The Job is William S. Burroughs at work, attacking our traditional values, condemning what he calls "the American nightmare," and expressing his often barbed views on Scientology, the police, orgone therapy, history, women, writing, politics, sex, drugs, and death. His conversation splices images of death-by-hanging with elevators and airports, the story of his drug addiction and cure with ideas on the use of hieroglyphs.

**Book Information**

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**Customer Reviews**

How much of what Burroughs has to say in this book is meant to be taken literally is open to debate, but one thing isn't: what Burroughs says on any level--metaphorical, theoretical, literal--is always thought-provoking. Ostensibly a series of interviews, this book also includes extended essays and stories in lieu of answers to a wide range of questions, not only about Burroughs' work, but about his world-view in general, the fertile field of opinions, obsessions, and observations out of which that work grew. Here is Burroughs unplugged: on drug addiction, politics, magick, Mayans, tape recorders, government control, sexuality, science, outer space, inner space, literature, and practically everything else. This is a brain thinking not just outside the box, but outside the skull. His ideas, summarized, sometimes sound like the stuff you might expect to hear coming from a patient in a schizophrenic ward...except that when Burroughs delivers the full script in his infamous deadpan way, his theories actually make sense in a twilight, peripheral vision kind of way. *The Job* is a kind of intellectual guerilla guide to combating the "dogmatic" control of the power-elite.
whose malignant reach extends into the most personal aspects of our lives. As Burroughs sees it ((with a bit of a twinkle in his eye, I suspect)), we’re all prisoners of a limited reality plot, penned in like sheep, kept in blind, dumb subservience to a central authority that likes us stupid, malleable, and passive...and which means to keep us that way.+ Language is a virus. The War on Drugs is a sham. The newspapers are fabricating the future. The fix is in. How do you use hieroglyphics to free your mind? How can a tape recorder re-write reality?

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