence of Allerton. Allerton does not want 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, snarling and whining with pain that he does not understand or accept.

notes
line 7: innocence [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 innocence 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: José [sic], i.e., José.
line 13: Ayahusca [sic], i.e., Ayahuasca, the Quechua name for yagé for which Burroughs was searching.
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. $ 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
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. I 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
In view of subsequent discoveries in Peru, my previous 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 notebook 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.
In view of subsequent discoveries in Peru, my earlier conclusions 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]
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 y's 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, line 14: 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.
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
hysterical 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. 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 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. What’s 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 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.
[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. What’s 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 immigrants 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 and the. I have to get out of here.

**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.
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 immigrants 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 black purple shadow over Peru Lima, darker and darker. A boy stands in the violet light, 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 reading a detective story in a lumpy arm chair. in a little white house in a mid-west suburb — in Indianapolis — in Indiana — 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.
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. He packed up and
walked out and around in a
circle and back. Here he is
finally and forever 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,
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.
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 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 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 gentleness like an affectionate animal. Not a trace of viciousness or conflict. Almost saintly in his freedom from viciousness, hostility,

variant readings
line 6: like yage

notes
line 6: visualize is a best guess by the Editors.
line 11: 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: gentleness [sic], i.e., gentleness.
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 gentleness 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 *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 repeating 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.
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 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 and gone away somewhere. 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.
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.
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 — I am 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 codeine. 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: codeine [sic], i.e., codeine.
Merida.

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
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]
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]
[ASEMIC WRITING AND DRAWINGS]
[ASEMIC WRITING AND DRAWINGS]
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 professional 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.
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
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  ?
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 —
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 Ial
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.
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 quitting.
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: quitting [sic], i.e., quitting.
S. A. The giving up. The quitting.
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.
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.
