Monstrum impuissant: notes to a nocturnal

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Metadata Record: https://dspace.lboro.ac.uk/2134/9014

Version: Accepted for publication

Publisher: © Nyx, a nocturnal

Please cite the published version.
Monstrum impuissant: Notes to a nocturnal
Phil Sawdon

No. 7n
27th February 1955

Dear Nyx,

I am the seventh line that strained the krack of doom. Something and nothing … stuff and nonsense … monkey business in wolf’s clothing. The fourth is drawing the impotent and monstrous verbiage that documented this passer-by whilst The Marsh Villages were draining through its gaping mouth.

Time is, of course, noise inside the head and we would do well to recognise, yet not define, the lurid occasions we opened that particular outrage.

Oh dear!

Me oh my, it’s ever so light in here.

I’ll see and say no more; however in the interim please could you confirm that those prints in the dust are relative and are as large as a moon on the perfumed page?

René Hector, SEATHWAITE

Editor: We are sorry that we ate your letters, René, we accept ‘tis a magical hat after all. In the meantime we have passed your request to Pierre [Dénys de Montfort] in our Malacology section.

No. 6y
3rd March 1502

Cher Nyx,

It seems that you summoned them from my ancient slumber, unrecognised words from Hectorian theories … Splidge, fliminationality, clong, potate, flopinality, plipping, rantonicicism, fuckity, whilst phenomerised.

This is an icy culture, touching, relative to me whilst twice the two melodies whispered that you, Nyx, might be The Pencil Genie of 1502.

I have a figment of my mind and powders of jaded alchemy that can only be worn by the first person to name …
Please note that nobody will forever remain undesirable until we are turned back to smitten sheep wandering, dressed as diamonds, through the spaces in the boundary.

I’ll leave it with you …

Madame Pipe, formerly of LOUGHBOROUGH

*Editor: We agree Madame Pipe, we are duly charged. If you have any inclination to reply as to whether your world has gone mad (or is it you?) then we can confirm that it will be utterly useless. Robert [Boyle] will start work on it immediately.*

No. 5x

8<sup>th</sup> October 1971

Beste Nyx,

In an original copy there was poetic and semiotic parking for 300 Spartans. Please tell me why is the play of use and usage and all that it was meant to see why we might learn to see?

Meanwhile I’m asking René to take the donkey [that ate the pencil] to be watered in the half-life. Empusa will take the eye and talk to the ass about his leg.

My sincere apologies … I shouldn’t have started … now I’ve got to hurry … the man-eating horses are in a panic at the Games … see what tomorrow brings.

Jacques Taché, LAD BROKE GROVE

*Editor: At the moment there are two parking spaces. The one you can see in the frame is the allegory becoming drawing. The other guards the roads and devours the travelling concepts.*

No. 4a

20<sup>th</sup> November 1950

Kära Nyx,

I am the fourth line that is foolish and stupid. My monsters are within and without. I’ve spoken to Marion about putting them outside.
My pencil can feel threatened by the three headed hounds around him, who seem to want to eat him up, when in fact he is the greedy marker who wants to do the eating and I have to concede the theory.

Can you draw it?

Gabriel Chêne, APORIA

Editor: We are glad that you enjoy the journal, Gabriel. The first answer to your question is yes but remember that you can’t draw and secondly perhaps you should try impotently representing impotence within an-other voice.

No. 3p

13th July 2011

Dilecti Nyx,

Anon and on anon?

Editor: Good question.
Let’s leave it as that ... a few words.