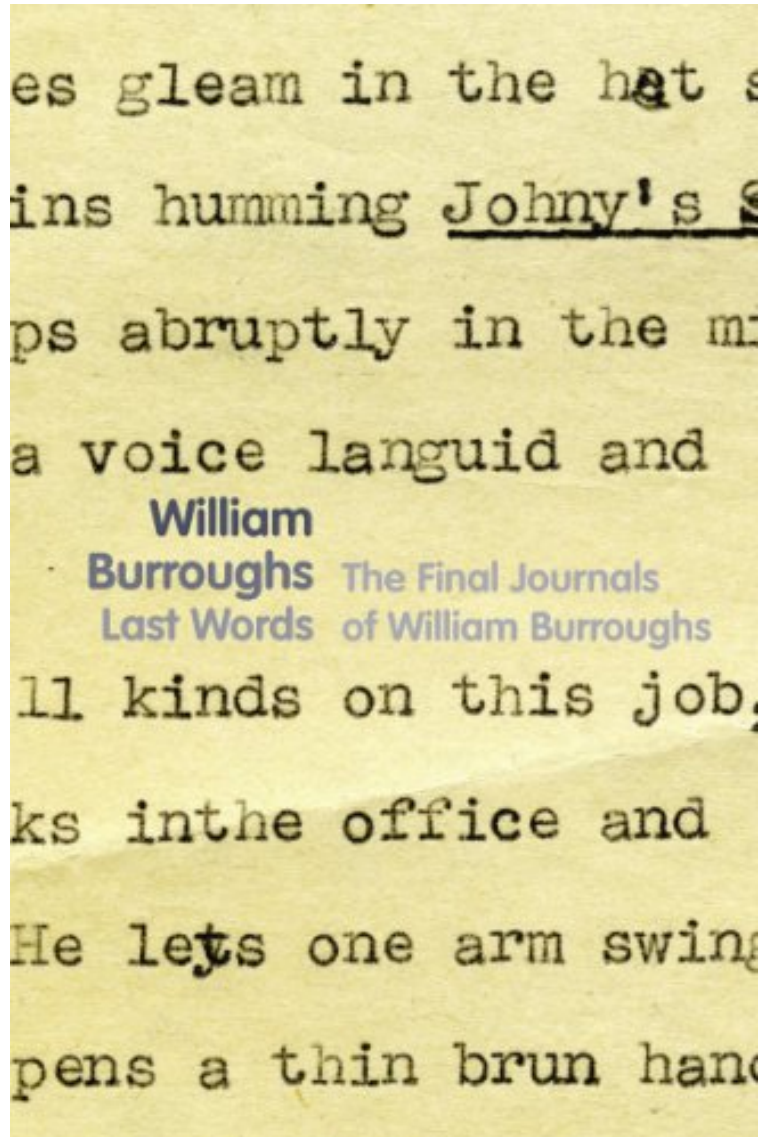


(Free) Last Words

Last Words

Von William Burroughs

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Von William Burroughs : Last Words before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Last Words:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen14 von 14 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Last WordsVon Von Arx MichaelDas Buch beginnt mit Burroughs Eintragungen am 14.11.96 und endet mit derletzten Eintragung am 30.07.97. Burroughsstarb am 2. August 1997. Die Eintragungenbeginnen damit das eine seiner geliebtenKatzen berfahren wird und er krperlichenSchmerz empfindet, vor allem wegen demFehlen der Katze an den

gewohnten Stellen und die letzte Eintragung ist ein Hymnus an die Liebe, die reine Liebe die Burroughs für seine Katzen empfand und das letzte Wort ist LOVE. Dazwischen Burroughs seit 46 Jahren nach Opioiden und sein verständlicher Hass gegen den War against Drugs, dann Cut-ups und Erinnerungsfetzen, Waffenliebe und die Liebe zum Schiessen und Spiegeleiern und jungen Boys in Tanger. Im schnellen Vorwort von James Grauerholz lernt man das Burroughs Katzen in Mexiko und Texas gequält hat und sich dafür schämt und das die Katzen zu ihm gekommen sind. Und er es als Gnade empfand. Tja, we'll meet again. Schnes Buch, unabdingbar für Kenner, Nicht-Kenner und die amerikanische Regierung. Qui vivre verra. 4 von 4 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Ein sehr persönliches Buch Von „Neben "The Cat Inside" ist dies wohl das persönlichste Buch von William S. Burroughs. Es ist ein Buch das den nahenden Tod immer wieder erahnen lässt. Burroughs lässt sich vom Sensenmann nicht wirklich beeindrucken und die unbestechliche Klarheit seiner Sprache und Weltansicht bleibt bis zur letzten Seite. Zahlreiche Charaktere seiner Romane tauchen in diesem Buch noch einmal als Gäste auf. Seine leidenschaftliche gesellschaftspolitisch kritische Stimme erhebt sich bis zum Ende. LIEBE als BESTES SCHMERZMITTEL DER WELT sind für mich die vergeistigten letzten Worte des Schriftstellers und Hohepriester der Beat-Literatur. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Only for fans Von Peter Uys These last words of Burroughs will have great poignancy for his fans, but might not be all that meaningful to the casual reader. He writes about mundane everyday occurrences, memories of his eventful life, makes extensive literary references and provides loving descriptions of his cats. For me, the Burroughs magic is here in abundance and this book helps to complete the big picture of his life and work. It's not all smooth sailing, though, as his repetitive railings against the "war on drugs" can become a bit tedious. Obscure references are explained in the explanatory notes: I was interested to see he was a member of IOT (International Order of Thanateros - see the books Liber Kaos and Liber Null Psychonaut by Peter Carroll) and friends with V. Vale (See Re/Search Publications like Industrial Culture Handbook and Incredibly Strange Music). Some sections are funny, some are sad (especially where he writes about Joan Vollmer and his family) and some very interesting from a literary perspective. There are powerful passages of great beauty that stick in the mind. His love for his cats and for other animals like lemurs is very moving and shows that he may have been larger than life, but in the end he was very human. So, to wrap it up: Last Words is essential reading for the Burroughs enthusiast and the Burroughs scholar, to finally understand the man and his writing. Phew ... I am relieved, to know how much he loved some people and his pets, in the end.

Kurzbeschreibung Where are the snows of yesteryear. And the speedballs I used to know? Well, I guess it's time for my Ovaltine and a long good night. In 1996 William Burroughs began writing a final journal. He died the following summer after a life of notoriety: godfather of the Beat writers, author of thirteen controversial novels, druggie, dangerous and bleak. Spanning the realms of personal memoir, cultural criticism and fiction, Burroughs diaries include anecdotes and memories, entries on his beloved cats and the joys of housekeeping, and musings on drug-taking, humanity and government cover-ups. Last Words contains some of the most brutally personal prose in the William Burroughs canon, and the deaths of his friends, Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary, provide a window onto his own preparations for death a quest for absolution marked by a profound sense of guilt and loss. Pressestimmen 'He is a writer of enormous richness whose books are a kind of attempt to blow up this cosy conspiracy, to allow us to see the truth.' J.G. Ballard 'At eighty-three, Burroughs was living in a two-bedroom cottage in Lawrence, Kansas, with his menagerie of cats. After taking his daily dose of methadone in the morning -- he became readdicted in New York in 1980 -- he spent the afternoons reading and writing right up until his death in August 1997. Last Words collects these daily jottings in his notebooks, the entire literary output from the last nine months of his life... With only the love of his cats, literature and methadone left, these journals make for unbearably poignant reading. Unlikely as it may sound, Bill Burroughs was only human after all.' The Times 'With his canes, suits and absurd fedoras, William S. Burroughs was the dandy manqué who invented geek chic and made modernism available to the hippie masses... Now that Burroughs' final journals have been published, edited by his companion and literary executor, James Grauerholz, a comprehensive sense of the man and his achievement, for better and for worse, is at last available. Grauerholz's introduction and notes are a fine mixture of fact and feeling, and make Last Words a synthetic whole... The journals are an exploration in depth, and in sum, of Burroughs' personality and creative preoccupations... [a] rich repetition, with variations, of a string of half-conscious fancies, scenarios and literary allusions. Last Words also presents fresh clues to the larger design of his imagination, and a means of gaining a renewed perspective on his work.' New York Times "'Where is the cavalry, the spaceship, the rescue squad?" asked William Burroughs on May 26 1997. He didn't realize that it was on its way: three months later, he was dead... Last Words reveals the author of Naked Lunch riddled with arthritis and still saddled with guilt for shooting his common-law wife in 1951. Although he seems more vulnerable than ever before, the anti-establishment anger continues to flare up at odd moments, his skewed sense of humour still sends out sparks.' Time Out 'There's a savage glamour about William Burroughs, both in his writing and his life... Last Words, made during the last nine months of his life, shows him to be as sharp-minded as ever.' Ham High 'The entries in Last Words were made as Burroughs came to terms with his impending demise, and they are at

once elegiac and filled with a curious kind of contentment at the way things have turned out. For the first and only time, he reveals a gentler self, full of years and filled with grace. He was a great American writer to the end.' *Gay Times* 'A fascinating read. A mixture of the insane, the inane, and the startlingly perceptive, they at first appear to be no more than the uncontrolled effluvium of a mad junkie's mind. But then, suddenly, one begins to see a pattern, as if the smashed fragments of a mosaic still discernibly keep a memory of their proper arrangement... Burroughs surfaces among his words as a bent, acute, watchful, irritated, clever old man, like a sparkling eye peering out from the greasy broken panes of a dilapidated building. Occasional lines and phrases catch one's breath.' *Financial Times* 'Last Words is filled with memories and reminiscences delivered in staccato poignancy. Burroughs cuts up his recollections and dreams, merging, always playfully, sometimes painfully, fact with fiction... A welcome addition to the extensive Burroughs oeuvre.' *Scotsman* *Kurzbeschreibung* Where are the snows of yesteryear. And the speedballs I useta know? Well, I guess its time for my Ovaltine and a long good night. In 1996 William Burroughs began writing a final journal. He died the following summer after a life of notoriety: godfather of the Beat writers, author of thirteen controversial novels, druggy, dangerous and bleak. Spanning the realms of personal memoir, cultural criticism and fiction, Burroughs diaries include anecdotes and memories, entries on his beloved cats and the joys of housekeeping, and musings on drug-taking, humanity and government cover-ups. *Last Words* contains some of the most brutally personal prose in the William Burroughs canon, and the deaths of his friends, Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary, provide a window onto his own preparations for death a quest for absolution marked by a profound sense of guilt and loss.