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Page 4: Black Dress..... by Lips Crimson
 5: Entendimento..... by Jörga Cardin
 6: Chicken Mastectomies by Ornamental Hermit
 7: Traumnovelle..... by Jaruth Jones
 7: Noted..... by Tonto Lavoris
 7: No Room..... by Krakoburger
 7: Tattoo Dance..... by Sparrow
 8: Time Travel..... by E. Z. Street
 9: мы всемонстры..... by Звенислава
 10: gasmask monster..... by The Muttering Man
 11: Bad Dreams..... by Sophie D. Lux
 11: Sandwich..... by Tony Montana
 12: Here's looking at you..... by Misty Creeper
 14: White Boxers..... by Ming
 14: Go Figure..... by Benson Hedges

15: blob..... by Hank Artaud
 16: Recycling..... by Maylundra Telescope
 17: Q & A..... by madam butterfly
 17: Cheese..... by Ectoplasm
 17: Frankenstein..... by Rank Cologne
 17: 5 card stud..... by poker-hutnuss
 18: Colored..... by Surreal
 18: Nature..... by Stilton Cheesewright
 19: Mister Monster..... by Bluto Furcht
 20: Boschian Bayou..... by Leadbilly
 21: Baggage..... by Pattie Latke
 21: In Patchogue..... by Jackson Scrubber
 22: Albanian Proverb..... by Sparrow
 22: The Nth..... by Murray Wolfsroanfaffed
 22: Future Flying..... by Pussy Wollstonecraft
 22: Work..... by Studs Easton
 23: Ghost in the Window..... by Cognoscenti

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And More Eventually.

Black dress

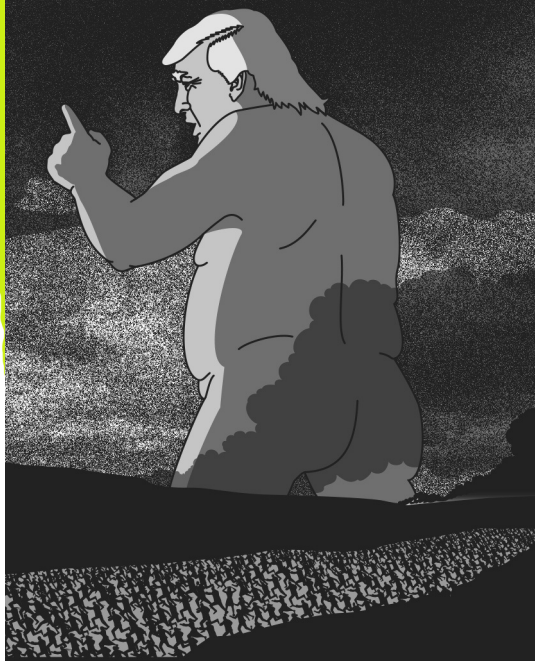
Listen for the footsteps. Await his return. Skinny body spread-out upon the bed. Pushing white cotton sheets halfway down. Infection in the breast exposed. Dipping fractured fingers into iodine. Applying it with small daps that brings a sting to red blotches, to swollen scratches, and the bruises. Exhales with heavy breath through the mouth hole of the mask she wears.

Out of breath from climbing stairs to reach the filthy fifth floor. He stops. Looks down upon his derelict boots saturated with the dark stuff. Tattered paper bag tucked under arm. Hand held tight to bannister. He reads the night words spread upon walls "Johnny you cunt" "bitch go home" "Kim sniffs gash" "Virgil shat the bed" then with a howl of laughter continues to climb home.

Angry radio, dial set adrift, fills the room. Loud static loops of voices murdering degenerates with harsh words, with bible quotes. She listens. Smoking her cigarette. Waiting for His Key to turn. The Door slams shut. He sits down upon the bed, hands her the present. Tearing it open, revealing a black dress. She squeals her excitement. Squeezes his groin in thanks as He undresses.

Throwing dirty clothes into a corner. He crawls under white sheets. Horny hips collide. Licks her sore fingers and tastes chemicals. Combining her dry hair as he picks at the stiches. "Such monstrous hands, but soft when they caress. Long dirty nails that tickle when they trace my long scars". Lowering his head towards her belly, they begin to murmur, they begin to sing.

Black Dress rolls to the foot of the bed, and stains the white sheets that deep blood red.



UN MONSTRUO QUE SUPERA TODO ENTENDIMIENTO



The Chicken
Mastectomy Song

CHICKEN DOUBLE MASTECTOMIES

At The Finger Licky Chicky
they slice off our breasts
then we recover
after a rest

TRAUMNOVELLE

Hey, Drew, I'm here in Montclair, at Raymond's having dinner with Dr. Mengele. There seem to be a lotta twins here, so naturally he has a hard-on. I keep telling myself that this must be a dream, but I don't think so. If you're free, stop by.

NOTED

Both sides of the river are the other side.

No Room at the Inn

I didn't recognize the number when the phone rang. It was a 718 area code so I picked it up. I have lots of friends in 718. It was the Bronx Medical Examiner's Office. How the hell did they get my number and what could they want with me? "We've got a body," the

voice continued. "Have you got a grave?" I volunteer for a burial society and I get calls from funeral directors, next of kin and such, but never a medical examiner.

"The deceased's parents are buried in your cemetery," he said. "She died alone, no will, no next of kin. We can handle the funeral if you've got a place to put her."

The atavistic monster in me was emerging, my forehead receding, my brow ridge pushing forward and the hair on the back of my hand sprouting as fast as bamboo. I calmed myself and told him that the cemetery was full, there was no more room at that inn. I never heard from him again. Did they find a spot for her somewhere or is her body still lying on a slab in the Bronx morgue?

Tattoo Dance

When I dance my tattoos come alive.

TIME TRAVEL

AI've known a number of scientists at the Time Travel Institute, associated with the O. Mai School of Future Finance at the Oliver Stone University. I asked my contact there, Dr. I.M. Suess, if I could test out one of their gizmos. He was more than happy to oblige.

I've been curious about the early, formative years of President Trump's Senior Advisor for Policy, Stephen Miller. Dr. Suess zapped me back to Santa Monica High School where Stephen was in the eighth grade. I found him demanding Janitor Manuel Ortega pick up the Kit-Kat wrapper Stephen had just thrown to the ground. He told Mr. Ortega he was lucky to be working and to pick up the wrapper "because that's your stupid job". As the janitor raised his broom to strike the skinny, little Stephen Miller on his huge cranium, I stepped in between,

caught the broom handle as it began its downward arc. I picked up the Kit-Kat wrapper and handed it to Mr. Ortega. He walked away muttering something in Spanish. S.M. (to me) What a stupid thing you just did.

E.Z. Stupid? Why's that? S.M. Because I wanted to piss off all the liberal-fascists and nobody was here yet.

E.Z. He was about to smack you on the head. You should thank me.

S.M. Thank you? He would've been arrested and deported if he did. One less Mexican the better.

E.Z. Why do you hate Mexicans?

S.M. I don't hate Mexicans, they hate me.

E.Z. Why's that?

He smirked.

S.M. Because I'm trying to get them all deported.

E.Z. So how's 8th grade, Steve?

S.M. I hate it. Everyone is so stupid.

E.Z. Everybody is stupid except you?

S.M. Everybody here at the The People's Republic of Santa Monica High School is.

МЫ ВСЕ МОНСТРЫ



He smirked again.

S.M. You a liberal, right? I can tell.

E.Z. How can you tell that?

S.M. Because of your stupid questions.

E.Z. What do you do for fun?

S.M. I show all the liberal-fascists how stupid they are.

E.Z. When did you start to go bald?

S.M. What a stupid question. But if you have to know the truth, it's because my brain is so big it's pushing out all my hair follicles.

Notes my skeptical look.

S.M. You're stupid.

E.Z. You seem awfully combative.

S.M. You seem awfully stupid. Who are you?

E.Z. I'm E.Z. Street, journalist.

S.M. What a stupid name. And what a stupid profession. Now if you excuse me, Mr. Street, (he smirked as he said my name) I've got some liberal-fascists to piss off.

He walked away. I guess once an asshole always an asshole. But an asshole advising an even bigger asshole with unlimited power? Oh, Jesus...



Bad Dreams

I dreamt of a city awaiting a monster—we huddled in the skyscraper, adults anxiously gathered on a bench before walls of windows, children in a stall at the center, eating ice cream.

My father was driving us down the highway when we noticed that all other cars were headed back to the city—fleeing back to buildings and streets for safety.

In this ancient town, many invaders have come and left, confronted with boiling oil or arrows or budget lodgings.

Today I saw a bloated tourist with his red hat. Why have you come? Are you finding solace in these old stones too?

We hoped to have escaped all that, that loathing, that fear, that despair, in these far latitudes.

Can we face neighbors, opponents, misleaders? We lose our footing in the

crashing surge of bad news, worse news. Every gesture becomes a threat: the car cutting us off at the corner, the hand below the bed.

'Confront your demons' the old man said, although he was one as well, seeing them everywhere, fighting us 'til his last breath and beyond.

The admonition of Falstaff and my mother has led me to this inner sanctuary—a rich dessert with my cohort, on a high floor, above the wash of storm: debris and memory.

I try to calm myself, remembering I, too, am a monster.

SANDWICH

Yesterday I went to a deli to get a sandwich and the guy behind the counter said he only had roast beef and turkey. I chose turkey. As he made my sandwich he looked up and said, "Oh, yeah, I forgot I have ham." And I said, "Oh, okay, in that case I'll take the roast beef."



*WHOAH! **

* Yikes! Holy Schneikes! Son of a Fuck! Gawd Damn! Jesus Murphy! Tabarnak! Holy Shmoly! Christ on a Bike! ZOMFG! Zoiks!

WHITE BOXERS

In my head is a personal ogre; squatting. An oversize pair of shiny expensive pants being shuffled, with droopy boxers, down the lily white, "Norwegian" colored buttocks. Little yellow hairs tremble on top of little red pimples. God not again. This oaf settles a puckering S#!+ Hole just above a touch screen and pfffffftt. Agh the disgust, flapping moons trembling wasted muscles like thin Jello in geriatric lack of control. But the real monsters are the little people, hyper-partizan morons climbing up onto the screen, spotting and interpreting the spatter and foul gusts, little people that turn violent racism into barely inaudible dog whistles. Where the emperor opens up rapid, the unforgivables gestate policies against Muslim and Black. Reading twitter leaves, to match how the

English and German turned on Irish and Jew. This same stagnant stew, served now to the American deplorables. Still triumphant as the price of white Zion soap keeps them clamoring, hopeful for clean coal, and their childhood back, in a nation of Arians.

GO FIGURE

Mike is always busy. Kate Upton could say to him, "Hey Mike--come over here right now and kiss me on the mouth," and he'd probably say "Can't, I'm busy." And what he'd probably be so busy doing would be going through Instagram on his phone and looking at all the stuff he didn't want to miss. I've seen Mike on his phone, and believe me, he's always on Instagram. And probably one of the things he wouldn't want to miss would be some photos on Instagram that show Kate Upton kissing guys all over the place. I don't get it.





Q & A

He called me
"Mini-Godzilla."

I asked him
"If I were a monster,
what are you?"

He answered
"I'm just a kid from
Brooklyn!"

THE MONSTER WHO ATE MY CHEESE

Having only one red
apple
And several chunks
of cheese,
I laid them out on
my kitchen counter,
And turning my back
to turn on a light,
I noticed out of the
corner of my eye,
A brownish gray mouse
grab a chunk
Of cheese and return
to a crack near
The radiator in the
room's corner.
If you ask me if I believe
in monsters,

I'll answer they come in
all sizes.

FRANKENSTEIN

I saw The Living
Theater
Perform Frankenstein
In Philadelphia
Many years ago.

The cast members
Climbed up a series
Of platforms until they
Formed the body
Of the monster.

The only thing I knew
About Trump back then
Was that his
casinos sucked.
I had no idea I
was watching
The perfect metaphor
for what
He would later become.

5 CARD STUD

we fold like flowers. like
old linen. like old paper
& old scotch.
fold into ourselves like
notes. we live within
the monsters & the
mothers
of the world. fold into
ourselves like notes

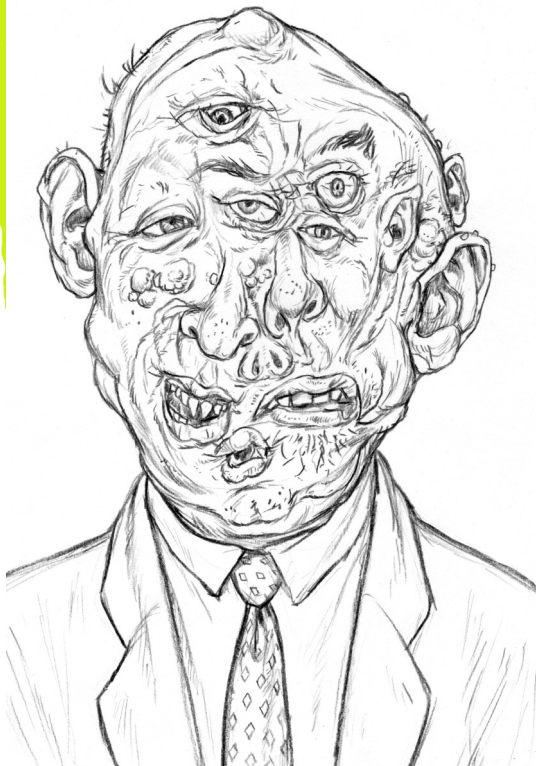
COLORED

It started when Alex began to turn colored photos into black & white ones on an old camera his grandfather bought in a magic shop in Europe before the great war, the year his mother called his father a monster and his father moved out, that the word kept turning up, and he'd hear someone say, *he's a monster*, to someone he knew or saw on TV and soon more and more people were being called monsters; that's when color started fading from the world; some people began wearing masks in bright orange, green, yellow and red in protest that sent out sparks of fire when they spoke and scared him although they looked like the faces he used to see; he blamed himself for fooling around with the colors of the world and stopped; he got used to seeing everything in black & white but at night dreamed of bringing back

color to everything. When his father came to visit he hid under the bed where he once feared monsters lived, woke up crying and his mother came rushing in complaining about her son acting strange, not like her son anymore who grew into a teen age monster. His father moved back home, was no longer called a monster, and he now had a new baby brother he watched become one on his second birthday. Everyone said, that's the way things are, and Alex forgot about the way things used to be. He grew up and stopped trying to change the color of anything.

NATURE

I read where the female praying mantis always cannibalizes the head of her mate post-coitus. Take it from me, fellas, my wife tried this stunt when we were on our honeymoon, and it seemed to take FOREVER!!



Albanian Proverb

Let a mermaid into
your bed,
even if she's slimy.

THE NTH

Suppose you were so
unattractive that
people found you
hideous. Suppose you had
to plan your excursions in
places on days when the
fewest were likely to see
you. So that the only contact
left in those carefully
attained spaces was with
the ones who bellied and
lay in stairwells. Often,
they were only roaches or
rodents; occasionally they
were dogs pushed to the
fang-stretching stage by
unfamiliarity (even wild
mongrels are loyalists).
But better the scars of the
complications of their
company than the memory
of those who reviled
you. Better the bites of familiars
than the shudders of those
who shunned you. Let me lean by the

lake, you say, without
stinging myself. Without
needing to curve my claw
to screen my features.

Future Flying Monstrosities

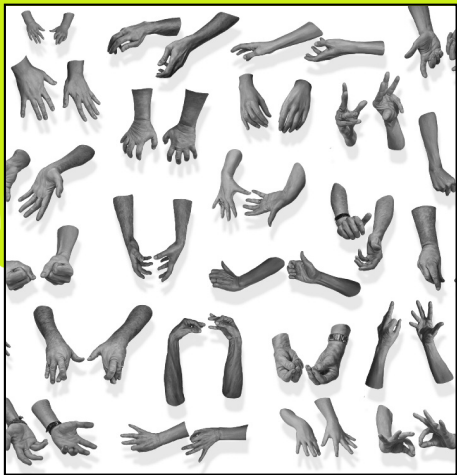
Osmium Gnat
Plutonium Hot-Air Balloon
Generic Flying Insect
Made Entirely of
Decorative Mudbricks
Inflated Buried Treasure
Iridium Bee
Anvil Vapor
Hovering Bank Vault
Gabbro Gadfly
Floating Peridotite
Pantaloons Pinned to the
Clothesline of Existence
Flapping Anchor
Ruthenium Fairyfly
Airborne Barbell
Aerodynamically
Implausible Dirigible

WORK

For years I've been
leaving money under
pillows and getting
teeth in return. It's
not a sustainable business
model.



coming soon:



next issue's theme:

DEVICES