



Preface

Ah Pook Is Here was originally planned as a picture book modeled on the surviving Mayan codices. Malcolm McNeill was to do the illustrations, and I was to provide the text. Over the years of our collaboration there were a number of changes in the text, and Malcolm McNeill produced more than a hundred pages of artwork. However, owing partly to the expense of full-color reproduction, and because the book falls into neither the category of the conventional illustrated book nor that of a comic publication, there have been difficulties with the arrangements for the complete work - which calls for about a hundred pages of artwork with text (thirty in full-color) and about fifty pages of text alone.

The book is in fact unique. Some pages are entirely text, some entirely pictorial, and some mixed. Finally Malcolm McNeill and I have decided to publish the text without the artwork, still in hopes of seeing the eventual publication of this work that has been eight years in preparation.

William S. Burroughs 27 April 1978

Foreword

The Mayan codices are undoubtedly books of the dead; that is to say, directions for time travel. If you see reincarnation as a fact then the question arises: how does one orient oneself with regard to future lives? Consider death as a dangerous journey in which all past mistakes will count against you. If you are not orienting yourself on sound factual data, you will not arrive at your destination or in some cases you may arrive in fragments. What basic principles can be set forth? Perhaps the most important is relaxed alertness, and this is the point of the martial arts and other systems of spiritual training - to inculcate a psychic and physical stance of alert passivity and focused attention. Suspicion, fear, self-assertion, rigid preconceptions of right and wrong, shrinking and flinching from what may seem monstrous in human terms - such attitudes of mind and body are disastrous. See yourself as the pilot of an elaborate spacecraft in unfamiliar territory. If you freeze, tense up, refuse to look at what is in front of you, you will crack up the ship. On the other hand, credulity and uncritical receptivity are almost as dangerous.

Your death is an organism which you yourself create. If you fear it or prostrate yourself before it, the organism becomes your master. Death is also a protean organism that never repeats itself word for word. It must always present the face of surprised recognition. For this reason I consider the Egyptian and Tibetan books of the dead, with their emphasis on ritual and knowing the right words, totally inadequate. There are no right words. Death is a forced landing, in many cases a parachute jump. The motor sputters ominously. Look around for a place to land. The landscape is deceptive. What appears from the air as a smooth field may turn out to be quicksand or swamp mud. Conversely, a mountainous area may contain a hidden valley or a smooth plateau. Focus attention. Look with your whole body. Pick your spot and land in the *Blackout*.

Death must bring a measure of forgetfulness. Consider the Mayans, cut off in a small area; too much knowledge of death could remove the essential ingredient of oblivion. Death is always regression, a moving backwards to infancy and conception. So why stop there? They had to keep moving further and further back. Otherwise death would be remembered, and death remembered ceases to be operative. Finally they moved back four hundred million years. Who or what was there that long ago? Obviously, such time spans have no meaning in terms of actuality. However, in terms of remembered time, such calculations show how far they had gone in the direction of remembering death. Consider the social structure: a small percentage of priests who could read the books and make calculations on the calendar, and a large percentage of illiterate workers. The workers must have served as a reservoir into which the priests could reincarnate themselves and re-emerge into the priest caste, identified by certain signs after the Tibetan system.

Time has no meaning without death. Death uses time. This is a cumulative process so that time is used up faster and faster. There is an exact parallel here with

inflation, since money buys time. So it takes more and more to buy less and less. How did the Mayans react to this impasse? By back-dating time. Like this: the dollar is worth, say, one-fifth of what it was worth fifty years ago. So we back-date money fifty years. Then a hundred years, and so forth, moving backwards in time. Eventually we come to a point where there was no money so we are back-dating the concept of money - concept of time.

The workers could not read the books and undoubtedly they were prevented from learning. Had they been able to read the books they would have learned to remember, to familiarize themselves with death and identify with death. This would have conveyed immunity. Death is a virus and the Mayan books are a vaccine. Death is represented in the codices by one spot of decay through a series of shadings to skeleton figures. In short this is gradient exposure. Also familiarity with death and consequent immunity is conveyed by actual copulation. A glyph depicts the Moon Goddess copulating with a death figure, and we may assume that the books destroyed by Bishop Landa contained many such scenes.

Time is that which ends. Time is *limited time* experienced by a sentient creature. Sentient of time, that is - making adjustments to time in terms of what Korzybski calls neuromuscular intention behaviour with respect to the environment as a whole ... A plant turns towards the sun, nocturnal animal stirs at sun set ... shit, piss, move, eat, fuck, die.

Why does Control need humans?

Control needs time. Control needs human time. Control needs your shit piss pain orgasm death. So what does Control intend to do with this commodity that will be so smart? Like the Mayan priests they intend to use human time to make more time.

If time is that which is experienced by a sentient being, then death for that being is the end of time. And with death as zero, checks for any amount of time can be written by adding zeros. Even if there is some memory of past lives, the being has no way of knowing if he has been dead four seconds or 400 million years. These checks would seem to be overdrafts in that they are back-dated to a time when the checks the bank and the depositors did not exist. They bear however the signature of death, which is interruption of sentience.

I have spoken of the transitional forms of death and the identification of the death organism with the dying. This identification may take the form of actual copulation with death. Death, who can take either male or female form, fucks the young Corn God and the Corn God ejaculates 400 million years of corn from seed to harvest and back. This operation requires actual corn and an actual human body to represent the young Corn God. This then is an *endorsed* check signed by the young Corn God. Once he has signed the check any number of zeros can be added. The Mayan time bank operated on these endorsed checks. Death is accepted by the dying.

Now consider present time and the proliferation of *unendorsed* checks ... air and car crashes, wars, fires, accidents, random deaths. These checks are good only for the *actual time covered*. A hundred thousand deaths may buy a million years, but there is always more and more human stock to consume time. The present-time impasse is less and less qualitative time for more and more people. Finally no qualitative experience, just random time computed on a purely quantitative basis. Ultimately time will be exhausted.

The Mayan system is the exact opposite. Less and less people for more and more precise written time. One system leads to an excess of mortals and a shortage of Gods;

the other to an excess of Gods and a shortage of mortals. In either case, to a dead end. In the case of the present system the cycle of increased population, increased pollution, less and less to feed more and more, is now apparent. So attempts are made towards restoration of qualitative experience: meditation, communes, ecology, bio-feedback, est, encounter groups, magic - in short, transcendence. This is patchwork after the fact. The damage is already done, and the deadly formula of proliferation is already irreversible. These measures, even if successful would then lead to the Mayan impasse.

And what measure could the Mayans have taken? They could have expanded, colonized, increased population to ensure human reservoirs. This then would lead to the present impasse. Also, they were becoming less and less able to expand, just as the present system with its proliferation of a low-grade human product becoming less and less able to assimilate anything else. Consider the possibility of Mayan endorsed checks erupting in Present Time. This could lead to virgin soil epidemics, reducing the population to Mayan proportions, and finally to the Mayan impasse. Similarly, the dumping of unendorsed checks onto the Mayan market would lead to the expansion and proliferation of population and the present impasse.

Time is that which ends. The only way out of time is into space. Why did the Mayan priests need human bodies and human time? Wait. They needed these bodies and this time as a landing field and as a launching pad into space. They required actual corn and a human Corn God.

William S. Burroughs 20 September 1975



HIROSHIMA ... 1945 ... AUGUST 6 ... 23 SECONDS
BEFORE 8 A.M.

Boy opens sex magazine ...
Young Japanese couple fucking to count down ...
Two boys jacking off to count down ...
23WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE ...

A BLINDING FLASH OF WHITE.

I put the following questions to CONTROL:

Question: Bombing incident after sexual virus?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Was it to obtain such an incident that the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Who really gave that order?

Answer: CONTROL.

The Ugly American ... The instrument of CONTROL ...

You see, I was building up an identikit picture of the man ... probably a Mayan scholar ... certainly rich ... obviously obsessed with immortality ... Perhaps a Rosetta Stone exists. Perhaps some of the codices survived the book burnings of Bishop Landa. Could this man have discovered those books and learned the secrets of the Mayan

Control Calendar? The secrets of fear and death? And is this terrible knowledge even now computerized and vested in the hands of far-sighted Americans in the State Department and the CIA?

"Put that joker DEATH on the line. Take care of Mao and his gang of cutthroats. "

I decided to call him John Stanley Hart.

Even as a child the thought that his being could ever STOP gave him a terrible feeling and filled him with a grim unchildlike resolve.

"*I will live forever*" he decides. Across the room the new servant drops a vase of flowers on the floor. He stands there and watches her clean it up. A pale fishy child cold as ice - few are at ease in his presence. He already has the power to make things jump out of other hands. As he grows, the power to make fear grows with him and the fear of others covers him like a heavy gray cloak.

Here he is at Harvard. He despises the other students. They are human animals and they will die. He dedicates himself to immortal studies. The Egyptians were also obsessed with immortality. Perhaps they found something out. He studies the Egyptian hieroglyphs and reflects that a way must once have existed to revive the rich mummies in immortal forms. Rather like going in deep freeze, which he has of course considered. Suddenly a picture flashes in front of his eyes ... In a forgotten crypt the last papyrus with the revival formula crumbles to dust. The suffocating horror of that blind alley closes around his heart like ice.

"*Dead forever*" he groans. "*Oh God, think of it - me in deep freeze and nobody to thaw me out ...* "

He collapses sobbing and whimpering in abject terror. But young Hart comes of good stock. He pulls himself together. He will avoid these deadly snares. He will learn the secrets of his predecessors and profit by their errors.

He turns now to Mayan studies. He is looking at a copy of the Dresden Codex. He glimpses the death formula. Across the table a gawky youth drops his glasses on the floor. One lens is broken.

With his first and last friend, Clinch Smith, Hart organizes an expedition to find the lost Mayan books and gain the secrets of fear and death.

Ruined temple in a jungle clearing. Stelae and bas-reliefs on walls have been defaced by the death symbol crudely chiselled across stone faces and dates. In the ruins of what had been the inner room of the temple, Hart and Clinch Smith have lifted a stone and found the books with a skeleton curled around them in fetal position. The skeleton turns to dust as the books are removed. Cut to evening shadows in the clearing indicating lapse of time during which Clinch and Hart have had time to study the books ...

Clinch Smith stands there all square-jawed and noble: "Perhaps this will show a way beyond death ... open a new frontier for adventurous youth ... It belongs to humanity, John."

"Don't be a fool, Clinch. With this knowledge we can rule the planet."

"*They* didn't do so well, John." Clinch gestures to the defaced stelae.

Hart: "They made a mistake." He shoots Clinch three times in the stomach. The smoking gun still in his hand, he looks around.

"How did this happen?"

Ghost voice of Clinch Smith: "Death asked to be paid in kind, John."

Hart arrives at police post with Clinch Smith draped over the Saddle of his horse.

Cop: "Un venado Commandante." (A deer. This expression for someone who has been killed is peculiar to rural Mexico where the deceased is usually brought into a police post draped over a horse like a deer.)

Hart: "... Mi amigo ... asesinado para bandidos ... "

Commandante spreads out pictures on the desk. Hart picks out three of the youngest bandits ...

Ah Pook: "And show some respect ... "

Seed God: "There's a lady in here ... "

STOP ... LOS ALAMOS ... U.S. MILITARY RESERVATION AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

Young Corn God: "Take off the hat gringo ... "

Ah Pook: "And show some respect ... "

Baby Corn God: "There's a baby in here ... "

Mr. Hart: "They died bravely ... "

Commandante: "It is their trade senior ... "

Train whistle ... train in lunar landscape of Northern Mexico ... cut to Mr. Hart's private car, books spread out on a table He is reading the books laboriously from a Spanish key. Here is the young Corn God turning into DEATH ... " When I become *death* ... *death* is the seed from which I grow ... "

Now this dying to produce oneself sounds awfully hit-and-miss to canny young Hart. Obsessed by his desire for immortality, he does not grasp the full significance of this simple survival formula nor the seeds of disaster it contains. Mr. Hart certainly does not think of himself as a Christian, yet all his thinking is formed by Western Christianity. He thinks in either/or, that is, one-God terms. He is looking for *the* secrets of fear and death. "Must be one thing or the other" he tells himself, it's all very simple — the priests became DEATH and therefore they could not die ... Can't leave any loose ends trailing about, though."

At dawn death came to the hut ... The youth tried to face him and hurl a magic

object ... He almost succeeded for *death* was old and tired ... " The weakness of *death* in this passage alarms him. Perhaps the priests postulating all those millions of years in which they had existed killed themselves with old age? Mr. Hart is not really an intelligent man. He does not at this point even guess the real reason for these expeditions into remote pastime. The priests made calculations on their calendar dating back 400,000,000 years. Why?

Mr. Hart will find out in time. He will find out that death needs time. Death needs time like a junkie needs junk. And what does death need time for? The answer is soooo simple. Death needs time for what it kills to grow in, for Ah Pook's sweet sake, you stupid, vulgar, greedy ugly American death sucker. Like this! Death walks out in the field and kills the young Corn God. Young Corn God becomes a death seed from which another young Corn God will grow - birth and death in all its rich variety of an old outhouse. However, there is always more death than growth, even in the simplest terms of soil exhaustion. Corn is a very exhausting crop. Apparently the Mayans were ignorant of crop rotation, and in any case had no domestic animals to eat a cover crop and shit it back in fertilizer. Consequently, soil exhaustion was a problem and after the soil in the immediate vicinity of a city was exhausted, they had to travel further and further to find fertile fields, spending more and more time in transit to and from. Now every time you kill the young Corn God life goes out of him. The seed grows slower ... the seed loses vitality. The Corn God looks like a soulless zombie. And finally the seed does not grow. No time for death. So death has to travel.

Death takes the young Corn God back to a time when he hadn't been hit so often he is punch-drunk, back to his youth - back back back ... clickety clickety clack ... back to the Garden of Eden. Sure, death will burn that down too. The Mayan priests made these expeditions into past time because they had burned down present time. Mayan scholars have wondered why they did not make calculations into future time; they were overdrawn. Checks bounced. Nothing and nobody there.

Now this did not happen right away. You don't get hooked on the first shot, and even when you are hooked you can control it for a while maybe, stay on the same dose ... but fix yourself on a junkie on heroin for several thousand years. Control that habit? So he goes back to the time when his habit was manageable, and when it gets out of hand there he goes further back-back-back. Look at the Mayan pantheon and the calendar and you will see that the Mayans, as experienced vampires and time junkies, were keenly aware of this impasse and took what precautions they could to avoid it by balancing the Gods of death and life, not as Mr. Hart's accounts are balanced on an either/or basis, but through a series of transitional shadings.

Death appears also as a culture hero showing a way beyond death, and this was the aspect of death that appeared to the idealistic Clinch Smith ...

The sea chest of the dead man is in the consulate and the vice consul breaks the news to mother.

Ma Smith knows who killed her son. So does Clinch's young brother. Look at any power figure and you can see what orders he will give ... Roehm's death in Hitler's eyes ... The entire Smith clan must be eliminated ...

"No boasting like a fool, this deed I'll do before this purpose cool." He must

silence the voice of Clinch Smith forever. The entire Smith clan must be wiped out ...

Flash of Mrs. Smith dead in car wreck ... Young Guy Smith flees to South America.

"We have scotched the snake not killed it ... "

Young Guy Smith joins Audrey Carsons in a remote finca in the Andes.

Audrey Carsons: Eerie ghostly rotten vulnerable reckless he possesses at the same time the cold intelligence of Mr. Hart. He is Hart's alter ego and nemesis.

Guy Smith: He is the buck-toothed Mayan Death God before the face was broken and twisted by altered pressure, features wrenched out of focus, body emaciated by distant hungers. A face where time has never written.

Old Sarge: Has the close-cropped iron-gray hair and ruddy complexion of the regular army man. There is also a suggestion of the Polar Star God in his appearance.

In the transitional forms of Death, Death to some extent identifies with the man he kills and *shares* his death. So shared Death loses its absolute character. Death shows himself to the dying. All this seems very subversive to Mr. Hart, who never identifies with his victims. To do so would put him in danger of becoming a victim himself. Yet at some point death must take this risk. He must become a mortal and die in order to be reborn. Mr. Hart wants to *be* death but he will not *know* death. Death will not serve a stranger who cannot prove his title, a gringo who fears the very word and sets up a house rule that the word 'Death' may not be pronounced in his presence. Hart cannot *read* the Mayan books. He is reading them as one who reads Moby Dick to find out about whaling and to hell with Ahab, White Whales, Quequod and Ishmael ... What is written there long dormant is now a virulent strain of virus waiting to escape, to leap from the pages and infect millions of human hosts, not with Mr. Hart's greedy Bible-belt 19th-century capitalistic message, but with their own messages, cruel, tender, ambiguous, shameless, slimy, virginal, capricious, immeasurably old and ravenously young ... Mr. Hart, who would be Death, does not know to whom he is aspeak.

Rainbow Valley in the Bolivian Andes. Young Guy Smith and his friend Audrey Carsons are studying in the Death Academy under experienced instructors. They are learning to fly on the wings of death. They are learning what Mr. Hart is afraid to know, taking the risks he is afraid to take.

Two bandits stand against wall ... "When the bullets hit, muchachos, it is like sucking for breath that does not come. Do not brace yourself and stick out the chest. *Spread* yourself against the wall and relax the shoulders ... "

Old Sarge: "Now a firing squad is something you expect and prepare yourself for ... How about unexpected bullets? Casualty figures we call them in the army ... "

Audrey and Guy move into a bombed-out village, taking cover ... Viet Cong? Americans? Germans? They are soldiers in battle. A shot — Audrey falls. Guy whirls and gets the sniper in a window. He drags Audrey behind a wall. One look at Audrey's face is enough. You can't mistake that gray shadow spreading up the face as the gray lips move.

"I thought I heard another shot close by ... "

Death is very close now and Guy can smell it. It's a gray smell that stops the heart and cuts off the breath. Smell of the empty body. Smell of field hospitals and gangrene. A smell you could see in Audrey's face *before* the bullet hit ...

Ernest Hemingway could smell it on others. Here he is in a jeep with General Lanham, known as Bucky to his friends, and Ernie was a real general lover. It's worse than being a cop lover.

"Have to relieve that man" says Bucky.

"Bucky," says Ernie, "You won't have to relieve him. He won't make it. He stinks of death. "

When the jeep reached Regimental Command Post, it was stopped by Lieutenant Colonel John Ruggles.

"General ... " said Ruggles saluting. "The Major has just been killed. Who takes the First Battalion?"

Question: What is the presence here that Ernest could smell? Answer: The presence of death. Death is an organism with many disguises and many smells. Here it is gray. A gray being whose face is not clear.

Question: He is killing you?

Answer: Not by any any action beyond his presence ... His presence has released a gas ... It's a dull smell ... dull and faintly metallic ... a taste too ... a *gray* dead taste in the mouth ... I can't breathe in this smell ...

The train stops in a desert ghost town ... empty station ... water tower. Mt. Hart glances out the window. The gray Vulture God leans against a wall one knee out, his face shaded by a sombrero. Mr. Hart begins to cough and covers his face with a handkerchief.

The train starts. Mr. Hart recovers and resumes his study of the Mayan books as the scenery outside abruptly changes and the train winds through a river valley of meadows, fields and trees.

Like the Egyptian and Tibetan books of the dead, the Mayan books chart the area after death and the ambiguous no man's land between death and rebirth. The Tibetan and Egyptian books stress formalized ritual; if you say the right things to the right Gods everything will be all right. The Mayans on the other hand mapped an admittedly dangerous and largely unexplored area where prayers and mantras and name- dropping may not serve your cause this evening.

"I happen to be a good friend of Osiris if that name means anything to you. "

The Death Cop slaps him back and forth across the face.
"Any son of a bitch tries to scare me with the people he knows ... "
"I want the American Consul ... Consul Americano ... "
Death as a Mexican cop smiles through the bars.
"No sabe Merican Consul, Meester ... "

Itzamna, Spirit of Early Mists and Showers ... Ix Tab, Goddess of Ropes and Snares ... Ix Chel, the Spider Web That Catches the Dew of Morning ... Zuhuy Kak, Virgin Fire, Patroness of Infants ... Ah Dziz, the Master of Cold ... Kak U Pacat, Who Works in Fire ... Ix Tub Tun, She Who Spits Out Precious Stones ... Hex Chun Chan, the Dangerous One ... Ah Pook, The Destroyer. Look at these poisonous color maps where flesh trees grow from human sacrifices; listen to these sniggering half-heard words of tenderness and doom from lips spotted with decay ... Death pees with decayed fingers ... the youth with erection kneels in a dog's soul, caught in her ropes and snares to be reborn as a dog ... the gray dog in rotten flesh leans against the wall, erogenous sores cover his face ... a hand ... slow decayed fingers ... hideous crab and centipede Gods surface from black seas of lightless time ... in rotten flesh gardens languid boys with black smiles scratch erogenous sores ... diseased, putrid, sweet, their naked bodies steam off a sepia haze of choking vapors. Mr. Hart coughs violently and covers his face with a handkerchief. The Polar Star God as a pullman porter knocks on the door of Mr. Hart s drawing room.

Mr. Hart: "Yes? What is it?"

Porter: "Your tea sir. You ordered it for five o'clock sir ... "

Mr. Hart mutters to himself ... "Five o'clock? It couldn't be later than three ... "He looks at his watch and finds out it is five o' clock. He calls to the porter: "All right" and opens the door, covering the books with a napkin. The porter sets out tea, pours a cup for Mr. Hart and retires. Mr. Hart looks out the window.

The train is stopped on the outskirts of a red brick river town. A travelling carnival has been set up. In a booth directly in front of the train window the Vulture God stands in front of a youth in a dog mask. The youth kneels with an erection. The Vulture God sniggers, covers his mouth looking sideways at Mr. Hart, imitating Mr. Hart coughing. The youth is spattered with decay in the next booth ... the dog mask ,ashed into his face ... Next booth he is naked. His head is shaved and a tuft of hair sprouts from the crown. His face had been beautiful at some other time and place, now broken and twisted by altered pressures, the teeth stick out at angles, features wrenched out of focus, body emaciated by distant hungers. The skin is white as paper, hairs black and shiny stir on his skinny legs as he fucks a black woman in a kneeling position, his body giving off a dry musty smell. And they are both humming a frequency that sets a spoon rattling in the saucer.

The booths rotate in front of Mr. Hart's window ... An aquarium booth which contains a mermaid with a snake-bird growing from the top of her head. She slides out of the aquarium through a transparent side which is made of some gelatinous material that gives and then closes as she slides through. She leaves her breasts behind and emerges as a male twin on the other side of the membrane. She steps back through the membrane and turns back into a woman. She raises her hands i in a helpless gesture. A spectator leaps

over the top of the aquarium and plunges into her medium where he turns into her male twin. the two twins turn bright red with pleasure and twist in a rainbow copulations.

The flesh tree is encrusted with the bones of human sacrifices ... An Old God with crab claws for hands drains the sap into a stone jar with a wood tube. A force field like heat waves from his hands moulds the sap into a little man with a huge phallus ... Woman gives birth to a baby with crab claws and eyes on stalks ... Iguana and salamander babies ... Does Mr. Hart see all this? Perhaps not. He pulls down the shade. The train starts. As he resumes his study of the books many of the frames are empty.

When he gets back to New York there is not much left in his books but fear and death. He intends to occupy the space of Hunab Ku in the Mayan pantheon. Hunab Ku The One Divine ... Of him no statue or picture was made, for he was incorporeal and invisible ... He was in short the operator of the control machine and in consequence did not include himself as data ... However, having reprogrammed the machine to eliminate the troublesome 'good' Gods and those of ambiguous allegiance, Mr. Hart will soon encounter an acute time shortage. DEATH now freed from all control will use up all the TIME. And any control machine needs time ...

Question: If Control's control is absolute why does Control need to control?

Answer: Control needs time.

Exactly *control needs time in which to exercise control just as DEATH needs time in which to kill*. If DEATH killed everyone at birth or control installed electrodes in their brains at birth there would be no time left in which to kill or control.

Question: Is Control controlled by its need to control?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Why does Control need 'Humans' as you call them? (Your knowledge of the local dialects leaves literacy to be desired.)

Answer: Wait.

Wait. Time. A landing field. The Mayans understood this very well. Mr. Hart does not. He thinks in terms of losers and winners. He will be a winner. He will take it all. So he sets out to do just that. He will eliminate all unpredictable factors. He will set up the American Non Dream ... Let us look at some of the milestones in Mr. Hart's anti-dream plan ...

The Oriental Exclusion Acts: The equanimity of the Chinese is of course due to their language which allows for periods of silence and undirected thought, quite intolerable to Mr. Hart who must program all thought. And Mr. Hart has a bitter grudge against the Chinese involving one of the few personal humiliations of his life. Mr. Hart had taken two friends to a Chinese restaurant in New York's China Town. Mr. Hart is among other things an accomplished linguist and he has learned Chinese. After dinner he decides to demonstrate his linguistic skill and approaches an old Chinese who is sitting over a pot of tea reading his Chinese newspaper. Hart says in impeccable Mandarin

Chinese ...

"The orange blossoms are blooming along the Yangtse River my friend and you are far from home ... "

The old Chinese looked up at him and said ... "You goon you son of a bitch ... "

And after dinner on Canal Street a strange buck toothed Chinese boy in filthy white shorts sitting on a shoe shine box in a doorway looked at him with an evil knowing smile ...

"Shine Mister?"

Mr. Hart threw him a cold look and the boy made a jack off gesture ... Intolerable to think there were 500,000,000 potential terminals for such insolence. The Oriental Exclusion Acts blocked a dangerous influx and laid the way for future conflicts ... His program calls for a series of such conflicts to point up the need for a continual escalation of control measures ...

Income Tax Laws: These laws in fact close the door to extreme wealth and insure that no one acquires wealth who might use it to subvert the interests of wealth and monopoly: the interests of Mr. Hart.

Passport and Customs Control: The basic formula on which Hart's control machine rests is unilateral communication. Everyone must be forced to receive communications from the control machine. It will readily be seen that any control measure expands the range of enforced communication.

The Harrison Narcotics Act: Creating thousands and finally millions of criminals by act of Congress extends police power and personnel and makes enemies of the control machine criminals by definition ... Mr. Hart is building up his control machine. He knows that DEATH is the picture of Death. Of your death. This is proved by the fact that there is somebody there to take the picture. Show someone the picture of his death and you kill him. Fear is the pictures of your fear. Show someone a picture of himself in a state of fear and you put him in a state of fear ...

Mr. Hart will burn fear down. He will use fear until it no longer produces the desired effect.

Lunar landscape ... Mr. Hart is surrounded by dogs looking at him with a peculiar snarling smile. Mr. Hart holds a whip of magnetic force fields dotted with clusters of light. He whips at the dogs and the whip stretches out lashing them with hot points of light.

"Back back back ... "

The dogs snarl and wince and keep coming. His whip doesn't scare them any more.

In a bombed out village, young Guy kneels besides Audrey looking at the gray dying face.

Question: Could Guy do anything for you?

Answer: He could be there that's all. Whoever is there is your helper on this one.

Question: But surely dreadful things could happen ... An old whiskey priest darts out of the jungle ... Or even worse Audrey's whore who has followed him up to the front lines knifes Guy from behind and throws himself on Audie with a thump that knocks out his last breath ???

Answer: As Hemingway said "It is very dangerous to be a man and few survive it." It is the job of a helper to *be there*.

Old Sarge beats the chaplain out by a split second.

A Mexican kid kneels with a cup of water quicker than a whiskey priest can stagger.

The fat ambulance attendant stands between her and the stretcher just so long and long enough.

Question. Audrey, you have also been electrocuted. What characterizes this form of death?

Answer: The helpers are very important on this one. They usually appear in a dream. There are three of them, little men in dark suits and gray felt hats, cold gray underworld eyes alert, unbluffed, unreadable in the yellow putty big city faces.

"It's like this, kid ... " He hunches his back and shoots up to the ceiling in a smell of burning flesh and ozone ... " All hunched over ... ride it out ... *Hunch* it out when it hits ... right up here kid ... We'll take over when it hits ... Gimp there can keep his hat on ... We know this run ... "

Question: Who are these helpers?

Answer. Those spirits who have survived electrocution.

At first Audrey and Guy are the only students ... Soon others come in from battlefields, plane crashes, car accidents, knife fights, OD's.

All over the world, Hart's editors bellow: "*Go out and get the pictures. The ugly pictures. If you can't find them make them. And if you can't make ugly pictures, you're just ugly enough for this job.*"

Man has jumped from a second story window to escape fire. Impaled on on iron picket fence writing there groaning from his ruptured guts. A fat American co[chews gum and watches impassively. The photographer is busy with light meters ...

"Pull his head will you Mike. I want a shot of the face before the medics get there with morphine."

The cop reaches out and grabs the man brutally by the hair and jerks his head back.

They slip through some rigs of course but Hart's photographers are well equipped to cover the real thing. Photographers are escorted by flying wedge commando units. They can cut right to the heart of a riot-torn city and get *the pictures* ... Noon market Near East backdrop ... Here is a foreign correspondent skinned alive and rolled in broken Coca Cola bottles. Rather like modern art, the end result - you know those artists who cover themselves with paint then roll around on a canvas and throw some colored plastics at it. The editor thought it was a rig at first. Good reaction faces in the crowd.

Mr. Hart sets out to be death. He learns to kill through his newspapers. He teaches his editors and newspaper owners the trick as they crawl up his ladder to where they well deserve to be.

"Now you just move this tenement fire over here and burn some more Niggers." Chuckling over roasted babies, car accidents, explosions like a Southern lawman feeling his nigger notches.

Now these news pictures, no matter how horrible, soon wear out. They wear out because they are shown and people get used to them. Remember the Mayan books were never shown to the workers and they could not have read them in any case. Mr. Hart speaks in a cold hissing snake language into the instrument panel and the order goes out: *Go out and get those pictures. And especially the ones we can't print. If we can print them we don't want them.*

Now I will show you exactly what Mr. Hart does with the pictures too horrible to print. He reconstructs the horrible event in exact detail.

Here's one ... A South American general has captured his wife's lover, a young Air Force lieutenant. His faithful retainers hold the lover and he cuts the lover's prick off ... "The guy kicked and kicked" ... Get his face. Get the general's face.

Mr. Hart has a keen sense of humor. It amuses him to switch these pictures on when some business rival is trying to make time with a chick.

Mr. Hart has *all the pictures*: torture, disgusting sex pictures, madness, humiliation ... Now to show how he uses these pictures to take care of anyone who gets in his way, how he can draw the pictures and the words onto *you*.

Here is Mr. Percy Jones who is experimenting with speech scramblers and tape recorders. He has demonstrated that scrambled commands act on susceptible subjects like post-hypnotic suggestions. Mr. Hart has seen enough. Jones is giving away something Hart means to keep for himself. Speech scramblers came into use around 1882 thus antedating the first tape recorder by seven years. Mr. Hart experimented with early speech scramblers and designed his own models. The first model was a mike inside two interlocking cylinders so perforated that the speech was cut off and emerged in accordance with perforation patterns. When he heard the first recorder in 1899 it all licked into place: A way to be the VOICE inside the head of every human dog on this planet.

The first tape recorder was described as impractical and Hart saw that it stayed

that way. In secret laboratories he put his technicians to work perfecting the machine so when the tape recorder hit the open market in the 1940's after World War II he was years ahead with his private research. And his research had shown him the way to control the use of this machine and discourage any experiments with speech scramblers and tape recorder cut-ups. He monopolized discoveries in this way to give himself a comfortable lead before the discovery hit the open market. You remember the American doctor in 1899 who discovered that mold could cure infections? It amused Mr. Hart to lead a newspaper crusade against the unfortunate doctor who lost his license and died in poverty while Hart's technicians experimented with mold and isolated penicillin. This he kept for his own exclusive use. He liked to think about the millions of people who could be saved by the vials stacked in his vaults. It made him feel good to think about this.

Mr. Hart has to be inhuman because humans as he calls them are mortal. And Mr. Hart is addicted to immortality. He is addicted to an immortality predicated on the mortality of others: gooks, niggers, wogs, human dogs, stinking *humans* and feeling his own inhuman contempt for these apes affords him a mineral calm. He is addicted to a certain brain frequency, a little blue note - feels so good that feeling ... he cools to metal. This cool blue frequency results from making hands tremble and sweat, from feeling the dear meritorious poor wriggle and slobber under his feet, from making people ugly and grinding their faces in it, from knowing he can squash an editor like a bug and seeing his editor know it. He needs your pain your fear your piss your shit your human body that will die and keep him alive. Plenty more where that came from, he tells himself, and that feels so good, that feeling, he could just swim in it forever and ever.

But he needs more and more stinking humans for making stuff. And what's that wonderful stuff? Well it's just feeling safer and safer. And what he digs the safest is taking care of some human cur that threatens his gilt-edge fear stock. Blue note fixes him right, just swim in it forever. Frequency results from more and more of that wonderful hands shake and sweat from knowing he can squash out fear shit.

"You see the action B.J. This soul-searching tycoon with this uh dark side to his character."

Now for Mr. Jones.

Hart calls in the Whisperer. He can imitate any voice and make Jones whisper out the dirtiest sex words from ten feet away. He is gray anonymous and looks so much like a walking corpse that people don't look at him. They look at Jones instead. Jones goes to a newspaper stand where he has always been courteously received. The Whisperer is leafing through a magazine at the stand. The hatred that blazes in the clerk's face causes Jones to drop change all over the floor. Awkwardly he picks it up and asks for his paper in a shaking voice ... (The Whisperer is learning that voice) ... Silently the clerk hands him his change.

Jones goes into a restaurant and orders breakfast. He finishes and lights a cigarette. A burly man at the next table looks up.

"I'm trying to eat my breakfast if you don't mind ... "

"I don't know what you mean ... "

"You know what I mean right enough you were makings filthy noise ... "

The Whisperer sits in a corner.

Mr. Jones finally attacked a waiter who had ignored him for half an hour. He was badly beaten and taken to a hospital and committed to an institution for the insane.

There were many others who got in Mr. Hart's way like that. Here is someone who is advocating the use of Vitamin A for the common cold. He has found out that massive doses of Vitamin A - 200,000 units taken every six hours at the first symptom - will stop a cold or drastically moderate its course Mr. Hart has a vested interest in all viruses. He is busy with virus research. Viruses like the cold sore and the common cold can pave the way for a virus attack. This man is taken care of as Jones was taken care of. Then Mr. Hart diverts research into Vitamin C, which he knows is quite worthless for a cold.

There are others who advocate the use of apo-morphine for drug addiction and alcoholism. Mr. Hart has a vested interest in both conditions.

So they get the Jones treatment or a variation of it.

Mr. Hart turns his attention to virus as the prototype of hostile invasion. Something *inside* you. Something you cannot fight. How can the picture of a virus be drawn? Let us take a simple example, the cold sore virus herpes simplex. This virus has a crystalline hexagonal form and is fairly large. The artists make drawings of the actual virus particle as seen under an electron microscope. Photos of cold sores on different lips and colors also serve as models, and the faces of those with cold sores where you will see registered the itching, slightly erogenous awareness that is forced upon the subject - the constant awareness of the cold sore. A virus must always make you aware of its presence. Draw out that cold sore feeling and draw it in with other cold sores and cold sore faces in cold sore virus patterns. This basic cold sore image can then be cut in with fear images to produce a Hart cold sore ... Man with a cold sore on his lip. The ghost figure of Mr. Hart stands there feeding on the sore as the fear pictures hit and the man cowers like a frightened dog. Mr. Hart lights up with blue junk cold and blue as liquid air.

With other virus he employs the same procedure. A virus is a living picture that makes itself out of you.

Extensive experiments have been carried out on fruit flies showing the effects of radiation over many generations. None of the mutations resulting from radiation were biologically desirable, that is, tending to promote the survival of fruit flies. However, no experiments tracing the effects of radiation on the genetics of viruses have been made public. We can safely assume that such experiments have been carried out by the Biological and Chemical Warfare boys.

Exposing viruses to various forms of radiation is a cornerstone of the investigations carried out in Mr. Hart's private laboratories. He intends to create a super virus.

BOY SURVIVES RABIES: FIRST IN HISTORY

Lima, Ohio, Dec 21 (AP)

A six-year-old boy apparently has become the first person in medical history to survive a case of rabies ... Michael Winkler of Lima, Ohio ...

"*Kill that story*" Mr. Hart screams to his editors.

"Mr. Hart, it is too late. Your own communication machine is now uncontrollable."

You can't kill that story.

And here is another story he can't kill:

International Herald Tribune June 8, 1970

"Beginning of the End"

THE SYNTHETIC GENE REVOLUTION

Washington

We now face this fact: In a laboratory at 125 University Avenue, Madison Wisconsin, a 48-year-old chemist from India, Dr. Har Gobind Khorana, has made a gene.

"It is the beginning of the end." This was the immediate reaction to this news from the science attache at one of Washington's major embassies. If you can make genes, he explained, you can make new viruses for which there is no cure.

"Any little country with good bio-chemists could make such biological weapons. It would only take a small laboratory. If it can be done someone will do it ... Science fiction has a bad habit of coming true ... "

You see this hand-calling time, Mr. Hart? The whole virus principle is up for grabs. Any small country can do it. Any individual with a laboratory and bio-chemists can do it. So where is your monopoly Mr. Hart? It is broken by your own newspapers ... Mr. Hart decides that virus is an unworthy vessel. He turns his attention to electric brain stimulation - EBS.

Mr. Hart sits there wrapped in an orange flesh robe in a blue mist of vaporized bank notes. In order to enjoy this particular form of junk he must control others because this blue junk is made of fear and control. Mr. Hart has a burning down habit and he will burn down the planet. Because the more control you exercise the less time you have in which to exercise it ... See what I mean sure Eager Beaver Hart? Electric Brain Stimulation: just install your electrodes at birth and your control is now complete ... But the junk comes from exercising control, that is, from controlling somebody who *resists* or agrees to control. When all resistance is removed then what does Control control? Control needs time. Time in which to exert control. Now Mr. Hart has the world all sewed up at birth ... And where is his junk? ... The fear that falls from his eyes and displaces objects knocking plates out of hands, spilling change on the floor and the cool blue space he lives in, he doesn't need that any more. He wants to scare someone, just press a button. No trick to that. So where is your cool blue junk now? The cool feeling inside you when you see fear there in front of you? Fear of you. Mr. Hart, suffering is your refrigeration. When you carry control to its logical conclusion you eliminate suffering. You are no longer inspiring fear in others and breathing it back as junk. You can now start kicking your control habit because the walking dead are not going to give you any more charge than a tape recorder ... Yes the Mayans ran it into the ground too but they didn't do it as quick as you will or cut themselves off with a habit as hoggish as yours.

Scene shifts to the Mayan city where Clinch and Hart found the lost books ... The terrible centipede sickness hangs in the dead stagnant air over the huts and the temple and the stone streets. Soil exhaustion has turned the area that used to be cornfields around the city into a wilderness of grass and weeds. Without ploughs these fields cannot be used, so the workers must walk five miles to the fields further up the valley, and there are not many workers left. A time of famine and pestilence. A man runs out of a narrow side street and falls screaming as a heavy stone hits him in the middle of the back. His face is hideously diseased and spattered with red patches of insect flesh, and red insect hairs grow through suppurating sores. His pursuers, about ten in number, surround him and stone him to death. His broken body oozes white juice mixed with blood and larval claws. The hideous black reek of insect mutation hangs there in the hot damp air over the stone street ...

Three young men walk towards the group. Muttering sullenly, the crowd scuttles away into side streets ...

Cumhu: an iguana boy, smooth dry green skin and black eyes that seem to be all pupil where points of light glitter like opals. There is a concentration in his eyes and body that moves objects out of his way. Because he does not move inside, everything around him is moved by his presence. He carries a flint knife, a bow and quiver.

Ouab: the cat bird boy. He is Loki and Mercury. He carries a bolo.

Xolotl: a pink translucent salamander boy with enigmatic golden eyes. He moves in liquid zigzag spurts, his eyes probing ahead like search lights. He carries a little gold trident in his loin cloth with which he can deliver a paralyzing shock from electricity stored in his body.

The boys skirt the corpse gingerly and walk on through empty streets. Sullen red-rimmed eyes watch them from doorways. They leave the paved streets of the city and climb a steep trail. Here on the highlands a thousand feet over the city are a number of houses built by the priests and nobles to escape from the heat of the valley. These houses are deserted now and overgrown with vines ...

Xolotl takes the wand from his belt and follows it like a dowsing rod through the ruined courtyards. He stops in front of a doorway. Cumhu sniffs catching the rotten metallic smell of a Painless One. These are beings who feel neither pain nor pleasure, and more and more of them are being born owing to advanced techniques of artificial insemination. They are considered as criminals since they cannot be manipulated by the books which operate on pain and pleasure. They are worthless for purposes of sacrifice as well, and the priests have put out an order to kill them all. So they take to the jungle and the highlands, to banditry and illegal trades. In addition to their inborn inability to feel pain or pleasure, most of them are addicted to a drug which immunizes them still further from pain and pleasure and protects them against the centipede sickness.

Cumhu says, "We are friends ... We have come to buy Pilde ... We will pay in gold ... " A rustle from the dark room ... The Painless One stands in the doorway. He is a boy of twenty, completely hairless, flesh white and waxy, his eyes cold and dead as a Lesbian fish. A slight seismic tremor quivers through his flesh. He needs the Yellow Stuff. Cumhu holds a gold nugget in his hands and smiles ... The Yellow Drug is made

from gold by a process known only to the Painless Ones ... They also have the secret of preparing Pilde, the dream drug that gives the user power to travel in time. Traffic in this drug is illegal and in former times had been punished by Death in Centipede ... The offender was skinned alive and strapped into a segmented copper centipede which was then placed on a bed of red hot coals. However, the priests are no longer able to arrest offenders or invoke such penalties. More and more they keep themselves shut up in the temple, busy with their calculations, which are all out of control at this point, so that unseasonable weather has ruined the crops and the terrible plagues from the prehistoric swamps and the beginnings of life have been loosed on the populace through experimental time travel of the priests.

The bargain is made. The Painless One brings out a covered clay jug. Cumhu gives him the gold nugget and takes the jug ... The boys settle themselves in a ruined courtyard with a pool full of rain water. Here they take the Pilde, passing around a little cup of thin gold. Strange rotten metal smells drift from the doorway where the Painless One is preparing his medicine ... Cumhu lies back, his head cushioned on a stone yoke as the drug possesses his body, dissolving the flesh in clusters of violet light ...

He is standing on the ancient steps cut in red sandstone. At the top of the steps two phallic gate posts and a ruined wall. Beyond, a great red desert dotted with black boulders ... Now clusters of violet light rain down on the steps and burst with a musky ozone smell. He draws the smell deep into his lungs and steps through the gate posts. Silence hits him like a wall. He stops gasping. Now he picks up the spoor scent ... the phallic spoor smell ... it's a dry smell ... A smell of dry rectums and genitals, a snake smell in dry places ... No urine, no excrement in this smell and yet it is unmistakably a sex smell quivering in his spine as he moves forward feeling the dry desert air on his cheek warm and electric but cool around the edges as evening shadows fall ... The spoor smell is sharper now, red and musky ... quivering, alert, sniffing he moves forward and then suddenly dodges sideways as a red snake strikes from the shadow of a boulder - it is a Xiucutl. The bite causes death in erotic convulsions ... Before the snake can coil to strike again he crushes the venomous head with his heel, and there in the snake's dry nest is the egg. He holds the egg in his hand. It is heavy and starts to sink into his flesh. He leans against the boulder faint and dizzy, strange words in his brain that catch in his throat and carry him through strange scenes ...

"After that I tried several times to find the cottage but always missed the path and wound up by some other back porch. The houses were all boarded up. One day I walked out along the track before breakfast, mourning doves calling from the woods, and there was the path and I could see the cottage in the distance. It is early September and the summer people are leaving now.

"I hardly expect Audrey Carsons will be there. I cross the bridge over the little creek and there is the back gate creaking in dawn wind. The cottage is open and looks deserted. I push the door open and step inside ... smell of nothing and nobody there ... The furniture has been taken away. I go upstairs and stand by the window ... "

Sky, flowers, moss, picture under a railroad bridge, yellow hair in the wind standing at the window, whiffs of winter green leaves, little post card town, fading into the blue lake and sky ... points with his left hand ... the drawer stuck ... empty sky a

shower of stars long ago pale hands open the door boat whistling in the harbour ... pale
snake of stars across the sky the spoor smell over the water ...

Burning cities ... crowds running and screaming diseased faces ... Suddenly the
crowd sees him with the egg in his hand ... Snatching up stones and clubs they run
towards him screaming,

"FEVER EGG ... "

He throws the egg into the air above their heads. It bursts, spattering their faces
and arms with patches of red and orange that burn to the bone in puffs of nitrous vapor
like burning film ... They fall clawing and screaming in smouldering heaps ...

Wild youths with red gold and orange hair, their faces glowing with pimples, mill
around a closed shop shutter ...

"Open up you sons of bitches ... "

"Bring out your dirty pictures."

"We can smell them from here."

Cobble stones thud against the shutter. Clutching a Webley Bulldog, the
proprietor peers out fearfully. The kids are in an ugly mood. Must be sixty of them out
there and more keep coming - they are passing up axes and hammers from a looted
hardware store. He sneaks out through a back window as the crumpled broken shutters
give way and the boys spill in over broken glass and window displays.

"In the back room."

They are bringing out devices that look like pinball machines with a machine
gun ...

"Hey lookit this ... "

A boy switches the machine on and points it at another youth. As the machine
hums and the gun clicks the pimples burst all over the boy's face and his pants stick out at
the fly.

"Hey Jimmy cut that out ... You're giving me a hard on ... "

Other youths man the machine, spraying each other ...

"Terry for the Chrissakes ... "

"I'm coming off in my pants ... "

They carry the machines out on the sidewalk and cut loose on the crowd ...

The passers by begin to fidget and hitch their coats forward.

People are rubbing themselves...exposing themselves ...

"All right you there ... What are you doing there?"

"And here's yours constable."

People are tearing their clothes off, fucking in doorways, taxis, shops and on the
streets and sidewalks ... Police cars and cops and ambulance attendants are drawn into a
twister of frenzied flesh that heaves around the statue of Eros ...

Cumhu was laughing. It was evening now and he sat up and looked around.

The Painless One sits nodding listlessly in the doorway as blue evening shadows
fall across the ruined courtyard and the pool fills with rain water. Frogs are croaking. He
understands now about the Painless Ones. The drug is DEATH. They were born dead and

they need more and more of the drugs to stay dead. They are the souls of renegade junky priests addicted to time travel from pleasure and pain. DEATH kills in order to be reborn into pleasure and pain. But the more He kills the less pleasure and pain he can endure. Until finally he can endure none at all. In consequence what he kills is not being replaced. You see in order to replace life he must live it, that is, experience pleasure and pain, that is, identify with the host he will kill. When he ceases to identify with the host he is killing himself ...

Ixtab, spotted with decay, seduces the youth only to find that she is embracing a replica of herself. And both of them bull dykes. They look at each other in disgust. Ah Pook kills the young Corn God and Ah Pook stands there in a standoff, coming around the other way.

Cumhu confronts his father. The father is very old, his face ravaged with disease. The dead fibrous flesh is riddled with living parasites. White worms protrude from the corners of his eyes, squirming languidly ... He has insect hands that keep crawling around.

"The books my son the ancient books the sacred books ... "

"RX written by a junky croaker 400,000,000 years ago ... "

"You have been making illegal trips my son ... Indulging in extreme experience ... You will have to draw the thorns ... "

"Pull thorns through your own prick you old creep ... "

Without more words he draws a knife of rose flint with a crystal handle and kills his vile old father. He loads the books into a bag. On the way out two pot-bellied green guards bar his way and he kills them both with two arrows firing from the hip. The boys now have the books and they can travel in time While Mr. Hart is making all the mistakes in the book the boys are moving into present time position.

Yellow evening sky under a railroad bridge
shadows fall lake and sky
points with his left hand
snake strikes from the empty sky
pale the bite of this snake of stars
the spoor smell heavy in doorways
mourning doves calling in the distance
over the little creek the egg burst
spattering our smell of nothing
that burns to the bone
in puffs of
window
sky
flowers
moss
the spoor smell sharper
red musky hair in the wind
post card town fading into
the blue shadow of a boulder

across the ruined courtyard
(Le Comte emitted a sharp cold bray of laughter)

Two boys walk down a wide street between palm trees ... ruins of Palm Beach ... The boys wear white jock straps, white sneakers, and white belts and holsters - snub-nosed .38's with mother-of-pearl handles. One is Audrey Carsons, a blond boy standing in for the young Corn God. The other boy is the buck-toothed young Death God, Chinese Mexican Mayan I don't know Japanese person sometimes young old street boy face. He is the Dib, Anubis the Jackal God. The concrete is cracked here and there and weeds grow through. The street and sidewalks on both sides are littered with palm branches, houses deserted, lawns grown over, windows broken, frames pocked with salt. The only sound is the twittering of robins, thousands of robins on roofs balconies trees benches splashing in bird baths full of rain water and leaves.

A boy on a red bicycle flashes past them, makes a wide U-turn and stops beside them, one foot on the curb. He is naked except for a red jock strap, red leather belt, and flexible black shoes. At his belt is an 18-inch bowie knife with a rosewood handle. His flesh is red as terracotta, smooth poreless skin tight over the cheek bones, deep set black eyes and a casque of black hair. His ears, which stick out from his head, tremble and his eyes glisten as he looks at Audrey. Audrey now sees that his body is spattered with black spots of decay. He licks his lips and says one word in a language unknown to Audrey. The Dib nods matter-of-factly.

"This Jimmy the Shrew. He been on Gold Stuff. Going rotten kick leprosy need fuck for body back to base. He fuck you now ... "

Audrey turns aside taking off jock strap. Jimmy does same. The Dib sits down on bench and picks up yellow dusty newspaper ... NATIONAL EMERGENCY DECLARED ... Jimmy and Audrey putting on jock straps ... Jimmy is almost free of the black spots now. He gets on his bicycle and says a few words to the Dib.

"He say we come to bad place ... Need clothes ... Need money ... " Jimmy rides away and turns a corner disappearing in a blaze of hibiscus ...

The two boys walk on through the empty suburbs, heading north ... The houses are smaller and shabbier ... JANE'S MASSAGE PARLOR ... ROOMS TO LET ... Shops offices ... The robins are thinning out and the air is getting colder around the edges.

They turn a corner and a sharp wind spatters the Dib's body with goose pimples. He sniffs uneasily.

"Need clothes ... "

"Let's see what we can find in here ... "

They are standing in front of a menswear store, mannequins with knocked-down prices covered with dust like statues. The two boys go in and come out in a cloud of dust still dusting off their clothes as the Dib emerges in a blue serge suit looking like a 1920 prep school boy on vacation. Audrey wears a dark gray suit and gray fedora which give him a 1918 corner boy look ... The wind is cold, air thin in his throat ... coughing bent over he spits blood into a handkerchief. T.B. waiting at the next stop. A shabby gray man walks by carrying a parcel.

Fish smells and dead eyes in doorways, shabby quarters of forgotten city ... streets half buried in sand, smell of the sea ... he was beginning to remember the pawn shops,

cheap rooming houses, chili parlors ... An animal runs across the road in front of them. Is something between a porcupine and an opossum. The animal turns and shows its teeth in a doorway and a baby one sticks its head out of a stomach pouch and snarls too. The Dib points.

"When you see fucking Lulow that plenty bad place."

They walk on and go into LEE'S LUNCH ... The Polar Star God takes their order for chop suey and chili con carne. He sets the food on the table with two cups of coffee in chipped white mugs ... Audrey looks around ... small time thieves, three card monte gang, a few circus people, junkies, pushers, short cons ... Audrey finishes his chop suey and peels an orange. An old Chinese is reading a Chinese newspaper. Audrey bites into a section of orange and looks at him.

"The oranges are ripening against the Great Wall my friend and you are far from home ... "

Without looking up from his newspaper the old man says ... "Globe Hotel ... "

The Globe Hotel on a side street. The gray Vulture God behind the counter.

Audrey has another coughing fit ...

"Room?"

Spitting his question in blood ... The clerk does not answer. He hands them a key with a heavy brass tab GOLD HOTEL ... 218 North Fairbanks ...

Room 15 - typical 1920's cheap hotel room, tarnished mirror, brass bed stand, green blinds, cheap stained wood furniture ... Audrey slumps exhausted on the bed, a pillow behind his head, a trickle of blood at the corner of his mouth ...

"Gotta get out of here soon ... "

Knock at the door. Two young hoodlums: a Japanese, his face traced with phosphorescent scar tissue that glows in the dark room, eyes invisible behind violet tinted glasses ... A young black with a sincere untrustworthy face.

"You boys carrying gold?"

"That's right. Enough to fill a lot of teeth you might say ... "

The Dib takes a package out of the brief case. The package is wrapped in heavy silver foil. He opens it to reveal a yellow powder ...

The Japanese leans forward, sniffs and nods ...

"Need spoor eggs ... Need money ... "

"Got both ... " The Black lays out five thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills and two blue eggs about the size of robin's eggs ... The Dib picks up one of the eggs and holds it up to a light.

"I never seen them like this before ... "

"New issue ... "

"How long it take to act ... "

"About ten seconds ... "

"That can be too long ... "

"It can be. You boys want to pick up some quiet iron?"

"Yeah. And some old style Painless. From the flowers ... No synch ... "

The Black smiles ...

"For your friend is it? Now I just thought to bring some along ... " He holds up a brown bottle ... "Fifty halvies of MS. And works ... " He cooks up a shot and gives it to Audrey ... Audrey's pale face regains color. He sits up and smiles as he sees what the

Japanese boy is unwrapping: two Walther P-.38's with silencers and a box of fifty shells ... Audrey and the Dib strap on the silenced pistols. The two hoodlums are ready to leave.

"You boys better move out of here in about five minutes ... As soon as we get clear ... The alarm is already out from the barrier ... "

A Hippy pad sparsely and tastefully furnished ... rice bowls ... flower arrangements ... a live ghurka lizard ... erotic 18th century drawings on wall depicting the Garden of Eden ... beautiful Hippy couple with long blond hair preparing macrobiotic meal ...

Narcs break the door down with sledge hammers, crush the lizard underfoot, tear pictures off the wall, empty the flowers on the floor ... Moonlight ... a dank Grecian garden ... broken urns ... pools covered with green algae ... nightingales singing ... moonlight room where two delicate Lesbians are making love ... a flying fox flits in the window and hovers over them ...

The door shatters in a cloud of mace and tear gas as the narcs rush in with gas masks. The flying fox falls to the floor and is trampled underfoot ... The two Lesbians are stripped and handcuffed.

Audrey and the Dib in Mrs. Murphy's Rooming House, room 18 on the top floor ... room with rose wall paper, smoky sunset through the window, copper lustre pitcher and basin. On the bed Audrey and the Dib have merged into a composite being potted with decay like a ripe peach.

The narcs rush in snatching up bottles and syringes. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN FRONT OF DECENT 'EOPLE?"

An egg tossed from the bed spatters the lead narc with black pots of decay.

"PUT ON YOUR CLOTHES YOU FUCKING QUEERS AND CO ... " His face rots to a skull. The other narcs rush screaming from the room as another egg bursts over their heads. They turn to skeletons on the stairs ...

Cut to Mr. Hart's estate ... House Rules on a door ...

1. Every guest will appear for dinner promptly at 8 o'clock.
2. No guest will mention the word "death" in Mr. Hart's presence.

Mr. Hart sits at his dinner table with a watch in his hand, the guest list in front of him. His finger stops at Audrey Carson's name. There is one empty chair at the table. A dead hush as the clock strikes 8 ... a tiny spot of decay appears on Mr. Hart's cheek bones ...

Back in his one-way bug-proof room nobody but nobody bugs John Stanley Hart but his reactions are not difficult to reconstruct. He is frantically daubing his face from jars and bottles ... "*Spattered* me ... right at my own dinner table ... snot-nosed punks ...

I'll put the spoor stink on them ... I'll put the Whisperer on them ... I'll do something so ugly they can't believe it ... "

People die believe it very long. And before that most of them do. How the recipe discreetly seasoned fell into his hands,

(Le Comte emitted a sharp cold bray of laughter)

Mr. Hart pays a lot of attention to the letters he publishes in his newspapers, and he has a stable of letter writers ... old gentlemen in draughty clubs, yellow tusks on the wall ... long letters with statistics urging the reinstatement of hanging and flogging ... And he has some specials like Mrs. Murphy herself ... When a four-year-old boy was nearly killed by guard dogs she wrote a letter addressed to the boy in hospital.

"He should die soon ... I hope he will ... "

And what is being said here? Any guard dog kills a child deserves an extra dog biscuit. *That is what we pay guard dogs for - to protect us against children.* The eerie old Irish witch evil that floats out of that voice is something that hangs in dank gray basements with the Dutch Boy White Lead ... in the gray rooming house curtains as she calls the desk sergeant to turn in the two boys in the top floor ...

He should die soon ... A little self-satisfied smile as if she had just eaten something good and it was agreeing with her.

I hope he will ... A secret smile from a cool gray sweetness deep inside her.

Audrey and the Dib on the stairs, silenced automatics in hand as they step lightly over the skeletons of the narcs. Mrs. Murphy has emerged from her room at the bottom of the stairs to watch the boys dragged away in handcuffs, waiting there, the smile already in place.

Audrey: "And now for the Gombeen woman ... "

(Gombeens, male or female, are an Irish species blackmailing police informers.)

When she sees them she turns a sickly green color like frightened octopus. Her smile freezes and starts to flap as she holds up her fink paws and mother of God the dirty old gray red hair is standing up on her scalp.

SPUT

The bullet catches her in the forehead and blows her police informer soul out the back of her head in a splatter of blood and brains.

Mr. Hart sets the police machine in motion to capture Audrey and the Dib.

Audrey and the Dib in Atlanta airport ... Audrey is crew-cut Ivy League naval reserve officer fumbling with credit cards. The Dib is his very pregnant wife, buck-toothed, glasses, braids, reading *Sex and Politics*.

"Flight 69 now boarding at gate 18, first-class passengers only ... "

"That means us honey face ... "

The other first-class passengers walk ahead of them. Old Sarge is in St. Louis matron drag with his prep school son young Guy. Cumhu, Jimmy, and Xolotl are United Nations delegates. Ouab is an atomic scientist, a briefcase chained to his wrist. The others are boarding the plane, but as Audrey and the Dib walk through the gate the metal detector rings ... Guards pop out with machine guns. An FBI man screams ... "DON'T

SHOOT. WE HAVE ORDERS FROM THE PRESIDENT TO TAKE THEM ALIVE ... "

Audrey and the Dib in cockpit. P-38's covering pilot and copilot ... "Take this crate to St. Louis CCD."

"I'll have to go to the end of the runway sir ... "

"No you won't. Take it off right from here across traffic."

Wake of the plane blows the black dust back through the airport and out into the street. People are stacked in shitting, twitching heaps ... As the plane circles the field, Audrey points with his left hand as Virus B-23, surfacing from remote seas of dead time, rages through cities of the world like a topping forest fire.

"Hey! Lookit all them dead bodies!"

A top government scientist bluntly warns ... "Virus B-23, now loose in our overcrowded cities, is an agent that occasions biologic alterations in those affected, fatal in many cases, permanent and hereditary in those who survive and becomes carriers for that strain, which, as a measure of survival, they will spread as far and fast as possible to destroy enemies and quite literally make friends ... "

Barracks outside St. Louis, Missouri, windows boarded up and overgrown with vines. Jimmy, Cumhu, Audrey, Ouab, the Dib and young Guy are sleeping on army cots.

Old Sarge: "All right you heroes of the fever, on your feet. You are d-e-a-d and that's another way of saying you are back in the army."

The boys and gods get up sleepily. Cumhu and Xolotl have erections.

"All right you hardon artists ... " he points to Cumhu and Xolotl. "Get on that sack and fuck out a black mutant. Take care of Vorster and his gang of cutthroats."

Cumhu and Xolotl shrink back. "Intercourse between us is forbidden by an ancient covenant."

"Keep the ancient covenant in case you're caught short. This is war. Get your ass on that sack and fuck out some weaponry."

Sex scene is shown through expressions of onlookers. Audrey smiles and licks his lips and turns bright red. Ouab's eyes light up inside and the hair stands up on his head. Jimmy the Shrew shows his long yellow teeth and his ears vibrate. Spots of decay spatter the Dib's face. Young Guy is fascinated and horrified. Old Sarge watches impassively as he would watch a recruit assemble his M-16.

Old Sarge (philosophically): "Biologic fission. It could louse up the universe from here to eternity ... the old game of war."

Cumhu and Xolotl are curled around a pulsing black egg. The egg cracks and a Black Captain steps out. These beings are black all over, even the teeth, huge eyes black and shiny, the pupil glowing like a distant star with a faint cold light.

The Black Fever produces a massive allergic reaction as if the victim had been stung by a swarm of killer bees.

Mrs. Worldly sweeps into a luxury hotel, six bellboys carrying her luggage. She is wearing a blue mutation mink coat and there are diamonds all over her. She looks

imperiously at the young hotel clerk, who is Audrey Carsons.

"I'm Mrs. Worldly. I have a reservation of course."

"I never heard of it." says Audrey flatly.

Mrs. Worldly glares at him, her face black with displeasure.

"*What did you say?*"

Her face gets blacker and blacker and starts to swell. Her face neck and arms swell like balloons splitting the skin. A scream seals shut in her throat with a muffled sound as scalding shit spurts from her boiling intestines. Diamonds pop over the lobby.

"*Scrambles!*" screams a buck-toothed English lord.

Mrs. Worldly falls in a heap of shitty mink steaming like a ruptured sausage. Audrey looks at her with cold disfavor.

"We don't want your type in here. Take her outside because she stinks."

The Black Fever takes a higher toll of women than men. Through his newspapers Mr. Hart appeals to the silent majority.

"THE NIGGERS IS KILLING OUR WOMEN FOLK."

Vast patriotic rallies are organized.

Old Sarge: "All right Audrey, you and Ouab fuck out a red biologic on the double."

A pink haze of porno pictures. Emaciated, comatose, spotted with decay, Audrey and Ouab curl around a pulsing pink egg. The egg splits and a red boy with female breasts steps out.

"We are known as Reddies" he says.

A sweet rotten musky smell fills the ruined barracks.

The Red Fever attacks the rage centers, producing in susceptible subjects fulminating apoplexy and massive internal hemorrhaging. At an American First rally, Reddies in Boy Scout uniforms leap onto the podium.

"A scout is clean, brave and reverent."

They shit on the podium and wipe their asses with Old Glory. The delegates are speechless. Their faces get redder and redder. Blood vessels rupture, eyes pop out. Hot blood spurting from mouth and anus, they fall in steaming piles like boiled lobsters.

The Reddies are also equipped with scent glands under their arms that spread the Acid Leprosy.

A tornado of vigilantes sweeps up from the Bible Belt hanging every living thing in their path. Even horses are hauled into the air kicking and farting. The Reddies intercept them at Sweet Meadows, a post card valley in Wyoming. Sepia clouds spurt from their scent glands and billow back through the ranks of the righteous eating flesh to the bone in puffs of nitrous vapor. The Acid Leprosy eats a hole in time. Grass and violets grow through the bones.

The virus plagues empty whole continents. At the same time, new species arise with the same rapidity since the temporal limits on growth have been removed. Any sex act can now create life. The biologic bank is open. Anything you want, any being you ever imagined *can be you*. You have only to pay the *biologic price*.

Guy woke up in a strange room. He was lying on a bed naked heavy stagnant air covering him like a soft blanket. He lay there staring into darkness and silence smelling his body, hearing the pounding of his heart, the gurgles of his stomach, faint creaks and pops in his joints. He had just woken from an erotic dream so intense it had shaken him awake like a nightmare:

going down very fast in a soft elevator ...
walking towards a railroad bridge in the light of a window ...
packing while a boat whistled in the harbor ...
The dream ended with someone singing an idiotic cowboy song:
"I'm going to California
Where they get the California blues."

In a broken strawberry a red bat boy sprawls with his legs up. A green shrew boy with trembling ears jacks him off ...
Fish boys in sky boats towed by singing fish ...
Bird boys with fragile gliders over burning suburbs crossed with car lights ...
A fibrous plant boy rides a giant rat in a Mayan swamp and cuddles the baby Corn God.

Audrey is in an incident from his early adolescence involving initiation into a tree house gang. The members in red shorts surround him smiling and nudging each other. He has not been allowed in the tree house before. He looks around: on a shelf a stuffed owl, a plaster skull, a rubber rod attached to a wheel ... on the wall steer horns, a percussion rifle, a hangman's noose ... a saddle on a saw horse ... a battery of car horns with rubber balls ... The Mexican kid hands him a rose tea cup.

"Drink this."

The Mexican runs his hands lightly over Audrey's fly. Audrey drains the cup. In a few minutes he feels a burning itch in his crotch and ass. The Mexican pins his arms from behind and a boy with blue acne scars pulls his pants down. His cock flips out getting hard. The Mexican claps his arms around Audrey's chest. Audrey can feel the Mexican's cock against his naked buttocks.

"Take three deep breaths and hold the last one."

Audrey takes three deep breaths, the blood singing in his ears, and holds his breath as the Mexican clasps his arms in a bear hug around his chest above the heart and leans back pulling him up off the floor. Audrey feels himself borne towards the ceiling as he blacks out and ejaculates ...

Boys ride in the sky on birds and fish and perform perilous sexual acrobatics on a blue and pink flesh tree in a cloud of robins and blue birds ...

A boy with wings carrying a pulsing red globe soars into the sky. Others prepare to take off from the flesh tree ...

The dark room slowly filled with pink light. Guy saw that the room was circular and the light was coming from pink walls. He saw a figure standing at the foot of the bed. It was a little red boy with flaring bat ears and wings, eyes a clear pale red with dark red pupils, his body spattered with red dots like chigger bites. The boy was looking at Guy with his whole, bat ears and wings vibrating in a red haze. His pubic hairs, the hairs on his thighs and arms and around his nipples stood erect, dripping an opalescent juice, and a sweet rotten musk steamed off his body. The lubricant drops glittering in pink light gave him the look of an elaborate ornament or some undersea creature. His pointed red penis surged erect quivering like a dowsers wand spattering Guy's body with burning red eyes. Guy gasped and his legs sprawled open seeing the boy now with his whole body and feeling his pubic and rectal hairs and the hairs on his thighs stand erect in his flesh tingling itching burning. With a quick inhuman leap, the bat boy landed between his legs.

Arms around Audrey's chest, Cumhu stands behind him pulling his pants down in his mounting excitement body flushes red and green blushes rainbows riding very fast in a car.

Do not pass when the driver is flashing.

Flesh stick turned in his ass by a boy with a blue egg growing from his back as he propels a boat with blue farts. Boy bent over with a flute up his ass played by a balloon-cheeked musician.

The boys finger paddle. Itching and burning from the Spanish Fly, Audrey is stripped and bent over hands braced on the saddle trying to control his mounting excitement as he waits for the first paddle. Instead the thin boy with acne scars sticks the rubber rod with a wheel on the end of it up his ass turning the wheel back and forth like he was driving a car.

"BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP."

A chorus of car horns as he ejaculates. One boy takes a magnesium flash picture: a dark landscape crossed by car lights and lighted windows.

The pounding of his heart in an elevator getting hard ...

In the light of a window pulls his pants down ...

Boy on all fours whipped with roses spattering his body with red blotches ass a translucent rose of pulsing flesh twisting burning ejaculating roses cherries opals bird eggs and gold fish ...

Boys fuck a transparent fish in an orange pod eating oranges the juice dripping from their mouths blown away in orange clouds over the ruins of Palm Beach ...

The bat boy turned his hands palm out and Guy saw that the palms were lined with the red erectile hairs tipped with pearls of lubricant. He made a pushing motion and Guy felt a pressure like reverse magnetism shove his legs up against his chest as the boy moved forward running his hands over Guy's body and the pointed penis touched his quivering rectum vibrating in the tingling hairs penetrating his flesh and his hairs growing into the boy's thighs and balls and nipples welded together covered with the erogenous lubricant his skin burning with red dots his whole body a hive of red flesh his neck tongue and lips swelling gasping choking a taste of blood in the mouth. Silver light popped in his eyes as the windows exploded in a silent burst of crystal fragments and he was flying over the ruined suburbs, a little red bat boy.

Boy with flaring bat ears bent over with a flute up his ass his body spattered with red itching hairs and opalescent acne as he ejaculates gurgles of light ...

Boys vomit blood and roses over outhouses where boys jack off spurting robins and blue birds ...

The tree house is made of blue and pink substances like translucent larval flesh. Audrey is surrounded by faces with phosphorescent metal scars, twisted with mineral lusts, eyes sputtering blue flashes. They pass him a blue fruit that pulses in his hand and leaps to his lips like a magnet. As he bites into the fruit in ecstatic surrender, a reek of ozone and a sweet metal taste burn through his body. His thighs and buttocks, nipples and neck, blush a bright peacock blue. A soft tingling noose around his chest moves up to the neck and he goes off riding across the sky on a gallows that turns into a horse tearing whinnies through his body. A blue egg growing from his spine pops butterflies blue birds and strange-winged creatures over the ruined suburbs where screaming crowds run below him.

Boys with birds flying out the ass in black and sepia puffs are eaten by a blue bird demon and shit out ejaculating in blue pods ...

Boy with quivering blue flesh is sucked into a bell under a gallows ...

The Painless One stands motionless, untouched by the chats around him. Cumhu stands behind him and places his hands on the boy's shoulders. The concentration in Cumhu's reptilian eyes pushes the boy forward, gasping melting in a frenzy of withdrawal, he pulls his pants down. Rainbow colours flushing through his body, Cumhu fucks the Painless One and they streak across the sky like a rocket.

Boys with fragile glider jetted by nitrous farts that billow out autumn leaves and faded sepia photos ...

A boy whipped with a transparent fish sprouts fish wings ...

Flying fox boy soars above a burning tree ...
Ecstatic copulation with giant leaves and color sex photos ...
Quivering ass hole legs up spilling lawns and golf course and frogs ...
Xolotl rides a winged frog boy from an iridescent swamp in a cloud of flying fish.
Boys carried up in a pink balloon wave from a strawberry basket ...
Gallows with a horse blown away in orange clouds ...
Audrey and the metal pusher ride a blue-winged horse ...
Old Sarge and the Dib wave from a World War I biplane ...
Cherubim blow golden horns up the ass of boys with legs spread the scrotum a
huge pink egg in which a red cock pulses ...
The eggs explode in a musky purple smell of incense and ozone, trailing clusters
of violet light ...

Red brick buildings and a blue canal where the Mary Celeste floats at anchor. The
boys, with sea bags and costumes of 19th century seamen, walk up the gang plank. The
Garden is a red glow of ruined cities in the distance. The sails are raised and the anchor
hoisted. Young Guy plays taps as the sun fades and blue twilight settles. The boat is
moving. The boys wave from the rigging. An 1890 reporter rushes up.

“What about Mr. Hart?”

Audrey is in the crow’s nest with a telescope. He points with his left hand.

Mr. Hart’s deserted ruined mansion, graffiti on the walls.

AH POOK WAS HERE

Here lived a stupid vulgar son of a bitch who
thought he could hire DEATH as a company cop.

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