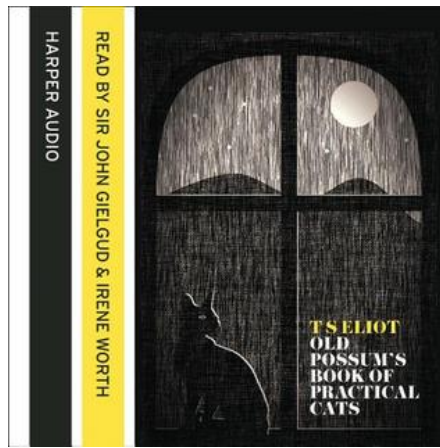




Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats by T.S. Eliot

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Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats by T.S. Eliot T.S. Eliot

First published in 1939, T. S. Eliot's collection of cat poems, written originally to amuse his godchildren and friends, has become one of the all-time favourites of children's literature.

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats by T.S. Eliot Details

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Author : T.S. Eliot

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From Reader Review Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats by T.S. Eliot for online ebook

Hussam H Aql says

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Teresa Proença says

Gosto de poesia; gosto de gatos. Adorei este livro.
Mas, se não gostasse de poesia nem de gatos, de certeza que, mesmo assim, adoraria este livro.
Durante cerca de meia hora, pespegou-se-me um sorriso nos lábios que, periodicamente, desaparecia para ser trocado por uma gargalhada...
Quer os poemas, quer as ilustrações são lindos e divertidos e, embora T. S. Eliot os tivesse escrito para crianças, qualquer adulto se enternecerá com eles.
Um livro que recomendo a quem gosta de gatos e não só...

*"Há neste livro Gatos tão diversos
Que tenho, agora, esta opinião:
Quem já o leu ficou habilitado
A entender-lhes formas e feitios.
O que já sabem chega para ver
Que semelhantes são, Gatos e nós
E outras pessoas, afinal dotadas
De maneiras diferentes de pensar.
Há uns que são loucos, outros com juízo
Há uns que são bons e outros ruins
Alguns são melhores e outros nem isso -
Mas de todos se fez um retrato em verso."*

Vanja Petrovi? says

Najbolja knjiga ikada!

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.
First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo or James,
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey—
All of them sensible everyday names.
There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:

Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter—
But all of them sensible everyday names.
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,
Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum—
Names that never belong to more than one cat.
But above and beyond there's still one name left over,
And that is the name that you never will guess;
The name that no human research can discover—
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.

Jonfaith says

Something in my imagination has been restless. I have craved world building, esoteric codes, political machinations, something to offset the Bob Corkers of my mind. Treading along in endless bureaucracy with handymen and adjusters, I long for the Epic.

My wife and I have been rewatching every episode of Game of Thrones for the last two weeks or so. I am enjoying it much more when the narrative is compacted. I reflect on Delbruck and Braudel while listening to Tyrion.

I read a story by Scott Lynch last week and I really liked it. I was hoping for more with his Gentleman Bastards series. That has been a flat experience so far. What does it lack? It lacks the sparkle of the Book of Practical Cats. These are wonderful spirits. They bubble and gesture with aplomb.

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so for old Gumbie cat let us now give three cheers-
On whom well-ordered households depends, it appears.

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Leslie says

I had always thought of T.S. Eliot as a difficult and gloomy poet, so these poems were a revelation! Such light-hearted fun which really benefits from being read aloud & the Edward Gorey illustrations were marvelous too.

Laurel Hicks says

Someone should set this to music.

Mitticus says

Reto 10: Libro con un gato en la portada.

En verso juguetón , irónico, fantasioso, paródico e ingenioso T.S. Eliot traza una descripción de felinos disquisiciones domésticas. Dicen que tal vez se refería a ciertos personajes de su tiempo, tal vez a nosotros mismos, y hasta que hacía referencias a las creaciones de Kipling y Conan Doyle. Y , sin duda, que le debe ahora el ser mucho más conocido al musical de Lloyd Weber.

Pero, sea como sea, arranca reconocimiento a cualquier conocedor de gatos -amante o no de estos - y una sonrisa.

A algunos les causó extrañeza que Eliot, censurado por algunos poemas, escribiese algo para niños, pero , claro, un gato tiene más de un nombre. De hecho tiene tres: el que le dan y todos conocen, después uno peculiar que le da orgullo, y luego está aquel, el secreto, que solamente éste conoce...

*When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.*

Serena.. Sery-ously? says

Roberto Senesi ha fatto un miracolo, con la sua traduzione!

(In originale è stupendo, in italiano è incredibile!)

dianne says

Reminiscent of A.A. Milne's poetry, with fun imagery helped along by Edward Gorey's illustrations.
i tried to prolong each page, only letting myself read one cat a day.

Poor Tim, my love, i torture you
with all my silly rhymes...
He's patient, though it has to stop,
we've lived through harder times.

odd rules of friending a cat
"don't speak til spoken to"
quite unpredictable at that
this book i'm thumbing through

dear Eliot, i love your rhymes
in couplets or in sequence.
there's much i learn
each page i turn,
you've won my cat's allegiance.

(so sorry)

BAM The Bibliomaniac says

Absolutely light-hearted and charming! I think I loved it so much because I could sing along to MaCavity and Rum Tum Tugger as often as I wished; I just didn't turn the page! These cats will give joy to so many for generations. All ages can smile at these rambunctious antics.

Connie says

I read this years ago before I saw the musical "Cats". The book is charming and funny, and really captures the personalities of the cats. It's a wonderful little book!

Coos Burton says

Encontré el libro hace muy poco y no lo pensé dos veces, ya se me había escapado en una ocasión y no planeaba que me sucediera otra vez. Se trata de una hermosa colección de poemas sobre gatos con personalidades muy peculiares. Cada texto está acompañado por el lóbrego arte de Edward Gorey, y este fue el empuje que más me impulsó a comprar este libro, ya que es uno de mis artistas favoritos. Y por supuesto, siendo yo una *cat lover* sentí que no podía perdérmelo. Realmente lo disfruté muchísimo, es un libro muy puro y dulce, y me han encantado todos los poemas al punto de no poder elegir un favorito.

Petergiaquinta says

So, I'm really more of a dog guy, and I don't know if that's the reason or if it was the horribly ridiculous musical or what, but despite considering T.S. Eliot as one of my favorite poets during my college days and despite owning a copy of this book for at least fifteen years, I'd never read these poems until today.

I'm curious what motivated Eliot to write these funny and clever little ditties for kitties--the writer feels more like Edward Lear than the elusive, erudite author of "The Hollow Men" and "Journey of the Magi"--but there's a perfect sort of precision to the meter and language, even if the subject is playful and quaint to the point of silliness. Or maybe that's just the loutish dog lover in me coming out; as Eliot writes, "The usual Dog about the Town / Is much inclined to play the clown, / And far from showing too much pride / Is frequently undignified."

But even if that's me, I'm glad I finally got around to reading about Rum Tum Tugger, Old Deuteronomy, and Skimbleshanks the Railway Cat. And Edward Gorey's illustrations make Eliot's poems even more fun to read!

Helene Jeppesen says

If you're a cat-lover (as I am), then this is a must-read for you! This is a charming book written in verse, and each chapter is dedicated to a different kind of cat with its own kind of personality. This just goes to show how many personalities a cat can really have and I loved it :)

Manny says

To My New Feline Friend

I know an Abyssinian
her name in French is Silicate

The rest of this review is available elsewhere (the location cannot be given for Goodreads policy reasons)

Nathan "N.R." Gaddis says

[Just like a BUMbersticker:]

Like this Review if you like cats but hate Cats (and can tell the dIFFérance).

the ReVue:

T.S. Elliot poetry about cats.

Edward Gorey drawings about cats.

Cats doing what cats do.

A winning trilogy of characters, that.

Kwoomac says

This book was on my Recommendations book shelf, I hope because I'm a huge fan of Edward Gorey, not a crazy cat lady. Unfortunately for me, my library didn't have the edition that Gorey illustrated. So, I read this one. Actually, the illustrations were the only thing I enjoyed about the book. I felt like Eliot was trying too hard to be clever with the names and none of them worked for me. Cap'n Wussenfuss, now that would've been a good name but he didn't come up with that name, I did. They have names like Jennyanydots (stupid) and Growltiger (duh) and Mungojerrie (doesn't really roll off the tongue). There were also some cringey moments in the poems, where he refers to siamese cats as either heathen Chinese or chinks. And finally, I learned after reading this book, that it was the inspiration for "Cats." 'nough said.

Adriana Scarpin says

Macavity - The Mystery Cat

*Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw--
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
For when they reach the scene of crime--Macavity's not there!*

*Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime--Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air--*

But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

*Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly doomed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.*

*Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square--
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!*

*He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair--
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!*

*And when the Foreign Office finds a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scap of paper in the hall or on the stair--
But it's useless of investigate--Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
"It must have been Macavity!"--but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.*

*Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, or one or two to spare:
And whatever time the deed took place--MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!*

Florence Liu says

Looking at the reviews of this book, I'm slightly ashamed to say that the only reason I read this collection of poetry was because of a musical. It's not because I wanted to read more of T.S. Eliot's amazing work, it's because I watched Cats. I am an Andrew Lloyd Webber junkie. It all started when I watched The Phantom of the Opera, and things just got worse when I watched cats. That being said, Andrew Lloyd Webber is also responsible for some of the books that are on my to-read list - this being one of them.

I'm not much of a cat person, but the cats in this book (and in the musical) are so adorable and fleshed-out. They have their own clearly defined personalities, and maybe I'm going crazy, but I'm starting to see these fictional cats in the real cats in my life. Would recommend to anyone looking for some light reading, fun

poetry, or cat-lovers in general. Also, for Andrew Lloyd Webber junkies like myself. Super interesting to see where the inspiration from the musical came from.
