



## Naked Lunch

*William S. Burroughs , James Grauerholz (Editor) , Barry Miles (Editor)*

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The book is structured as a series of loosely connected vignettes. Burroughs stated that the chapters are intended to be read in any order. The reader follows the narration of junkie William Lee, who takes on various aliases, from the U.S. to Mexico, eventually to Tangier and the dreamlike Interzone.

The vignettes are drawn from Burroughs' own experiences in these places and his addiction to drugs (heroin, morphine, and while in Tangier, majoun [a strong hashish confection] as well as a German opioid, brand name Eukodol, of which he wrote frequently).

[source wiki }

### Naked Lunch Details

Date : Published January 26th 2004 by Grove/Atlantic (first published 1959)

ISBN : 9780802140180

Author : William S. Burroughs , James Grauerholz (Editor) , Barry Miles (Editor)

Format : Paperback 289 pages

Genre : Fiction, Classics, Literature, Novels

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## From Reader Review Naked Lunch for online ebook

### Arthur Graham says

I'd love to rate this one higher, but however groundbreaking it was at the time, I always felt that Burroughs went on to produce much better books. Just like Kerouac had stronger stuff than *On the Road*, so too did WSB in comparison to this.

It still has one of the most apt titles ever. Contrary to what the small-minded prudes who brought the obscenity case against it assumed, this book has nothing to do with some lewd midday meal. "Naked Truth" might've been a better title, if it weren't such a meaningless cliché. Instead, the reader is forced to eat the truth, finally seeing "what is on the end of that long newspaper spoon." For an audience so accustomed to spoon-fed bullshit, *Naked Lunch* was and still is a refreshing menu option.

Don't stop there, though, kiddies, don't stop there....

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### Matt says

What can you say about Uncle Bill that hasn't already been said? I know that there was an obscenity trial over this book back in the day, but it still amazes me that he wasn't killed by an angry mob in the streets. Remember this was published in an America that didn't allow married couples on television shows to sleep in the same bed or use the word "pregnant". The text is obviously extremely disturbing. Make no mistake, reading this book is an endurance test. If you make it through you will feel like you have tainted your soul forever. It reads as if the author had a Harvard education and a severe drug problem, which was the reality for Burroughs at this point in time. However, I am of the opinion that almost every sub-genre of fiction since can be traced back to Burroughs. What the Beatles are to rock music, he is to literature. He is one of those bad news guys for aspiring writers. The reason for this is that any crazy scenario or plot twist that we can think of, he has already weighed, tested, and shotgunned sometime between the 1960's to mid-1990's. Additionally, for those interested, I would recommend the film "Naked Lunch" by David Cronenberg. I usually hate movies based on books that I have read, but this movie can almost be seen as a supplement to the book. It hits the major points of the book, but also fills in the background of what was going on in Burroughs life during the writing of the book in a very Surrealistic fashion.

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### Maria Clara says

Difícil, muy difícil decir algo sobre esta obra. Desde un punto de vista se puede decir que es un cóctel de locura, droga y sexo, pero, como dice la sinopsis, Burroughs dispara contra las religiones, el ejército, la universidad, la sexualidad, la justicia corrupta, los traficantes tramposos, el colonialismo, la burocracia y la psiquiatría... Todo esto, claro, como una bomba sin sentido de miseria humana. La única parte lúcida de esta obra, la encontramos al inicio y al final de esta, y esta no deja de ser más turbadora que el resto.

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### Edward says

*Naked Lunch* is a symphony of smut; a fever-dream of filth; a hallucination; a work of art. This is not a novel that charts an easy course. It is wild, erratic, crude to the extreme, and largely incomprehensible but for occasional moments of clarity. There is genius in these naked pages, a raw and fractured genius, the voice of the depraved and drug-addled, mainlined, unfiltered, directly into the vein. This lunch is opulent, sumptuous, but excessive, tainted, vomit-inducing. Burroughs's masterpiece is certainly an experience, though not a pleasant one.

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## Lauryl says

The flaw of the 5-star rating system is in trying figure out whether you should award stars based on how much you liked a book, or based on how "good" you think a book is. These two criteria are often distinct from each other, and *Naked Lunch*, at least for me, is a perfect example of this. I think that *Naked Lunch* is a brilliant book, an that Burroughs is one of our century's great literary geniuses. So, that makes it a five star book. But did I enjoy reading it? Sometimes very much, sometimes not at all. Burroughs's slang is simultaneously grotesque and sparkling. He is often very funny and sometimes prone to accidental fits of beauty. But he's an experimentalist at heart, which, for me at least, makes him challenging to read. This sounds really fussy school-marmy (because it is), but I sometimes long for him to just use punctuation like a normal person. In a way, reading Burroughs is like reading the Bible... (God, I loved making that comparison.) You can't really just plow through it like a regular novel, because it's too winding and strange. It follows only a vague timeline that it adheres to only when the mood takes it. Plotwise, all bets are off. You kind of have to read it in spurts and fits, which is probably how it was written.

That said, I've read *Naked Lunch* at least four times, but never read it all the way through, from front to back. There are certain things that you do this with in your life...for instance, it took me years before I could rent either *Time Bandits* or *Brazil* before I could manage to stay awake to watch the whole film. What I finally discovered was that I'd never been old enough to appreciate *Brazil* before. Now it's one of my favorite movies. And *Time Bandits* is just really boring.

So here goes. I will read *Naked Lunch* from cover to cover, and finally figure out how I feel about it. The Bible is gonna have to wait its turn.

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## K.D. Absolutely says

This book is not easy to read if your idea of reading is that it has a linear plot, characters that are either good, bad or somewhere in between, spirit-uplifting narratives and dialogues and inspiring theme.

This book has none of those. Yet, this is one of the best-written books that I've ever read. Reading this was just a different experience: you don't know where Burroughs would take you every time you lift the page, you don't know who would appear as the characters and what they would say or do, you don't know how he could write with brilliant originality and fluidity. It is like being taken for a ride but you know that the ride would be simply a memorable one because you gasp as you go through each line of this book.

Yes, it is about drugs (marijuana, heroin, morphine), sex, crime, pedophilia, sadism and all the monstrosities that you can think of as a normal human being. But think Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* (5 stars), Hubert Selby, Jr.'s *Last Exit To Brooklyn* (4 stars), Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange* (4 stars), J.G. Ballard's *Crash* or even Maquis de Sade's monumental *The 120 Days of Sodom*. Their subjects are all monstrous but the writings are unparalleled and unequalled. This is postmodern and thus hard to understand. The trick is for you to just read and let the words *wash over you* and somewhere in the middle of your reading you will start to

get the drift until you find yourself marching with the grove and then you will find it unputdownable.

The plot is fragmented that makes it not really a plot but a collection of short stories or even hallucinations (there is no story, like your "typical" story). It has some characters that appear in more than one instance like the Agent **William Lee**, the pirate **AJ** or the doctor **Benjay**. But their characters are not *developed* just like in most novels. You just have to take them as they are. There is also some kind of political undertones in some of the stories that reminded me of George Orwell's 1984 (4 stars) but it feels like just a side dish and not the main course. Being an artist belonging to the Beat generation, this book also reminded me of Hunter S. Thompson's Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.

This book also surprised me a bit: it is rare that I like a book with zero relatability to me. I mean, I had no experience whatsoever with any prohibited drugs and still I found this book amazing. It used to be that I would only like books that speak to me. Maybe my literary taste is maturing since I am in my fourth year of voracious reading. Thank you, Goodreads.

My second Burroughs and he is still to disappoint. In fact, he, for me, is one of the best American novelists. Simply amazing work here.

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## mark monday says

WARNING: nasty language ahead, including the use of some of my favorite phrases from the novel; these include such choice nuggets as *mugwump jism* and *to turn a massacre into a sex orgy* and *a bubbly thick stagnant sound, a sound you could smell* and *the subject will come at his whistle, shit on the floor if he but say Open Sesame*. anyway,

I'll be honest, mugwump jism, it took me a while to get into Naked Lunch, to turn a massacre into a sex orgy. Three attempts, to be exact, a bubbly thick stagnant sound, a sound you could smell. I don't mind stream-of-conscious writing, I don't mind the Beats, I don't mind postmodernism, I don't mind graphic sexual and violent imagery, I don't mind experimental narratives, the subject will come at his whistle, shit on the floor if he but say Open Sesame. But a work that combines all of those things in one fetid stew, in such an in-your-face way that could care less about creating any kind of empathy, and has such a complete disinterest in establishing easily-digestible form or meaning... well, it was off-putting mugwump jism. In a way it made me angry at Burroughs, to turn a massacre into a sex orgy. Who the fuck did he think he was, grinding my face in the muck and telling me that this foul nonsense was the new Now, a bubbly thick stagnant sound, a sound you could smell? I didn't like how every fourth phrase seemed to be about shit or jism or asses or toothless mouths, the subject will come at his whistle, shit on the floor if he but say Open Sesame. I thought the extreme homoeroticism was gruesome and not very erotic, and it actually made me feel rather homophobic – and this is coming from a bonafide cocksucker, mugwump jism.

But the third try worked like a charm to turn a massacre into a sex orgy. Maybe I just needed to grow into the novel, and not take its challenging ways so personally, a bubbly thick stagnant sound, a sound you could smell. The writing became amazing to me – overindulgent (obviously) but also masterful, profound even, in its hair-raising descriptive passages, its deadpan dialogue, its drooling emphasis on bodily functions, decay, death, degradation, the subject will come at his whistle, shit on the floor if he but say Open Sesame. Its paranoia was no longer oppressive – if anything, it was freeing, mugwump jism. Naked Lunch's ability to convey not just the darkness but the strangeness and black humor at the heart of both addiction and the various possible and existing forms of societal control became fascinating, to turn a massacre into a sex orgy.

The radical changes in perspective, the decentralized plot and oblique narrative, all the grotesque, taboo fantasias suddenly felt mordantly playful and, well, "naked" in their need to convey a state of mind, a world view, a way of looking at the systems of the world... all of that actually became inspirational, in both the challenge of its intent and the radical nature of its result; and so the subject will come at his whistle, shit on the floor if he but say Open Sesame.

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### **Fabian says**

A merry-go-round of grotesqueries & infinite pain. The life of the junky means nothing and so the experience is circular-- a self-(or is it?)punishment, an act of extreme nihilism--this is a cry from the very depths of hell, and the last time I checked the most successful account of it was by a man named Dante Alighieri.

Burroughs out-writes those terribly true duds of literary fame, mainly Henry Miller, Kerouac, et al. This is incendiary, fantastic, simply put, a bonafide WORK OF ART. In my mind "On the Road" is but a dull Norman Rockwell, "Naked Lunch" an overpowering "Guernica."

Experience this hell-on-page & immediately go out to the world to enjoy your heaven!

P.S. What a difference ten years makes! I tried to read this right after high school & failed. I feel better for my innocence.

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### **Inder says**

Ugh. I'm sure this is very brilliant and all, but it's extremely unpleasant to read. Physically repulsive, it's enough to scare anyone away from heroin, and yet, in some ways, it glorifies the experience in a self-indulgent way. Mind you, the book has no plot, and is just one drug-induced hallucination after another. It gets pretty boring after a while. Even extreme disgust gets old after about 50 pages. You're so numb after a few pages that Burrough's attempts to get nastier and nastier and shock more and more are mostly lost.

I'm still trying to figure out the literary value of stuff like this. Any English profs out there care to explain why this made it into the canon? I ask this in all seriousness - I really can't figure it out. Maybe it does belong on the list - in which case, I want to know the purpose of such lists.

I don't feel like I read this so much as survived it. You can bet I will not be reading the other two Burroughs novels on the 1001 books list. What do they take me for, some kind of masochist? So that means I only have to read 999 books, which is fine by me. Though I have a feeling that a couple of others on the list are going to turn me off in the same way.

I guess this is one you're supposed to read in the interests of being engaged in pop and drug culture, but my rec? Stay away. You don't want to be this engaged.

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## Barry Pierce says

Oh boy. One part of me wants to throw this novel away because some parts are written like a 15-year-old's first foray into erotic fanfiction while another part of me wants to hail this as a masterpiece of filth that would make John Waters sick. So I'm going to settle in the middle. There are some parts of this novel that made me go "what the actual fuck" but I like that. I like it when literally every boundary is pushed as far as it can go. The prose is nonsensical and disorientating which is probably what Burroughs wanted. He was a Beat of course. I enjoyed this novel. The majority of it makes absolutely no sense and it isn't meant to.

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## Ben says

This book is beautiful in a sick-grotesque-wild-hilarious-creative-mind-bending-outlandish-drug-filled-dirty-brave kind of way. If I could use one word to describe it, it would be "bizarre"; although "hilarious" and "important" could work, too. In *Naked Lunch* you are taken into the mind of William S. Burroughs -- a twisted, drug addicted man, who also happens to be genius.

When considering its content, it's no wonder *Naked Lunch* was banned and railed against when it was first released; it's also no surprise that it was as popular as it was, given its creative brilliance. I can't recommend *Naked Lunch* to anyone; it's as graphic as the imagination allows. In fact, I would say that it's the sickest book I've ever read, but I just happened to read Bataille's *Story of the Eye* the other day, too. Between the two, there's really no way of telling which pushes the limits more: *Naked Lunch* describes events such as young men being hung by nooses while they cum and shit on other young men. *Story of the Eye* contains scenes such as those involving a just-plucked eyeball, drenched in urine, being immersed in a young woman's vagina and asshole. So you see, it's tough to decide which is more bizarre; which is sicker. Novels like these -- that stretch limitations -- are important, though, because they remind us of our baser instincts. Becoming aware of and familiarizing ourselves with the sicknesses that can exist in human beings can actually further our empathy and appreciation; it can increase the likelihood that we note everyday acts of generosity, and therefore increase the chances that we, in kind, continuously act in such a way.

But I know that *Naked Lunch* isn't for everybody. If you can't handle or don't like this kind of thing, that's fine with me: what you prefer and decide to read affects me very little; and it's your right, really. Read a worthless, mind-numbing romance novel for all I care. But *don't you dare* try to take a book -- no matter how graphic or nasty -- out of the hands of others. Sure there are gross books out there that have no deeper meaning; but even these, I believe, have every right to be read. After all, who are *you* -- in your blatant subjectivity -- to choose what defines worthwhile art for others?

But that's beside the point, really, because *Naked Lunch* is powerfully imaginative and creative. If you can take its vile nature, waste no time in adding it to your "to read" list, because it can open-up some perceptual doorways.

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## Joe S says

So, basically, the meaningless drivel of the very first circuit boi? Seriously? Maybe I would have liked it better if I weren't already sick to death of all the hallucinatory narratives this book spawned. This is a structure that needed to be created only once to get the bastard over with and properly buried.

Drug narratives are always only autobiographies obsessed with the author's secret obscene wishes and (inevitably) Neanderthal politics. They are the literary equivalent of a frotteur on the subway recounting an especially long and boring dream.

As a dear friend once told me, "Shut the fuck up, you stupid stoner."

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## **Bradley says**

This was freakishly amazing, simultaneously making me wish I was on a full H binge with Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Infinite Jest, and a whole slew of Stephen King books to cap off this horrific tome of pure poetry.

1959. And still absolutely harrowing today.

I thought movies like Requiem For A Dream or tv shows like The Wire were the most absolutely effective anti-drug memoir ever created by richly immersing us in the addict's life... but no.

Naked Lunch tips the reader right off a cliff into the deep end of an Heroin Dream, starting us right at the gross end of bodies breaking down, moving on to 1984-like Reconditioning Centers for total mental reprogramming, thank you very much, and then moving into the skull of a paranoid delusional fever dream of homosexuality and then alien societies.

If I could pick all of the heaviest hot-topics of the day and cram them all together into the heaviest fever pitch of a "normal's" fear, paranoia, misconceptions, and conspiracy theories, making the prose into a Beat-Poetry slam, and then fearlessly drowning the reader in jizz, then this is the book I'd point to as the poster child of all the books that would come after.

Seriously. The impact of this book on mainstream druggie fiction CANNOT be underestimated. Whole horror genres have spawned off of this book in the 80's. Talking assholes? A man who stole an opium suppository from his own grandmother's ass? Spontaneous liquefaction of bodies as a bug's-eye view of our modern society?

This stuff is RICH. It's also disgusting.

Hell, I'm a huge fan of Chuck Palahniuk and Peter Jackson's Dead Alive, and even these guys didn't quite go off the deep end as far as William S. Burroughs.

Hats off. Total Respect. Even if its an enormously wild button-pusher, it's not like it's un-factual. The drugs are real. The lives of homosexuals were probably quite real for the day and age. The explosion of the importance and the wild revelry makes these things into a realm of All-Importance in this novel, though, making it at first horrifying, then surreal, and then almost pure science fiction. :) Truly a delight. :)

It's also a perfect piece to prepare for Halloween. Perfect for the feels, NOT the camp. I got scared. :)

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## **Lyn says**

Naked Lunch by William S. Burroughs is a corrosive mash-up of Hunter S. Thompson, George Carlin and a

hoarse whisper of Jim Morrison, (and the good doctor Thompson no doubt kept a volume of Burroughs on his desk between the dictionary and the thesaurus).

Wake up Charles Bukowski at noon, scrape him off the floor of an Oakland flophouse, feed him, sober him cold, clean him up with a shower and shave and tailor a nice suit around him and you APPROACH the simmering rage of Burroughs, the feral, haunted shot of moral depravity that he summons up from the locked up basements of our collective soul.

But then consider that this was published in 1959 and the depth of the virulent impact on our literary culture begins to take shape. If Burroughs was not the original anti-hero, he was at least its dark robed disciple and if not a voice crying out in the wilderness, he was a raspy wheeze coughing up a bawdy limerick in a back alley. The rancid, pugilistic stream of consciousness diatribe will lose many readers early on, but I waded through Norman Mailer's Why Are We in Vietnam? so I could not be scared away by some junkie ramblings.

Glad I did, because looking back on the rubbish heap climbed reveals a depth of thought and a sensitive, tortured beauty, like a wildflower sprouting up from amidst the bones of a carcass. All that said, it is still a profane, ugly book. Not for the squeamish.

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### **Petra X says**

I've just seen that there is a David Cronenberg film of this book. It's the perfect pairing. The only other person who could have filmed this is perhaps John Waters, and he's maybe a bit friendly.

If you've read the book and ever watched a Cronenberg film, you're eyes just bugged out and jaw dropped at the idea of it, right? If not, why not? Explain.

The book is sparkingly brilliant, awful, nasty, wicked and beautiful. The work of a genius. There are a lot of good reviews out there, I'm not up to it. But a recommendation - if you like Burroughs, try Jean Genet, especially Our Lady of the Flowers. Burroughs and Genet, felons and addicts both, Genet the more lyrical of the two, both soared to the highest heights of twentieth century experimental fiction.

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### **Glenn Russell says**

Glenn R --- Speak to us straight about your Lunch that's bare  
Twisted, dirty and anything but fair.  
Your words like needles sticking in our veins  
As you write of dopefiends, coke bugs and dames.

William B --- Rube, the word we use in this world is junk  
You'll hear straight without funny stuff or funk.  
Read the damn book; I have nothing more to add  
For embellishing perfection has never been a fad.

This is a one-of-a-kind novel. I'll be posting a review in the next week. Couldn't help myself with the rhyming couplets since Burroughs is at the extreme opposite end of the literary spectrum from Alexander Pope, to say the least.

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### AJ Griffin says

From the 20 pages I've read so far, it seems like starting a heroin habit is a bad idea.

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### Ivy says

I made it just a little bit past the passage mentioning Steely Dan the dildo (actually, it's three generations of dildos all thriving under the Steely Dan name). And then, at the request of my old man who was sick of hearing me complain and puzzle over this book, I put it down for good. I don't like to leave books unfinished, but a girl can only swallow so many reiterations of the same tired orgiastic death-by-hanging scenario before she puts her foot down and says NO MORE!

I almost liked the book for this over-the-top ghastliness alone. Complex, acrobatic sex scenes abound, and there's something charming about the way it just gets nastier and nastier until the outlandishness of the unending orgies becomes laughable. But the redundancy of the themes and prose eventually became cloying. For example, Burroughs used the phrase "cancelled eyes" conspicuously often. While it's an apt enough way to describe the expression of someone floating through a drug haze, his overuse of the term struck me as a little too self-congratulatory, as if he was thinking, "Burroughs, you magnificent bastard! What a clever turn of phrase! Do it again!" And that sort of characterized the whole half of the book I finished--it seemed like Burroughs' critical abilities were blinded by his love for his own shock-value-saturated meanderings. On the whole (or, rather, on the half, since that's all I finished), reading *Naked Lunch* was like listening to someone tell you their weird dream from last night. Vaguely interesting, especially when it makes narrative sense, but, as it drones on, too zanily bizarre to keep my attention.

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### Jeffrey Keeten says

**"The title means exactly what the words say: NAKED lunch--a frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of the fork." The book title was suggested by Jack Kerouac.**

If not for the intervention of William S. Burroughs friends, *Naked Lunch* would have never seen the light of day. Peter Orlovsky, Allen Ginsberg, and Jack Kerouac decided to visit Burroughs in Tangiers and see if they could salvage any of the fragmented writing that had been dripping from the mind of Burroughs while he was nursing addictions to heroin and young male prostitutes. This is not a novel and if you venture into it thinking it is going to be a novel, with a linear plot line, you will be disappointed from the get go. This is a collection of horrors, fears built upon a wicket of paranoia, fantasies shared with brutal honesty, and demented, unhinged sex. Love does not tread through the shadows of this delusional; and yet, dare I say brilliant work of writing.

Burroughs explains:

*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 confined to the Negro race and the passing blonde shows her brass ankle as a manicured toe bounces across the club terrace, retrieved and laid at her feet by her Afghan hound...*

***Naked Lunch** is a blueprint, a How-To-Book...Abstract concepts, bare as algebra, narrow down to a black turd or a pair of aging conjones...*

*Naked Lunch* influenced music, most famously: Kurt Cobain, Bob Dylan, and Lou Reed. Band names emerged from characters in the book including Steely Dan. References to Burroughs spring up in literature and his influence is apparent in the works of Martin Amis and Will Self. Norman Mailer once referred to Burroughs as, “possibly the only living American writer of genius.” Essayists speculate that Mailer may have only said that to irritate the trio of Roth, Updike, and Bellow. Mailer was always the guy on the outside looking in.

So the Beat Generation ambassadors that sat down and tried to make sense out of the ramblings of the haphazardly collected writings, found among this mess of a manuscript something fresh and scary. The publishers they took it to saw the mess more than they saw the brilliance. Only after a few bits were published in a magazine called *Big Table* in 1959 and the writing was declared obscene and prosecuted did Maurice Girodias of Olympia Press, always spoiling for a fight on censorship, decided to publish. Ahhhh nothing like banning books to generate sales.

Edith Sitwell loftily rejected this “filth”. “*I do not wish to spend the rest of my life with my nose nailed to other people’s lavatories. I prefer Chanel No 5.*”

Can’t you just see Burroughs laughing gleefully, rubbing his hands together, at all the press: good, bad, and indifferent? He must have been thrilled that Sitwell even deigned to crack the cover of his book.

You might be still a babe in the woods who has not armchaired travelled down the stench filled alley of a **Naked Lunch** inspired nightmare. You might be thinking at this point in the review that you might want to read this book. I can assure you that you may **NOT** want to read this book. If you are a person who intends to be a serious writer then... yes... you really should read this book. It does open up vistas of thought if you can relax your moral compass for about 215 pages. Burroughs was riding fifteen years of addiction and self-indulgence. These writings, to me, were merely an outlet to get some of the muttering ideas out of his head. The process may have curbed the ragged edge of insanity.

I suppose some titillation can be gleaned from these writings. Perversity and obscenity has appeal. Pain has a following. “*She seized a safety pin caked with blood and rust, gouged a great hole in her leg which seemed to hang open like an obscene, festering mouth waiting for unspeakable congress with the dropper which she now plunged out of sight into the gaping wound. But her hideous galvanized need (hunger of insects in dry places) has broken the dropper off deep in the flesh of her ravaged thigh (looking rather like a poster on soil erosion).*”

Writing about sex and desire is always of interest.

“*I was young myself once and heard the siren call of easy money and women and tight boy-ass and land’s sake don’t get my blood up I am subject to tell a tale make your cock stand up and yip the pink pearly way of young cunt or the lovely brown mucus-covered palpitating tune of the young boy-ass play your cock like a recorder...and when you hit the prostate pearl sharp diamonds gather in the golden lad balls inexorable as a kidney stone.*”

At times Burroughs is whimsical.

*"The nostalgia fit is on me boys and will out willy silly...boys walk down the carny midway eating pink spun sugar...goose each other at the peep show...jack off in the Ferris wheel...throw sperm at the moon rising red and smoky over the foundries across the river."*

He shares his junky dreams.

*"Cooking smells of all countries hang over the City, a haze of opium, hashish, the resinous red smoke of yage, smell of the jungle and salt water and the rotting river and dried excrement and sweat and genitals."*

His terror.

*The scream shot out of his flesh through empty locker rooms and barracks, musty resort hotels, and spectral, coughing corridors of T.B. sanitariums, the muttering, hawking, grey fishwater smell of flophouses and Old Men's Homes, great, dusty customs sheds and warehouses, through broken porticoes and smeared arabesques, iron urinals worn paper thin by the urine of a million fairies, deserted weed-grown privies with a musty smell of shit turning back to the soil, erect wooden phallus on the grave of dying peoples plaintive as leaves in the wind, across the great brown river where whole trees float with green snakes in the branches and sad-eyed lemurs watch the shore out over a vast plain (vulture wings husk in the dry air). The way is strewn with broken condoms and empty H caps and K.Y. tubes squeezed dry as bone meal in the summer sun."*

Anybody want a hit of **H**?

Burroughs during a William Tell reenactment with his wife, after I'm sure copious amounts of alcohol and chemical assistance had been inhaled, attempted to shoot a drink off her head for the entertainment of their friends. He missed. She died. He called his lawyer.

The quotes I've selected to share in this review are nowhere near the worse or most perverse of the writing that will be experienced in this book. If anyone has been offended I am truly sorry, but I do not want people reading a book that is not a good fit for them. Consider these quotes to be a warning sign to decide if you want to avoid more of the same (only much more shocking) or that you are game to see what else Burroughs can fling on you, can etch into your skin, can smear in your hair, can wiggle into your brain, can "hot lick" your...

This book put me in mind of the first time I went to a strip club, which happened to be in Kansas City. At first I was looking around like a farm boy fresh off the back of the turnip truck, jaw dropped, eyeballs extended amazed at all the **BOOBS** just walking around everywhere. After about a half hour, my brain made adjustments, and it became... well... boring isn't the right word but the shock value had worn off. I was ready to go somewhere else, do something else. My reaction to this book was similar, even though it was my second trip through it, still for about the first fifty pages I was uncomfortable and second guessing my decision to reread it and horrified at the thought of trying to review it. I hung in there mainly because I'd survived the experience once and had a feeling that I would adjust. As I advanced through the pages, Burroughs would continue to stick needles into my morality, but I was becoming more immune. In fact, at times the book started to feel repetitive. I even reached a point where I could say "hey Burroughs I got it, you can quit hitting me with the hammer now".

I could have written a series of reviews espousing the reasons for giving this book one star up to five stars. It has had an impact on the literary and musical landscape (art as well if you count his shotgun splatter paintings), and not necessarily a negative one. I landed on four stars because Burroughs, in whatever level of hell he is residing in (if you believe in that stuff), will not get the satisfaction of yet another negative review. Bad press has been very, very good to him.

If you wish to see more of my most recent book and movie reviews, visit <http://www.jeffreykeeten.com>  
I also have a Facebook blogger page at: <https://www.facebook.com/JeffreyKeeten>

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°°°.°.:°°.°\_.· ????? Ροζουλ? Εωσφ?ρος ·\_·°°°.°°.°°° ★·:·^·:·★ ?????? ???????  
?????? Ταμετο?ρο Αμ says

Π?σο αξιολογ? την ευχαρ?στηση και την πληρ?τητα που αισθ?νθηκα διαβ?ζοντας το "γυμν? γε?μα"  
2/5.

Π?σο αξιολογ? την αξ?α του βιβλ?ου ως απευθε?ας διεργασ?α σε περιοχ?ς του ψυχισμο? επιτελ?ντας συγκεκριμ?νη λειτουργ?α.  
5/5

Θεωρ? πως δεν πρ?πει να πι?σει κανε?ς στα χ?ρια του το συγκεκριμ?νο βιβλ?ο εαν πρ?τα δεν μ?θει τα π?ντα για την θρυλικ? δραματικ? ζω? του Γου?λιαμ Μπ?ροουζ.

Ε?ναι ?να φρικαλ?ο,απα?σιο, σιχαμερ?,προσβλητικ?,σκανδαλ?δες,χυδα?ο,αν?θικο, διεφθαμ?νο,hardcore πορνογρ?φημα,μυθικ? σατιρικ? και θρυλικ? ?μο. ?πως ακριβ?ς και η ζω? του Μπ?ροουζ. Και εδ? ε?ναι το σημει?ο αναφορ?ς. Αν νι?σεις τη βιογραφ?α του συγγραφ?α,αυτομ?τως κατανοε?ς την αξ?α του βιβλ?ου.

Το "γυμν? γε?μα" δεν γρ?φτηκε για να διασκεδ?σει ? να κερδ?σει εντυπ?σεις. Ε?ναι ?να ανορθ?δοξο,βιωματικ? και σοκαριστικ? βιβλ?ο αφιερωμ?νο στην αρρ?στεια και την αντικουλτο?ρα της λογοτεχν?ας και της κοινων?ας του κ?σμου.

Ο συγγραφ?ας ε?ναι ?νας μπο?μ παρε?σακτος ψυχασθεν?ς, απ?φοιτος του Χ?ρβαρντ, γ?νος ε?πορης οικογ?νειας και περιθωριακ? αντισυμβατικ?ς.  
Εθισμ?νος σε σκληρ?ς ναρκωτικ?ς ουσ?ες,περιπλανητ?ς του κ?σμου, ομοφυλ?φιλος,τυχοδι?κτης,συζυγοκτ?νος και προφητικ? μορφ? στην εξ?λιξη της λογοτεχν?ας.

Μια σιχαμ?νη ιδιοφυ?α,?να απα?σιο μεγαλοφυ?ς μυαλ? που πιστε?ει πως η γλ?σσα ε?ναι ?νας ι?ς απο το δι?στημα.

Μια διεστραμ?νη φιγο?ρα της κοινων?ας που γρ?φει στη δεκαετ?α του '50 στην Ταγγ?ρη το συγκεκριμ?νο βιβλ?ο σε μορφ? επιστολ?ν-σκ?ψεων-σημει?σεων χωρ?ς αρχ?-μ?ση-τ?λος,αναμειγ?νοντας τη μυθοπλασ?α με φοβερ?ς δ?σεις πραγματικ?τητας.

Εκε?νη την εποχ? εθισμ?νος σε παραισθησιογ?νες ουσ?ες προσπαθε? παρ?λληλα να αποκτ?σει το χ?ρισμα της τηλεπ?θειας.

Πριν και μετ?,αυτ? το διανοητικ? ?ρρωστο και εθισμ?νο ... Μ?λος της Αμερικανικ?ς Ακαδημ?ας

και Ινστιτούτου Τεχνών και Γραμμάτων - επικεφαλής του Τμήματος Γραμμάτων και Τεχνών της Γαλλίας, αναμειγνύεται με τις σκιές του πλανήτη μας και προκαλεί.

Το "γυμνό γεμάτο" είναι μια κρηξη αγνώστης. Μια σχιζοφρενική και αρχική ακαταλαβίστικη περιγραφή ενός φρικτού μαγικού-ναρκωτικού σμπαντος σε αδιευκρίνιστο χωροχρόνο.

Αποτελεί σίγουρα προφητική περιγραφή μελλοντικών εξελίξεων και ως πραγματικό ουσιαστικό του μυθιστορηματος περιγράφεται « η Αποκαθλωση και η Βεβλωση της Ανθρωπίνης εικόνας από τους ελεγχόμενους που διασπέρουν τον ιό του εθισμού».

Για να φτάσουμε σε αυτό το συμπέρασμα όμως περνάμε από ένα καταδικασμένο και χυδαίο πορνογράφημα με σκληρές σκηνές παιδοφιλικό σεξ, φόνους ανηλικών, φρικάλων σοδομιστικών και σαδιστικών περιγραφών και κανιβαλισμού. Βουτμέ στην ταπείνωση και την εξάθλωση. Πνιγμάστε από δυσφορία και μίζερια βρωστής κατάντιας και εξαχρέωσης. Υποφέρουμε από όλες τις μορφές εθισμού τοξικών και κοινωνικών εθισμών.

Το «γυμνό γεμάτο» ανεξαρτήτως υποκειμενικών εντυπώσεων ή συμπερασμάτων, αποτελεί σίγουρα ένα συνεχές αναθεωρούμενο, σεμνό και εστιακό χειρόγραφο τοξικού ρεαλισμού.

Ίσως να συστένεται με λιγότερη επιφύλαξη το κινηματογραφικό "γυμνό γεμάτο" από τον Ντιβιντ Κρένμπεργκ που ομολογούμνος επιχέρησε το ασύλληπτο.

Καλή ανήγνωση (προαιρετική παράνεση)

Πολλοές ασπασμοές!!

\* Η κινηματογραφική εκτέλεση ήκανε τους παρ'γοντες να ορκιστούν πως δεν θα ξαναγυρσουν τ'τοια ταινία.