

International Edition



Nº. 63

Latter 2019

P U B L I C
ILLUMINATION
m a g a z i n e

\$1.⁹⁹

Gregor

One morning Gregor awoke to discover his hand had become a smart phone. It was his left hand, which was good because he was right handed. And it was a rather generic Android, which was also good because Gregor despised the cult of Apple.

He stared at the screen and, without thought, tapped gently on an icon where once was the ball of his hand. The screen flashed and the app spread across it. How wonderful, he thought and, for a moment, Gregor was filled with a glow of serenity. He would never have to worry about misplacing the phone, or dropping it, ever again. He was in love with his phone, a deeply passionate love though he never thought of his relationship to the device in quite those words and now, he felt, for the first time, it loved him too.

"How will you charge it," Mendel asked him when Gregor showed off his hand. "And is it waterproof?"

"I don't know. I think it doesn't need to be charged and well, I hope it's waterproof. Let's find out."

He filled the kitchen sink and rolled up his sleeve.

"Wait," Mendel shouted.

Too late. Gregor plunged his hand into the water.

"What hath god wrought!" he shouted.

His hair, previously brown, suddenly white, stood on end, his eyes bulged out, a smell of ozone and burning flesh suddenly filled the room. Gregor collapsed to the floor, his arms and legs twitching, his tongue hanging out. Smoke seemed to come out of his ears.

Before Mendel recovered from the shock of witnessing his friend's collapse, Gregor lay still. He was gone.

The hand-phone, it seemed, was not yet ready for prime-time.

*Ora la
vera felicità
è mia!*



WIR SIND SKLAVEN UNSERER GERÄTE

RADIO ACTIVITY KILLS

On a straightaway, Horace reaches across my fishnet thighs for the glovebox to grab a cassette.

He thumps the EJECT button dramatically, thrusts the new cassette in and ... he's in heaven – like you see on TV when a heroin addict presses the needle into a vein, singing along to celestial harmonies ...

Hours pass: Rejected by Horace, we're now on an on-ramp shoulder with a sickly sun quickly sinking, standing at an uneasy angle on a slight slope.

"Horace was coming on to me."

Papa's in such a funk that nothing, not even a shrink or psychotropic drugs, will help. I send him a smirk, reach into my canvas bag ...

"TAAAAAADaaaaaaa!!!"
I hold the cassette aloft like a hunter does the

decapitated head of his prey.

"OH YEAH!!"

He grabs the Little River Band: Greatest Hits cassette, kisses it, reads the liner notes as if performing a eulogy: "Dearly departed Greatest Hits of the Little River Band and next of kin, Capitol Records, who brought this monster into the world in 1982 ..."

He yanks the tape out of its cassette, twirls it around and around, like a cowboy twirls his lasso, the cassette swinging further and further outward. He's laughing the biggest laugh mankind has ever laughed, as he drops it to the shoulder, stamps on it with both feet until there's no chance that it'll ever make another sound. Ever.

He takes a deep breath: "Cassettes liberated us from the tyranny of record companies."

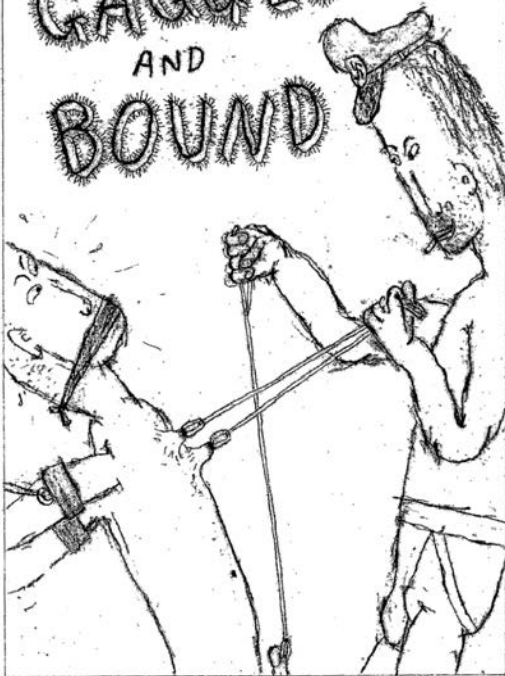
He bends over, plants a fat kiss on my forehead and I know we'll be OK for another day.



EROTIC ADVENTURES IN MALE BONDAGE
\$7.95

APRIL '01

GAGGED AND BOUND



FORKLIFT

Years ago I worked
In a cement factory
In Pennsylvania.
The shop foreman
trained me
And another guy on my
shift

How to drive a forklift
So we could hoist
Wooden pallets packed
With bags of cement
Up to the loft
Where they were stored.

When the boss wasn't
around
I'd use the forklift
To boost my new friend
Up to the platform
Where he would crouch
Behind the stacks
And do cocaine.
I'd leave the motor
idling
While keeping watch,
Then he'd do
The same for me.

When it was my turn
I'd cross my fingers

Hoping desperately
He hadn't gotten so
stoned
He'd forget I was up
there
And drive away.

THE WAY

I invented a device
To make money.
It's built like a microwave.
You put tree pulp in it
And choose what size
And weight of the paper
You want, the color
And distinguishing marks,
Inserting an example
Of what you want made
In the top of the machine.
I put in a hundred-dollar
bill.
It makes about a dozen
100's every ten minutes.
After several weeks
I was rich enough to
choose
A wife, and I picked you.
I gave you a million bucks
To marry me, but
Then I changed my mind.
Perhaps I'm crazy,
But I'll try to get married
For who I am,
Not what I'm worth.

TODAY THERE MIGHT BE TIME TO WRITE TWO POEMS

Because there is a
spring rain.
Because I turned off my
phone.
Because I no longer
mind loneliness.
Because I don't have
any choice but to
die alone.

De-Vice Squad

Dmitry settled
down at the win-
dow seat of the
Nekrasovskaya Line 14
on his way to the dance
studio that morning. He
had gone only a few
stops when 3 uniformed
men entered the bus
bellowing orders and
confiscating anything
that had earphones at-

tached to it. This includ-
ed Dmitry's ancient and
battered, but still func-
tioning, Huawei G-300
phone. The Device
Squad was new but al-
ready notorious and,
needless to say, unpop-
ular among the youth in
Moscow. Dmitry was
listening to the last ver-
ses of one of his favorite
Western songs as they
tried to yank the phone
out of his hands. It was
Fred Astaire singing:

*... The way you haunt
my dreams
No, No, They can't take
that away from me ...*

But of course, they did.

Top Tip

Hey advertisers,
call ranch dress-
ing "salad frost-
ing" and you move a bil-
lion more units. I prom-
ise.

My Dream Kitchen



Baconatrix



Whirl-a-matic



Deep freaker



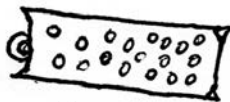
Squipper



Gumplink



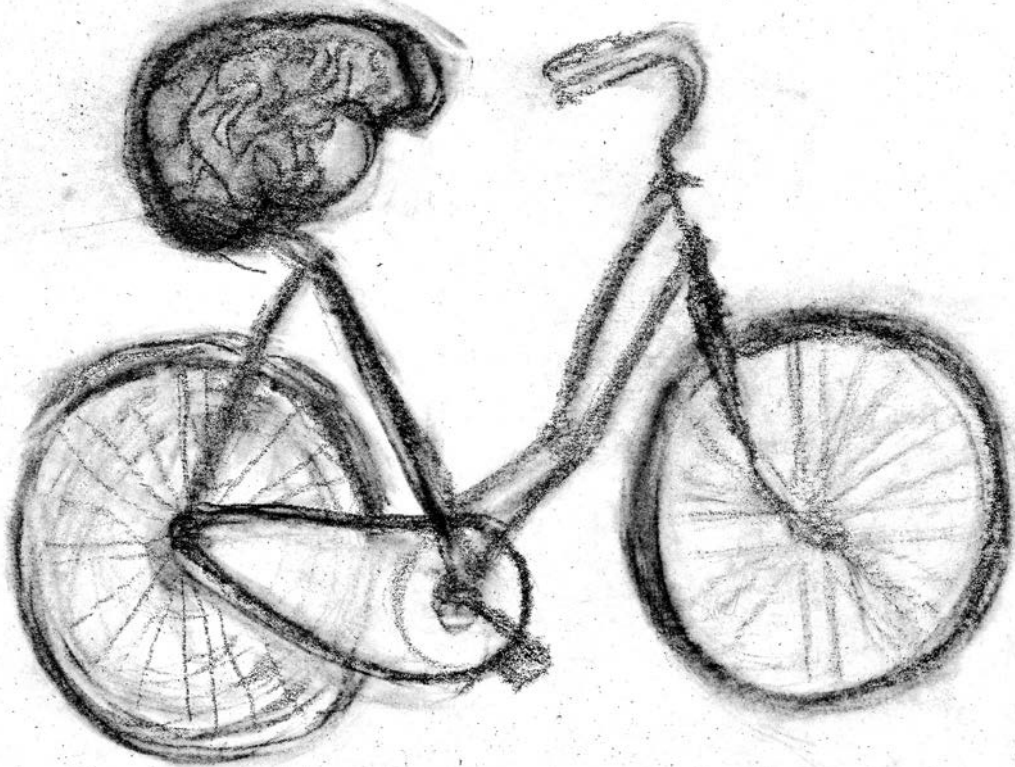
Shplufferator



Snomify



Mulatank



ARMS RACE

Not only do many of the myriad gods in the vast and varied Hindu pantheon possess multiple body parts (heads, eyes, arms, legs, etc. to embody- no pun intended- their extra powers and possibilities), they also have a flabbergasting array of exotic weapons in their arsenal. These include absolute annihilation through fire, inescapable floods, bolts of lightning, showers of millions of arrows from the sky, windstorms that blow the enemy army up off the ground and away, a weapon that stills the wind (hence countering the former), showers of poisonous snakes that instantly wrap themselves in writhing coils around the opponent,

instantaneous collective trances, a mountain that falls from the sky and lands square on the enemy, plagues of crazed birds, and the ordinary poisoned dart. Keeping it interesting on the battlefield, and never to be underestimated, Hinduism also has copious well-armed demons, although they tend to be less frequently endowed with extra arms with which to wield them.

PREVENTING SOAP DAMAGE

The problem with a sex toy is where do you hide it from your girlfriend when she's alone in your apartment. In the dishwasher? But you want to save it from soap damage, so it won't feel like second-hand when you use it.





Mad Scientist

The old man lived in apartment 16 by himself. he wired the whole place including his front door with an elaborate alarm system & other crazy gadgets. left to his own devices i'm quite sure he'd have blown the building to kingdom come. i was the super at the time and whenever there was a blackout he'd be the first guy whose door i'd knock on. he'd open it a crack pointing some gizmo out of star wars at me asking what it was i wanted. "oh nothing Carl. just checking if you had power", peeking inside & noticing his

elaborate set up in the kitchen. he'd turn from me flick a switch & voila "let there be light." i'd turn & leave without exchanging another word. the last time i went up there his door was ajar. i pushed it in only to find him on the floor, hair straight up like the Bride of Frankenstein holding a tiny bag which could have contained a small explosive device or a detonator cap to set off one of those "dirty bombs" that my wife was always so worried about.

i called the cops. they came & in turn called an ambulance. they took him away. i was informed the next day that Carl died of electrocution.

*de-***VICE**



A CONCERN

The New York Times wedding announcements are an area of concern because people are getting married in alphabetical order.

ANOTHER FLAT

I sense a telltale rumble as I ride my bike.
I stop and squeeze the back tire and feel it is soft.
After I roll another block, it is dead flat.
I have a couple more miles to go and no choice but to walk.
(There is no public transportation nearby.)
But I know this route and know of a bike-repair shop.
I head for it as quickly as I can on foot.
Sweat gathers on my back and seeps into my backpack.
I didn't know I could generate so much sweat.

just by walking on a hot day.

A half-hour later, I arrive at Excelsior Bike Repair, but it is closed.
I don't know why it would be closed on a Thursday afternoon. Maybe it has gone out of business because no one except for me ever gets a flat tire in these parts.

WHAT IF

-CATS SMOKED
CIGARETTES LIKE
HUMANS?
-FRENCH FRIES MADE
YOU SMARTER?
-DREAMS COULD BE
BOUGHT?
-MUSIC CAME OUT OF
FLOWERS?
-SHOPPING CARTS DIDN'T
WOBBLE?
-DOGS HAD FURNITURE
AND ELECTRICITY?
-CIRCUS CLOWNS
CONTROLLED THE SIZE
OF THE GALAXY?
-WORK WAS LIKE
A VACATION?

R M X

The autumn has darkened the summer. Welcome, depression, you are very familiar! In my bag there is a brand new iPhone with a technology called Augmented Reality. AR. You could also call it extended reality and I'm really thankful to have this phone because the real reality isn't the friendliest at the moment.

The principle of Augmented Reality is fascinating because information is linked to places. Nowadays a huge amount of knowledge is easily available via the internet all the time and everywhere. With a phone mastering Augmented Reality you don't have to search for knowledge anymore. It's the other way around. The knowledge is finding you.

Let's change our per-

spective. Let's think cosmic. The universe only knows a perfect state, or better: only a perfect principle of order – CHAOS. If perfection in a generally accepted way is coming upon universal chaos, normally chaos is going to win. Because it is better organized. Chaos is giving birth to patterns continually changing in inestimable, unpredictable diversity. On higher levels it is permanently moving and creating its own orders which are peculiarly beautiful, impressively elegant and of flowing stability which the human mind can only grasp on rare occasions and only to some extent. There you'll find all in one and one in all.

I once read the story of the samurai warrior, who was looking for the perfect cherry blossom all his life. Only at death's door he realized: They are ALL perfect.



LOYOLA RENOUNCING THE WORLD

TO NOTE

If you kill people with kindness, there's only one winner: America's powerful kindness lobby.

I REMEMBER

I remember when you didn't need a computer to masturbate.

A DEVICE DESCENDING

You are silent and inscrutable as they say goodbye to us

and we descend in the enclosed wire elevator

with the mirrors on every side reflecting you many ways

and it groans as we pass floor by floor.

We are caught like two gems in a jewel mesh

LAMENT

Hey, Nicole!
Why don't you text me back?

I texted you like 20 minutes ago.

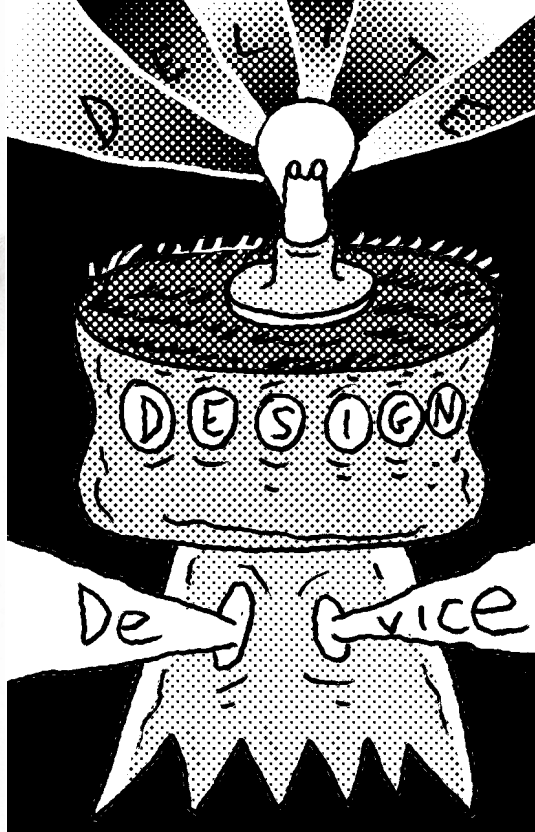
Do you fucking hate me?

SWIMMING

I've been swimming for a few months and I recently set a record for a 5-mile swim: 3 miles.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Ripley's Believe It Or Not host Bruce Campbell has died at the age of 60. Or has he?



coming soon:



next issue's theme:

BABIES