



HOWL

A Graphic Novel

Poem by Allen Ginsberg

Animation Art by Eric Drooker

HarperPerennial New York London Toronto Sydney

incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud
and lightning in the mind leaping toward
poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all
the motionless world of Time between,

Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree
cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the
rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead
joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and
moon and tree vibrations in the roaring
winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings
and kind king light of mind,

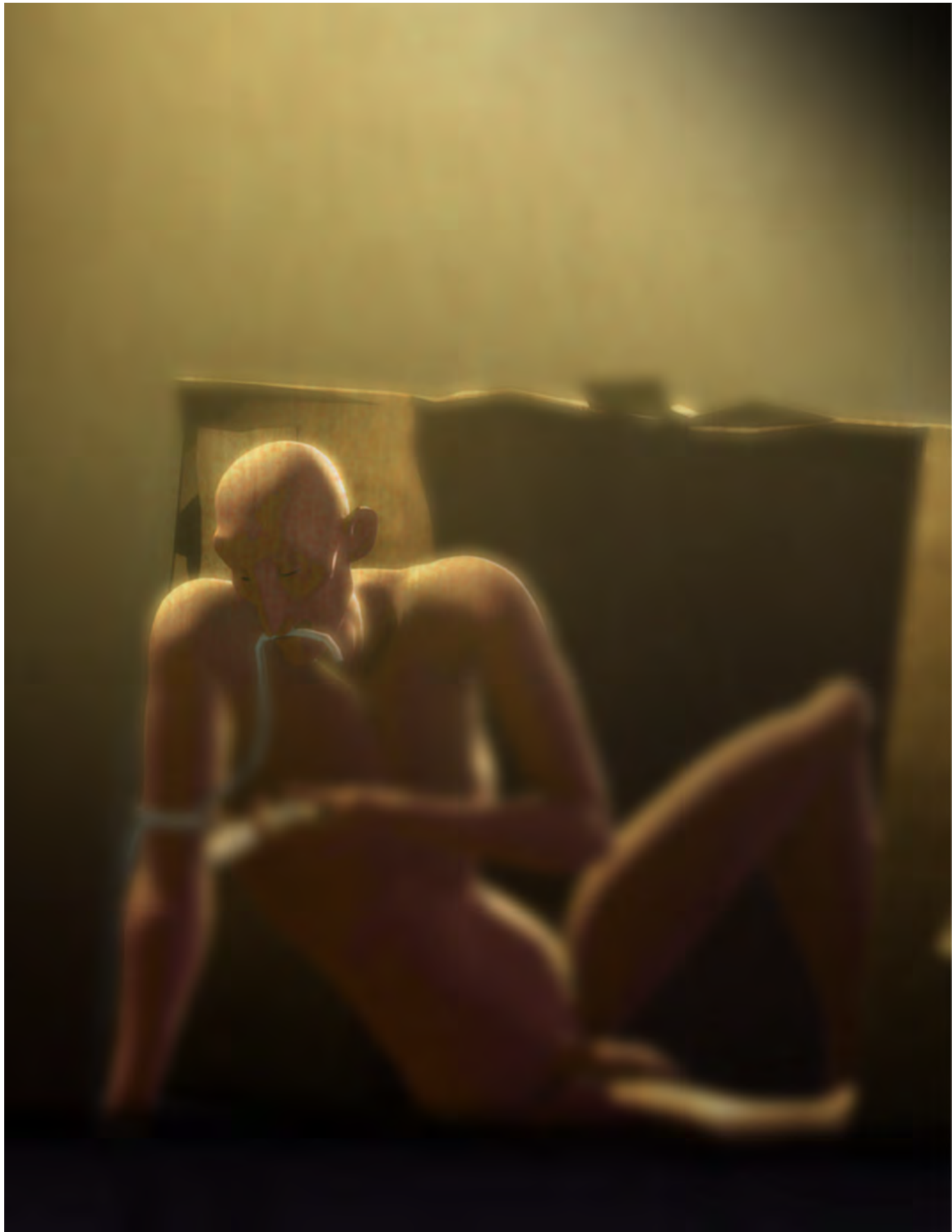




who talked continuously seventy hours from park
to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the
Brooklyn Bridge,
a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists
jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off
windowsills off Empire State out of the moon,
yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering
facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball
kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails and
wars,

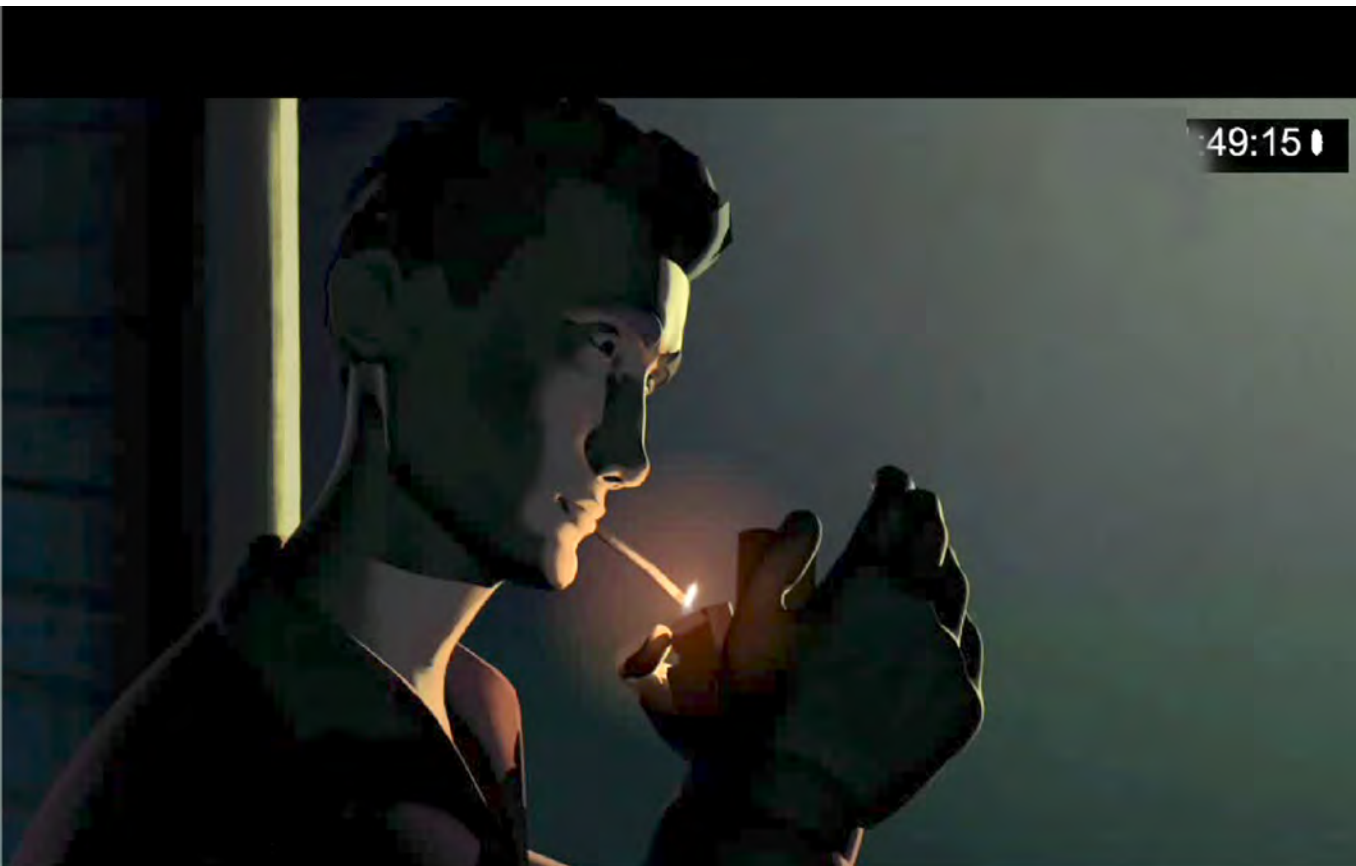


who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving
a trail of ambiguous picture postcards of
Atlantic City Hall,
suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian
honegrindings and migraines of China under
junkwithdrawal in Newark's bleak furnished
room,



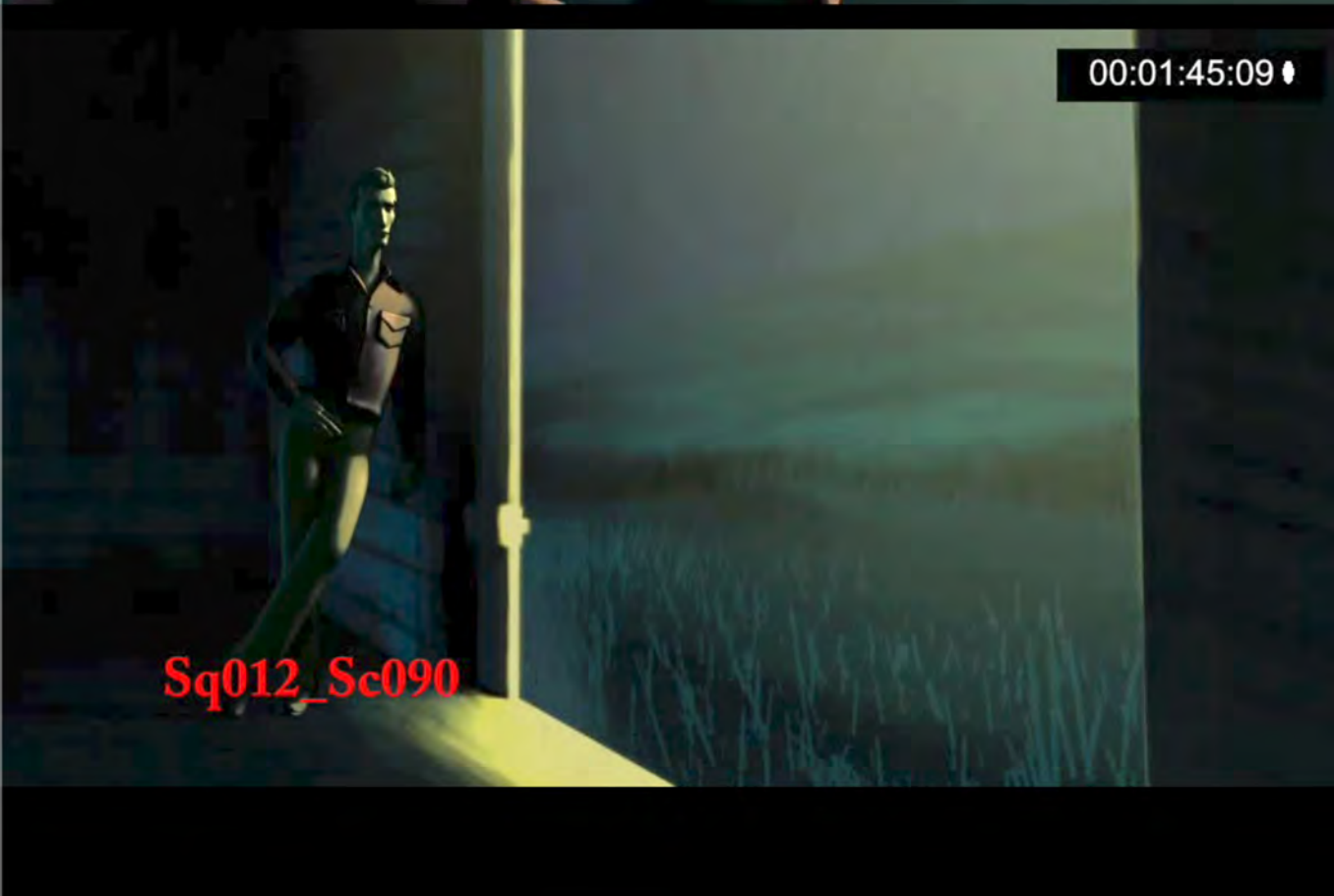


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who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars
racketing through snow toward lonesome farms
in grandfather night,
who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross
telepathy and hop kabbalah because the cosmos
instinctively vibrated at their feet in
Kansas,



00:01:45:09

Sq012_Sc090

00:02:15:11



Sq012_Sc150

who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking
visionary indian angels who were visionary
indian angels,

00:02:19:09



Sq012_Sc155

who thought they were only mad when Baltimore
gleamed in supernatural ecstasy,

00:02:17:14



Sq012_Sc155

00:02:20:13



Sq012_Sc155



who blew and were blown by those human seraphim,



the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and
Caribbean love,





who sweetened the snatches of a million girls
trembling in the sunset, and were red eyed in
the morning but prepared to sweeten the
snatch of the sun rise, flashing buttocks
under barns and naked in the lake,



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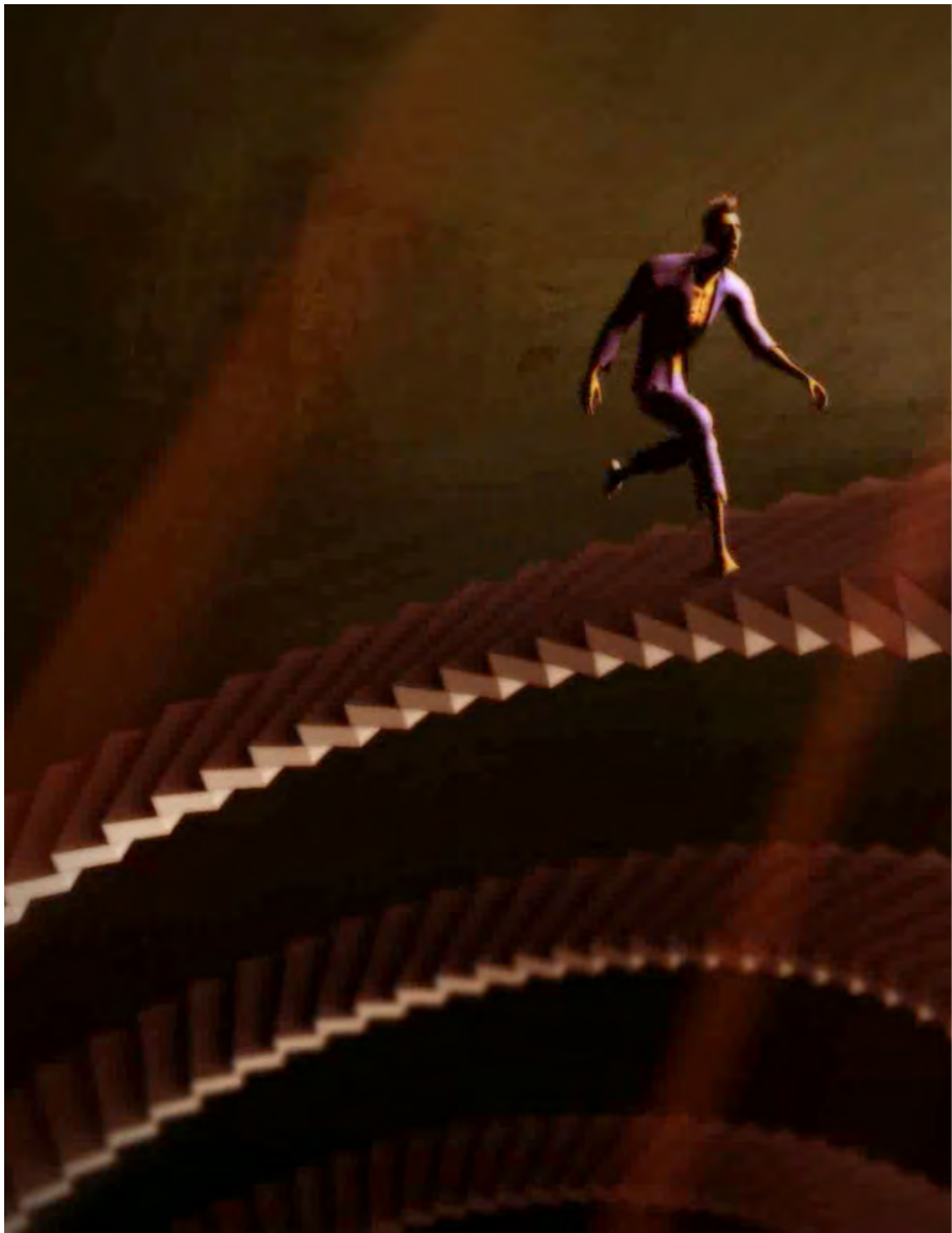
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Sq032_Sc150



who faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in dreams, woke on a sudden Manhattan, and picked themselves up out of basements hung over with heartless Tokay and horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams & stumbled to unemployment offices,



who threw their watches off the roof to cast their
ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm
clocks fell on their heads every day for the
next decade,
who cut their wrists three times successively
unsuccessfully, gave up and were forced to
open antique stores where they thought they
were growing old and cried,

THE
MONK
STUDIOS