Perhaps The Bettys had gotten it stupidly right in their own ambiguous fashion with that Birth of Feminism poster sanctioning conspicuous cleavage. They’d pasted that affiche on every filthy facade they could find in crazy crumbletown. There’d been fierce arguments over the political ramifications of that image but in the end, humor trumped ferocity. That was then.

Now, two monsters inhabited his pantheon. Here was his G-team, his tribe of ghostly spectres, his future past, his comic stars of sagacious terror. Red Geryon and Blue Grendel satisfied his Genus – *Monster*. He anticipated the arrival of Green. GenTelZ might yet join this menagerie. They fit the specs.

Unable to construct a clever koan to frame his quandary, he crafted protagonists. He wondered how his monsters might play with these Janus words?
Say Grendel was into sanctions. Seems plausible. Geryon was obsessed with cleaving. Inexplicably he wondered with a pang if IRB would ever ghost him on Twitter when they tired of his obsessions? He’d tear his heart out. What’s love got to ...? He shook himself back to the problem at hand, embellishing a gedankenexperiment with definitions:

Monster cleavage =
Disruptive beings, some with cloven, articulated feet, rending things asunder, smashing things together

Monster sanctions =
sinkholes between approval and penalty

Tending toward restraint, timidity IRB calls it, his bad jokes propel him into unforeseen terrain. Take his wordplay on Janus and Genus. Funny? Nope. A spontaneous eruption of phonetic similarity? Sure. A rhyme. A rap. A pun (repeat 3x: vi-car-ious pre-car-ious). He’d argue that it leads to something not irrelevant if one rides the event. For instance, he has never ever intuitively understood taxonomic classification. In many ways, every fiber of his being rebels against this kind of science. He goes for the speculative, not the categorical. But from what he understands of zoology and biology, a Genus sits between a Species and a Tribe. That’s an interesting point of view for his Ghostly monsters. Maybe like Cerberus and Orthrus they’re gatekeepers, cleaving the cusp of identity, holding on tight to a cultural life preserver cloven/cleaved/cleft loose in a raging, encompassing sea. He thinks maybe it’s a legitimate allusion to tentacular kinship that might lead him to sensational insights on Grendel’s existential fall. That this in-between nomenclature might elucidate Geryon’s queer transubstantiation. It might even help him puzzle out designer GenTelZ.