Monstrosities call into question founding assumptions that constitute the true, the good, and the beautiful. Cutting across the religious/secular binary monstrosities negate the very act of human meaning-making, confound our categorical formations, and make mockery of our epistemic conceits. As a common figuration of that which exceeds, monstrosity is an apt marker of the various excessions of modernity—techno-wars, genocide, colonialization, systemazition, rationalization, neo-liberalization, secularizations, sacralizations, etc. From the perspective of, say, the nineteenth century, the future is a monstrosity—imaginable not in content or formal detail but in its blatant and overwhelming preponderance—it is a force that gives lie to the traditions that were just then being recognized—visible only as they are rapaciously devoured by the future. From our current position, the nineteenth century is a monstrosity. It is at once who we are, our present condition strangely distinguishable—isolatable—amidst the archival accumulation. Its pieties, praxis, disciplines, sensibilities, institutions, traditions, machines, ontic styles, and metaphysical concerns remain at the fore of our existence—overcome, to a certain degree, yet pulling us this way or that. The nineteenth century is decidedly not who we are even as its forms, it desires, its fears, its ambitions spill over into the contemporary. For the spillage is, more often than not, unrecognizable, in the grammars of either then or now. The nineteenth century, in other words, is the genealogist’s dream—an affective site as they say in the business of academe—a raging, marvelous, prodigious, horrible, pleasurable, repugnant, erotic mess from which wild prognostications may be spun.