THE SEARCH FOR SEX IN HIPDOM'S HIGH SOCIETY

UNDRAPE THOUGHTS OF A NUDE MODEL

THE FRENCH TOUCH

A MODERN ARTIST LOOKS AT A MODERN WOMAN

jazz

FEATURES

BY

NAT HENTOFF
JOHN WILLIAMS
TONY SCOTT
Uncle Bill Burroughs' Guided Tour: *Naked Lunch*

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 scribbings 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 Marquise de Sade, W. C. Fields and finally Dracula.

Big Bill Burroughs came out of St. Louis in 1914. Living off his family (his grandaddy 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 build 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 Luncheonroom, 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 fuzz. 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
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

... 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 Scratable . . . 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 innarrested 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, lamasters 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 (Continued on page 55)
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