

No Time to Mourn

Gene: the electoral mandate:
~~the~~ 'fight' for my ideals (1)
we leave my pocketbook alone!

Gene: 'A denial of punishment... is what moves Americans. By do it believe execution will stop crime, by want a killer to get what they think he deserves.'

'The murderer shall surely be put to death'
(Numbers 35:16) used by pro-execution people at
San Quentin in Harris's execution.

75% want ~~was~~ capital punishment.

Gene says: 'A killer is a killer. You're a killer if you kill
but if you also a killer if you were kill killed. 75%
of his nation are killers. By believe you can make
a better world by killing!'

1977 execution started again.

1989 Supreme Court ruled that juveniles and the mentally sick
could be executed.

JERRY BIRD executed 8 days after he'd had a stroke.

An appeal for clemency from the Pope to save Johnny
Granett from execution - Dallas for a crime committed in the
age of 17 unsuccessful. (Execution of people under 18 is
banned under the United Nations' International Convention on
Civil & Political Rights - US signed but didn't ratify
it).

Researcher in NY 1907-63 found 2 more murders than
average - the month following an execution.

Crease: the gloating in death. What's the matter with
these people? Are they capitalised without conviction + life?
The Harris execution in California - a public execution
we've got back to that! - with 18 journalists there
and the death of one of the victims ~~stamp~~ ^{SPRA} stamp his in the
(stamp)

April 1992

(2)

the face for 6' away' - Robert Allen Harris - 2 98
people - the journalists all giving their accounts -

Huntsville Apr
Billy White 2 days before Harris at Huntsville. Apr
4 years on Death Row. It took the doctors 40 minutes
to find vein. The kind of man we have! 3 inject.
It took 9 minutes to die.

Steve: James X, Gene, 60 people have
been murdered in Oakland in few months.

but the hell we are going to do about it?

Stop being killers! Gene said. Stop talking
in punishment & retaliation and cleaning the
people up! Stop believing in the most moral
fucking nation on earth!

1. Arkansas (1992) a man executed for killing
a police officer - he had tried to shoot himself too
and was brain damaged.

MANUEL Gene says The media make democracy impossible. He

is telling us the Brit elect (April 1992) when the Tories won in the
low few days

NO TIME FOR MUSIC

because of a corrupt

Sergio Carreras
an Italian mother.

misrepresentation of the tax judgment - the press:
how will raise mortgage rate: interest rates will

THE FALSE CHARGE

into other days of Kinnock's
Ching office! ~~the same case~~
(The KISS & KO case) same: ① America →

Police denied his mother access to him, for the weekend
he was wanted at the police station - until he was in
prison awaiting trial. In the period she had no idea
what to do for him - how to find a solicitor ('we had
never been in trouble of any kind'). But she showed
to the Inland Revenue where he worked did ~~not~~ she
get help - his colleagues helped her find a solicitor.
Then you can be condemned unrepresented.

Other ~~facts~~ facts pointed to need of:

- 1) forensic evidence should be given to the defence,
not held ^{at the discretion of} the police.
- 2) the defence should not be allowed to pursue
an alternative defence case without consultation.

He tried solicitor and did help. Disregarded her. Don't let
he is foreign.

Beaten up like all sexual offenders. Kept isolated.
Sunday Times 23 Feb 1992 described prison as 'a living hell'
for sex offenders. Under Rule 43 isolated from other
prisoners of his own safety. (But this - he hides the
fact - he likes).

Preposterous that i) police should collect & keep the evidence -
another body should do the ultimate collecty (his mother
off of ^{her} car carpets refused (he had changed car carpets

→ Electrons are a media game. Electors aren't solid voters, they waver, they differ, as we do when switching channels in a living room.

Gene Gene catches psychics in a hotel & election time - full of the King's & Kinch's who would have made a great f.u. He was just destroyed from inside his pants - announcing hotel tactics plan, & the Myit to pay for the needy & sick, & die say it's a success - and by the Tony success at the last minute. The son:
 "If Kinch wins today will the last person to leave Britain please turn out the lights."

Gene says all Americans are, necessarily, artistic. They have to build a little iron structure of people & conduct and conscience. Atomic if you fall to pieces - the thin fortunes & futures are clays under stone, for which Kinch, & here to remember the. Therefore of new art to ~~the~~ many questions, & too long, because he - she feels it is inquisitorial. To call her to tip toe & purr for, esp. + a person who has some power. ^{of course it doesn't work either.}

(2)

~~Step~~ ago the nurse and before his arrest like the presence of old caplets - his clothes, like a clothes, child. (Since police pressured by politician/medic for results).

ii) No signed statements should be allowed until the suspect is represented.

iii) The police's functions should be separated from the judiciary, so that the police cannot extract written statements or 'take down' anything without the judicial presence, ~~that is always~~

iv) the 'police surgeon' responsible for autopsies and forensic evidence should be accountable to the defence - the apprehension or commission of his evidence should be to this degree his responsibility. ~~He must always be~~

Testosterone
NB. ~~Prostate~~ - doses which defence claimed would do go wild. But there is no evidence that this is the case.

Prisoner's feelings on the matter go by - prison - that he is ^{being} punished for something, and that he makes it his daily endeavor to find out what for. He has already disoriented human beings. He feels that he is seeking this answer make it v. literal & an intellectual judicial system - he writes to say the cliché 'I have faith in British Justice'. It was the basis of his intellectual upward of 'schizophrenia'!

6' 4" simple, decent. Simple-minded. No drinking or smoking.

Child 11 years old. No evidence of sexual molestation.

Sperm found on child. But the police surgeon pointed at

^ ^{the} suspect suffered from hypogonadism, which made it impossible for
it to be his sperm. This presented to the police, not the judiciary,
and the defence failed to use it! The defence didn't present it
it because (he thinks) they didn't know about it. No, he says,
did the prosecution.

1/2 million pounds compensation at least.

The immigration lawyer is California - lives at San Diego.
Riviera house that can be seen from the boats in the harbor. An
immigrant relative of - the former suggests that among all the
people in the world he writes to he writes to his that his
references in the highest cell in the world! The lawyer goes
to UK because something about the letter makes him believe the
man is innocent, and he had already been on appeal. (The

? man says I have always been incapable of ejaculation? He
himself has a grudge against the only dice he went to Oxford
to New College ^(an Oxford school) and experienced a mean drizzly resistance to
the catheter of his desire to build a system (?) He
found there had been many successful appeals - and certain
ideas began to formulate about the British legal system -
the Birmingham Sex, the Guildford Inn, the Broadwater Three,
the Maguire seven - but his main interest was the
transformational aspect of what was going on - he formed
a kind of collusion with - and was well understood
support because of this, hardly believing that an appeal would
work because the earlier one had failed. The 2nd then let the
work go on despite their lack of speech. The lawyer was
much exercised by a short book he'd read in San Francisco
by a retired ophthalmic surgeon - Lee Sankhalla. 'Psychosis
in Kundalini?' - was already called 'schizophrenic'.

He is v. much taken up by the idea of time passing, being 'a visitor'. And he begins to see things more clearly from the time. It is puzzling from this point the way they find him schizophrenic. He has had the death journey. The terror and the rebirth. After all, they turned him into something else. They really turned him into themselves but they wouldn't do this, why not? he ponders this and begins to see that it is because he is himself, he has a highly individual life, after all he has been accused and imprisoned for something he didn't do and couldn't imagine doing. And it is this that shows him he has taken on other people's realities, and now he realizes this he begins to feel a visitor, and then — he is visiting over his own life. He isn't his life. He isn't his actions. He perceives emotion in Liverpool from a distance, while he himself remains free of emotions. He is glad at this point to be isolated. Everything seems to work toward the one end.

Note that when he is in California he has nothing to say. He says it's the same life as in prison, of course I'm so happy to be out, every time I wake in the morning it is like a fresh start, every dawn is a new me for me, but this is all I can say, I haven't any advice or things to say about my experiences, I'm live.

It was a crucial step when perhaps a priest or ordained or psychiatrist pointed out to him that in love, with snips in sex, there is much hatred, abuse, denunciation, and he has missed that. His life being gentle takes activities like taking his aunt to the doctor's or church or going shopping on Friday nights with his mother. So he has been lucky in that way.

Afterwards, alone, — reflects that he didn't think he'd come — the catch
 just to be lucky, ~~and certainly he~~ a weak evidence by the facts (the
could never have known it otherwise) that he had been strikingly unlucky
 as few men have ever been. Had he been plunged into this (but
 who was the creative who had plunged him?) in order to mend the
 balance? Because wasn't the balance he had? And who was guiding
 him: this case to mend — someone who knew him better than he
knew himself? For he was definitely going along a path — the
 fact that everybody disregarded it — a rather didn't know it or
 recognize it — was irrelevant to him because the truth was
 irrelevant to them. Otherwise how could they condemn him to some-
 thing he didn't do and despite all the evidence to the contrary?
 It was evident they weren't guiding him, could we guide ourselves.
 He wouldn't (asking himself who is this guiding presence behind me
 whose plan I don't know?) avoid the inclusion that he himself was
 the guide but it was a self he knew nothing about but which knew
 all (and more) about him.

The cousin or whoever tells him he has been going to Westminster
 Cathedral of hands-on healing. How a curious to observe it.
 He talked to several of the people and they ^{all} said they'd benefited
 from it — pain disappearing, or conditions suddenly improving. Did
 we have to be a Catholic he asked — not at all, someone
 answered, several of us were. One of them had told their club
 the British Association of Healers so had changed their name to
 the Spiritual Healers Association because people, especially the press,
 saw a boggy way to the word 'spiritual' came up, probably
 because of its association with 'spiritualist'! — then after the
 BAH to make his contact with his lot in prison, to give him
 a fulfilled life so inward that the prison bars could disappear
 for him. It was to help him in the times when since they
 would ^{as} a group concentrate on his healing in this respect. And
 (the first time he was suddenly reminded of the time by an
 extraordinary experience — which the prison became a fabulous place

It made him wish to be experimentally put back to the other place like an abbey in the country. (He would be found very - particularly pleasant and obliging mood. But his state caused him to be pleasant and obliging too - it got him a secret beating up - as he walked out of the evening meal - it must have been planned, an accident, and spent three days in the hospital with being stitched up, no one looked at him with sympathy, ~~as~~ at best the distant 'I'd-like-to-be-nice-to-you-but-I-wish-he-had-come-to-know-so-well. He learned from this not to allow his state to be visible - while being beaten up (because there was a moral lesson being taught in the crudest violence) he heard them tell him not to say and ^{BUTTER} utter then up - he had ventured to say a few pleasant words, to smile at a joke made by someone across the table - and this was apparently taken as a shocking affront, to join in an another equal humiliated being. He was returned to isolation.

This cousin told him that he had mentioned him to one of the healing groups, his conviction that he had had nothing to do with the crime etc and someone said 'he must have been the center of so much hatred, potential for the taking of the child, a more likely their relatives, since those immediately involved tend to be more forgiving, grief etc has this effect, so the principal objection of a distant healing is to exorcise, if you will to use this word, ~~at~~ the ~~state~~ bloodthirsty vengeance in people's minds from him, because I believe that their presence in him of other people's bad thoughts was the main thing that got him beaten up, otherwise he would have been less vulnerable. A state like this attracts hands twitching ~~for a opportunity~~ to cause pain. Much of the healing process is centering this bad-luck or dark-spot center in a person so that it no longer impairs the immune system. In fact if I was asked what hands-on healing was I would say a tremendous electric boost to the immune system. But not as in general. It is applied to particular ones - the eyes, the feet, wherever a specific complaint is localized. But this still depends on the optimal functioning of the whole immune system.

As his was destroyed by drugs. Since he came from prison to hospital
 there was an aura round him of non-communication — the relatives
 like the press were waiting for him to be home again, but
 worked as observations about what was happening to him —
 the hospital, she justified the diagnosis, no one could see him,
 the hospital could deny argue that the process of rehabilitation
 was necessary after the mutilation of prison life (after all, right
 to not do what he had heard so often he had done?). The
 relatives, however, he was 'free', like the matter of the first
 time. Yet, had they known, he was less free than he had
 ever been, since, this time, he had lost the faculties of
 clear thought and was the power to enjoy a single moment of
 life. There was no — any longer.

The Man Who Lived in Prison The Man Who Lived

N.B. The degree of investigation depends entirely on the police. So
 the case is in the hands of a non-judging authority which hasn't
 been trained to examine the matter in the way a judge or even
 a solicitor does. Police have immediate contact with the public,
 and this induces already a condition of some bias. Apart from
 the 'public image' pressure put on them. It is an extraordinary
 burden to put on them. Here, as in this case, along comes a
 barrister and accepts the police evidence without question — with
 the prosecution and the defence this seems to have been the case.
 This is why private investigation can come along afterwards and
 do better than the police.

He showed paranoiac feelings before the arrest — (he feels the
 people were trying to damage his car, and takes down their numbers).
 His fantasies were of interest to him. They were, one active, of
 a gentle kind, a study transpiring act of sex which smudged
 at the penetration and the climax. He dreamed of being taken

of mostly. The woman would be in administrative position as the ⁸ he
could. Flagrant. This flagrant put him quite outside the
league, the child-murderer, who masturbated, as the murderer
has been said to have done, while the child was alive but left it
unharmed. His desire to be acted - sexually put him into
the other category of fantasies which were masochistic in
nature. He dreamed of women's degradation in - defecation
etc. They would bathe his face in hot urine, squatted over him.
When any fantasies were examined the 'criminal' element is
the first thing to be noticed - that is, the element which passes
the tenuous, shifting but official border of what is socially
acceptable (what the social happens, but what the human
mind allows itself to accept - hence, the media remains
as shocked, scandal-oriented, inverted medicine (a
newspaper still prints 'f*****') because it represents
more the part of the human mind which has not yet oriented
to human actions. It was easy to suggest, therefore, for the
psychiatric examination - for the fact elicited for him the
he had never had a woman - that he did dream about having
me (how did the police know so much about him? he asked
Lisep fearfully - could those doctors be trying to put him
show? - it was principally this that made Lisep believe of a
woman that he had dreamed of killing the child and had
killed her and so he signed the statement in a state of
terrible shock later at the police than or Lisep - it was
this self, hiding and treachery with reversal of deeds ~~perhaps~~
as he felt he had done, that was 'inverted' during his
prison term. And it was this new self that was like a
the symptom of grave schizophrenia than before, requiring
sedation. It was tragic of the world that Freud had ~~accepted~~

advocated the medical view of religion as ~~a symptom of the brain~~
 a symptom of pathological events and not, as medicine was,
 'objective' (but yet analysis led to the view that medicine
 too was a symptom, like the idea of syphilis' stamp — so where
 did he get anybody?). It meant that there were areas of
 analysis, slavishly imitated by general practitioners, who pointed
 on ~~any~~ any statements like — 'a grandiosity and
 promptly sedated it. One could have helped to — had
 they let him alone we don't know. He wouldn't have become
 anybody's guru, as — they. But he might have been happy.
 Well, the word happy doesn't quite go with the lives we lead.
 But I know what I mean.

THE MAN WHO LIVED

(Was he who died) — this was the final proof of
 schizophrenia. The psychiatrist was a catholic. As he had never
 heard of the hands-on healing which at Westminster Cathedral
 and dismissed them, in the secrecy of his brain, with a smile
 as something he could quote — 'Shut the devil out a schizo-
 phrenic dream up next?'. Tragically, of —, he told
 the psychiatrist of his plan to go to California, the lawyer's
 invitation — 'Oh no!' he wouldn't ~~help~~ ^{stop} himself hurting at,
 'In God's sake not California, take of the town again!
 That, I assure you, will make you ill of the rest of your life.
 I will need a dozen deprogrammers, my dear chap.' 'What
 are they?' 'It doesn't matter', lighting a pipe and putting it
 (unnecessarily, but dramatically it seemed a spontaneous
 gesture) in another place. [But at lunch after being told 'The
 man who lived was the one who died' — a beer, a pub lunch —
 he began to reflect that it could have been said in way of Christ.
 It was sometimes a marvel (accidental and) no meaning) she came

of his patients' mouth. He pondered over the matter. Was it
possible that they had flashes of insight? But he had seen the
'flashes' lead to other to someone else's death or pain. He
never connected the violence with the drugs he used, despite plenty
of medically acknowledged evidence that there was indeed a connection
(the class action against the two drug companies, the banning of
Haloperidol). Also he knew how close criminally was to insanity,
how the latter perhaps played the major part. And of course there
was hardly a nut case he knew of - a real nut ward inmate -
who didn't think he was Christ or the Prince of Death or the
Devil or a famous dead warrior or emperor or of course God.
No, no, the deranged mind was deranged. But, unfortunately, was
that, and he never gave - another real thought.

It was -'s family who most influenced him not to go to California.
After listening to the doctor's advice that recent shows of violence had
to be watched. One relative said 'If the police see you in the
country or the city, they're never ^{very} far away.' So best to keep within the
familiar and calming embrace of family life. He also said 'He
isn't a gay is he, this lawyer?' - said 'Oh come on.'
~~He was a gay as a matter of fact.~~ ~~And it was so.~~ Of course it was
a joke. But jokes, light as they enter the mind, take
much effort to get out.

I will be free, - says in prison. I will be free in prison.
The prison is only my thought. Therefore I will banish the thought.
He also becomes preoccupied with the thought that all others are
an illusion. There is only me person and that was himself. When
asked who if anybody felt that? His reply was that they could
be right. But he too was an illusion of another? Yes. I am
an illusion of myself, we are only me, all of us.

The psychiatrist is the forensic psychiatrist. A

(11)

consultant psychiatrist of the local health authority, ~~with me~~
~~hospital~~. Employed to diagnose and treat the criminally insane.
He assesses an offender's mental state mostly of sentences. Works
where his in-patients are kept. Hospital. A 'secure unit!
~~He has been fascinated with murder~~ He assesses them before
the trial of course. Also of prison authorities. The term psychopath
means those capable of murdering and who want to do it. He shares
experiences which really run his life. His 'clients' run his life -
make it seem boring and uneventful compared to theirs, and they are
- prison! (Of course the immigrant lawyer is fascinated by this -
the type of 'Kumbhaini ~ psychosis').

The psychiatrist feels the — is a disappointment. He
loves to get the 'fun' out of it like he does the
convicted men, the real psychopaths. He finds these more
interesting. He even feels he supports them, sympathizes
with them now. As he has to explain himself to the he finds
nothing wrong with murder, under their influence. They have
such imaginative flights, they are always up to something,
they never give of a dull moment, whereas all he
wants is the right, the true life, the good life, and
that's all crap and ~~it would be a kind of possession~~.
Khell with die and his kind because the others
are right, life is a crazy meaningless mess and
you just play havoc with it while you're alive as
you retreat to its tricks and lies.

The immigrant lawyer is struck by the story of so many
honest of a terrible crime and imprisoned in his guilt

(12)

in his guide of 15 years - it tells in his Vietnam hours - esp the written structure of guide strikes die with a peculiar intimacy.

For the psychiatric his patients are ENORMOUS FUN. His resentment of — is that he isn't.

—'s notes: Tonight I vaporized the walls. They are no longer. The wardens I have elected angels and accordingly they give me new treatment.

The narrative is kept alive by concentrating on the migration - becomes a lawyer's life now a period of ten years as — kills example and radiance of die. They correspond and — kill his remarkable steps. He says he is reading a book by a man called Stephen King and - how can he fill the world with so much horror? * I can't fill it how. But only he is getting the heaven out of it. I can see die at work, die place of work is heaven of die, perception is heaven of die, it doesn't matter what you perceive if it's heaven of you, though you may be stumbling corpses everywhere. Here is the world of the half-free, my friend. On the energy try have is due to the half that's free, all this may with is the half that isn't. * I saw a America TV show show a comedian said 'Stephen King's ~~is~~ kids couldn't sleep. Rei father said, 'I'll tell you a story', and they screamed 'No dad please die!'. But it isn't true. His children perceive of his happiness, not his stories. And I'll tell you — this happens.

Title: NOT THE TIME FOR MUSIC.

—'s phrase she jag up through the bars of the windows and
 hears a car passing with some kind of Muslim singing.
 This is Koolhaas City, he says - the whole of England. The
 newspapers have the Koolhaas tone - sneering, delinking,
 suspecting, dressing down, seeing the fraud everywhere,
 grovelling in the legends and distances. NB he is a foreigner
 who sees it clearly. He don't want to be in Russia because
 that means saying something positive, contributing, discussing on
 the same level as others and having a dream. His luck is
 terrible for him. You feel it everywhere, they have given up their
 dreams. So they became hard and watchful and closed.

~~This is not finished~~

NO TIME FOR MUSIC.

The warden in a prison are called screws. There is a
 Governor. The convicts are cons. They always if powerful (i.e.
 don't smoke and can do contraband - one is allowed to buy cigarettes
 out of one's tiny wage) possessions and some cells are carpeted
 and have curtains. To a certain extent - could have things.
 He got a carpet through cigarettes. He got wanted to ~~smoke~~ ^{smoke} but
 but his mother's letter urged him to 'hold' until should secured
 his release. He preferred solitary confinement to a silly reason.
 He hated the idea of defecating into a bucket with two other
 cons in the cell, and the smell, as well as the suffering of other's
 smells. Being confined, however, made his cure less popular than
 otherwise. No one, not a soul, gave him a unconditionally
frank look. It is always bright before him as much as the
 little girl.

His cell is a bare as it started, apart from
 tiny objects which were more important for him than his men.
 In answer to a letter from San Francisco he told her

had kept him alive (N.B. the immigration lawyer knows ⁽¹⁴⁾ an enormous influence - have recourse - has a me's view of me's actions - this is the stakes - like the lawyer, that he put his finger on the fact that the set sense of someone that governed his life, his isolation from other, had made him actually believe for a moment that it would help matters if he finally 'obeyed' the policeman, who seemed suddenly to be concerned with his welfare, and the night - for God's sake - he poured enough to love his mother visited from his job and house, and all their relatives too, he had seen all their reveling, even though he had had it done it, it seemed he needed - for other people - to have done it, and even in a sense he had done it, vaguely, if not die then someone else, which someone times seemed to him to be the same. _____ had replied

to the lawyer that his mother had kept him going. With the visits? Yes, in part. What was the other part? However _____ replied - as if he had seen that the lawyer had already guessed - that as a child his dreams, and his daydreams, about his mother were the richest and most splendid. He had heard the long dream at 1 - we making when the father had been alive. He was ashamed of such dreams but they were his health and life in prison, not his mother how he as she had been (in his mind) 15 years before. You can imagine how far I am from being 'interested' in a child of clever. Yet I never felt the stammer of the accusation because I heard them saying, we my laughter lawyer who well looked me (in words) in the face and treated me like a slave that had to be cleared from under his nostrils as from a prison, his air of having more important things to do and more important people to talk to (the banister was the word),

things which my dream, to be of little girls but mother, so he
 has no need of comforts like the other long-suffering ones, one
 of whom had carpets and curtains and a little desk. More than
 this, he didn't make trouble, he hadn't the heart in any case to
 make trouble, he never had, the other ones had done fearful
 things and he hadn't, so the screws disconcerted him, whereas
 they would have brought him the things he wanted had he
 shouted at night and urged the other ones to screaming
 arguments, or emptied the contents of his bucket all over the
 floor, or emptied his plate at ~~meat~~ lunch into the lap of
 a neighbor. He had seen these things done, and the fact that
 he hadn't done them himself, but ~~that~~ was a point on a
 mouse, earned him even more contempt than his case had
 earned him, because, it was said, he ~~was~~ could throw his
 weight all with ~~the~~ eleven-year-old girls but not with other
 men. So had given the impression that he wasn't leading his
own life. Thus we see the 'schizophrenia' beginning.
 The one didn't know what the other had done, yet - stranger
 of all - suspected or knew that he had done it, unbeknownst
 to himself! On the other hand, the murderer admired the
 other man who condemned him, and troubled under his
 eye, and hated him. It wasn't that he became the
 murderer, or became the judge, he looked at the one
 or the other from himself, meaning that once he so looked
 he by implication became the other but with feeling it. For
 instance, he looked at the murderer with horror, and then
 at the judge, then he looked at the weary-worried judge
 with anger and thus in a sense became the murderer.
 This is all 'psychizophrenia' is. To do it become these
 things. To just lose yourself in thought, literally - you do it
 two - who this 'you' is. He isn't a complete existential thing.
 If you live in confusion it makes this worse. It could
 become madness, and there would be no 'you' at all. To me

the British were ~~the~~ a cross between cloddish Frenchmen and giggling
 Germans. Like Latvia - Finland to the Soviet Union, so they were
 to America. They never go in to Europe because it means ~~losing~~
~~the they are~~ choosing their sovereignty, instead of having given it up
 and made a kind of political usage. In a way all Europe is like
 this. It is going to be decades before they have the self-will to
 give up the old proxy life of the superpower days. The British
 PMs used to take almost-seeking things to Washington and not
 always get the top diplomatic treatment. My father used to
 scoff, I think he was more a real Englishman than anybody
 would be. They all accepted it, by making themselves believe the
 newspapers, that Macmillan - Wilson or Shuman was a 'world
 leader' like the president, whereas he was having ~~at~~ his pants
 taken down by people who ~~he~~ felt they could ~~smother~~ ~~di~~ and
 do the prime ministers of lunch. In a way I'm glad
 I spend the tail-end of the period - the clinic. I suppose
 I come from a very fiery independent people, the Gossacks.
 I can't say the British have that fire. ~~Perhaps nobody has.~~
 But they're depressed - anybody looks depressed, the screws,
 the governors, the visitors. I live in smells, and nasty light,
 and bad eyes. Anna's eyes seem to be the hall of torture
 sometimes. He contaminates everything he touches. No wonder
 the animals flee him.

Gene, talking to the shrink, in the pub, the shrink
 says 'the British are in a spot of trouble. For that a forty
 years the Americans have been deciding what they're going to
 do and now they've got to face the fact that they've put
 I suppose, it's a nasty council of - people who ~~have never~~
 haven't known what sovereignty feel like for fifty years!

NIGHT FEVERS

This novel is set in New York. Anthea has decided to leave London and her boyfriend Nick, and seeks out her

Betty Mammorov. and Joe.
Anthea
Christine Tellingas
Hank Schwanger
Jamie. Maidis Panipoulos

friend Betty Mammorov, a schoolmate who became American
 by marriage. Betty ~~was~~ was the personal department of a
 department store called Montunio's which is going to
 run a cultural festival in the lines developed in Dallas
 by Norman Marcus. She was going to be on a British
 pavilion with cafe's and theatre, set in the Thistles, in
 the hinterland department. Then Betty is the one of the
 Anthea (now, since she suffers from amnesia, she can't
 remember) an immediate consultancy job - if it turns out
 the besides having the right accent Anthea is a Thistles
 bug and can ~~keep~~ ~~of~~ ~~what~~ ~~they~~ ~~do~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~state~~ ~~of~~
~~Rossetti Lane~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~length~~ ~~of~~ ~~chance~~ ~~133~~ ~~sing~~
 'My Brother does the noises of the Talkies' and
 tell of the names of the actors in Rookery Nook.
 Betty also has a friend, Christine Tellingas, a rather
 vicious creature who goes to ball games and drinks beer
 with her. She can't hold down a profitable real
 estate business, having been a hussy at Montunio's,
 Christine's apartment is too large for her and she offers
 half of it to Anthea, she can now leave the Village

NIGHT FEVERS

apartment have the bath is in the kitchen.

One day, dropping by Arthur's ~~tiny office is a corner~~ ~~of the big~~ ~~imposed~~ office behind Tasparkli = ~~the~~ ~~higueres~~, Betty asks him a favor. Could she persuade Gertrude to let her hire a friend to look after the apartment for day, tea & drinks one day. All - love word. The fact is Betty ~~walks~~ does volunteer work at the prison. The prisoner is being released on parole and she wants to rehabilitate him. To Arthur's honor, and late to Gertrude's excitement, the ~~swap~~ adds 'Ac', been in 4 rape. Three times!

The meeting takes place and it transpires the Jarvis, ^{he is called} as his name is, ~~is a means typist is the rapist~~ is the means anyone's idea of a rapist. He has opinions, quiet and unhesitatingly gives a steady Alabama accent. And they concern rape. It seems he has nothing to hide, and little to be ashamed of. He fondly tells them he provides his victims with their first and possibly last real sexual experience. He also reveals that so-called normal sex disjuncts because it is really incest: with men & women expect to be friends, as well before the sex, and certainly after; it is just the same as sleeping + go with a sister + mother + father. A plain view, but expounded in such a way that it stays in the head, and is - like Jarvis as a whole - strongly convincing.

It is only, each in her way, the three women become fascinated with him. ~~even~~ Arthur is the only one to privately dislike him, but she too is drawn into the web that ~~himself~~ ~~manipulates~~ ~~about~~ ~~them~~ all from this one canto. Thank heavens, Gertrude's boyfriend who would be horrified to see her naked & trace her anyone intimate, finds himself, as a result of this web, ^{is} feverishly claiming his friend's mind, not

NO TIME FOR MUSIC

①

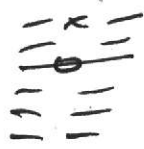
Gene says that all Americans are artistic. They have to have a system by which they think and live and work, otherwise they can't live. This is why they find visits abroad so troubling. They arrive back exhausted & the feel is the free air of America. The suffocating chaos we of Europe, the sense of life beating closely around her, at their shoulders, is all too much. Their system makes them the most intolerant people in the world, & yet the most tolerant because they are always having to question their system under the impact of the hot pulsing things we call life, and since I call Vietnam. We had everything organized there. Our system was a modern efficiency war system, everything was done according to the books, and those bastards, who had no system, got ~~beaten~~ up on asses and between our legs and you wonder we took no revenge? (a lot, defiant look which momentarily disappeared with him and —). 'Lati she made us mad, lonely, it took our personalities away, we lost respect, we were a mess things and things, a nasty, stinking, blaspheming, cursing, beating mess, and we knew it, we saw it with shame, and this separated us from Americans & me & for all, we lost no system, it was defeated by the hot, pulsing things, called life, so we know that life is, like the rest don't. ~~Love~~ tells of Olive & his wife who went to a Italian farm and were tormented by the shelliness, the dirt, the food, and fled in horror, and no doubt the needs of the America expect more with smiles and — I kill V. systems need a trip round the clock!

He also says that the American are primarily concerned with

② Gene & Americans

power. In the men mostly power of hierarchy, in the women control. It is the same as heading a system. The alternative would be to leave life uncontrolled by the will, as it seems to be outside America, and therefore there is no collective will this cannot work. 'We are all much more separate from each other than we ~~soldiers~~ were for the Viet Cong!'

Ulu manna diad
Haplole gino j
Kung hkh do !



16

Ari new g wa
a wite



24



23