

THE SEARCH FOR SEX IN HIPDOM'S HIGH SOCIETY

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UNDRAPEO THOUGHTS
OF A NUDE MODEL

THE FRENCH TOUCH

A MODERN ARTIST
LOOKS AT
A MODERN WOMAN

jazz

FEATURES

BY

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Uncle Bill Burroughs' Guided Tour: *Naked Lunch*



BURROUGHS

by JOHN FLES

John Fles is an ex-Chicago Review editor who was in on the first publication of Burroughs' work in this country and is eminently well-qualified to act as Big Bill's ambassador.

A THIN BONEY-HEADED man with timid blue eyes takes us by the hand and the descent begins: all our friends, ourselves, in the various circles of hell: a vast mosaic seen through the peeled underwater eyes of junk. Uncle Bill has glued together his mad notebooks, weird scribblings made under heroin, pot, hash, and yage. When we look up toward him who gently holds our hand we see, fading and disappearing into themselves, the faces of the Marquis de Sade, W. C. Fields and finally Dracula.

Big Bill Burroughs came out of St. Louis in 1914. Living off his family (his granddaddy invented the adding machine), Burroughs has traveled the lower depths of this country, most of Europe and Africa—he has also journeyed up the headwaters of the Amazon in search of a telepathic drug which gave him visions of the Lost City. The patchwork quilt he has sewn with such impassioned concentration is made from the thread of his life. Addict, minor criminal, bug exterminator in Chicago, on the fringe of the international queer set: this is a report from the inside. Burroughs says he records only what is in front of his senses at the moment of writing.

Blue Movie. Director-Producer-Writer: William Burroughs. Cast: A. J., the notorious Merchant of Sex; Salvador Hassan O'Leary, the After Birth Tycoon; Clem and Jody, the Ergot Brothers (two oldtime vaudeville hoofers whose sole function is to represent the U. S. in an unpopular light); Dr. Benway, a manipulator of symbol systems, an expert on all phases of brainwashing, interrogation and control. The film is improvised as it's being shot, no script. Routines reminiscent of early American film comedy—and you can't help laughing: because you're in it.

The Word is the striptease the author does for you with the snake of language. *The Word*—this is just a

thin slice of a 60pp. unpub'd ms.—is a précis of all of *Naked Lunch*: compressed, hard, violent, obscene and funny, wildly funny. As the horror and terrible humor seep into your system you know that something has changed in your life, something has been broken, lost forever. The careful little islands you had built in your mind have been swept away by a hurricane. I feel the guide's hand in mine, I can't turn away—*naked lunch*, now I understand: I'm eating in Uncle Bill's Lunchroom, naked.

AMERICAN CRIME DOCTOR PLOTS AT HARVARD ANTHRO DEPT. Burroughs at work again: he wants to extend his dominion over the whole world—is he Dr. Benway?—, to create races yet undreamed of. Later, after the war while he is living in the vicinity of Columbia University, Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg fall under Burroughs' ominous influence; he becomes their guru. The final hatching (for the junk hen “a needle every hour in the fibrous grey wooden flesh of terminal addiction”) takes place in Tangier where after over twelve years of addiction, after steeping himself in vice, the maestro gives birth to a perilous plant: *Naked Lunch*.

With a faded blue necktie America ties up for the Final Fix. Our guide laughs at the many-leveled vision of horror . . . But soon they'll be after you again. The fuz. You'll run down, catch the train just before it moves out, and wave them goodbye. Uncle Bill will be there, smiling his toothless junkie grin, holding back the door, “that's right boys, just hop on board, the Mainline Express . . .” and as the train barrels off into the darkness you hear his weird laughter above the roar . . .

And you try, if you can, to grope back to the “real” world.

Note: Grove Press has promised publication of the complete Naked Lunch—hitherto banned in this country—in April or May. This means that the book may be on the stands by the time you read this issue of Swank.)

THE END

THE WORD IS divided into units which be all in one piece and should be so taken, but the pieces can be had in any order being tied up back and forth, in and out fore and aft like an innaresting sex arrangement. This book spill off the page in all directions, kaleidoscope of vistas, medley of tunes and street noises, riot yipes and the slamming steel shutters of commerce, screams of pain and pathos and screams plain pathic, copulating cats and outraged squawk of the displaced bull head, prophetic mutterings of brujo in nutmeg trance, snapping necks and screaming mandrakes, sigh of orgasm, heroin silent as dawn in the thirsty cells, Radio Cairo screaming like a berserk tobacco auction, and flutes of Ramadan fanning the sick junky like a gentle lush worker in the grey subway dawn feeling with delicate fingers for the green folding crackle. . . .

This is Revelation and Prophecy of what I can pick up without FM on my 1920 crystal set with antennae of jissom. . . .

Gentle reader, we see God through our — in the flash bulb of orgasm. Through these orifices transmute your body, the way out is the way in. There is no blacker blasphemy than spit with shame on the body God gave you. And woe unto those castrates who equate their horrible old condition with sanctity. . . .

Armed with a meat cleaver the Author chase a gentle reader down the Midway and into the Hall of Mirrors, trap him impaled . . . With a cry squeezed out by the hanged man's spasm, I raise my cleaver . . . Will the Governor intervene? Will the whimpering chair be cheated of young —? Will the rope sing to empty air?

The Word, gentle reader, will flay you down to the laughing bones and the Author will do a strip-tease with his own intestines. Let it be. No holes barred. The Word is recommended for children, and convent-trained—need it special to learn what every street-boy knows: "He who rims the Mother Superior is a success-minded brown nose and God will reward him on TV with a bang at Question 666."

Mr. America, sugar-cured in rotten protoplasm, smiles idiot self bone love, flexes his cancerous muscles, waves his erect—, bends over to show his— to the audience who reel back blinded by beauty bare as Euclid . . . He is hanged by reverent negroes, his neck snaps with

William S. Burroughs is the most discussed American underground writer since Henry Miller. His novel Naked Lunch, published by the Olympia Press in Paris in 1959 and soon to be brought out in this country by the courageous Grove Press, is in the author's words "a sexual inferno, a systematic desecration of the human image." The Word is a first draft of a section of the book and contains material that has never been published before—given to Swank by poet Allen Ginsberg, Burroughs' close friend.

The Word

by WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

a squashed bug sound, — rises to ejaculate and turns to viscid jelly, spread through the body in shuddering waves, a monster centipede squirms in his spine. Jelly drops on the hangman who runs screaming in black bones. The centipede writhes around the rope and drops free with broken neck, white juice oozing out. . . .

Ma looks up from knitting a steel-wool jockstrap and says, "That's my boy."

The Author will spare his gentle readers nothing, but strip himself brother naked. Description? I bugger it. . . .

Now I William Seward will unlock my word horde . . . My Viking heart fares over the great green river where motors put put put in jungle twilight and whole trees float with huge snakes in the branches and sad-eyed lemurs watch the shore, across the Missouri field (the boy finds a pink arrowhead) out along distant train whistles, comes back to me hungry as a street boy don't know how to peddle the — God gave him. Gentle reader, The Word will leap on you like a leopard man with iron claws, it will cut off fingers and toes like a land crab, it will hang you catching your jissom like a scrutable dog, it will coil round your thighs like a bushmaster and inject a water glass of rancid fluid. . . . And why a scrutable dog?

I will play fair with you . . . Now that's a fine phrase scrutable dog but what the — does it mean? Well, I'm

going to tell you and this time will do for the other times. I mean I don't have to tell you every time, not that much paper in the — house.

The other day I am returning from the long lunch thread from mouth to — all the days of our years, when I see an Arab boy have this little black-and-white dog know how to walk on his hind legs. And a big yaller dog come on the boy for affection and the boy shove it away, and the yaller dog growl and snap at the little toddler snarling if he had but human gift of tongues: "A crime against nature right there."

So I dub the yaller dog Scrutable . . . And let me say in passing, and I always passing like a sincere Spade, that the inscrutable East need a heap of salt a man swallow it already . . . Your reporter bang thirty grains of M. a day and sit 8 hours inscrutable as a turd. "What are you thinking?" says, squirming, the American tourist.

To which I reply, "Morphine have depressed my hypothalamus, seat of libido and emotion, and since the front brain act at second hand with back brain titillation, being a vicarious type citizen can only get his kicks from behind, I must report virtual absence of cerebral event. I am aware of your presence, but since it has for me no effective connotation, my affect being disconnected by the Junk man for the non-payment, I am not innarested in your doings. Go or come . . . but the dead and the junky don't care . . ." They are *inscrutable*.

These things were revealed to me in Interzone where East meets West coming round the other way . . . In a great apartment house done in Tibetan Colonial, lamsters from the crime of Iowa look out on snowy peaks and groan with Lotus Posture hip aches. You hooked on Nirvana, brothers, old purple — mandril gibber and—down your back and eat your ears off . . . Carry your great meaningless load in hunger and filth and disease, flop against the mud wall like a cut of wrong meat the Inspector stamp Reject on you with his seal. . . .

This is the time of Witness when every soul stands with a naked—in the Hall of Mirrors under the meat cleaver of a disgusted God. . . . "What a Gawd has to put up with in this business . . . No, I will not hang you. Much too good for you . . . You abject citizens couldn't

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NAKED LUNCH continued

raise the libido to commit a sex murder . . ."

So glad to have you aboard, reader, but remember there is only one captain of this —, and back street drivers will be summarily covered with jissom and exposed to faggots in San Marco. . . . It is forbidden to use the signal rope for frivolous hangings, or to burn Nigrabs in the washroom before the other passengers have made their toilet. Show Your Culture. Rusty loads subject to carrying charges, plenty room in the rear, folks move back in the saloon.

I, William Seward, Captain of this lashed-up hash-head subway, will quell the Loch Ness Monster with rotenone and cowboy the white whale. (Cowboy: New York hood talk mean kill the mother — wherever you find him.) I will reduce Satan to Automatic Obedience and find useful work for subsidiary fiends; I will banish the candiru from your swimming pools — (the candiru is a small eel-like fish or worm about one-quarter inch through and two inches long patronizing certain rivers of ill repute in the Greater Amazon

Basin, will dart up your — or your — or a woman's — and hold himself there by sharp spines with precisely what motives is not known since no-one has stepped forward to observe the candiru's life-cycle . . .) I will issue a Bull on Immaculate Birth Control . . .

Now the thoughtful reader may have observed certain tendencies in the Author might be termed unwholesome. In fact some of you may be taken aback by the practices of this character. The Analyst say: "Mr. Burroughs have you not consider to . . . get with normal suburban kicks?"

I call in my friends and we spend whole evenings listening to the Bendix sing Sweet and Low, the Wash Machine Boogie; and the sinister cream separator, a living fossil, rancid as Yak butter, seeks the bellowing Hoover with a leopard's grunt. Suburbia hath horrors to sate a thousand castrates and stem the topless — of Israel.

Going my way brother? . . . the hitch hiker walks home through gathering mushroom clouds, and we meet in the Dead Cafe to break glass ashtrays over our foreheads pulsing in code . . .

Brothers the limit is not yet . . . I will blow my fuse and blast my brains with a black short-circuit of arteries, but I will not be silent nor hold longer back the enema of my word hoard, been dissolving all the — man and boy forty-three years and whoever held an enema longer I claim the record folks and any Johnny Come Late think he can out-nausea the Maestro let him shove his — forward . . .

You can cut into *Naked Lunch* at any intersection point . . . I have written many prefaces. They atrophy and amputate spontaneous like the little toe amputates in a West African disease . . . *Naked Lunch* is a blueprint, a How-To Book . . . Black insect lusts open into vast, other-planet landscapes . . . Abstract concepts, bare as algebra, narrow down to a black turd or a pair of aging cajones . . . How-To extend levels of experience by opening the door at the end of a long hall . . . Doors that only open in Silence . . . *Naked Lunch* demands Silence from The Reader. Otherwise he is taking his own pulse . . .

THE END

OPTIMIST

When her youth was stolen from her and flattened on kitchen floors,

Esther said:

When I marry I shall live like a queen.

When her boyfriend proved to be a rascal and a pimp,

Esther said:

Well, some of the men are jolly, and some of them are clean; and this is easier than scrubbing floors.

When they took her to the county hospital, handling her with much disinfectant,

Esther said, dying:

I think that I can go to sleep now without being pulled at.

—GULLIVER JONES

TIN PAN ALLEY

No one has ever written a song about Coronary Thrombosis,

Even though its blessings have been widely recognized . . .

Even though it has saved many people from a lifetime of sorrow . . .

Even though it has rescued many people from bottomless pits of Death . . .

Even though it has provided a good life for millions of doctors, nurses,

Ambulance drivers, morticians, stonecutters and countless others.

Yet, on ungrateful Tin Pan Alley

No one has ever written a song about Coronary Thrombosis.

—BOB KAUFMAN

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