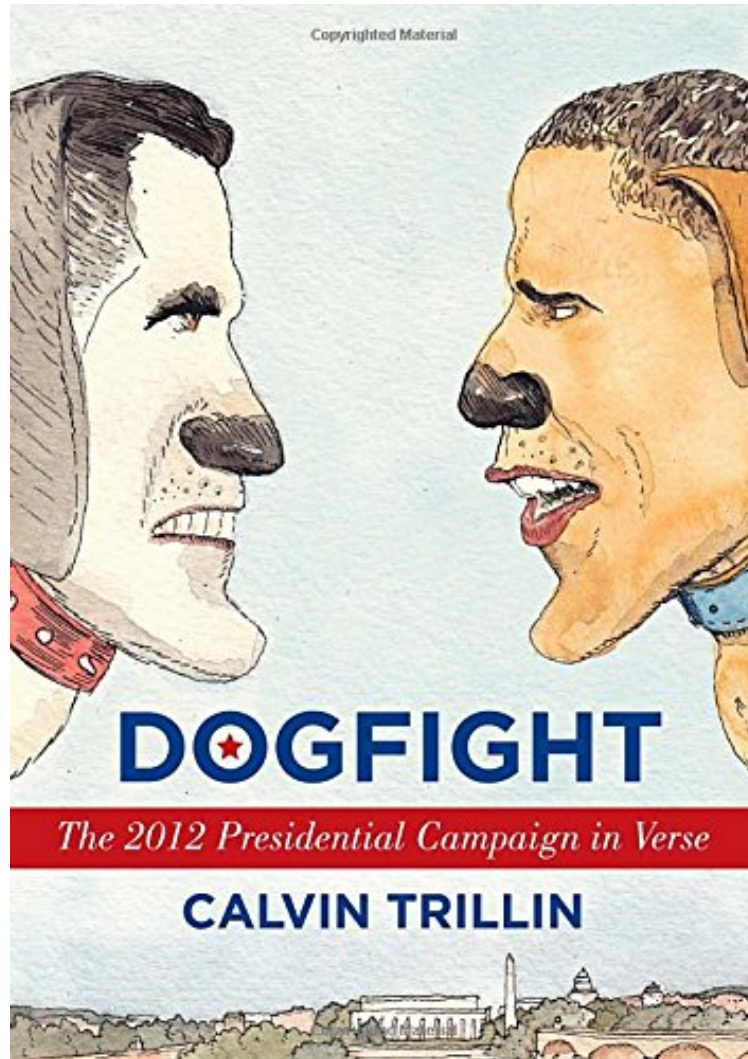


Dogfight: The 2012 Presidential Campaign in Verse

Calvin Trillin

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Calvin Trillin : Dogfight: The 2012 Presidential Campaign in Verse before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dogfight: The 2012 Presidential Campaign in Verse:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Emre R.great1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Love Calvin Trillin!By Tina TessinaThis is the most fun thing of the whole campaign. All the ads should be written by Trillin -- clever, light-hearted, pithy and to the point.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. An amusing look at the campaign.By ReadaholicDogfight was amusing and entertaining. Love his wit and use of words. I was already tired of the campaign by the time I got it or I would probably rated it higher.

In his latest laugh-out-loud book of political verse, Calvin Trillin provides a riotous depiction of the 2012 presidential election campaign. *Dogfight* is a narrative poem interrupted regularly by other poems and occasionally by what the author calls a pause for prose (“Callista Gingrich, Aware That Her Husband Has Cheated On and Then Left Two Wives Who Had Serious Illnesses, Tries Desperately to Make Light of a Bad Cough”). With the same barbed wit he displayed in the bestsellers *Deciding the Next Decider*, *Obliviously On He Sails*, and *A Heckuva Job*, America’s deadline poet trains his sights on the Tea Party (“These folks were quick to vocally condemn/All handouts but the ones that went to them”) and the slapstick field of contenders for the Republican nomination (“Though first-tier candidates were mostly out,/Republicans were asking, “What about/The second tier or what about the third?/Has nothing from those other tiers been heard?”). There is an ode to Michele Bachmann, sung to the tune of a Beatles classic (“Michele, our belle/Thinks that gays will all be sent to hell”) and passages on the exit of candidates like Herman Cain (“Although his patter in debates could tickle,/Cain’s pool of knowledge seemed less pool than trickle”) and Rick Santorum (“The race will miss the purity/That you alone endow./We’ll never find another man/Who’s holier than thou.”) On its way to the November 6 finale, Trillin’s narrative takes us through such highlights as the January caucuses in frigid Iowa (“To listen to long speeches is your duty,/And getting there could freeze off your patootie”), the Republican convention (“It seemed like Clint, his chair, and their vignette/Had wandered in from some adjoining set”), and Mitt Romney’s secretly recorded “47 percent” speech, which inspired the “I Got the Mitt Thinks I’m a Moocher, a Taker not a Maker, Blues.”

About the Author A longtime staff writer at *The New Yorker*, Calvin Trillin is also *The Nation*’s deadline poet, at a fee he has been complaining about since 1990. His acclaimed books range from the memoir *About Alice* to *Quite Enough* of Calvin Trillin: *Forty Years of Funny Stuff*. He lives in New York.