

Monsters MIND

15th Room Press
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Kelly Writers House
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T: you're not going to find this one - dead as a fucking doornail, i'm telling you. no one could lose that much blood. - M

---Original message---

Subject: Re: Wagner case records

Date: Thu, 28 Feb 2008 08:20:35 -0500

The following fragment was recovered from the computer of Dr. C. Wagner (missing, presumed dead, as of 2/4/08) from his office at Yale University:

Draconis alati

As with many depictions of dragons, the fictional Draconis alati ("winged dragon") may have arisen from misinterpretation of dinosaur fossils, most likely those of a carnivorous theropod. While the small pair of vestigial human-like hands depicted in the illustration may allude to some inspiration from fossils of Tyrannosaurus rex, it is doubtful that the illustrator had access to these fossils; perhaps a more likely source of inspiration is the European Megalosaurus, famous as the first dinosaur to be described from fossils discovered in a limestone quarry at Cornwell in Oxfordshire, England.
mmqb3pj;
q25' [pk[5k94j6l;k73463q
K75m7kq

as fun as it is with these scientists - cant say ive gotten used to the taste
the hands arent vestigial theyre good for typing ASSHOLE
flying out now
- DA

DON'T SIT SO CLOSE TO THE TELEVISION YOU'LL GO BLIND!

WAIT UNTIL YOUR FATHER GETS HOME!
IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR YOU TO PICK UP YOUR DIRTY SOCKS ONCE IN A WHILE?!

YOU NEED TO GET THOSE GRADES UP, OR YOU'LL NEVER GET INTO HARVARD!

WILL HIS PARENTS BE SUPERVISING THE PARTY?!

YOU'RE VISITING GREAT AUNT EDITH, AND THAT'S FINAL! THERE'S SOMETHING ON YOUR FACE! LET ME WIPE IT OFF!

The Harpie if one of the most perfidious creaturef knowne to man. she doth flye down from mountainous partf wythe the intent to terrorise and beelittle good Christian men I have heard tell that the Harpie smelleth of bad fish, eggf, and other indelicacies, she will scream cursesf at goode Christiansf in the voice of their owne mother. such blasphemys have verily been enough to drive madde more than one honest foul. It if understoode that the Harpie can be driven off by showing her a crossf blessed by the pope, or, lacking such a relic, thy mother.

YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING BUM, WHY DON'T YOU GET OFF OF YOUR ASS AND GET A JOB, LIKE YOUR BROTHER?!

YOU STAY AWAY FROM THAT TRAMP, YOU HEAR?!

EAT YOUR GREENS THEY'LL MAKE YOU GROW UP TO BE BIG AND STRONG!

WHY DON'T YOU BECOME A DOCTOR, OR A LAWYER?!

TURN DOWN THAT MUSIC!

CHANGE YOUR SHIRT AND PULL UP YOUR PANTS!

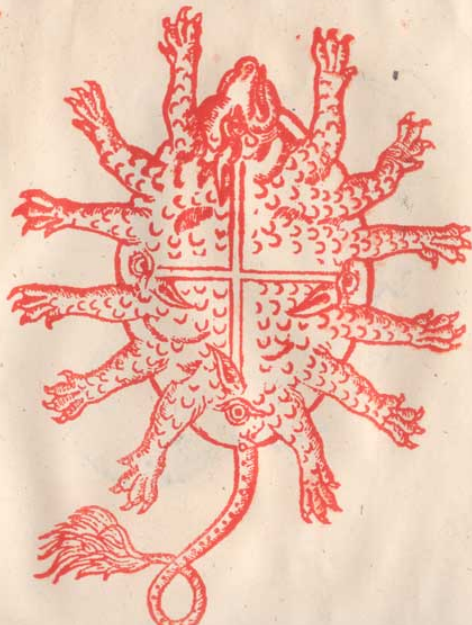
IF YOUR FRIENDS ALL JUMPED OFF OF A BRIDGE WOULD YOU?!





In haphazard reconstruction, the hand and mind fall on inborn pleasure patterns. Here: comfort in the fractal (as twigs repeat the tree). The terror of awkward graft (face and breasts) belies the order of the echoed curve. Horns continue tongue, hair flip follows fins, implied grace of left arm matches both crosshatch fluting and macro S-shaped body. A way of seeing: pretty ugly.

All this happened when we were living off the Creek Road. My mother left us after my father got drunk and left her Hal Ketchum records in the sun because she liked the handsome singer's stubble and singing voice. After she left he started using his car to run down animal life. He flattened small lizards and big alligator snapping turtles. Sometimes he would retreat into the woods for a few days and commune with nature. After one of these retreats he left this on my pillow. I put it in a box but lost it in Cleveland. My wife Maureen made this drawing two years before our accident and eventual separation.





Sciapod, or Shadow-Foot

it is widely known that the best way to get around a city
is by subway.
even for sciapods.
i get looks. people shift uncomfortably in their seats. soon,
the car has emptied around me, even if passengers' destinations
aren't for another ten stops.
i read the paper. sip my coffee, or tea.
i like darjeeling.
i wait for the electro-din screech and the familiar lurch which designates my own stop,
and i hop off as best i can.

the company that was kind enough to employ me
gave me my own office, not out of preference,
but to hide me.
i should not exist, biologically speaking.
natural selection should have taken care of me centuries ago.
my sexual organs are horribly underdeveloped; there is no chance of reproduction.
my monopodial morphology has no adaptive benefit in this niche.
hopping back to the subway station, i look up and realize that
you can't see the sky for the towers of this city.

the subway back home is darker, always lonelier.
i watch the tunnel walls flash by
in a sooty blur,
and i find myself wondering if there's one tunnel that doesn't stop,
one car that's always empty,
and taking it, rushing miles away
through chthonian underways i come to a place i've known
only in the back of my memory,
to the bright, hot lands of Prester John,
to the undiscovered antipodal paradise where i can

lay back on the ground,
resting forever in the shade of one foot
raised to the sky.

29 Feb. 2008, 21:23, Tallahassee City Morgue

Deceased is a middle-aged man, time of death in last 12 hours judging from degree of rigor mortis. Possessed no ID, found nude, fabric strands and 5-6" hair follicles (not his own) were present on body. Depth and orientation of gouges on victim's torso indicate that the assault came from above. Official cause of death: Cessation of breathing or acute trauma from blood loss—whichever came first—due to ventral severing of brain stem. Notable is the immaculation lesion of basolateral culeaus of amygdala.

Charlene While, M.D.

OK, I don't know how many of these I've done anymore. The records say this is the 207th death in a 250 mile radius in the past eight months. Have I been a mortician in half of those? They're like fruit bats. No, they ARE fruit bats. Their fruit of choice, the FEAR. They smell the flutamate and all the other goodies in that secreted flesh-bulb and they pluck it when it's ripe with their cunning rows of teeth and their nether pro-





SEVEN DEADLY

...whoever fights monsters should see to it that
in the process he does not become a monster...
-Nietzsche

S DaEmOns
maned so

S sing amens
sign as men

S ultra puns are
supernatural

S threatens
THEARTS

S aMused evil
live Medusa

S monstrous
norms to us

S madness
Mass end

acred
my don't not to
monstrosity
cared

Plinius sayeth that this marvel was used by the Scythians to banisheth wolves on their sheep did prey. IN Agrippa, Bicapra, with alchemical potency: ground into powder, the horn posseth properties to render wise the bearer. Harbinger of certain omens, fourth eyes said to see illnesses. Mandeville in his many travels doth write of the brigh of a two-headed goat in Glasgow, whereupon the milk was drawn for the merriment of virgins, and shortly thereafter it was slaughtered for the feasting of the whole village, and in that year the grain did turn out poorly. Sir Thomas Browne sayeth this long and green Capricornus is rarely found. In our times a goat of two heads seen in mountainous villages is said to bring the plague, it





She idolized her father and spoke often of his success as a chariot racer, causing her lover to wonder how an admiral of the navy might be able to keep horses aboard his ships. His active imagination ran away from them, as she continued to boast of her father's many victories, and he pictured a buoyant chariot, made of the lightest wood, stained red and gilded with gold leaf, pulled through the sea by a beast half-horse, half-serpent at speeds terranean chariot drivers could only imagine. In his mind, these aquatic beasts would sometimes leap from the sea, splashing back down after letting out a deafening whinny and tugging the chariot along with it in a quick burst of speed to pull ahead of the others. It was becoming so real he could almost feel the splash of the water and the salt of the air on his cheeks. "Are you listening?" she suddenly asked. "My father should pull into port soon. I promised we'd help get the horses back to their stables."

AND IT IS MOST OBVIOUS HERE
IN THIS FILTERED PHOTO OF NAZI
POPE JOHN PAUL "THE LIZARD" ...
the HOOK is part of the REPTILIAN
ANATOMY.. of certain TYPES OF LIZ-
ARDMEN.. and a SYMBOL OF THEIR
HOOKS INTO HUMANITY AND OVER
HUMANITY>>LET US PRAY THEY
REMOVE THEMSELVES FROM THIS
PLANETARY SPHERE! ASAP!!!.. OR
ELSE!

**i do not expect this link
to stay up long.. before
they delete it**

You might not take this seriously, but
they are sometimes found among our
closest friends and ever family mem-
bers. So famous ones; are President,
Bush jr, HilLiary clinton, Putin and
Admanjihad. Also Larry King. David
Letterman, Bill Cosby, Edward Kenne-
dy (kennedies), Pat Robinson, Gener-
als, the list goes on and on. They are
all around us and they appear human.
just look around take notice and you
will see with your own eyes..create
aluminum foil helmets and headgears.
this will block the mind reading powers
of the reptilians.ARM your self. large
bludgening items are best to crush
their reptillian like bodies.

This clear math proves the pope is the Lizard;s
king as forseen attack June 2006.

R = 0
E = 0
X = 10

L = 50
A = 0
T = 0
I = 1
N = 0
V = 5
S = 0

S = 0
A = 0
C = 100
E = 0
r = 0
D = 0
O = 500
S = 0

TOTAL = 666

TYPES)) Grays, greens, Light-greys, tan, Draco-
nion. Filter de-saturated. Filter solorized and see
their absent noses shapeshifting their claws.

We've been trained to look to the Stars and
ignore the chambers tunnels secret caverns
underground or own cities even scientists don't
know all the hidden species. Under us RIGHT
now hide these powerful beings.

**ATTENTION LIZARD PEOPLE SEERS -
SHARE YOUR STORIES WITH OTHERS WHO
HAVE ALSO SEEN!
SEND YOUR LIZARD STORY ON THE LINK
BELOW!!**





This morning I saw a man with a fish tail and lizard feet emerge from the water at the spot beyond the curve in the coastline where the old lighthouse now sits in darkness, down that isolated stretch of beach where the rocks lie like meteors and where, so I'm told, the fishing is good.

I laid down before he saw me and watched him standing in the sand, laminated in water. There was a faded cooler left by one of the fishermen. He waddled over, awkward little steps, snapped it open and saw a few dazed fish still swimming circles in the dirty water.

As he started piling them gently in his arms, carrying them to safety, I wondered what side was stronger in him, if he could speak. Just before he disappeared into the ocean he turned and looked at me for a long time. I didn't move. I thought I should speak but I didn't know what to say.