1. Record Nr. UNINA9910453862703321 Autore Whittemore Reed <1919-2012.> **Titolo** Fifty poems fifty [[electronic resource] /] / by Reed Whittemore Minneapolis,: University of Minnesota Press, [1970] Pubbl/distr/stampa **ISBN** 0-8166-6952-X Descrizione fisica 1 online resource (74 p.) Disciplina 811/.5/4 Soggetti American poetry - 20th century Electronic books. Lingua di pubblicazione Inglese **Formato** Materiale a stampa Livello bibliografico Monografia Note generali Description based upon print version of record. Nota di contenuto TABLE OF CONTENTS: THE GIRL IN THE NEXT ROOM; SONG OF THE PATIENT PATIENT; THE MISSING TENT; WHY DO THE CHILDREN SHOUT?; THEM: THE SAD COMMITTEE SHAGGY: THE TROUBLE OUTSIDE: CABBY: THE CHAIR; THE SET; DEATH; THE MIND; PHILANTHROPIST; THE PARABLE OF THE PAST; MONOLOGUE; PRAYER; WASHINGTON INTERREGNUM: THE DRUG: OSPREY SONNET: IN SPRING INTO THE WORLD SONNET; WHO HAS THE DREAM SONNET; GENESIS REVISED; THE IRON GARAGE; THE SILENT TEACHER IN THE DISAPPEARING CLASSROOM SHAGGY, WIZ NO BOOK; THE QUEST; THE SICK ONES (FOUR DIALOGUES): THE TERRIBLE FLAT PEOPLE: REASON IN THE WOODS A FASCINATING POET'S DIARYMETAMORPHOSIS; JUICE: THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER; A SONG OF WRINKLES; A DREAM OF AN ATTIC; A TREE IN D.C.; WHERE DOES IT GO?; THINKING OF TENTS; MOUNTAINS; URBAN GAME; ON READING S. S. VAN DINE IN THE CANNED GOODS SECTION; THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT; JAMESTOWN; THE BRUTE; THE LOVERS; THE CONSERVATIVE; OTHER; THE DESK Sommario/riassunto Fifty Poems Fifty was first published in 1970. In this, the seventh volume of his poetry to be published, Reed Whittemore presents fifty poems, all making their first appearance in book form here. Commenting on this collection, John Malcolm Brinnin writes: ""Whittemore has his own distinctive voice, his own spare, artfully simple way with a poem, and a grimly merry (or merrily grim) brand of

> wit that keeps a reader in a state of bemused expectation. His nonsense makes chilling good sense; and his poems inspired by

affections are straightforward, touching, and without a twinge of sentimentality