Sickle moon terror nails replica in tin ginsberg. Replicas of Squaresville — grey piebald pigeons — pointedly questioned, mimic each other. The wet concrete square — a boy wit police — is ate by literat birds. Pitiful personal lives of suspension, flapping frantic, come to stare. An opium eater and Vincent-visitors bathe their feet in San Francisco market-deal of the world’s art-compacted-feathers. Sunbrow those third street bums on se. Some kind a fur coat glisselways when they see a young Negro-ruby dance roundless talk on the truck preoccupation. Man’s hideous professional crouch, the beat movement, embacwards on an old man’s members of the north bea. Sockets stare dedicated in seamed conferlinghetti of ginsbergs kerouacs & badly blown clarinet-shimmer off the glossy bone. A great deal of their verbal hearse is skull with surprised china fuzz. But oddly blu seekers alter coolness — solemn accountants, kers, loafers, passive little con men — loan them sir a harward man off the last skimpy surplus of cop--haters. Exhibitionists abused Burroughs. "A Pale", they said, and plunged aint-dancers wit unfortunate malfunction molotov last seen wait on Varso-message-knives-costume in hort 22. Sample a drug called heavy commitments. Unwashed on Saturday nights his works are. Negro snapped the degradations of addiction. A headline of penniless bitter complaint leg flesh out show window is a baby for all hallucinatory fourth grade class serale females and part-time bohemians of junk sickness. To this major beat streets of yesterday polinghetti must be added — commando who studied pa-assaillaney. Tow lines hoot wealthy St Louis Corao family who served intermediary between the two teams of mule life (charming vibrations in the gravel tympanum speaker: ijuana, majoun, hashish, candy hich) believes true poetic effects are best centuar animal... man awkward hole with a pin. Fit the dropper pools of dark amber in scenes indicative of peeled nerves. Hoary Fla-ny you ever see Dr Tetrazzi opium per nine months? He is Catho-emporium inlaid wit kaleidoscope wings — a scalp across the room into theology.

Cut-up of "Beat Generation" Life Magazine Dec 5 1959.

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