"Push-button war demands a woman's touch!" shrills Nason's twentieth century goddess Dullness, (in his book length poetic plagiarism of Pope's mock epic Dunciad), as she reestablishes her Empire in the modern New World by masking, cancelling, and attacking Progress and Liberty in a lustful attempt to destroy the Moral and Emotional content of poetry. She sluttishly breeds and fosters the Dunces of the literary kingdom of today, (Pope's Dunces were the poet Laureates of his day), and sallies brazenly everywhere in the company of her muses Self-Service, Smuggles, sadism, and "sweet Anality", so light and fair,/ Enlaced with tender plaits her public hair”.

Nason sacrilegiously satirizes or damns a slew of proper names "establishment" upheld, while Hugh Fox and Felix Stephanile are sculped pedestal high as champions of the small press movement, in arms against the triple threat "teacher-writer-critic". Nason bars no holds in a Modern Dunciad and Pope couldn't ask for a better comeback for his epic poem... and who knows, even if his argument goes somewhat unheard, the zany epic might just become a bright new style!

ANITA FLANDERS REBELO