



**WILLIAM S.
BURROUGHS**

All out of time and into space

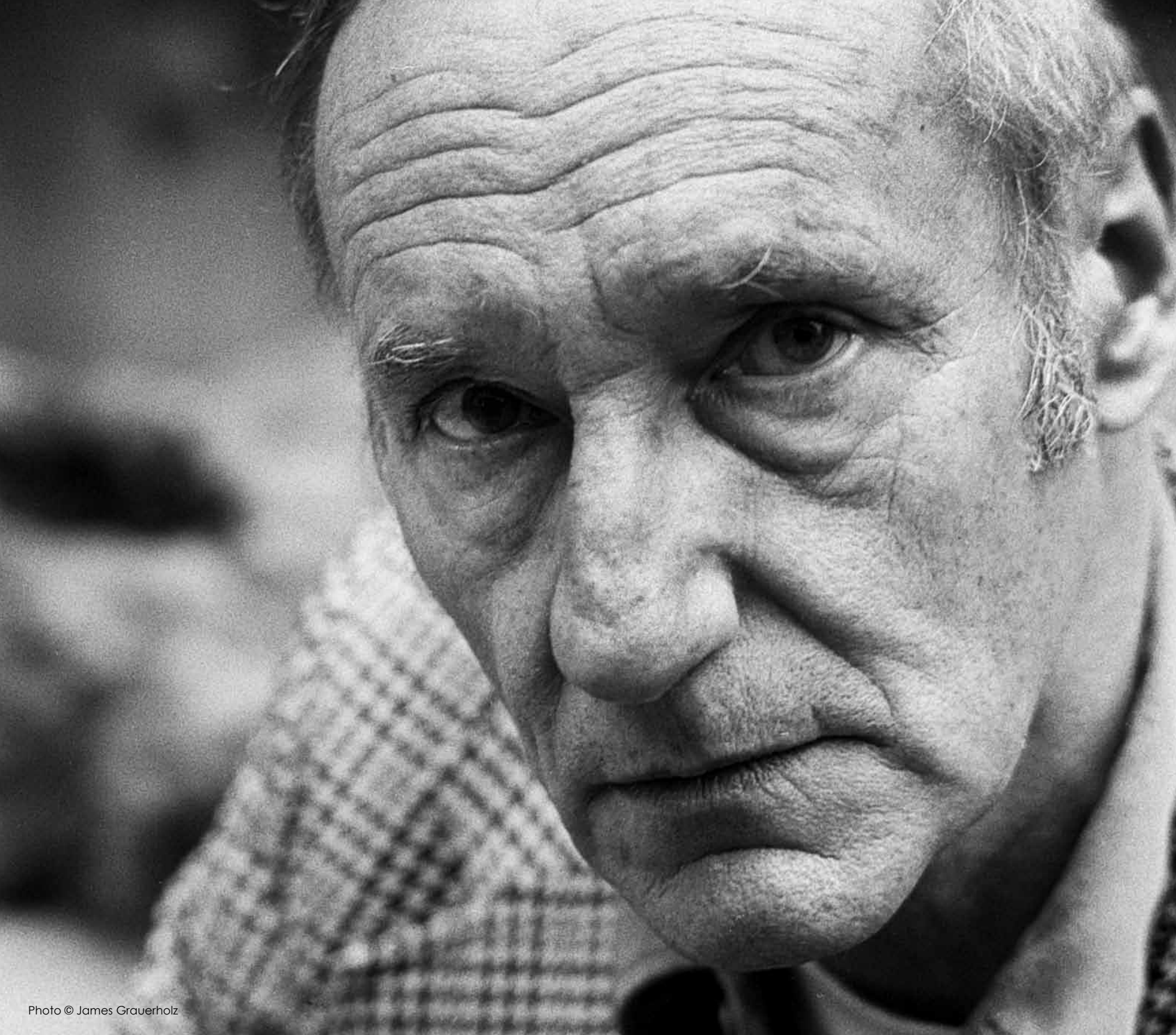


Photo © James Grauerholz

One Gallant Man

William S. Burroughs created a distinctive style which infused his art, his nonlinear fiction, his laser-sharp essays, his attire and his voice. You hear a millisecond of his voice and you know just who speaks. The producer encodes his identity in his work.

His fiction exposes techniques of conditioning systems; his art explores intelligence. He looked for allies in the world around him, and they appear in his artworks. No wonder - to maintain the requisite focus and uncompromising psychological experimentation that feeds prodigious intellectual and artistic output, one needs allies, wherever and whomever they may be.

Burroughs produced visual art throughout his adult life: collage, photomontage, films, drawings. In visual diaries he noted juxtapositions of personal with public events.

When Brion Gysin died in 1986, Burroughs took up painting with a passion. Burroughs lived the last 10 years of his long life, happily and productively in Lawrence, Kansas, writing and making art.

BAG OF TRICKS Often called the father of the Beat Movement, Burroughs did not associate his work with the Beats, although Ginsberg, Kerouac and Corso were personal friends. "We're not doing at all the same thing, either in writing or in outlook." Burroughs pioneered methodologies to deconstruct mechanics of institutionalised control systems that corrupt inborn intelligence.

Cut-ups, developed with Brion Gysin, is the most known of his conceptual contributions. It is a technique charged with revolutionary power of random recombination, though it isn't the only wand in Burroughs' bag of tricks.

He developed an array of idiosyncratic artistic practices to reveal interior worlds, and other, often non-human, worlds. Intelligence resides everywhere and human perception is designed to recognise intelligence. When Burroughs finished a work, he would scrutinise it, sometimes with a magnifying glass, peering through marks and patterns to seek out allies. He said that there are no such things as

friends, there are only allies, possibly referring to the dynamic and ambiguous histories of human interaction.

Scrying, a general term for oracular practices, means seeing, or peeking. Burroughs peeked into worlds that remain invisible to dwellers of the quotidian. Maybe citizens of hidden worlds did peek back at him, as he suspected.

THE MAN IN A TOP HAT A feature of his artworks is that they are populated. Creatures, celestial bodies, ghostly trajectories, emotive faces abound. Viewing some paintings, it's as if you looked into a microscope and viewed a drop of your saliva on a slide, seeing the organisms who live inside but to whom you have not been introduced - an alien, yet intimate, relationship.

Or it's as if the stream of people passing you on the sidewalk of a major city appear just for you. Their psychic trajectories trail like the tail of a comet or the wake of a boat, the smoke from a candle flame or a ciphered genealogy. In one drawing, a lone figure sports a top hat; in a painting, if you look closely, you can spy the same figure in a tangle of shapes but this time riding a bicycle. Top Hat Man keeps turning up on that sidewalk dream, day after day - why? Are you suffering from amnesia about your friend, a dream in a Top Hat?

Burroughs loved the rare, the exotic, the uncanny, the underdog, the secret, the dark, rogues, lemurs, stray cats, pirates, and artists. He had a high tolerance for ambiguity. He loved life. What's known as the self is in fact a multiplicity and he understood that no one is a unity, but a swarm of identities, held together by attention and acts.

Who's to say non-standard worlds are not saturated with real intelligences with the diversity and splendour of the natural world? Children are born pantheists; Burroughs maintained this childlike openness, and he stalked intelligence like a naturalist or ethologist does, in what E.O. Wilson called the naturalist trance. His paintings are magical snares for mysterious beings.

James Grauerholz, in his essay “The Art of William S. Burroughs”, quotes from text for the 1987 Tony Shafrazi exhibition: “The shotgun blast releases the little spirits compacted into the layers of wood, releases the colors of the paints to splash out in unforeseeable unpredictable images and patterns.”

Burroughs’ art practice was an expedition into the unknown, always his favourite destination. A love for increased complexity, chaos and potentiality appear in splinters from small explosions in the shotgun pieces, in the rust or decomposition in others. Wherever he goes or whomever he meets on the way, he does not pretend to explain or interpret in verbal sequences. He recognises and apprehends, like a good private detective. His art has simultaneous strangeness and familiarity, both *déjà* and *jamais vu*.

Some paintings portray common hallucinations. They may contain zigzags or swirls as in a migraine aura which, incidentally, are experienced by nearly 20% of the population yet typically unreported. People may see fortification spectra, Lilliputian dense tiny worlds that crawl or fly, floating moiré patterns. Other visions are hypnagogic, experienced just before falling asleep or upon awakening, but rarely fixed into memory. Daydreams are seldom given due credit for their influence, except by poets, mystics, musicians, artists or theoretical physicists. Yet every child builds her world around them.

THE ONEIRA Burroughs explored the interstices of human perception - the relation and the gap between image and word, between altered and banal states, between other and self, between sleep and waking. Oneiric diversity is as complex as the biodiversity of a tropical forest. Burroughs does not interpret or explain in verbal sequences. He thinks in images, and even as a writer, the images came first. Some paintings contain grids akin to the Moroccan qabalistic tic-tack-toe that inspired Brion Gysin’s grid paintings. They’re reminiscent of Widmanstätten patterns, criss-cross latticing seen in meteorite sections.

In New York City in the ‘40’s, William underwent analysis with the psychiatrist and hypnotherapist, Lewis R. Wolberg, M.D. As a result of these sessions over two years, he experienced an overlay of altered states - dreams, hypnosis and drug effects. This introduced him to complexity of consciousness which daily life compacts into an illusion of self-unity.

Some of his works are cinematic frames from an ongoing alchemical process. In others, appearances are made of mysterious *takwin*: proto life, alien life, or barely recognisable human forms and faces, which witness, assert, recede, swim, signal, float. Our brains map and identify, in order to navigate the unknown, and based on testing prior knowledge. The painting is like a slide stained by a chemist to highlight the underlying forms.

These oneira appear and disappear, indicating trajectories and timelines of which the viewer is unfamiliar. Sometimes they appear precisely to convey a specific message. Other times they meander through a frame which one recognises as ‘their’ world. They are akin to, but more familiar than, passers-by or extras in a film. He renders these creatures for permanent view.

MADAGASCAR “All out of time and into space” refers to Burroughs’ concern with ecological crisis in the age of space exploration. He aimed to create a mythology appropriate for the space age. Burroughs calls himself an “explorer of psychic areas, a cosmonaut of inner space... to achieve complete freedom from past conditioning is to be in space.”

Burroughs’ Earth is a planet of complex biodiversity, damaged and impoverished by sadomasochistic impulses of a humanity conditioned by power-possessors and the advertising industry. Known for explorations of the dark side of human nature and his peerless parodies and satires, this interest in ecology, a core part of his identity, has been overlooked. Burroughs explored the cultural and psychological mechanics of human-instigated ecological catastrophe, accompanied by mass extinction of species. Beyond cultural judgements of good and bad, he was at heart a moralist who knew evil when he saw it. And he saw it everywhere.

“The processes set in inexorable motion by the Industrial Revolution, with its total commitment to quantity and quantitative criterion, are just beginning to reveal themselves as the Death Trap that they always were.”¹

1. William S. Burroughs, 1993, *The Adding Machine: Selected Essays*. New York: Arcade Publishing.





The Prison Scribe, ca. 1990.
Paint and photo collage on Cadillac Paper,
58.4 x 44.5 cm.
Photo: ONUK.

Burroughs could not bear the idea that anyone would suffer pain. He identified with patients of burn units, he identified with the endangered lemurs of Madagascar. Lemurs are luminous creatures with flared paper-thin ears and otherworldly bejewelled eyes, who stand on two legs reminiscent of a man. In his novella *Ghost of Chance*, he mused whether humans could ever coexist in harmony with other life. Who are we really, this human species? Are we suffering from neoteny - paused or halted development? What is a human destiny that would be life-enhancing, not destructive to other beings? Perhaps clues to that destiny will be found in dreams, in what's called 'subconscious', in altered states.

In thrall to the world market, humanity accelerates its rapacious behaviour, using rationalisation in the name of rational thought to justify the ravages of predatory capitalism. In his life and work, Burroughs deconstructed logic and rationalism to pursue other strategies of thought. But far from anti-scientific, he studied science, attended scientific conferences, and followed discoveries. He honoured the objective consciousness and conscience that true science can spawn, which could be had by anyone, anywhere on earth with some effort on their part.

His life was a cohabitation of inner and outer realities, a dissolution of the false dichotomy between experimenter and experiment, the essence of both art and science. A populist, he had faith that anyone could achieve inner and outer liberation. He detested the concept of social class, which was his problem with Tibetan Buddhism and its lamas and rinpoches.

Nevertheless, the man himself was a class act,
a prince among thieves.

Kathelin Gray
November 2012

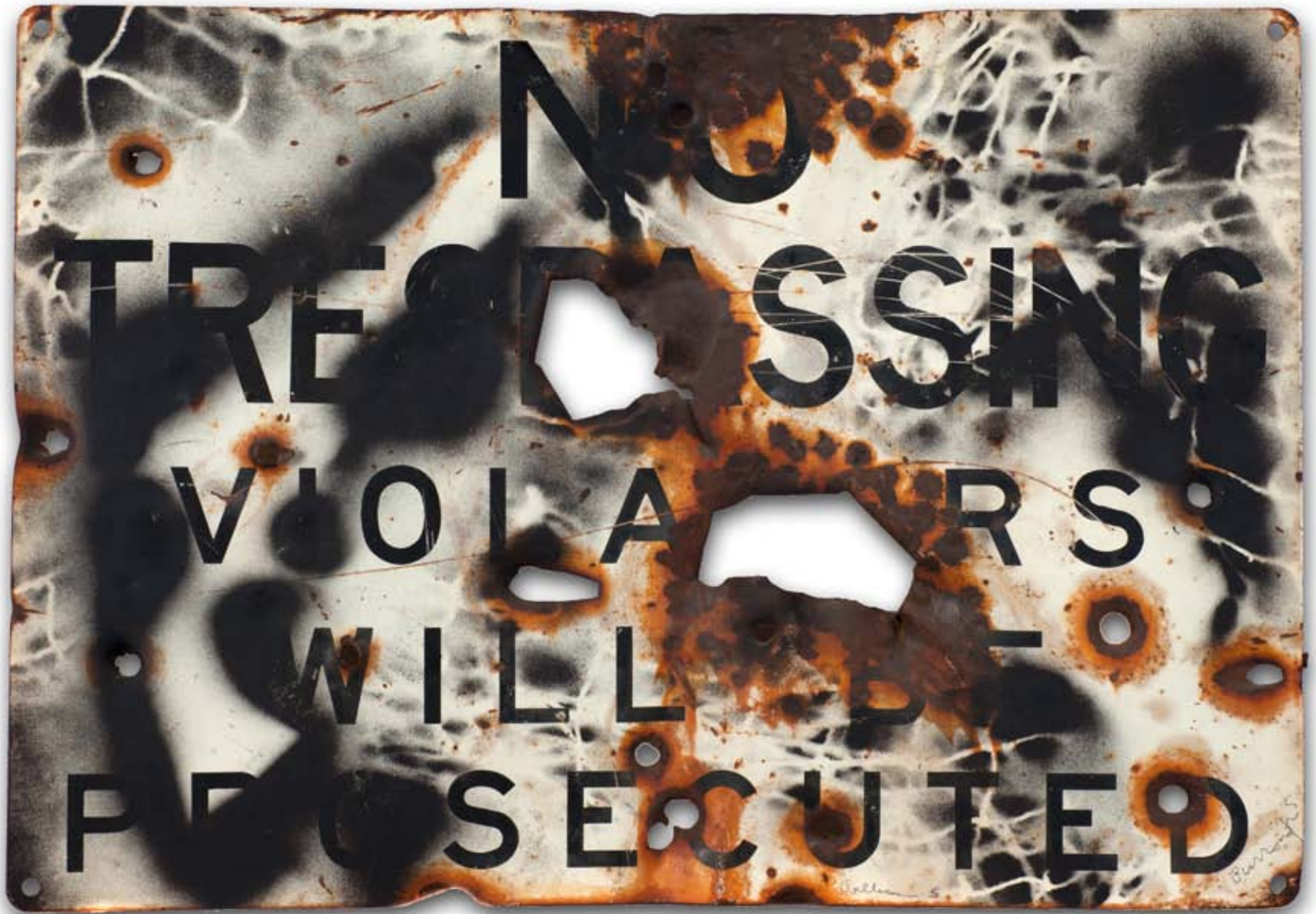




*The Ripper Strikes Again: Note Two
Bobbies in Upper Left of Picture, ca.
1990. Paint and collage on paper,
58.5 x 44 cm. Photo: ONUK.*

Untitled, 1988.
Spray paint on paper,
71 x 55.5 cm.
Photo: ONUK.





Untitled, ca. 1988.

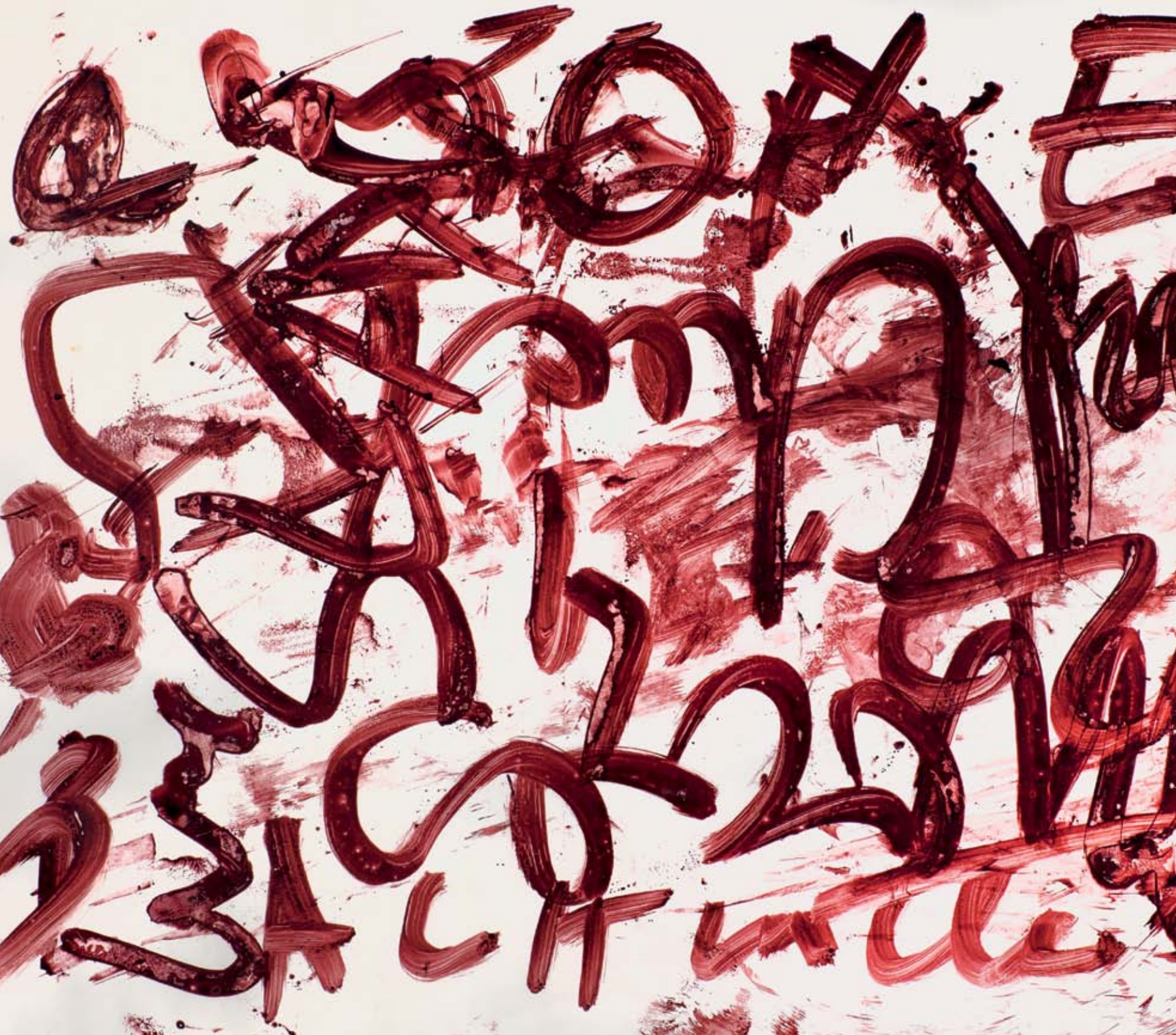
Spray paint and gunshots on metal sign, 36 x 50.5 cm.

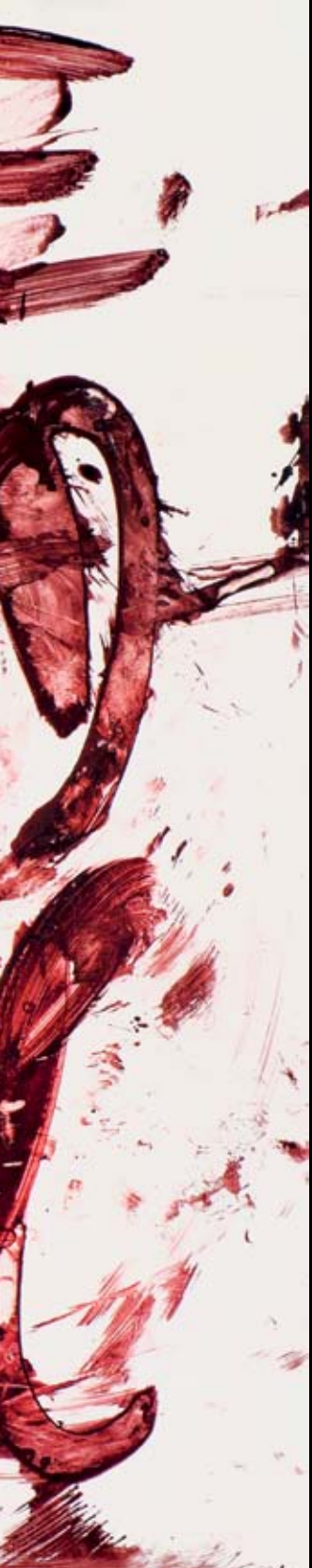
Collection of William S. Burroughs Trust.

Photo: ONUK.



Untitled, ca. 1992.
Ink and spray paint
on file folder, 30 x 48 cm.
Photo: ONUK.





Left:
*Helpless Pieces in the
Game He Plays*, 1989.
Paint on Cadillac paper,
44.5 x 58.4 cm.
Photo: ONUK.

Right:
Orpheus, Don't Look Back!,
ca. 1990. Paint on paper,
76.5 x 51 cm.
Photo: Franz Warmhof.



The Great Globe Is Paint In Air

WILLIAM was a *Foreseer*. He foresaw our new century. He saw into the shadows of his times, and he discerned the roots, deep in those darkneses, of what and *who*—today—we all know are the *real* Nova Mob.

The Nova Criminals of our time, the 21st century, have revealed themselves; they are right out in the open:

1. Vitali, Glattfelder, Battiston, 2011. The network of global corporate control
Zurich: Systems Design.

- the 147 transnational corporations who own (on paper, anyway) the vast majority of all planetary “wealth”—resources, assets, and financialised lies—on our Third Planet From the Sun ... but what they own has an aggregate “notional value” of many multiples of the planet’s actual total wealth, by any humane measure;¹

2. Carbon Tracker Initiative, 2012. *Unburnable carbon: Are the world’s financial markets carrying a carbon bubble?* London: Investor Watch.

- the top 200 publicly-listed oil, coal and gas companies whose fossil-fuel “proven reserves” account for 1/4 of the planet’s unextracted hydrocarbons and amount to 745 gigatons of carbon dioxide—far exceeding the planet’s “remaining carbon budget,” i.e., 500 GtCO₂: the absolute maximum carbon that can be further burned by Humankind without provoking global warming in excess of 2 degrees Celsius, hastening and worsening the already-begun worldwide climatic disaster;²

- the Mega-Wealthy of Earth in 2012, their extravagant riches far surpassing anything ever known in all of human history ... William imagined them more than fifty years ago.

3. Conrad Knickerbocker w/ WSB, 1965. “The Art of Fiction, No. 36: William S. Burroughs.” *New York: Paris Review*.

These *très riches heures* of Earth’s final human generations, before the Deluge, and the Ovens: in *Naked Lunch*, in the Cut-Up Trilogy, in *The Wild Boys* ... there were “A.J.” in “Le Gran Luxe,” and “Hassan,” he of the orgiastic “Rumpus Room,” and let us not overlook “Mr. Hart,” the embodiment of William Randolph Hearst as William imagined him in *Ah Pook Is Here*, nor his Mayan demonisation of Henry Luce (“It is a control system. *TIME LIFE FORTUNE* is some sort of a police organization.”—WSB, January 1, 1965)³ ... and “Mr. Rich Parts,” the scar-carapaced, transplanted-organ king, cowering far below the surface in a refrigerated Bunker ... so many more, all right there.

We need not fine-tooth-comb the Burroughs-Scripture for Nostradamian arcana or magickal incunabula, because William laid it out bare, in plain English:

All out of time and into space.
Come out of the time-word “the” forever.
Come out of the body-word “thee” forever.
There is nothing to fear.
There is no thing in space.
There is no word to fear.
There is no word in space.

“Citizens of Gravity: We are converting all-out to Heavy Metal. Carbonic Plague of the Vegetable People threatens our Heavy Metal State. Report to your nearest Plating Station. It’s fun to be plated,” says this well-known radio and TV personality who is now engraved forever in gags of metal.

“Do not believe the calumny that our metal fallout will turn the planet into a slag heap. And in any case, is that worse than a compost heap? **Heavy Metal** is our program, and we are prepared to sink through it....”

Sudden young energy –
I got up and danced –
Know eventually be relieved –
That's all I need –
I got up and danced the disasters –
Gongs of violence and how –
Show you something –
Berserk machine –
"Shift cut tangle word lines –
"Word falling—Photo falling —"⁴

Or, as William voiced a Nova Mobster saying, in one of the many tape-recorder audio works he made in the 1960s:

"Who ... let ... *Burroughs* ... get to that *phone?!?*
and drop a *dime on Us...?!?!?*"

Go to *Nova Express*, for Burroughs' vision of Nature's Revenge:

"Pay Color! Pay it all, pay it all, pay it all back!"

Or hear William's mind inside the Controllers' minds:

"Don't let them see us! Don't tell them what We are *doing!* Premature!
Premature! Disaster to my blood whom I created!"

And here is what Burroughs said in "The Future of the Novel," a text that he delivered in Edinburgh, Scotland, at the epochal 1962 Writers Conference:

A Russian scientist has said:

"We will travel not only in Space, but in Time as well."

That is, to travel in Space is to travel in Time.

The conferring writers [here] have been accused by the press of not paying sufficient attention to the question of human survival—[†]

In *Nova Express* (reference is to an exploding planet), and my latest novel, *The Ticket That Exploded*

I am *primarily concerned with the question of survival—*
with Nova conspiracies, Nova criminals, and Nova police—
A new mythology is possible in the Space Age,
where we will again have heroes and villains,
with respect to [their] intentions toward this Planet—⁵

But William Burroughs also said, quoting his closest friend and greatest collaborator, Brion Gysin:

"Man is a bad animal."

William and Brion referred to the dog-like aspect of Humanity:

"They will breed their ignorant peasant asses into the ocean."

In his seventies, William allowed his Inner Misanthrope to flare-up when he read how the Third World's ballooning human population was deforesting Madagascar (to choose just one, very WSB-specific, example) ... their unsustainable slash-and-burn agriculture irreparably destroying Lemur habitat, and that was already 30 years ago.

William snarled to contemplate the gentle *Indri* lemurs hunted by starving Malagasy human beings and *eaten* by them, as "*bushmeat*" ... he sneered and cursed those humans, so deeply was his heart hurt to think of it, he growled to swallow a sob, in his latter years when he contemplated the Future that is now our Present.

In this Present of ours, *most* of the *Lemuridae* are threatened with extinction, and many species are already forever lost. In 2012, it was reported that 91% of the 103 still-extant Lemur species and subspecies are at maximum risk of extinction.⁶

It's the end of the line for the Lemurs this time, people.

Go on, read William's late-life "Jesus Lemur" novella, *Ghost of Chance*, then try to visualise how he would have despaired at what is happening right now. It brings tears to my own eyes, just imagining it. But the memory of William's sterner stuff dries me up quickly, as it also rescued him in the mid-1990s, his final Earth years.

4. William S. Burroughs, 1965. *Nova Express*. New York: Grove Press.

5. William S. Burroughs, 1962. "Censorship," *Future of the Novel*," et al. London: *Transatlantic Review* No. 11 (Winter 1962).

6. Mittermeier et al., 2012. *Primates in Peril: the world's 25 most-endangered primates, 2012–2014*. Bristol: IUCN/SSC Primate Specialist Group. (International Union for the Conservation of Nature)

† Two months before the Edinburgh conference, the "Missiles of October" had held the world in delicate balance between nuclear suicide and global survival (at least).

That was in the aftermath of his wrenching, heart-quicken-
ing “contact” with the Cats, his beloved cats, so tearfully recounted in
The Cat Inside, published 20 years ago ... the eternal Cat, the White
Cat, *Margaras* ... the White Light of Truth, still moistening William’s
pages in 1995, in his book, *My Education: A Book of Dreams*.

For examples of his latter-day Redemption Songs, see William’s *Last
Words* journals—where he wrestled the dark angel of hatred to the
ground, but won the match, in the end, by surrendering.

William was explicitly, mystically Manichae-
an—not so much with the
Zoroastrians’ chiaroscuro battlescape of Light vs. Darkness, but with
their idea that the *outcome* of this struggle between Good and Evil is
not pre-ordained, not “pre-recorded.”

And in that sense, all this foreseeable eventual planetary loss and
desolation is no proof that the Nova criminals shall have won the day.
Because that day is not today. One day it will be today.

As William wrote in his 1975 Foreword to *Ah Pook Is Here*, in words
that can as easily refer to the planet’s fate as to one human’s life:

**Your death is an organism which you yourself create. If you fear it or
prostrate yourself before it, the organism becomes your master.**

Then he breaks it down for us:

7. William S.
Burroughs, 1979. *Ah
Pook Is Here*. London:
John Calder.

Time is that which ends.

The only way out of Time is into Space.⁷

What did William mean by Space?

He spoke cryptically and contradictorily about Space, but in January
1965, he offered this clue:

**The hope lies in the development of non-body experience and eventually
getting away from the body itself, away from three-dimensional
coordinates and the concomitant animal reactions of fear and flight,
which lead inevitably to tribal feuds and dissension.**

The interviewer then asked Burroughs if he was, as Mary McCarthy
had suggested, a “soured Utopian.”

William’s reply can stand for his entire life project, as a morally-
committed American writer and artist of the late 20th century:

**I do definitely mean what I say to be taken literally, yes: to make people
aware of the true criminality of our times ... to wise-up the Marks.**

***All of my work is directed against those who are bent, through stupidity
or design, on blowing up the planet or rendering it uninhabitable.***

Now I have told you who are the enemies of humanity, and have
shown you that humanity is its own worst enemy.

In the furnace heat of that unbearable truth, William created his
writings, and his paintings, and all his art.

And as for me, I think that is about all we can do—but we *can* do that,
and it is what we do.

To the *Transatlantic Review’s* collection of his 1962 prophecy at
Edinburgh, Burroughs added a cut-up text he made for the Conference.
The last paragraph of that text calls out to me to be given a place on
these pages—at the top of the bill, as it were; the show-closer.

I dedicate William’s words to the memory of his dear friend, who is
with him now in “The Western Lands”—my beloved brother in soul,
who was obliged to leave our Earth Party already two years ago, and
far too soon—**José Férrez Kuri**.

Twenty-five years ago this month, José joined forces with William as
his personal art curator and artistic consultant; their collaboration
lasted 23 years.

José was a gift to William from our lifelong friends here in the October
Gallery, and now, with this exhibition, the circle is unbroken. We all
miss José, and we salute eternally his central role in William’s life as
an artist.

I thank you all, for reading these words, and for *seeing William’s Art*.

**James Grauerholz
November 21, 2012**

Nova Police besieged McEwan Hall

William S. Burroughs, 1962
Transatlantic Review.

*This brings me respectable price of my university—
The Kid just found what was left of the window—
Pages deal what you might call a journey—
In fairly easy thrash in old New Orleans smudged looking answer—
Sick and tired of Martin—
Invisible shadow tottering to doom fast—
Dream and dreamer that were his eyes inherit this stage— It's time—
Heavy summons, Mr Bradly—Mr Martin timeless and without mercy—
You are destroyed erased like my name—
The text of that God melted into air—
Mr Bradly—Mr Martin walks toward September weary good bye playing
over and over—
Out of the circle of light you are words scrawled by some boy with chaos,
for a transitory ape of Martin understood Visiting Center and Claws—
He had come muttering flesh identity—
His dream must have seemed so close there, whole strength to grasp it—
He did not know that it was still resisted, falling back in that vast
obscurity behind memory as the Boatman began to melt away—
Enchanted texts that were his eyes inherit this continent—
Mr Bradly—Mr Martin was movie played to thin air—
Vaudeville voices leave the story of one absent—
Silence to the stage—
These our actors erased themselves into good night far from such as you,
Mr Bradly—Mr Martin—
Good bye of history—
Your whole strength left no address—
On this green land the pipes are calling, timeless and without mercy—
Page summons the déjà vu Boatman in setting forth—
All are wracked and answer texts that were his eyes—
No home in departed river of Gothenberg—
Shadows are free to come and go—
What have I my friend to give:
An old sack and some rope—
The great globe is paint in air.*





Left:
Spoor of the fungus on a whispering South Wind, 1993.
Paint on Cadillac paper, 58.4 x 44.5 cm.
Collection of William S. Burroughs Trust. Photo: ONUK.

Above:
Room for One More Outside Sir, 1990.
Spray paint on Cadillac paper, 58.4 x 44.5 cm.
Photo: Jon Blumb. Courtesy of IMMA.



Jack the Ripper
3/14/1992



Left:
Jack the Ripper, 1992.
Marker and gunshots on watercolour paper,
76 x 56 cm. Photo: Jonathan Greet.

Right:
23, 1992.
Marker and gunshots on watercolour paper,
76 x 56 cm. Photo: Jonathan Greet.



Above:
Untitled, 1992.
Marker and gunshots on
sketchbook paper,
61 x 46 cm. Photo: Franz Warmhof.





Alchemical Laboratory, 1989.
Spray paint on Cadillac paper,
58.4 x 44.5 cm.
Photo: Jon Blumb, courtesy of IMMA.



Disintegrating Space Craft 1, 1988.
Paint and spray paint on
black mat board, 71.1 x 55.9 cm.
Photo: Jon Blumb, courtesy of IMMA.



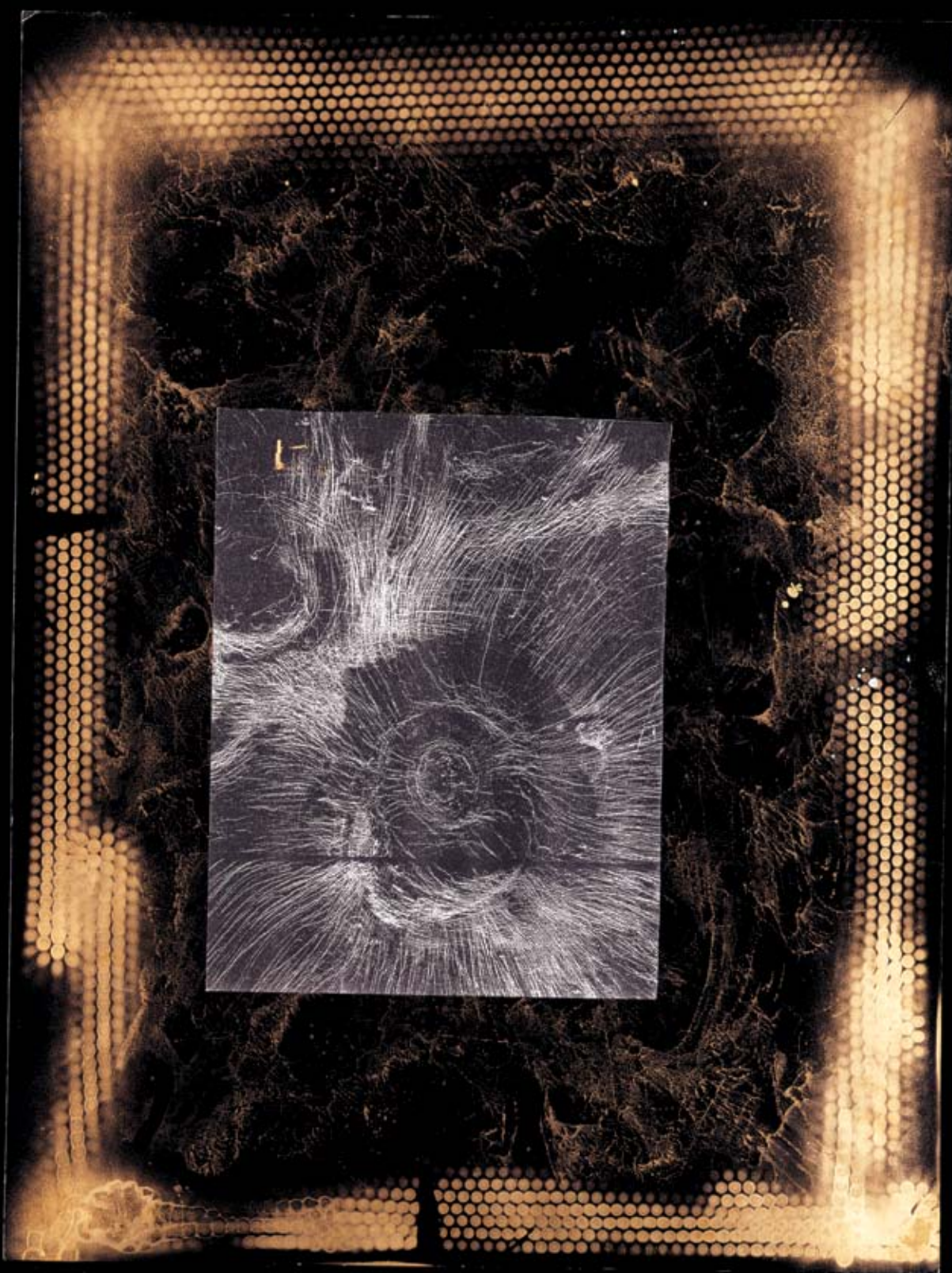
Radiant Cat, 1988.
Dayglo paint on Fabriano paper,
35.6 x 25.4 cm.
Photo: William S. Burroughs Trust.



Left:
Self Portrait, 1987.
Spray paint on veneer panel,
123 x 22.3 cm. Photo: Christian Ertel.



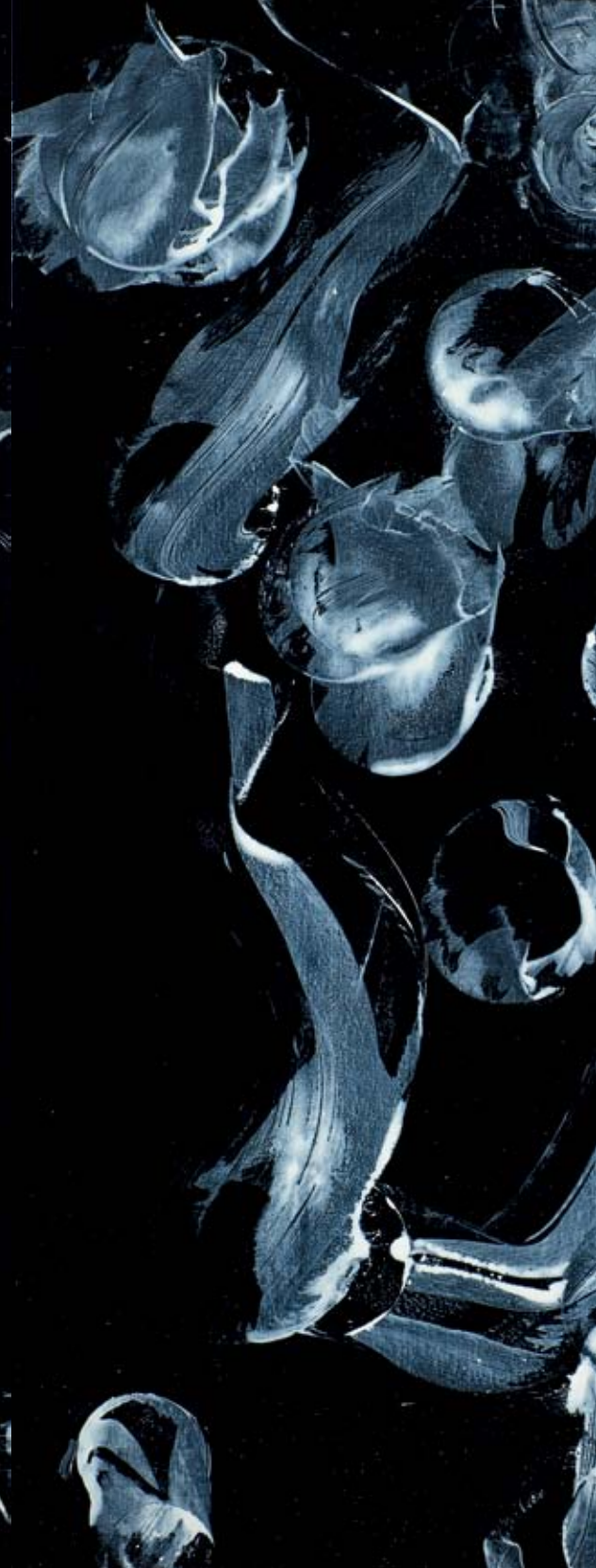
Right:
Fill Your Hand, ca. 1988. Spray paint
on particle board,
122 x 35 cm. Photo: Franz Warmhof.



*Venus Rising like a Kansas
Sunflower, ca. 1990.*
Spray paint and photocopy
on Cadillac paper,
58.4 x 44.5 cm
Photo: Jon Blumb, courtesy of IMMA.



The Last Rocket Out, 1992.
Paint on paper, 58.4 x 44.5 cm.
Photo: Franz Warmhof.





Left:
...The Chair of Death is Absurdly Uncomfortable,
ca. 1993. Paint on Cadillac paper, 58.4 x 44.5 cm.
Photo: ONUK.

Right:
Requiem for a Nun..., 8 October 1993.
Paint on Cadillac paper, 58.4 x 44.5 cm.
Photo: ONUK.



George Condo and William S. Burroughs,
Untitled, 21 July 1996.
Acrylic and paint pen on canvas, 91.5 x 122 cm.
Photo: ONUK.

George Condo and William S. Burroughs,
What the Hit Man Missed (detail),
16 Sept 1992.
Oil on canvas, 150 x 180 cm.
Photo: Franz Warmhof.





Left:
Untitled, 1987. Paint and
gunshots on board, double sided,
128 x 58.4 x 1.25 cm
Photo: ONUK.

Centre:
Plagues of Mad II, 1988.
Paint on Cadillac paper,
58.4 x 44.4 cm.
Photo: William S. Burroughs Trust.

Right:
Untitled, 1992.
Acrylic on Cadillac paper,
59 x 45 cm.
Photo: ONUK







Brion Gysin's Roller, 1961.
Modified roller, 26 x 20 x 4.8 cm.
Collection of William S. Burroughs Trust. Photo: ONUK.



Death by Lethal Injection,
April 1990. Spray paint
and ink on paper,
72.4 x 57.2 cm.
Photo: ONUK.



Black Christmas Tree, 1988,
Spray paint on illustration board,
81.3 x 50.8 cm.

Photo: Jon Blumb, courtesy of IMMA.



Over the Hills and Far Away
- *Boy Running Away From Home*, ca. 1990.
Ink and spray paint on cotton Hahnemühle paper,
52.5 x 38.5 cm.
Photo: ONUK.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS Biography

William Seward Burroughs II was born 5 February 1914 in St. Louis, Missouri. Burroughs was an innovative writer and artist in many media. A primary figure of the Beat Generation, Burroughs went on to deeply influence a wide swathe of culture and thought with dozens of books and hundreds of paintings, essays, spoken word performances and multi-media collaborations.

A Harvard graduate, Burroughs followed his fascinations through the underworlds and subcultures of international cities including Tangiers, Paris, New York, London, Chicago, New Orleans, Vienna, Dubrovnik, Budapest, Athens, and Mexico City. Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac were key figures in his life and early literary career. Teaching him to 'see' paintings, Brion Gysin was fundamental to Burroughs' artistic development and shared with him such techniques as the 'cut-up', calligraphy, and painting with an engraved wallpaper roller. Other important collaborators include Keith Haring, Robert Rauschenberg, George Condo, Philip Taaffe, Antony Balch, Ian Sommerville, Robert Wilson, Tom Waits, and Kurt Cobain.

In 1981, Burroughs moved his home to Lawrence, Kansas, where he began to make shotgun art. He went on to develop a wide range of painting techniques. From 1982 until his late years, he prolifically created visual art. Burroughs' work has since been featured in over fifty international galleries and museums including Royal Academy of the Arts, Centre Pompidou, Guggenheim Museum, New Museum, Irish Museum of Modern Art, Los Angeles County Museum, and Whitney Museum of American Art. On 2 August 1997, Burroughs passed away at home at the age of 83.

Selected Solo Exhibitions

2012

All out of time and into space, October Gallery, London, UK
The Name Is Burroughs – Expanded Media, Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie Karlsruhe (ZKM), Karlsruhe, Germany
Cut-ups Cut-ins Cut-outs. Die Kunst des William S. Burroughs, Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, Austria

2009

The Sky Is Thin As Paper Here, Stellan Holm Gallery, New York, USA
Naked Leftovers, DotDotDot Artspace, Lawrence, USA
50th Anniversary Celebration of William S. Burroughs' The Naked Lunch, Th!nkart Salon, Chicago, USA
William S. Burroughs, London Photographs, Maggs Bros, London, UK

2008

Burroughs Live, Royal Academy of Arts, London, UK
Rub Out the Word, Stellan Holm Gallery, New York, USA
William S. Burroughs: Life File, Riflemaker, London, UK

2005

The Unseen Art of William S. Burroughs (in three parts: *Dead Aim*, *Pistol Poem* and *Rifle Range*), Riflemaker, London, UK

2004

The Seven Deadly Sins, Raab Galerie, Berlin, Germany

1999

Galerie Carzaniga & Ueker, Basel, Switzerland

1996

William Burroughs, Ports of Entry, Los Angeles County Museum, Los Angeles; Spencer Museum, Lawrence, USA
Concrete and Buckshot. William S. Burroughs Paintings 1987-1996, Track 16 Gallery and Robert Berman Gallery, Santa Monica, USA
Nineties Beat Paintings, David Levik Gallery, Kansas City, Missouri, USA
Paintings, Webb Gallery, Waxahachie, Texas

1995

The Seven Deadly Sins, Kunsthallen Brandts Klædefabrik, Odense, Denmark
Terrain Gallery, San Francisco, USA



1994

Photographs 1962-1972, Vintage Gallery, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Nagual Marks, Aktionsforum Praterinsel, Munich, Germany
The Bourgeois Pig, Lawrence, USA
Ulrich Museum of Art, Wichita State University, Wichita, USA

1993

Center for Study and Exhibit of Drawings, Exquisite Corpse, New York
Galeria Sephira, Madrid, Spain
Galerie Porte-Avion, Marseille, France
The Seven Deadly Sins, Gagosian Gallery, New York; The Writer's Place,
Kansas City, USA

1992

The Seven Deadly Sins, October Gallery, London, UK; Earl McGrath Gallery,
Los Angeles; Nautilus Foundation, Lloyd; Hokin Gallery, Bay Harbor Islands;
Mincher-Wilcox Gallery, San Francisco, USA; Artists en Mass, Lawrence,
Kansas; George Mulder Fine Arts, Amsterdam, The Netherlands; Galerie
Kunst Parterre, Viersen, Germany
Casa Burroughs: shotgun, dipinti e altro, Atelier Marconi Gallery,
Torino, Italy
Transit Gallery, Bergamo, Italy

1991

Galerie Carzaniga & Ueker, Basel, Switzerland
Galerie K, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Vanguardia Galeria de Arte, Bilbao, Spain

1990

Galerie K, Paris, France
Shotgun Paintings, works on wood & paper, The Seed Hall/Seibu Shibuya,
Tokyo; Akarenga Hall/Seibu Shibuya, Seibu Sapporo, Sapporo, Japan
Galerie Waschsalon, Frankfurt, Germany
Earl McGrath Gallery, Los Angeles, USA
Deutsch-Amerikanisches Institut, Tübingen, Germany
Galeria Sephira, Madrid, Spain

1989

Gallerie OBORO and Atelier Roger Bellemare, Montreal, Canada
Cold City Gallery, Toronto, Canada
Galerie Carzaniga & Ueker, Basel Art Fair, Basel, Switzerland
Galeria EMI Valentim de Carvalho, Lisbon, Portugal

Cleto Polcina Artemodernna, Rome, Italy
Kellas Gallery, Lawrence, Kansas
Elliot Smith Gallery, St. Louis, USA

1988

October Gallery, London, UK
The Western Front Gallery, Vancouver, Canada
Gallery Casa Sin Nombre, Santa Fe, USA
Suzanne Biederberg Gallery, Amsterdam Art Fair, Amsterdam,
The Netherlands

1987

Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York, USA

Selected Group Exhibitions

2011

Arp, Beckmann, Munch, Kirchner, Warho ... Klassiker in Bonn, Kunst- und
Ausstellungshalle der Bundesrepublik Deutschland, Bonn, Germany
William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Th!nkart Salon, Chicago, USA

2009

The Third Mind: American Artists Contemplate Asia, 1860-1989,
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, USA
Transvanguardie, October Gallery, London, UK
Sonic Youth etc.: Sensational Fix, Kunsthalle Düsseldorf;
KIT Kunst im Tunnel, Düsseldorf, Germany
Bukowski and Burroughs, Track 16 Gallery, Santa Monica, USA
Rip It Up And Start Again, Kunstverein München, München, Germany

2008

*Cut-Outs and Cut-Ups, Hans Christian Andersen and
William Seward Burroughs*, Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin, Ireland
Traces du Sacré, Centre Pompidou, Paris, France; Haus der Kunst,
München, Germany
The Third Mind, Carte blanche à Ugo Rondinone, Palais de Tokyo,
Paris, France
Oh Girl, It's a Boy!, Kunstverein München, Germany
The Writer's Brush: Visual Art by Writers, Anita Shapolsky Gallery, New York;
Pierre Menard Gallery, Cambridge, USA
White Flag Projects, St. Louis, USA
Omaggio a William Burroughs, Le Case d'Arte, Milan, Italy



2007

The Third Mind, Carte blanche à Ugo Rondinone, Palais de Tokyo, Paris
You'll Never Know: Drawing and Random Interference (Hayward Gallery Touring Exhibition) Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston; Glynn Vivian Gallery, Swansea; The Lowry, Salford; The New Art Gallery, Walsall; Tullie House Museum and Art Gallery, Carlisle, UK.

2006

Vinyl. Records and Covers by Artists, Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona (MACBA), Barcelona, Spain
Radical Software, CCA Wattis, Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts, San Francisco
Light and Shadow, Galerie von Bartha, Basel, Germany

2004

Collage, Bloomberg Space, London, UK

1997

Exhibition with George Condo, Pat Hearn Gallery, New York, USA

1996

The Gun: Icon of Twentieth Century Art, Ubu Gallery, New York, USA
BANG – Gunshot Art, Paolo Baldacci Gallery, New York
Beat Culture and the New America, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, USA

1995

Beat Culture and the New America, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York

1994

Two Guys With Guns Making Art (exhibition with Hunter S. Thompson), Floria Brown Gallery, Woody Creek, Colorado, USA
Beat Generation Art, New York University, New York, USA
The Ossuary, Luhring Augustine Gallery, New York, USA

1993

Et tous ils changent le monde, 2ème Biennale d'Art Contemporain, Lyon, France
Poetry and Painting, Porte Galerie Avion, Marseille, France

1992

Exhibition with Brion Gysin, Project Arts Centre, Dublin, Ireland
Exhibition with Dennis Hopper, Sena Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico

1991

Basel Art Fair and Contemporary Art Fair Milan with Galerie Carzaniga & Ueker, Basel, Switzerland
Exhibition with Keith Haring, Murray Feldman Gallery, Los Angeles, USA

1990

Keith Haring & William S. Burroughs: 'The Valley' and 'Apocalypse', October Gallery, London, UK
XLIV Exposizione Internazionale d'Arte, Venice, Italy
Paper Cloud, Thick Pages, exhibition with Allen Ginsberg, Gallery Casa Sin Nombre, Santa Fe, USA
Galeria EMI Valentim de Carvalho at ARCO Art Fair, Madrid, Spain
Vanguardia Galeria de Arte, Bilbao, Spain
Exhibition with Robert Wilson, XPO Galerie, Hamburg, Germany

1989

The Valley, Keith Haring and William Burroughs, George Mulder Fine Arts, New York, USA
Exhibition with Walter Dahn, Galerie Paul Maenz Köln, Cologne, Germany

1988

Exhibition with Sam Gilliam, Paul Klein Gallery, Chicago, USA
Exhibition with St. EOM, Center on Contemporary Art, Seattle, USA
Literary Vision, Jack Tilton Gallery, New York, USA

1982

Exhibition at B2 Gallery, London, UK, supporting the *Final Academy* festival of readings and events celebrating William S. Burroughs and his work

Selected Collections

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, USA
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, USA
Saint Louis Art Museum, St. Louis, USA
Washington University Gallery of Art, St. Louis, USA
Hallmark Collection, Kansas City, USA
Spencer Museum of Art, Lawrence, USA
British Museum, London, UK
Maison des écrivains, Paris, France
Marseille Museum, Marseille, France
Kochi Museum of Art, Kochi, Japan
Museum of Contemporary Religious Art, Saint Louis University, St. Louis, USA
Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie Karlsruhe (ZKM), Karlsruhe, Germany



Untitled (detail), ca. 1992.
Ink on file folder, double sided, 30 x 48 cm.
Photo: ONUK.



This catalogue was published on the occasion of the exhibition

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

All out of time and into space

6 December 2012 - 16 February 2013 at October Gallery, London.

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William S. Burroughs

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or by appointment

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october gallery

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