This story is excerpted from William Burroughs's unpublished novel Port of Saints, a companion volume to The Wild Boys.

The ill-fated expedition of the Fanatical 80... This was an elite army of lesbian commodos known as the Darlings. Each officer had a bodyguard of policewomen and passive soulful lesbian orderlies and aides-de-camp. Privately financed, they landed on the coast and penetrated to the heart of wild boy country. But they never saw a wild boy... camp fires still warm... mocking phallic drawings on the walls of empty barracks...

YOU LIKE BEEG ONE DARLINGS?
The Darlings are in a rubbly hilly area on the outskirts of Casablanca... all around, the howling of dogs. Now they enter a steep gully.

"COME OUT AND FIGHT YOU FILTHY LITTLE BEASTS!"
Double echo back from the rocky hillside...

"COME OUT AND FIGHT YOU FILTHY LITTLE BEASTS..."
In an old signal tower the wild boys have gathered. They throw back their heads and howl and the howl blurs into a snarl that snaps the head forward, flashing teeth and burning eyes, and all around dogs stir and bristle and run in packs. They break chains and leap over villa walls. They pour out of caves and basements. Now a river of dogs pours into the gulley. The Darlings open up with machine guns and grenades but the dogs (continued)
The boys strip off their jock straps and roll around in the dead soldiers like dogs rolling in carrion.

(continued)

keep coming, wave after wave, leaping for throat and face, dragging themselves forward on broken hindquarters to hammerstring... The Darlings are torn to screaming ribbons.

Fifty boys squat in the sand and begin to growl like leopards. Their eyes light up inside, their lips curl back from gleaming fangs... now leopards leap down from rocks and trees, a vast horde of leopards streaming forward, the boys trembling, snarling, flashing forward—it's known as "riding the cat." Suddenly the girls see a solid wall of leopards streaking down the canyon wall toward them on both sides. They open up with machine guns but the leopards keep coming. Leaping over their fallen comrades, they tear the Darlings to shreds... A leopard grows over a woman's headquarters, drives another leopard away. Other leopards, satiated, lick the blood from each other's faces.

The boys have ambushed a regiment. Dead soldiers are piled up in a lunar crater. Now the wild boys are outlined on the edge of the crater with their guns against a backdrop of Northern Lights. Audrey points.

"Hey lookit all them dead bodies." The boys strip off their jock straps and roll around in the dead soldiers like dogs rolling in carrion.

"Got a liver knife?" says a slackjawed wild boy.

A boy hands him a little curved knife. He takes the knife and cuts livers out of the youngest and healthiest looking soldiers, checking the eyes for hepatitis. The boys eat the raw liver. They pretend to have TB, coughing and spitting blood all over each other and dying in each other's arms. Finally they all pretend to be dead except for one boy who plays taps.

Friday, Bellevue 8, 1970... I decided to eschew the concept of inverse evolution. Man did not rise out of the animal state, he was shoved down to be an animal to be animals to be a body to be bodies by the infamous Fifth Colonists. The animals would have evolved quite painlessly into spiritual phantom lemurs on islands of swamp cypress, antelopes that could run 200 miles an hour, crystal salamanders in deep clear pools, rainbow chameleons and gurkha lizards supremely beautiful, wise old crocodiles with the patience of swamps and rivers in their somnolent eyes, lean delicate frogs, passionate molluscs shimmering with pearly lights in shallow lagoons, great blue cows, the smiling wild dogs...

In this Eden the first man landed in a crippled spacecraft. He lived there with the animals waiting for a pickup. But the Fifth Colonists arrived. One day when the first man was having intercourse with a shy young lemur he was slapped from behind by a fat cop. The police doctor cut out a rib. The whisky priest muttered over it and it turned into a lesbian police woman who screamed at the dazed Adam...

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN FRONT OF DECENT PEOPLE?"

It started at a garden party given by the Contessa de Ville in Marrakesh. A.J. arrived disguised as a Civil War general, his coat gray and his pants blue.

"Shows how they got together again, eh general?"

"Not precisely."

A.J. unsheathed his cavalry saber and with one stroke decapitated the Contessa's Afghan hound. The head bounced across the terrace snarling hideously. In a corner the Electrician tilted the charity pinball machine sent swirls of short circuit through the garden. Glasses and punch bowl crashed to the ground, trays leapt into the air and crashed down on the guests. Mr. Hyslop led in a great gray charger and helped the general into the saddle.

The general lifts his bloody sword. Chinese charge in from the kitchen with meat cleavers. The orchestra strikes up The Battle Hymn of the Republic...

"For he has loosed the fearful lightning of his terrible swift sword..."

"LET ME OUT OF HERE!" scream the Aphid Guards. They storm the exits in a whirlwind of severed limbs and bounding heads.

"He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored..."

In rubber boots and pirate drag with a patch over one eye, the other eye blazin' blue, Mr. Hyslop heaves his cutlass up to his knees in blood...

"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum."

He hoists the Jolly Roger as snarling guard dogs hatch from the broken film.

A.J. stands on a pedestal against an evening sky, flags flapping in the wind. He lifts his bugle...

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat..."

The sky lights up in a blue flash and slowly darkens as a wild boy plays taps...

Day is done
Gone the sun
From the lake from the hill from the sky.
All is well soldier brave God is nigh...

A.J. stands in a doorway overlooking the courtyard of his palatial Marrakesh residence.

"Where is my cobra, God damn it?"

A boy rushes up and thrusts a cobra into his face.

"Here your cobra aceester."

"I don't want the son of a bitch. Put him in the garden."

I walked past him down a hall into blinding sunlight. Too late I realized I had forgotten my spinal pad. The market got darker and darker with a heavy palpable darkness like underexposed film and I blacked out.

I was now dressed in a naval uniform and found myself on the deck of a heaving ship.

"Reef the mizzenmast and hard a starboard, you sons of sea dogs," I bellowed out lustily. I signaled to the first mate.

"Detail some men to pour hot tar on the companionway and scrub down the bilge."

I turned on my heel and entered my cabin. Mr. Pike the first mate, had followed me in. He sat down insolently in my master's chair and poured himself a tot of rum from a bottle on the table.

"I have to hand it to you, sir, to think about split and polish in a hurricane."

A splintering crash and waves poured through the ruptured hull and swept us out onto the deck.

"Abandon ship, God damn it!... Every man for himself."