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William s burroughs junky quotes

From Wikiquote go to surfing Go to research most of the problem in the world caused by ten percent of folks who cannot mind their own business, because they have no business in themselves in their minds, any more than a small virus. William Seward Burroughs II (5 February 1914 – 2 August 1997), most commonly known as William S. Burroughs, was an American novelist, essric, social criticism, pint and spoken word performers. Much of Burroughs' work is semi-autobiographic, tracing from his experience as an opiate afficient, a condition that marks the last fifty years of his life. He was a central member of the Bat Generation and an avant-garde author who influenced popular culture as well as literature. In 1984 he was elected to the American Academy and Institute of Art and Letters. Quotes [editor] Cheat your landlady owner if you can and you must, but don't try to brief the Museum's exchanges. It can't be done. You can't fake quality any more than you can fake a good meal. A paranoid man is a man who knows a little about what's going on. If the right to self one's own business is recognized, all the shit disposition is emapable and hell there is no rage that is vose than a harmful parasit. I wake up from the disease of forty-five years, calm and blood, and from reasonable good health except for once weakened and the view of the common borrowing of all those who survive the disease... I am sure hell there would be no desire to live in a society where the only people who have allowed their weapons are the police and the military. The junk vendor does not sell his product to the consumer and sells the consumer of his product. It does not improve and simplifies his goods. It degraded and simplifies the client. Letters from a Master Addict to Dangerous Drugs, written in 1956, first published in the British Journal of Addiction, Vol. 52, No. 2 (January 1957), p. 1 and later used as footnotes at Naked Lunch Communications must become total with conscience before we can stop it. The ticket that explode (1962) The Other Half is the word. The Other Half is an organism. Word is an organism. The presence of The Other Half is a separate organism attached to your nervous system on an air line of words can now be demonstrated experimentally. One of the most common 'hallucinations' of subjects during withdrawal sense is the feeling of another body flying in the body subject of an angle... yes quite an angle it is The Other Half' has worked quite a few years on a sympathetic basis. From symposis to parasits is a short step. The word is now a virus. The flu virus may have once been a healthy lung cell. It is now a parasit organism that invaded and damages the central nervous system. Modern man has lost options for silence. Try calculating sub-vocal speech. Try to achieve even ten seconds of inner silence. You will meet an organism that forces you to speak. That that's the word. The ticket that exploded (1962) 1. Never give anything away for anything. 2. Never give up than you have (still keep the hungry buyer and always make it wait). 3. Always take back everything if you possibly can. On drug deals, quoted in the Daily Telegraph (1964) You know, they asked me if I was on a desert island and I knew no one would ever see what I was writing, I would go on writing. My answer is more emphatically yes. I would go on writing for company. Because I created an imaginary – it always imagined – the world in which I would like to live. Citing in interviews, the Paris Review (Fall 1965) Hallucinogens produced state visionary, sort of, but morphine and its derivative to reduce awareness of inner processes, thoughts and feelings. They are pain associates; pure and simple. They are absolutely contraindicated for creative work, and I include in the other alcohol, morphine, barbiturates, tranquilize – the whole spectrum of sedative drugs. Citing interviews, the Paris Review (Fall 1965), in response to drug vision and art vision not mixed? A paranoid man is a man who knows a little about what's going on. Quote in Friend magazine (1970) faced with the current practice of Freedom, French and the American Revolution should be forced to stand by the dead. City of the Red Night (1981) There is simply no room left for the 'freedom of the tyranny of government' since the city's people depend on it for food, power, water, transportation, protection, and welfare. You right to live where you want, and your chosen companion, under agreed law, died in the eighteenth century and Mission Captain. Only a miracle or a disaster could restore it. City of the Red Shades (1981) You are a Shitter. It meets jobs. ... We observed that most of the problems in the world are caused by ten to twenty percent of people who can't mind their own business, because they have no business in their own mind, any more than a small virus. Now your virus is a mandatory cell parasite and my contention is that evil is quite literally a virus parasite to handle an area of certain who we can term the right center. The brand of a basic shit is that it has to be right. And right here we have to distinguish a diagnosis between viruses - the hard-occupied core and a plain, ordinary, mean there is no good son in a bitch. Some of these sons of bitches don't cause any problems at all, just want to be left alone. Place Way of the Dead (1983), p. 155 Variant, using much of this passage in a later esshold: Most of the problem in the world caused by folks who can't mind their own business, because they have no business in their own minds, any more than a small virus. Now your virus is a mandatory cell parasite and my contention is that wrong is quite literally a virus parasite a certain area of brain which we can term the right center. The brand of a basic shit is that it has to be right. And right here we have to make a distinction between viruses - the core handles hard-occupied with a plain, ordinary, meaning there is no good son in a bitch. Some of these sons of bitches don't cause any problems at all, just want to be left alone and are only dangerous when moleted, like the Recluse Brown. My own business in the Machine ads : Choose Essays (1985), p. 16 victim crimes are the line of the right virus. And there is growing recognition, even in official quarters, that victim crime should be removed from the books or subject to scarce penalties. Those who cannot or will not be business leaders to concept victim-crime, equate use of drugs and sexual privacy behavior and theft and murder. If the right to self one's own business is recognized, all the shit disposition is emapable and hell there is no rage that is vose than a harmful parasit. The place of Road Words (1983), p. 155 Last night I encountered a dream chat with a very long neck and a body like a human fetus, grey and translucent. I don't know what it needs or how to provide for it. Another year dreams of being a human child with eyes on foot. He's very small, but can he walk and speak Don't want me? Again, I don't know how to take care of the child. But I'm dedicated to protecting and nursing it at any cost! It is the function of the Caretaker to protect hybrid and mutants in the vulnerable stages of childbirth. That's an universe of war. Release all the time. That is its nature. There may be other universities based on all kinds of other principles, but we seem to be based on war and game. All games are basically hostile. Winner and loss. We see them all around us: the winners and the losses. Losses can often become winners, and winners can very easily become losses. After a shooting turn, they still wanted to take the weapon away from the people who didn't do it. I am sure hell there would be no desire to live in a society where the only people who have allowed their weapons are the police and the military. Grand Street, none. 37 & UP The Universe of War (1992) England has the most literary literary scene I have ever seen. They all meet in the same pub. This guy writes a device to that person. They all have to give up their radio program, they have to do all that just from scratch by. They all scratch the back of each other's back. Forbes (April 2, 2001), p. 172 Love? what is it? Most natural painfully that has. Love. Last words: The Final William S. Burroughs (2000) Builds a Good Name. Keep your name clean. Do not compromise, don't worry about making a bunch of money or being successful – be concerned with doing good work and making the right choices and protecting your work. But if you build a good name, eventually, that name will own its own name Junkie (1953) [editor] Questions, of course, may be asked: Why have you ever tried narcotics? Why did you continue using it long enough to become an adicator? You become a narcotics addict because you don't have strong motivations in the other direction. Junk is contained by default. I tried it as a matter of curiosity. When you stop growing you start paying. I learned the junk equation. Junk is not, like alcohol or weed, a means of increasing fun in life. Junk is not a kick. It's a way of life. Tea heads aren't as junk. A cent but you take his junk and cut off his junk.) But being sturdy doesn't do those things in this way. They expect the light paedal to rise and sit around talks for half an hour of selling two dollars' worth of weed. If you come right to the point, they say you're a bear down. In fact, a peddler shouldn't come right out and say he's a peddler. Tea heads are toasted, sensitive, and are paranoid. If you get to be known as a drag or a bear down, you can't do business with them. I can say definitely that weed is an afrodisiac and that sex is much more comfortable under the influence of weed than without it. Anyone who has used good weed will verify this statement. The upper-class American citizen is a compound of negative. It is widely denied by what it is not. You need a good way to bed with doctors or you'll find nowhere. I lay down and tried to sleep. When I closed my eyes I saw a timing face, their mouth and nose feed by disease. The disease spread, which melts the face of an amoeboid mess in which the eyes float, small eye crust. Slowly, a new face formed around the eyes. A series of figures, hieroglyphs, distorted and leading to the final spot where the human route ends, where human form cannot contain the horror brushes that have grown inside it. Coke is kick pure. It swings you right up, a mechanical lift that starts to leave you as soon as you feel it a fent in the street on a crowded street. A junk run on junk time. When they cut his junk, the clock runs down and stops. All he can do is hang on and wait for junk time to start. A sick junk nobody escaped from external times, with nowhere to go. He can only wait. When people start talking about their bowel movements, they are unexpected as their process in which they speak. A lot of people made quick money easily during the War and for several years later. Any business has been good, as any stock is good on a growing market. People thought they were sharp operators, when actually they were just running a track of chance. Now the valley is in a losing streak and only the great operators can climb it out. Economic law values work out such a formula in high school algebra, since there is no human element to interfere. The very wealthy are getting wealthy and all the others are broken. The large holders were not exceeded or or enterprise. They don't have to say or think anything. All they have to do is sit down and the money comes poured in. You have to get up with the Big Holder or drop out and take any tasks to hand you. Middle class is getting the squeeze, and only one in a mile will go up. Big Holders are the home, and small growers are the players. The player goes broken if he keeps on playing, and the grower has to play or lose the government by default. Sodomy is as old as the human species. Why does an addict get a new habit so faster than a junk girl, even after the addict has been clean for years? I don't accept the theory that junk is lurking in the body all that time – the vertebral is where it supposedly holes up – and I disagree with all psychological answers. I think the use of junk causes permanent cellular changes. Once a junk, still a junk. You can stop using junk, but you never cut after the first habit. Junk short-circuit sex. The non-sexual society drive comes from the same place where the sex comes from, so when I have an H or M shooting habit I am non-social. If someone wants to talk, O.K. but there's no drive to get to know. When I come over the junk, I often run through a period of sociable controller and talk to anyone who will listen. Junk takes everything and gives nothing but insurance against junk disease. Junk is an inoculation of death that holds the body to an emergency condition You sometimes wake up from a dream and think: Thank God, I didn't really do it! Rebuilding a period of blake you think: my God, did I really do that? The line between the line between say and thinking is elusive. Did you say it or just think it? When you lift up your head, you give up a path of life. I've seen junk kick off and hit the hunters and wind up dead in a few years. Suicide is often among ex-junk. Why does a junk quit smoking in his will? You never know the answer to that question. There are no conscious tabulations of the drawbacks and horror of junk giving you the emotional drive to kick off. The smoking quit decision is a cellular decision, and once you've decided to leave you can't go back to permanent junk any more than you could stay away from it beforehand. Kick is seeing things from a special angle. Kick is freedom momentous from the claims of the aging, cautious, nagging, scary. Maybe I'll get to that age what I was looking for in junk and weed and brake. Naked Lunch (1959) [Editor] Grove Press, 2003, ISBN 0-802-11639-6, 289 page figures wrong is still the face of total need. One end is a man who is in total need of doped. Beyond a certain frequency needs to know absolutely no boundaries or controls. In words in total need: Wouldn't you? Yes you would. You'd lie, cheat, inform about your friend, fly, do anything to meet total needs. Because you would be in a state of total illness, total and not in a position to act in any other way. Doped Fields is sick people who cannot act other than they do. A rabl dog can't pick but bite. The junk vendor does not sell his product to the consumer and sells the consumer of his product. It does not improve and simplifies his goods. It degrades and simplifies the customer if you wish to change or annihilate a pyramid of numbers in a serial relationship, you change or remove the number underneath. If we wish to annihilate the junk pyramid, we must start with the bottom of the pyramid: Addicted to the Street, and stop appearing well for the above so-called ups, all the people are immediately replaced. The off-the-street adicator who must have the live junk is the one irrespectable factor in the junk equation. When there are no more drugs to buy junk won't contain any junk traffic. As long as junk needs to exist, someone is serving it. I can feel the heat close to, feeling out there to make moves, set up devil doll pigeons, throw on my spoons and drop me away from Washington Square Station, vault a spin with two flights down the stairs to make, holding an uptown agile... Junk is pautened by magic and tabo, curses and amulets. Shooting PG is a terrible hassle, you have to burn the alcohol first, then freeze out the camphor and draw this brown liquid off with a dropper-having to shoot it in the container or you get an abscess, and usually end with a cyst no matter where you shoot it. Best deal is to drink it with goof ball... So we drained it into a bottle of Pernod and began for New Orleans past iridescent rain and flare gas, with trash marks and garbage batteries, alligators that are enclosed around in broken bottles and tiles, Arabesic neons in motels, pillars of obscene screaming at passing cars from islands of trash... New Orleans is a grave museum. We walk around Swap Place Breathe PG and get the Man right away. It's a little where and the fuz still knows who's pushing to push to figure out what the hell it matters and sells to anybody. We stock up on H and beyond for Mexico. Back in Lake Charles and the slot-car land is dead, south of the end of Texas, the niger-killing sheriff looks us on and checking their car papers. Something falls on you when you cross the border into Mexico, and suddenly hit the landscape you right nothing between you and it, desert and mountains and valleys; Little pork wheels and others so close you can hear the wings cut the air (a dry husking sound), and when they spot something to pour out the blue sky, which shares blue skies without blue in Mexico, down to a dark... Drove all night, arriving in a hot pit spot, barking dogs and the sounds of running water. I stood outside myself trying to stop hanging these can with whip fingers. I am a choice that wants what every faithfulness wants--A Long time moving through allies without odor in space where no life is only colorful smell they have no smell of death. Anybody can breathe and smell it through pink compilation of toasted tea marked with crystal nose, shit time and dark blood filters to relax ever see a hot shot hit, kids? I saw the Gimp come back to one in the Philippines. We resisted her room with a mirror filing one way and we accused a sawski of watching her. He never stuffed the needle in his arms. They don't do that if the shot is right. That's the way to find them, dropper full of blood notebooks hanging from a blue arm. Looking into his eyes when he hit ---, it was delicious. America isn't a young lamb. He is old and full of evil in the eyes of all those who are worshipping God. The trunk has been waiting. Well, one judge told the other, 'Do just and if you can't just be arbitrary.' Regret cannot observe customary obscenity. From the chapter entitled And starting West, p. 5 From the chapter entitled Lazarus go home, p. 62 Hustlers of the world, there is only one mark you can not beat: the inside mark. From the chapter entitled Ruby, No. 11 A state of police functioning needs no police. From the chapter entitled Benway, the No. 31 Study of Thinking Machine teaches us more about the brain than we can learn by introspective methods. Western Gentleman outward himself in the form of the gadgets. Squatting on old bones and excretion and rusty iron, in a white flame of heat, a panorama of nude idiot stretches through the horizon. Complete silence – the rape centers are destroyed - except for the crack of spark and the popping of physical body singed as they apply electrodes up and down the spine. The white smoke of burning flesh in the motional air. A group of children tied someone sort of a post with barbed wires and built a fire between his legs and stood watching with bestial curiosity as his flame. His works in the fire and insect throes. Rock and rolled teens hoodums storm the streets of all nations. They rushed to the Louvre and dumped acid in Lisa's Mona face. The relationship between an O.A. (Oblique Addict) and R.C. (Recharge Connection) is so intense that they can only endure each other's company for short intervals and frequent intervals — I mean aside from the Recharge Encounter, when all personal contacts are overshadowed by recharge process. Last night I got up with someone pressing my hand. It was my other hand. I wake up from the disease of forty-five years, calm and blood, and from reasonable good health except for once weakened and the view of the common borrowing of all those who survive the disease... When I speak of drug addiction I do not refer to Keif, marijuana or any preparation of hashish, mescaline, capital banisteriopsis, LSD6, Sacred Mushrooms or any other drugs in the hallucinogen group... There is no evidence used in any hallucinogen results in physical dependency. Deposit: Testimony of a disease, introduction to the 1960 edition, pp. 199-201 our national drug is alcohol. We tend to consider the use of any other drugs and special terror. From Deposit: Testimony of a disease, p. 201 The end of full cellular representation is cancer. Democracy is cancer, and the office is its cancer. An office takes root anywhere in the state, turns unhealthy as Narcotic Office, and grows and grows, constantly reproduced more of its own type, until it shocks the army if not controlled or exercised. Offices cannot live without an army, being true parasit organisms. (A cooperative on the other hand can live without the state. This is the way they follow. The building is up in independent units to meet the needs of the people involved in operating in the unit. An office operates on the opposite principles of need to justify its existence.) Bureaucracy is what's wrong as a cancer, a turn away toward the human evolution of infinite potential and differentiation and independent spontaneous actions of the complete parasites on a virus. (It is thought that the virus is a degeneration from more complex life-forms. It may be at one time they could be in independent life. Now the border collapse between living and dead subjects. It can be exposed to living kinds only of a host, using the life of another – the renunciation of life itself, a fall towards inorganic, infible machines, towards dead matter.) Office dies when the structure of the county collapsed. They are as help and company for independent existence as a temperature move, or a virus that killed Army.Benway: Did I ever tell you about the man who taught the staircase to speak? All his abdomen would move up and down you dug out

the words. It was unlike anything I've ever heard. That ass talk got sort of a virtue frequency. It hits you right down there like you got. You know when the old column gives you the elbow and it feels shorter inside, and you know all you have to do is turn that loo? Well this talk hits you right down there, a bubly, thick sound corrupting sword, a sound you could smell. This man worked for a carnival you dug, and starting with it was like a gift ventrilquist act. Real funny, too, at first. He had a number he called The Best 'Ole' which was a dream, I tell you. I forgot most of it but it was smart. Like: Oh, I say, are you still there, ancient things? No I didn't have to go relieve myself. After a while the ass starts talking on its own. She would go from nothing prepared and her ass would ad-free and launch the gags back into it every time. Then he developed sort of teeth-like raspy little in-curve hooks and started eating. He thought this was beautiful at first and he built an egg around him, but the architect would eat his way into his trousers and start on the street, calling out she wanted equal rights. She would get drunk, too, and cry jags nobody likes her and wanted them to be kissed the same as any other mouth. Finally, he spoke all day and night, you could hear him for blocks of screaming at him closed, and beat him with his fists, and chandel sticking, but nothing has done anything well with the asealing saying to him: You are going to lock up at the end. Because we don't need you around here any more. I can talk to food and shit. After that, she began waking up in the morning with a frozen transparent like that of a tax on all over her mouth. This jelly was what scientists called un-D.T.T., the Undifferentiated Tissue, which can grow into any kind of expensive on the human body. He would water in his mouth and the pieces would stick to his hands like gasoline burning and grown up anywhere on him a globe of him falling. So finally his mouth is sealed over, and the entire head would be hired spontaneously – (did you know there is a condition arriving in parts of Africa and only among Negroes where the tiny toe is spontaneously hired?) – except for the eyes you dig. That's one thing the staircase couldn't have seen. He needed their eyes. But connection nerves were blocked and infiltrated and atrophied so the brain could not order any more. He was trapped in the ground bone, sealed off. For a while you might see silently, useless suffering in the brain behind the eyes, then finally the brain must have died, because their eyes were out, and there was no more feeling in them than the eyes of a crab at the end of a foot. You see control never can be a means for any end of practice. ... Control can never be a mean anything but more control... like junk. Islam Incorporate with the Parts in Interzone the broken image of Man moves within minutes and cells by cell.... Poverty, hatred, war, police-criminals, bureaucracy, insanity, all symptoms of the Human Virus. 'Human virus can now be isolated and treated.' Islam Incorporate and the Parties to American Interzone have a special horror of giving up control, of letting things happen in their own way without interfering. They would like to jump down the stomach and digest the food and mouth the shit out. At all trade levels the drug operates without scheduling. No one delivers on time except by accident. The adictor runs on junk time. Her body is her clock, she runs into her head like a glass of egg water. Time meaning to him only with reference to his needs. Then he makes his intrusion at the moment of others, and, like all exteriors, all Petitions, he must wait, unless he reaches with non-junk times. There is one thing a writer can write about: what is before his senses at this time of writing ... I am a recording instrument... I'm not supposed to impose bizarre stories Insofar as I succeeded in Direct recording in certain areas of psychic process I may have limited function... I'm not a wardrobe. Senators leap up and brave for death penalty and infilble authority in yen virus... Death for doped friends, death for kidney sex (I mean friends) death for the psychopath who offended the flesh and thanks to animal meat and broken animal innocence in the movement of lies. The dark winds of death indicate about the land, feel, feel, ode to the separate life crime, move in fear–freeze the frozen driver under a vast probability curve... Block population disappears in a game check of genocide... Any number can be played... You weren't there for the beginning. You will not be there for the end. Your knowledge about what is going on can only be superficial and relative to the Soft Machine (1961)[edit] So it imported this special crosses of scorpions and feed them on metal foods and scorpions to become a blue phosphorus color and sort of hummed. Now, we have to find a quiet vessel, he said. So we slipped out this goof old ball artist and put the scorpion it up and turned sort of blue and you might see it being fixed right metal. These scorpions were able to travel on a radia beam and customer service after Doc cut for the penalty. It was a good thing while it lasted and the heat couldn't touch us. However all these junk scorpions began popping in the darkness and if they didn't score on the metamorphoped scorpions straight away. So there was a place to disrupt and we had to move on disguised as young junk on the road in Lexington. Bill and Johnny we ranked names but keep changing like one day I would wake up as Bill the next day as Johnny. So there are us in the train compartments to dick junk junk our eyes tears and burn. Chapter One: Dead on Arrival Word Line Cutting – Cutting Music Lines - Break the Control Images - Break the Control Machine - Burn the Books - Kill the Priests - Kill the Priests - Kill! to kill! to kill! Nova Express (1968)[Edit] Listen to my last word anywhere. Listen to my last words any world. Listen to all unions and governments on earth. And you may rear that consuming grime deals in what's lavatory to take what isn't you. To sell the earth from birth forever - I will say to you, 'The Word.' Word 'aliens.' The 'word of imprisonment of foreign enemies' enemies in time. In body. In Shit. Prisoners, out. The big heavens are open. I hassan me Sabah 'rub out the word forever' If you I cancel all your words forever. And to my Hassan Sabah as well cancelled. Cross all the heavens you see writing silently Brion Gysin Hassan I Sabbath: Draw September 16, 1899 on New York. 'People in the earth, you have all been poisoned.' Converts all available action from morphine into apomorfin. Chemistry, work round the clock on variations and synthesis in the apomorfin form. goal in my writing is to expose and history of Nova Criminals. In 'Naked Lunch', 'Soft Machine' and 'Nova Express' I show who they are and what they are doing and what they will do if they are not arrested. Minutes to go. Their souls thrust out to orgasm drugs, trembling meat from the nova oven, the prisoners of the earth are 'out'. With your help we can handle the Reality Studio and keep the universes of fear of death and Monopoly- Chapter One, Prisoner, Exit \ The Wild Boys (1971)[editor] I am not a person and I am not an animal. There's something I'm here for something I have to do before I can go. Home is where your ass is and if you want to move your ass the first step you're learning to change house with someone else and have someone else's ass. Her magic exists from a disagreement, inadvertant request of attention as she interrupts Parade's tragic death and takes the scene, in disagreements seize the highest pleasures they are afraid to reach. Those who deny the dead and the unborn are evil in their weaknesses, as the ashamed are emitted to fail to penetrate him and repay him with strength as he is troubled under their throat and are shocked, a mess of jews has made moral purely justified glory and sin turned into wickedness. Rats submit gnaw submission on his ankle but they do not make him buckle with the necessity banner. 'In the field workers are planning seeds under the direction of a supervisor and staff and head. Lock-up of a worker's face. No matter what is a man's pleasure, and all his heart and soul come out of his face. Nothing left but body needed and body fun. I have seen figures like this in the state hospital wards for those insisted. Faafas living for food, shit and masturbate.' Before my father started using morphine again he sent me to a Japanese person to learn something called Karate. I learnt things fast because I'm empty inside, and I have no special way of moving or doing things that are the same for me as another one. I saw the empty colonel revolver him down under ten wild boys. A moment later the pants tossed his head bleeding into the air and started a ball game. Just to dusk the wild boys up and he padded away. They left their bodies accepting skin too much with genital cuts. Wild boys do little testicle in places to carry enough torture and khat. Motion: A Novel (1985)[editor] The Government of many Americans depressed him, a greatness based on a strong ignorance of the whole concept of ways, and on the proposal for social purposes, everyone is more or less equal and interchangeable. The lola was not exactly a bar. It was a small beer-and-soda joint. There was a Coca-Cola box full of beer and soda and ice at the left side of the door as you entered. A reversal of tube-metal stool covered in yellow iced leather runs down one side of the room as far as headquarters. The charts were lined up on the opposite wall of the counter. Their stools had long since lost tires to their legs and made terrible screening noise when the wife pushed them around swept. There was a cook in the back, where a cook sily fried everything in rancid fat. There was neither a bright future last season at Lola's. The place was a waiting room, where certain people checked in a certain time. Lee looked thinner, the purple eyes, the flu in excitement on the boy's face. An imagined hand that was projected with such strength it seemed Allerton must feel touching the finger of ectoplasmic carrying her ears, the phantom of her thick inches which sunk her brow, pushing the hair back from her face. Lee ran down his ribbon, the stomach. Lee felt abnormal pain in his lungs. A curse, said Lee. Been in our family for generations. The stakes were still pervers. I will never forget the unbreakable horror that freezes when the word villain seed my brain: 'homosexual'. I was a homosexual. I thought in the impersonators painted women I'd seen in a Baltimore night. Could it be possible I was one of those subhuman things? I walked the streets in danger as a man with a competitive light- just a minute, Dr Kildare, this is not your script. I might as well have destroyed myself, ending an existence that seemed to offer nothing but grotesque poverty and humiliation. Noble, I thought they killed a man spent life on, a sex monster. It was a wise plot - Bob, we called him - who taught me that I had a duty to live and bear burdens I proudly for all to see, conquer prejudice and ignorance and hatred and knowledge and sincerity and love. Whenever you are threatened by a hostile presence, you emit a thick cloud of love like an octopus flu exit ink. It forced itself to look at their reality. Allerton wasn't queer enough to make a reciprocal relationship possible. Lee's affection eats him. Like many people with nothing to do, it was very recent in any claim about his time. He had no close friends. He discussed definite appointments. He did not like to feel that no one expected anything from him. He wanted, so far as possible, to live without external pressure. He felt a hate killing for the stupid, ordinary, disagreeable person who kept him from doing what he wanted to do. One day I'm going to have that same thing as I want', he said to himself. And if any child moralization of a bitch gives me any static, they will sin him out of the river. Every time I hit Panama, the location is exactly a month, two months, six months more nowhere, like the progress of a degenerative disease. A change in the arithmetic of geometric progress seems to have been made. Something ugly and ignoble and subhuman is cooking in this mongrel city of rhythm and youth receiving, this lech on the canal. Two years later: Mexico City Back Stupid people can learn a quiet and easy language because nothing will be in there to keep it out. Two years later: Back to Mexico City so they call primitive camera fears. They think he can take their soul and take it away. There is in fact something obscene and sinister about photography, a desire to imprison, incorporate, sexual intensity, a sexual intensity in pursuit. Two years later: Mexico City returns to Mexico is a terminal of space-time trips, a waiting room where you grab a quick drink while you wait for your train. That's why I can stand in Mexico City to train you. That's why I can stand in Mexico City or New York City. You don't knock; by the fact that they were there at all, you are traveling. But in Panama, the lacroix of the world, you are exactly very aging tissues. You must arrange with Pan Am or Dutch line to remove your body. Otherwise, she would stay there and rot in muggy heat, underneath a roof of iron galvanised roof. Two years later: Returning to Mexico in deep sadness has no place for sentimentality. It is as final as the mountains: a reality. There it is. When you realize it you can't complain. Sit on your ass, or what's left of it after four years in the laminar. Exterminator! A Novel (1971)[Edit] The Rebellion of Youth is a world wide phenomenon that has not been seen before in history. I don't think they will calm them down and be announcements executed within thirty as the establishment would like to believe. Millions of youth all over the world are fed up with the strength of authoritarian indignity who are running on a platform of bullshit. Come to the Pure Violet one as a young child Audrey Carsons wanted writers because the writers were rich and famous. They were founded around Singapore and Rangoon smoked opium in a yellow liquid pony suit. They have swolft cocaine in Mayfair and are banned penetrating and one native male faithful and overwhelming seasonal authentic tangier smoking ashish and languidly carrying a heifer pet. According to the legendary white race results from a nuclear explosion in what is now the Gobi dessert some 30,000 years ago. Civilization and techniques that made the explosion possible have been spilled out. Only the survivors were marginal slaves in the area who had no knowledge of his science or technique. They became albinos as a result of radiation and spread in different directions. Some of them went to Persia northern India to Greece and Turkey. Others have moved towards west and resolved through their coffee in Europe. The descendants of the cave-inhabited albinos are the present inhabitants of America and western Europe. In these cases the confusing whites who are contrary to a virus have passed on their cursed generations that made them what they are today a hidden threat to life on the planet. This ancient virus that is what Freud calls unconsciousness in the caves in Europe about meat already sick from radiation. Anyone from that line is fundamentally different from those who haven't experienced the cave and deal this disease living in your blood and living bones where you used to live before your ancestors were pulled from their profanity grave. When they came out of the holes they could not mind their own businesses. They had no business of their own in mind because they were not part of themselves anymore. They were part of the virus. They had to kill the conquer tortoise to degrade slaves as an angry dog has bitten. In Hiroshima all got lost. Western Regions (1987)[editor] Viking Press, 1987, ISBN 0-670-81352-4, 258 pages Remember Italian commissary that put on women's clothes and thus filmed a seat in a lifetime? A curse in human form, certainly it was designed and saved to set a new standard by which to judge enfamie and shame. No job too dirty for a fun scientist. Chatch your home owner if you can and you must, but don't try the museum's label. It can't be done. You can't fake quality any more than you can fake a good meal. Consider the impasse of a one-god universe. It is all-savvy and all powerful. It can't go anywhere, since it's already everywhere. He can't do anything, since the act in making opposition presuposition. Its universe is irrevocable termdynamic, with no friction by definition. So he has to create friction: war, fear, sickness, death, keep his bad show on the way. lyric from spoken-word recording One Universal God, shouted about Spain ass Annie and other Tales, paraphilized by Burroughs from West Lands, p. 113 Now that sort of man or woman or monster would break a simple I've ever seen? And here's the good big I've centipede! If such a person exists, I say kill him without more caregiver. It's a treatment for the human race. Desperation is the raw material change. Only people can leave behind everything they've ever believed in can expect to escape. 5, 5, as quoted in the Dictionary of Columbia (1993), pg. 234 The Machine ads: Collect Essays (1985)[editor] After teaching a creative class to Write a few years back, my creative power fell into a bar forever. I really had a case of the writing block, and my idealist assistant complains that I simply sit around the cabin doing absolutely nothing: which was absolutely true. This gave me time to think (as the French say). Can creative writing teach? My advice is to get a good tax account agent if you ever make any money, and remember, you can't eat fame. And you can't write unless you want to write, and you may not want to unless you feel like it. Brainwashing, psychotropic drugs, lobotomy, and other subtle forms of psychosurgery; The usage technoratic control devices have its finger new technique if that totally exploit could make Orwell in 1984 seem like a benevolent utopia. All modern systems are rid of contradictions. Concession is another flex control. History shows that once a government starts making concessions it is on a one-way street. Any imposition of government censorship on the media is a step toward the control of the State, a step that most toddlers take. A government is never more dangerous than when embarking on a self-defeat or suicide coup allegation. Quotes about Burroughs[edit] William S. Burroughs is one of the most particular figures in modern literature, the sadness he has made more important because he has drawn out for so long. Her cadaverous presence was given an echoing of a key scene in Cowboy Drugstore, in which she was an ancient junkie who has decades long in her eyes. It didn't seem like acting. And in a recent documentary about his life, Burroughs became crossed as a man walking around with something wounded inside, something badly wounded that his mind simply closed. Roger Ebert, review of the cinematic adaptation of the Naked Lunch (1992) It would take me all night to say about Old Bull Lee; Let us say now that he was a teacher, and they can say he had every right to teach because he spent all his his time learning; and he learned the things which he considered and called the realities of life, which he had learned not only of necessity but because he desired. It drags its long, thin body around the whole United States and most of Europe and North Africa in its time, only to see what went on.... there are photos of him and alongside the international cocaine in the thirty - gangs and hair sticks, leaning over to each other, there are other photos of him in a Panama hat, to survey the streets of Algiers.... He was an exterminator in Chicago, a banner in New York, a citation-stern in Newark. In Paris she was seen at café table, watching the French figures suffering go by. In Athens he looked out of his ouzo in what he called the publishing people of the world. In Istanbul it threads its way among crowds of opium and drug-meat drugs, looking for their reality. In Chicago he planned to hold a turkish bath, reluctant just for two minutes too long for a drink, and wound up with two dollars and made a run for it. He did everything simply for the experience.... In the triumvite of beats, Kerouac was probably both the most pathetic and at least noxious. Psychologically, it was a mess -- as indeed was Ginsberg and Burroughs. But unlike them, Kerouac lacked the trick in sanctifying his pathology and sparked others to bow their heads in deference. Roger Kimball, A Gospel of Emancipation, The New Criterion, October 1997 Burroughs doesn't interest me at all as a romance; history of psychedelic it has my bored, much that I don't think I've ever been able to read one. but Junky, the first book he wrote, a fact and autobiographic account of how he became a drug addict and how his addiction to drugs -- free increased that was already skeptical of a certain proxy -- made him a slavery volunteer, the furniture a precision description of what I believe to be the literary journey, to the net independence of the writer and his work and the way to eat in letters about the former, about all it is and all it does or isn't done. Mario Vargas Llosa, Letter to a Young Novelist (Farrar, Strauss & Giroux), Transl. Natasha Wimmer (1997, Translation 2002) I first heard of the Enigma 23 from William S. Burroughs, author of The Naked Lunch, Nova Express, etc. According to Burroughs, he knew a certain Captain Clark, around 1960 in Tangier, who once split that he was navigating the 23-year-old without an accident. The following day, Clark's boat had an accident that killed him and everyone else aboard. In addition, while Burroughs thought about this crude example of the irony of the gods that evening, a bullet on the radio announced the crash of a plane in Florida, USA. The pilot was another Captain Clark and the flight was Flight 23. External links [editor] Wikimedia have an article about: William S. Burroughs Wikipedia has an article about: City of Wikimedia Wikimedia Common has media related: William S. Burroughs RealityStudio.org – A Burroughs community featuring a moderate forum, text burroughs, exclusive interviews, news, and more. William S. Burroughs - A French website dedicated to William S. Burroughs featuring news, text burroughs and summons, a gallery and more. Blink - A movie (2000) based on Joan Burroughs's life leading up to her death. William S. Burroughs of Literal Kicks Interzone.org linked to websites linked to William Burroughs and Brion Gysin. William S. Burroughs Internet Database Master Musicians of JououkaPhotos Gysin'56, Burroughs 50s, Hamri 50s, 71, Master of Jououka, Paintings Hamri\ West Lands Link to 1973 Oui article by William Burroughs on visiting Jououka and Ornette Coleman, Hamri, Brion Gysin and Robert Palmer Brion Gysin, Tangier beat generations, Joe Ambrose, Joujouka Redacteurs d'Inter Other Leaders Archives: William Burroughs Press Conference at the Berkeley Museum of Art on November 12, 1974 audio streaming. Naropa Audio Archives: William S. Burroughs Class on the Technology and Ethics of Wish (June twenty fifth, 1986) Streaming audio with 64 kbi/s MP3 ZIPPER files. Naropa Audio Archives: William S. Burroughs Lecture on Public Discourse. (August 31, 1980) Streaming audio with 64 kbi/s MP3 ZIP files. Creation of Interzone Creation inspired by Burroughs & Gysin's work. The death of Joan Vollmer Burroughs Research by James W. Grauerholz regarding the shooting of Joan Drafted Joan Burroughs at bat in Kansas. Essay on Junky by Will Self. Articles on Counterculture and Burroughs by Jonathan Leyser Zed TV: Ah Pook is here Animated film by Philip Hunt, inspired by Burroughs' text. Studio AKA: Ah Pook is here extracted from films hosted by Philip Hunt. Language is an Online Cut-Up Machine virus, the writing technique off 1984 and 1985 audio interview of William Burroughs by Don Swaim of CBS Radio, RealAudio Blue Neoney – William S. Burroughs directory Ubuweb art website has MP3s cleared of recording many Burroughs, as well as online videos of The Cut Ups Short Film and other Official Works Official Site of Underwires – French inspired by work William S. Burroughs. John Gilmore on William S. Burroughs Burrroughs Book of Cover a Selection of Cover worldwide by William S. Burroughs Pictorial Map in the East Village – Featuring William Burroughs and other illuminating Kathy Acker interviews William S. Burroughs in the October Gallery, London (1988) Part 1 Part 2 - Part 3 3

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