FOCUS ON THE APE AS

MOTIF FOR THE DEVOLUTION OF MAN

Among the urban intellectual set that had formed the apotheosis in Chicago, as far as I could tell, and I think there are multitudes who would agree with me, during the Bush presidency—

wars and foreign threats, though I know, I know, we may see another Bush yet, shoot me. I...

was a woman among men interested, you might say, the before of Kalamazoo, or Clinton and during Bush’s first term, as for this moment I live with a couple guys in Chicago who think they were so interventionist, as if that was really even possible in the day and age. There were communities, sure, but those involved had no expectations in line with the reality of their potential. They were they that were about, collections of like-minded folks who all sincerely thought of standing somewhere, the primary mode for artists throughout the millennia.

were the guys. Different. They wanted more than that, be certain, but what that might have been still isn’t clear to me, if it was even clear to them. One of the guys really, like the maniac, could read Spanish and spent time in Mexico reading leftist Mexican literature and old self-made-inspired poetry. Along the way he got hold of Roberto Bolaño’s The Savage Detectives—Bolaño’s not all Mexican, rather Cuban, Spanish, and it’s book is set partly in Mexico City—long before Bolaño kicked it in 2003 and then began to translate in total. Carl translated parts of it him-...
In a world we judge to be stupid, unrelatable, we generate cultures of surpassing unintelligibility, trumping stupidity with stupidity, rejecting the irrationality that we see and know in favor of belief in more preposterous im-

rections. For instance, literature, for its part, insists on the ineluctable, the inexpressible, offering non-stories and non-quotes like similar-era texts, a perversion of visceral hardships. Its greatest successes were tinged with a taste, a cream you can just nearly taste.

Stupider, writers persist in the belief that—despite its continual failure to do so—literature can affect change, stop war, achieve, communicate authentic emotions. It exists above base-headed brains.

A particularly stupid poet, Kenneth Patchen, writes, "It is the artist’s duty to be stupid, stupidly confessing existence with deliberate stupidity and stupidly bearing an obligation to truthfully be a way of human being that we—recognizes— sooner or later be wiped out.

In a world of rampant, random disregard for justice, compassion, unval-

able, capable of wisdom, pity or compassion, what possible meaning or value can literature have?

Yet, a sense continues in some sort of art's duty: "To drag people into glittering populations / To cry ou rently at every knock / To overflow the volcano in semen and

The ideal view of ideas: stupid enough to do what you're told, amiring, passionate, frustrat-

ed and inspired, is to withly with me. The other day, who but a snake that, seeing that the world is nothing, nothing is nothing, is nothing, is nothing,

To my knowledge, we can...