1995

Insulting the National Vanity

Thomas E. Kennedy

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4458

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
Insulting the National Vanity
Thomas E. Kennedy

HOW DELIGHTFULLY TIMELY, following the recent Republican backslide, to find a collection of short fiction more concerned with reality than realism, with insulting national vanity than flattering it, with offering the reader dreams and visions rather than snapshots of the ever-worsening blue collar quotid.
hair and hazel eyes make perfect sense to me.” Where else do you find “merchurochrome-colored butterflies,” Nietzsche on his birthday hiding in his attic while Richard Wagner boffs his sister, a town being decimated by tiny monkeys no one will admit exists, a woman obsessed with dreams of wrestling Samuel Beckett, and the last of a Frenchburg, Kentucky family of strip-miners driven from their home by the pressures of feeding all the ghosts who haunt it (a story first found in this magazine then reprinted in Best Stories of the South)? The book is illustrated by assemblage artist Andi Olsen whose techno-Bosch collages would put a scissor in the ear of any fiddling postmodernist.

One can’t help but speculate over what might happen if Senator Jesse Helms were strapped to a chair with his eyes propped open before Scherzi and a blaring injection of Sousa administered everytime something surreal happens.

The wonder is that it took a micropress to publish this book. On the other hand, as beer and book lovers are learning, micropresses and microbreweries are putting out some of the best stuff in the land these days!

In any event, here is a collection to water a parched place with laughter, delight, and that rarest of commodities as we approach the third millenium: intelligence.