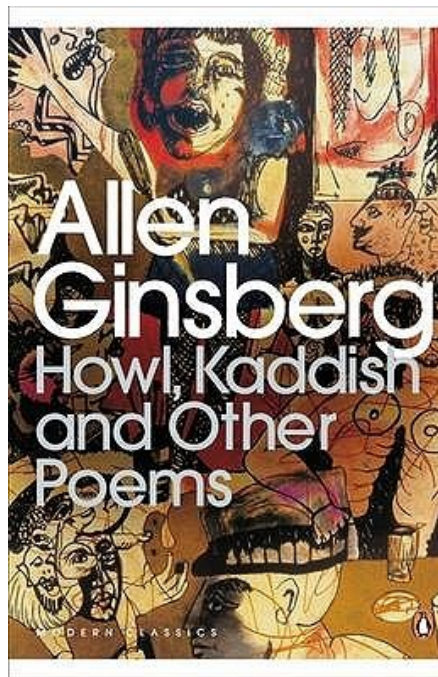




Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems

Allen Ginsberg , William Carlos Williams (Introduction)

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) ➔

Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems

Allen Ginsberg , William Carlos Williams (Introduction)

Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems Allen Ginsberg , William Carlos Williams (Introduction)

Beat movement icon and visionary poet, Allen Ginsberg broke boundaries with his fearless, pyrotechnic verse. This new collection brings together the famous poems that made his name as a defining figure of the counterculture. They include the apocalyptic 'Howl', which became the subject of an obscenity trial when it was first published in 1956; the moving lament for his dead mother, 'Kaddish'; the searing indictment of his homeland, 'America'; and the confessional 'Mescaline'. Dark, ecstatic and rhapsodic, they show why Ginsberg was one of the most influential poets of the twentieth century.

Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems Details

Date : Published February 26th 2009 by Penguin Classics (first published 1956)

ISBN : 9780141190167

Author : Allen Ginsberg , William Carlos Williams (Introduction)

Format : Paperback 119 pages

Genre : Poetry, Classics, Literature, American

 [Download Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems Allen Ginsberg , William Carlos Williams (Introduction)

From Reader Review Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems for online ebook

Chris_P says

Raw, blasphemous and psychedelic. *Howl* is brilliant, *Kaddish* is majestic beyond words and the rest fluctuate from good to what-the-fuck-did-I-just-read. Ginsberg should be more famous in Greece.

Liz Janet says

Allen Ginsberg reads "Howl," (Big Table Chicago Reading, 1959)
(listen to him recite this on YouTube guys, go on, try it)

"I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix..." I mean if this line doesn't catch your eye, there is something wrong.

Re-read: August 2015

Ginsberg is an amazing poet. Is it wrong that I see him as a sort of revolutionary in the poetry genre? He is my favourite of the Beat Generation (of which I have conflicted feelings). Poems like "Howl", "America", and "Europe, Europe" will remain with me for the rest of my life, as I analyse them over and over, as if on an endless loop. Are his poems not a mix of simplicity and complexity? Or am I imagining it?

Michel says

5 stars for howl kaddish and America

Laughed my ass off reading America

, youll feel empathy anger youll feel betrayal youll feel the artist sufferance, agony reading howl

Kaddish is the masterpiece of this collection

The rest range from good to the fuck i have no idea what hes speaking about

You need somehow to be familiar with the terms used in that 50's era, the drugs terms that was widely spread among the hip culture and the whole beat generation

Overall a definite recommendation

Plus read it while listening to Ginsberg. Most of these poems can be found on youtube in Ginsberg voice which gives it a whole different dimension

Laala Alghata says

"I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of the night," — Allen Ginsberg, *Howl*

I've read 'Howl' before, but just that poem, not this entire collection. I've always found poetry collections hard to review. With Ginsberg, you can see snatches of absolute genius, word phrasings you'd die to be able to conceive, a rush of emotion so vivid it gets you by the throat. But there's also instances where you read lines and lines and wrinkle your forehead in confusion, and have to look up its meaning, and that detracts a little from the beat. There were several gems, including Howl, of course, Igneu and Song. In every poem, there was at least one line I loved.

Andreea Lupei says

Poor dead flower? when did you forget you were a flower? when did you look at your skin and decide you were an impotent dirty old locomotive?

I need to read this again in a few years.

Ross says

I was surprised to end up by giving this one a "five". Anguished, rhythmic stream of consciousness poetry of Ginsberg is transfixing, indeed confronting at times, but emanates his life long search for elusive fundamental truths, free of conventional structural impositions. Despite Allen's "in-your-face" linguistic unconventionality, the structure of some of the verses has an unmistakeable heritage in Hebrew rhythmic, repetitive poetry and both are concerned with great, impenetrable mysteries that are a challenge and a torture to any thinking person. A masterpiece that has lead me to read the other "beat generation" writers.

Vanessa says

I read 'Howl' and 'America' when I was at university studying 20th century American Literature. It was my favourite class, and I've always had a fascination with the Beat Generation. It was fantastic to return to Ginsberg and in particular the two poems that I had presented on with a friend in one of our seminar classes. 'Howl' is still a tour-de-force of a poem, a mixture of beauty and vulgarity, and I can still imagine Ginsberg spitting out the words to 'America'. There are some good recordings of him performing these poems on youtube, if I remember correctly.

The other poems in this collection definitely lived up to my expectations. 'Kaddish' in particular was a hard read, as it was truly heartbreaking. It took me half an hour to read it, and I felt exhausted afterwards. I didn't like *every* poem in the collection, but overall it was a very entertaining read, and one I will definitely return to at some point.

Tristan Stewart says

Ginsy can really spin a sentence... Wonderful prose. Easier to appreciate if one does background research of the times he lived in. Lots of cultural references, biblical allusions, mention of politics, Greek mythology, and much more. You have to be okay with not understanding every single reference. The point is to understand the all-encompassing feeling of the poems within this volume. Not a lot of punctuation or structure, extremely raw form of writing. Ginsberg lets it all hang out for the world to read, the good, the bad, and the ugly. It surprised me how comfortable he was with putting himself under a negative light.

"Howl" and "Laughing Gas" are among my favorites. Definitely something I plan on revisiting.

leynes says

Words cannot describe what I felt reading Ginsberg's poems. It's very rare that words manage to suck the air out of my lungs by punching me in my gut so fucking hard that I want to scream, cry and laugh at the same time. Ginsberg's poems are real. Ginsberg's poems are raw. Ginsberg's poems are a lot to handle; maybe even too much at times.

I am always fascinated by writers who break taboos; writers who are unapologeticly themselves. Writers who manage to capture split seconds and the zeitgeist of a whole generation within a few lines.

Ginsberg is one of the most gifted poets I ever had the pleasure of reading from. His lyrical style is unconventional and unpredictable. One never knows what'll come next. I'm usually not the biggest fan of 'stream of consciousness'/conversational poetry, yet Ginsberg blew my fucking socks off. He left me wanting more.

If you're looking for poetry that will make you think, that will make your skin crawl and, at times, will make you vomit, Ginsberg is for you. [I swear I'll stop being pretentious in a hot second but ya gurl was shook, so let me have my moment, thanks.]

Ginsberg really pulls no punches. His words are brutal, dirty and not for the faint of heart. He is a writer who is so clearly trapped and controlled by his time, and yet writes in such a timeless fashion. It makes my head spin. I wouldn't call his poetry effortless because one can really feel the strain – the blood, sweat and tears – that went into it.

Words are manifold. Writers like Ginsberg show how they can be put to use. His words will suck you in and make you feel like you're there with him, not just observing his pain but living it. The sensation he creates – the feeling of oppression, relief, and lack of self-care – are gripping and true-to-life. There's this fucked up part deep inside all of us that will connect with these words. For some that part may be buried and hidden away but Ginsberg will tease it out. There's no escape.

**I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in
the machinery of night,
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural
darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,**

Lör K. says

A lover of Beat Generation poetry, since the film *Kill Your Darlings*, I've held a love for Allen Ginsberg for quite a while now. This is a book I got a while ago, from Puffin Modern Classics, and is merely just a collection of what is considered some of his best works.

Allen Ginsberg is one of my all time favourite poets, ever since I saw *Kill Your Darlings*, ever since I read his poetry when I was much younger, ever since I read "Howl" for the first time that I could actually remember it. So, when I saw *Howl, Kaddish and Other Poems* on my boyfriend's book shelf, I wasted no time whatsoever in asking if I could borrow it.

I started reading it when I wasn't really in the mood to read, and ended up chucking it down on my table with a snort of disgust and leaving it for a while, angry I couldn't get into it. All it took was for me to settle down, a cup of hot chocolate, and read "Howl" again, the first poem in this small collection. I was hooked immediately, and, before I knew it, I had finished the book.

People say a lot about Ginsberg. That his poems are mismatched and make no sense, there's no discernible meaning behind them. Others, that his poems are works of pure genius and more should write like him but none could ever. I fit into the latter. I have always loved Ginsberg's poetry and writings; I love all of the poets from the start of the Beat Generation; they started a literary revolution and it changed so much.

It's poems such as "Howl" and "America" that make me realise what I fell in love with Ginsberg for. He seems to have no filter. He just writes and writes, his feelings flowing on the pages, not seeming to care what anyone says or thinks of his poems. He works and he writes, and he blossoms on the pages of the book you hold, no matter which book it may be. It's not hard to see why he is considered one of the most famous poets of the Beat Generation.

My only qualm was with "Kaddish". I was enjoying this. I started it off and it flowed really well and I stopped half way through reading it because I had to go about college things. When I came to this I was horrified to find that "Kaddish" was so hard to get through. It became mere ramblings that could not be followed easily and it left me totally dismayed. It took me so long to get through the second half of "Kaddish" and it truly upset me to find this. This is the first poem of Ginsberg's I have not liked and it really put me off reading the rest of the book. However, I still love Ginsberg so I carried on.

This book was a good start, a really good start, that just got confusing and seemed to ramble as the poems went on. "Kaddish" was this poem for me, as mentioned in qualms, and yet, after "Kaddish" the poems got much better again, weren't as muddled and I got sucked back in really quickly. It has a disappointing middle, but it goes back up to perfect after this. I'm really glad that I didn't let myself get put off by "Kaddish" as I would have missed out on the rest of the perfect poems that Ginsberg has written.

After rereading this - all my original opinions still stand, and I'm still in love with this collection, and with Ginsberg as a poet. It's still one of the best poetry collections I've read in a long, long time.

Lorin Elizabeth says

You should all read 'Howl' and then you should all listen to it read by Ginsberg. Part of the beginning of what was to become the modern spoken word movement, this apocalyptic epic SOUNDS amazing. The pacing is on point: half runaway-subway-cart, half meander-through-jazz-clubs and the imagery, of course, is desperately crazy.

The collection as a whole was an interesting read. I rushed through the laborious 'Kaddish', but turns out it's the one that's haunting me most. Special mention to the "libraries full of tears" in 'America' and the "rotting Ginsberg" of 'Mescaline'.

Auntie Terror says

Disturbing, intuitive in its imagery, extremely dense, and unfiltered to the level of brutality. It took me quite some time to get through these mere 120 pages. To say I enjoyed it would be not to the point. I was stirred by Ginsberg's poetry in corners of the mind I'm not wholly comfortable around - it was an... interesting journey.

reem says

I absolutely love reading Ginsberg out loud, mostly to myself, while facing a mirror or an empty wall. You definitely get a grander feeling when the words are vocalized. It's as if the entire thing becomes present and pleasantly melancholic. I don't know if it's true that that is how his poems were meant to be read - I mean, I've never heard of another group of people (or a generation) that have come together to bring out the most verbally beautiful sentences with such infinite writing, so who knows?

Ginsberg's words come alive in this one, the rhythm is absolutely brilliant, the lines as controversial and raw as you've always known them. Some of the poems in this collection were new to me (I will never forget that it took me two days to finish 'Kaddish' due to its sheer power) and some I've read before, but all in all, this is a book for the shelves.

Gina says

I never realized how widely referenced the "other poems" were. Brilliant.

Ashleigh says

For some reason or another I find myself very much into poetry at the minute. Maybe the level of work I have to do is dictating my reading habits but all I can say is that I am grateful for this. My first experience of Ginsberg was when I picked up a tiny book of beat poetry after reading some Kerouac and having a vague interest in the movement. I instantly wanted to read more and I can safely say this theme continues. Ginsberg writes with more passion and fervour than any poet I've yet come across. He is edgy and graphic, political and opinionated whilst also being so real and so truthful that at one point I was moved to tears. This man had a hard life and overcame many obstacles and he brought all of this into his work. The poem that upset me was Kaddish, I never knew anything much about Ginsberg and his personal life other than the fact that he was an outspoken homosexual, this poem lets you see into his childhood. His experiences are so exquisitely described but of such a sad and disturbing nature that you feel very confused as a reader, you feel the nostalgia, the pain, the suffering and the hurt as well as disappointment for children who deserved better, even writing that I feel guilty towards his mother. This man was an incredible poet and one I long to read everything by.
