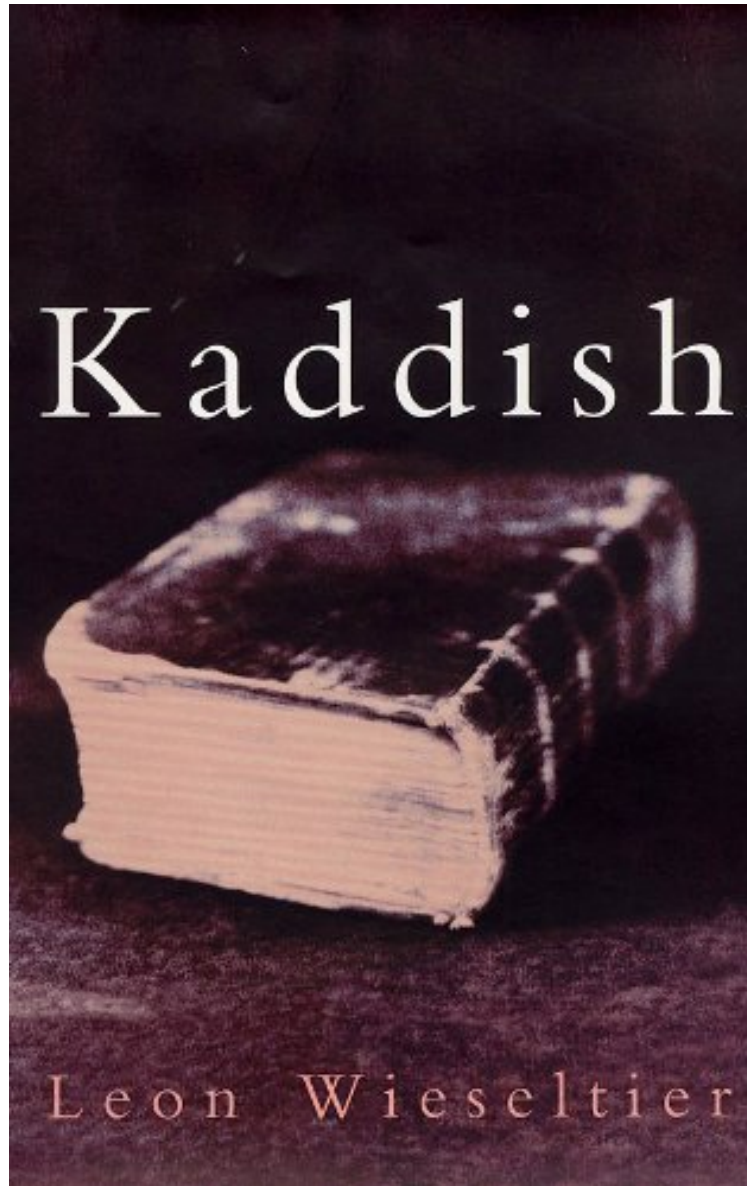


[Download free ebook] Kaddish (English Edition)

## Kaddish (English Edition)

*Von Leon Wieseltier*

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**Von Leon Wieseltier : Kaddish (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Kaddish (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A Remarkable Book, but Who is It For?Von Simon DelMonteLeon Wieseltier has created a singular work, exploring 2,000 years of Jewihs tradition and thought about death and mourning in the aftermath of his own father's death. The

breadth of his knowledge is amazing, and all the more so given that he is something of a non-believer. As a religious Jew, I found his discoveries and his re-examination of his own faith to be moving. The work has two flaws. The first is its length. And while you can excuse its length as being a product of the vast amount of lore and law he sifted through, he occasionally rambles and jumps off the topic. The other flaw is that I just can't imagine too many people wanting to read this. If you're more devout than I, you might find his agnosticism offputting. If you're of a secular bent or not Jewish, why would you want to read this at all? That such a work got published is a sign that Jewish philosophy is part of the mainstream. But I wonder how many people are like myself and have the patience and curiosity to dive into this book. Maybe it should have been more accessible. Or maybe it's best that some books make the readers work to learn something, the way the author did in writing this. If you are of the right patience and of the right religious bent, however, read this and cherish its beauty. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Egotistical, hypocritical, badly needs editing Von Ein Kunde This book is a pathetic mish-mosh, neither fish nor fowl, a 585 page (in paperback) exercise in vanity. It sets new records in self-indulgence, egotism and hypocrisy. The introduction portrays the book as a personal journey, and not to be looked at as a scholarly text. I knew this going in. But if this journal of the year of mourning after Mr. Wieseltier lost his father is a personal one, it begets the following questions: Why does he talk so little about who his father was? We learn that he was an Orthodox man from the old country who attended shul regularly. The author mentions that his father was an unhappy man, and goes no farther. This whole book centers on the death of this man and there should have been much more about this man. Similarly speaking, even after 585 pages, we know little of the author. We do learn that he is smitten with the sound of his own voice. But we know virtually nothing else. That is wrong. Combining the two points above, we know little of the relationship between father and son. Hearing the author's thoughts in that regard would have given the book some feeling, some warmth and dilute the narcissism. The author makes snide remarks all throughout the book at how ignorant and corrupt American Judaism, while glorifying any and every European. The remarks come across as egotistical and incredibly mean-spirited. The author makes all sorts of minute points throughout the book. But he avoids discussing whether he has children or not, let alone a wife. Some of the Rabbinical texts he cites have some rather heated remarks about men who do not take a wife and have children. Along those lines, I wonder if the author ever wondered who will say Kaddish for him. Nor does he go into detail on the reasons why he decided to repudiate his religion, he just makes a reference early in the book to "throwing off the yoke". Being that his year of mourning has caused him to re-examine his religion, has he put on the "yoke" again during or after the time? For a book that really deals in details, the author does not define orphan, is it one who is without one or both parents? Neither does he discuss mourning a mother. Does the term "father" refer to either parent or solely to a male parent. Do the rituals and customs differ? The book could have easily been cut in half, there are some nuggets in it. A lot of the book was repetitious, even journals and diaries benefit from good editors. But I am sure the author would have died if someone would try to cut one of his precious words. BTW, reading the reviews of his book show an intense difference of opinion. I found the reviews a great help as I read the book. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. An odd book, but more than worth the trouble Von Ein Kunde This is one of those books that you put down at times in bafflement and irritation and pick up again twenty minutes later because, dammit, it's under your skin and you can't leave it alone. Not quite like anything else I've come across but that's part of its charm. A lot of erudition, a little navel-gazing, some painfully personal revelations, some zippy one-liners. As a non-Jew, I found some of the author's assumptions about my baseline knowledge of Judaism a little over-optimistic but what else was he to do? This is a personal book, written, I suspect, because it had to be written exactly as it is and not tailored to appeal to some hypothetical market target. And the reward for struggling through some of the more obscure passages where there are few familiar landmarks for the goyim to recognize is the humanity and wry humor of the author's examination of himself, trying to work out why he's embarked on this self-imposed devotional task and how to make sense of a world cluttered with medieval scholars and rabbis, and twentieth century atrocities, but also CD-Roms and contemporary DC, a thousand and one contradictions and very little certainty. So in the end he can't make sense of it all? Who could? Who can? It's still worth reading.

**Kurzbeschreibung** When Leon Wieseltier's father died in March 1996, he began to observe the rituals of the traditional year of mourning, going daily to the synagogue to recite the Kaddish. Between his prayers and his everyday responsibilities, he sought out ancient, medieval and modern Jewish texts in pursuit of the Kaddish's history and meaning. And every day he studied, translated and wrote his own reflections on the obscure texts that he found, punctuating his journal with stories about life in his synagogue and his family's progress through grief. In reflecting upon the fate of his father and of his people, he wrestles with problems of loss and faith, the meaning of tradition, freedom and determinism, and the perplexity of rational religion. Leon Wieseltier's Kaddish, a poignant book prompted by his year of mourning for a particular death, the death of his father, is a contradictory but illuminating journey . . . a profound quest for the origins of the Kaddish prayer Daily Telegraph Much more than a personal memoir . . . he

speaks wisely about the most important things: about meaning and loss; about death and life; about the nature of ritual and tradition . . . Submitting oneself to [Kaddish] process, one discovers that, like the best novels and poems, it illuminates the world Times Literary Supplement.deLeon Wieseltier's Kaddish is a completely new kind of book. It is not quite philosophy, autobiography, history, or Midrash, but it blends all of these genres into a narrative of Wieseltier's grief during the year following his father's death. Wieseltier, the literary editor of The New Republic, is a mostly unobservant Jew whose grief compelled him to observe his religion's rituals of mourning, daily attending synagogue to recite the Kaddish (the traditional Jewish prayers of mourning). He also delved deeply into a vast range of texts describing the history and spiritual significance of these prayers. And he wrote incessantly, describing with force and clarity the process of bringing his mind and heart to bear on the grief that consumed him. Perhaps the best way of describing this moving, illuminating, hopeful, awe-filled book is to quote a stray line from the first page of the book's first chapter: "Out of tears, thoughts." --Michael Joseph Gross.co.ukLeon Wieseltier's Kaddish is a completely new kind of book. It is not quite philosophy, autobiography, history, or Midrash, but it blends all of these genres into a narrative of Wieseltier's grief during the year following his father's death. Wieseltier, the literary editor of The New Republic, is a mostly unobservant Jew whose grief compelled him to observe his religion's rituals of mourning, daily attending synagogue to recite the Kaddish (the traditional Jewish prayers of mourning). He also delved deeply into a vast range of texts describing the history and spiritual significance of these prayers. And he wrote incessantly, describing with force and clarity the process of bringing his mind and heart to bear on the grief that consumed him. Perhaps the best way of describing this moving, illuminating, hopeful, awe-filled book is to quote a stray line from the first page of the book's first chapter: "Out of tears, thoughts." --Michael Joseph Gross, .com