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arousal

Almost all of the recipes for aphrodisiacs listed in the Kamasutra call for milk, honey, sugar and sesame. Garlic is also recommended, presumably by mutual consent.

PRE-WWW

Rich, glorious, funny, serious, sad and tragic, sacred and profane... For how long and for how many generations are these shaping shadows cast? Sex is the matter of therapy and analysis, of religion, prohibition, instruction. Embedded inside, in the mind and body relationships where a fusion of cultural up-bringsings contend and contest.

Excruciating embarrassment remembered, hot flushes of excitement,

fascination, stimulation furtively poured over in book shops on family holidays, very definitely never sought in my hometown's local bookstore, via titles like 'The Joy of Sex' featuring line drawings of a 'hippy' hetero couple in numerous couplings, all named, usefully for the uninitiated. One of these had the happy couple chasing each other with a powder puff and in another one the toy of choice was a feather. At the same time, I don't remember precisely, stylised exoticism from the Kama Sutra, designed to be instructive and stimulating. Adolescence in the days when glamorous soft porn magazines, almost exclusively aimed at (hetero) men, were on the top shelf of newsagents, plastic wrapped and impossible to peek.

Imagine the confusion of any child not fitting these norms.



NOUS EXISTONS DANS UN ÉTAT
D'AGITATION CONSTANTE

The Bronx, 1914

Abbie found use of the sponge and douche provided a partial sense of security, but as she was overwhelmed by the stress of taking care of three small children, she wished for a more reliable method. Damn that pious Anthony Comstock, who had talked Congress into outlawing birth control!

Then one day, Walter came home from his new job as a motor parts salesman and withdrew a palm-sized tin case from his pocket. On the cover were stamped the words “Rubber Goods—Protection for Gents.”

“What is it?” Abbie asked. She took the tin and opened it. Inside were several stretchy little sock-like objects made of thin rubber. She picked one up and stared at it, then hastily put it back and shut the

case. “Where on earth did you get those?” she asked, blushing.

Walter put the tin back in his pocket. “The men at the shop were talking about a prostitute, and I ventured to ask if they used condoms with the ladies. They said every pharmacy has a section of

rubber goods, only the labels don’t tell what they’re really for. I had no idea.”

TOP TIP

I read somewhere that 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!!

CHANGES

Just changed all my passwords and my mother’s birthday.



Do you want to
have sex with me?

☐ yes

☐ No

☐ We already
did

SUBATOMIC SEX

CHAPTER 1 - WHEN ELECTRONS HAVE SEX

Two things to know about electrons: 1. they are all identical.

2. they don't like each other, in fact, they generally find each other repulsive, which is odd since they are all identical and finding something identical to yourself repulsive must mean you find yourself repulsive.

But that, of course, leaves room for cognitive dissonance.

But despite their repulsiveness to each other and, despite the fact that no matter how hard you or they try you can't tell any two of them apart, they still do have a sort of sexual encounter.

Physicists give this a fancy name, Møller Scatter-

ing, but we can think of it as a sexual encounter between two particles.

And they have offspring! Indeed, the collision of two electrons can - though not always, produce a photon. Other times, they exchange a photon.

In the next lecture, I will discuss the catastrophic results of the electron positron intercourse.

And if you are really interested, ask me about the Pauli Exclusion Principle. That one's a doozy indeed.

Butt fucking

Experimenting
To keep a dying
Affair alive
I coat my penis
With Vaseline.

Honey, she says,
I think I have
To shit.

WHAT I LIVED FOR

I lived for the sex of it.

Really,
I mean for the blow and
scorch and feather
of a November morning
raining down leaves big
as a delicate chest, all
veined and riven,
having lived. And the wet
hairiness
of stones after autumn
rain, laying there at your
feet

like the slicked bodies
that they are. Now I
hear her water
running out of the tub,
now I see her in steamy
imagination

naked in front of the
mirror, the heat still
rising, and now
dear Virgilio from next
door, himself stiff
as failed shoe leather,
barely able to walk,
blue-sweatered
and bald headed
reaching all the way
down to the sweet
pussy,

Camilla, waiting at his
feet to be loved, as I
swear, once and for
all, all of us
are waiting at the feet of
Virgilio, hoping for a
few sibylline syllables,
and now he looks up,
sees me out here sitting
and frowning at the
naked body
of the empty page and
waves an umbrella at
me and smiles, and I
smile back
as if we are both coming
at the same time, so
happy to be alive like
this in rainy November.

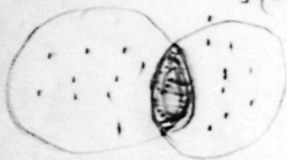
IN PATCHOGUE...

Until February, 1962
sex was an un-
known activity
within certain parts of the
village but suddenly
young men were con-
fronted by 3 female holes
and the not knowing
where does one start?
Sixty years has still not
produced an answer.



LOVE

SEX



SEX



DIRTY LIMERICKS

There once was an
insane Contessa,
Who would ask little
boys to undress her.
She would open her
flaps
And sit on their laps
And then go to Father
Confessor.

There once was a chef,
Monsieur Chaise,
Whose one order
required mayonnaise.
He found none in stock,
So he whipped out his
cock,
And was forced to serve
sperm Hollandaise.

There once was an
Empress of China,
Who had a most
pleasing vagina.
She would lie on her
bed
With both her legs
spread,
And they said there was
nobody finer.

There was a gay cook
from Calcutta;
Through his kitchen he
often would flutter,
And whenever he'd see
His French boyfriend
named Guy,
He'd grease him with
clarified butter.

LIMERICK

My friend was
writing a limer-
ick and he was
stuck on a word that
rhymes with "luck." I im-
mediately suggested
"stuck" but he said it
wouldn't work because
the limerick was about
having fun on a rainy
day.

HOSPITAL

It always bugs me
when a doctor uses
a term like "Coron-
avirus." C'mon, Doc. We
all know what you really
mean. We're not idiots.





Sex Doll for My Nephew

My teenage nephew, who just a few years ago was still obsessed with collecting Webkinz (those stuffed animals that come with an online game), called me the other day because his birthday was coming up soon, and when I asked him what he wanted for the big day, he told me that he wanted a RoboSex-Doll9000, which, If you think about it, is a strange thing for a kid to want, and it really makes me wonder, is the world getting crazier now—like has technology gone so far that it has turned our brains into mush, and instead of concerning themselves with toys and having fun, kids want robotic sex dolls, devices that were considered sci-

ence fiction back when I was a kid, and I wonder, how did we get here to the point where a lethal ray gun costs \$25 dollars to 3D print, while a loaf of bread at the supermarket costs \$40 and it hardly even tastes like bread—at least the bread that I remember, the stuff we smeared with peanut butter and jelly back in the day—instead it tastes like a 2x4 from Home Depot and smells like licorice and has the texture of an old worn-out sponge, but really, I worry I'm just getting old and I'm sad the world has left me behind, and if I don't get a sex doll for my nephew, he'll probably never talk to me again, so I'll go to the store later today and just buy one.

MOON HAIKU

I moon you, honey.
It's June. My tide is rising.
I bend and shoot. Oh!

3

Sex is a three letter word

Sex for breakfast

You can stop time with sex

I see through sex
I need it but

can not make it
exist without you

Lecture Notes:

• May lead to procreation in certain circumstances; considered good for one's physical and mental well-being; may enhance germ/bacterial/disease distribution; occurs between many organisms—not all—or within organisms.

• Its importance cannot be overstated, although it often is. Sells. Friction.

• I prefer to keep the rest to myself; if you don't mind.

• Let's not confuse this with gender; or a lot of

other topics; insert here amusing stories about sex education in the 1960s; compare to recent reading on genitalia/microbes/neurology

• I am leaving some important points out of this discussion.

• See me after class.

MOM

Mom said that Dad hasn't satisfied her in years. That's how I feel about the Yankees.

THAT NIGHT

I'll never forget that evening. We were laying on a bearskin rug in front of a roaring fire while we sipped brandy. When you kissed me I hearded tkhe sklary ykou tkold a kabout ykou tkold a kkeep.





Questions / Tormented My Father With: Part I, Crisis

“Now you’re getting older, your body’s starting to change,” said Dad. “Any questions?”

“How do you stop getting hard in church?” I asked.

“Don’t be ridiculous. That never happens.”

“I just heard . . . in school. Some of the guys . . .”

“It doesn’t happen if you’re Catholic. You know all about impure thoughts by now.”

“Yeah, but . . .”

“You just got confirmed for chrissake.”

“Not sayin’ it was me.”

“Then who? Better not be that Channing Johnstone character.”

“I’m just asking, what if it happens? What are you supposed to do?”

“You say a prayer or something.”

“What prayer?”

“Any prayer!”

“But what if some girl’s sitting in the next pew and . . . and looking real pretty . . . and things get out of hand and suddenly you gotta get up and take communion?”

“How the hell should I know? Ask Father Berube.”

HAREM PANTS

(The harem room. Marge is lounging on some cushions when the Sultan enters. He leaps onto Marge and starts to violently molest her.)

MARGE: Stop that! Stop doing that! You're tearing my harem pants! Help! Someone help me!

(Bernard, dressed as a super-hero with a large "K" on his chest, leaps through the window into the harem room.)

BERNARD: I'll save you!

(He taps the Sultan on the shoulder; the Sultan turns to him and Bernard shoots him with his finger, making that little sound in his throat. The Sultan falls to the floor, dead. Bernard blows on his finger to cool it off.)

BERNARD: That's what happens to anyone who's mean to my girl.

(He puts his foot on the dead Sultan's chest.)

MARGE: Now take me, Killerman. Take me on the floor next to the dead Sultan and make me squirm like a worm on a hot sidewalk.

BLACKOUT

LATEST SCENT

His latest scent evokes the sensation of being underwater. First there is a clean green hit of pistachio followed by the warmth of sandalwood & some smoky resinous notes that make me feel as though I've just dunked my head in a filthy Texaco latrine & emerged refreshed & renewed.



coming soon:



next issue's theme:

MYSTERY