

International Edition

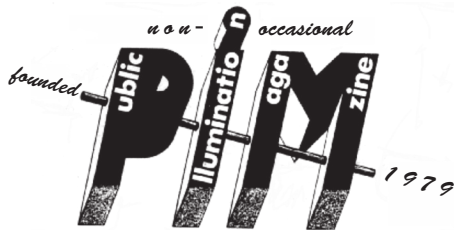


Nº. 68

Latter 2024

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

\$2.<sup>50</sup>



Number Sixty-eight Latter 2024  
*Published at:* Casa Sorci, 06044 Castel Ritaldi (PG),  
*Italy. E-mail:* casasorci@tiscali.it  
© 2024 by Public Illumination Magazine  
*Editor:* Zagreus Bowery  
*Staff:* Miss Davenport, Mister Cologne  
*Printing:* Mr. Gibbon & Family  
*Thanks to:* Web Continuum  
**Online Archive:** [www.mondorondo.com/pim](http://www.mondorondo.com/pim)

---

Page 4: Recipe..... by Veronica Holsteiner  
4: "What He Heard"..... by Mrs. Rocco  
4: Bread..... by Wes Mantooth  
5: Seulent Ceci..... by Jörga Cardin  
6: Void..... by Hank Artaud  
7: Gornisht..... by Essie Ential  
8: My America..... by Stone Haflinger  
8: Star Spangled Disaster..... By Rank Cologne  
8: Tanked..... by Rosie Bottom  
9: Kàmen..... by Kolxoz  
10: say hell..... by naughty dottie  
11: Big Interview..... by EZ Street  
12-13: Shit out of luck..... by Jack Shit  
14: Horror Vacui..... by Sophie D. Lux

14: Nothing quite works..... by Uncle Mac  
15: No Subject..... by Giova  
16: Nothing to See Here..... by Cognoscenti  
17: Om..... by Boo Fjord  
17: The Empty Grave..... by Krakostein  
17: The Moor..... by Lefty Blonde  
18: Possibility..... by Lord Ashley  
18: Airplane..... by Brian Fantana  
19: Sweetheart..... by Tullia Kupferberg  
20: Insensatus..... by Bluto Furcht  
21: Sports Hotline..... by Chuck Tennis  
21: In Patchogue..... by Jackson Scrubber  
22: Undertow..... by Lioness in Hiding  
22: Continuum..... By Al Cancelllo  
23: Syllogism..... by il bruto

---

*Public Illumination Magazine* requires your contributions for its pages! Send words (max 275, prose preferred) and pictures on next issue's theme (with obligatory pseudonym) to the editor (by airmail or e-mail), *quickly!*

---

*Public Illumination Magazine* is (or was recently) available at the following shops:

*In New York:* Bluestockings, Karma Bookstore, Printed Matter, Spoonbill & Sugartown Books, Unoppressive Non-Imperialist Bargain Books, Unnameable Books, Village Works

*In San Francisco:* City Lights Bookstore

*In Seattle:* Confound Books

*In Paris:* Shakespeare & Co.

*On Line:* [www.printedmatter.org](http://www.printedmatter.org)

*And More Eventually.*

# PUMPKIN PIE RECIPE

**B**uy a can of pumpkin filling and follow the instructions on the can.

## “What He Heard”

**S**he looked at him, judging him, gauging his mood. She decided to tell him, after all this time, risking everything in this moment. “Sweetie,” she began, nuzzling up to him as if her soft closeness would soften her words. “Sweetie, there’s this thing I’ve been wanting to say for a long time now” and once begun, her words became a tor-

rent of emotion, pouring out of her mouth, tumbling over and over each other like water over a dam, feelings be damned, she was going to tell it all! Here. Now. And she did. She laid it out for him in clear, unambiguous terms, then nervously waited.

He swiveled his head towards her, eyes lingering on the TV to see if the guy caught the ball and said, “Huh?”

## BREAD

**I** paid \$16 for a loaf of bread from Zabar’s. The cashier said the bread had gotten \$8 better, it was \$8 more with a river view or something. I told him \$8 was a lot of money. I pointed out I could have him killed for \$8. He said he could have me killed for \$8 too. By the same guy.



**SEULEMENT CECI  
ET RIEN DE PLUS**



## GORNISHT

Nothing.  
Nothing for days now.  
No scribbling, no thinking.  
I got nothing.  
To say. To eat. To do.  
Well, that's not true.  
I'm enmeshed in a miasma  
of odiferous glue.  
Stuck in fly paper.  
Sniffing remains of flies.

*Yech!*

Thinking of days gone by.  
*Blech!*

So, essentially nothing.  
Nothing I can do to change  
the obnoxious war  
machine.

Other than *kvetch* and  
*boo-hoo*.

Which I do do. Doo-doo.  
Shit

I got plenty of nothin'.  
I'm not a hero. I'm don't  
do heroin.

I got nothing new.  
Not even a mild flu.  
I rediscovered what it  
means  
to be a Jew. *Ess. Ess a  
bissel.*

For those of you who  
can sling-a

dah Yiddish, I ain't  
nothin' but  
a tribal relic with  
immortal disdain  
for the guv-ment. Which  
one?

*Hev uh sammavich.*

Bombs burst in air.  
Red/white/blue.

EretZion too.  
Machines of war.

Nothing new.  
Paranoia, trauma, flag

waving,  
hog raising and star  
fucking.

Ba-dum-pum! Under the  
rubric  
of "We're the good ones.  
We're on the side of the  
angels."

Viva, Fredy Perlman!

*This is  
the place to jump and  
dance, right!*

Yep! Nothing new.  
Baseless.

Enough of this  
nothing—I'm basic!  
Kinda does feel like the  
flu.

Plenty of squamous  
nightmares  
for me and you. *Nu?*  
True?

## MY AMERICA

**D**ick Cheney once took me to a restaurant in Kuwait with a hood over my head. I must say I've never been one for Mexican food in foreign countries. If you're going to have Mexican food it's best in America.

### Star Spangled Disaster

A large ocean-going freighter  
Loaded with tons of merch  
Lost power and drifted towards  
The Francis Scott Key Bridge  
In Baltimore, crashing into it,  
And causing it to collapse  
Into an artistic tangle of steel.  
The name of the boat was 'Dali'  
So it hit me that

perhaps Salvador was trying to reach out to us  
From beyond the grave  
In an effort to keep his art alive  
But workmen finally arrived  
And removed the wreckage  
Leaving nothing.

### TANKED

Someone took the fish tank  
but not the handwritten sign  
announcing a fish tank for the taking

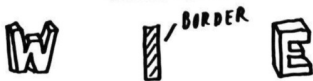
At least that's what I think

We got home, tipsy, after drinking all day at a local joint  
and on the ledge in the foyer  
was a sign that read "free fishtank" [sic]  
with an arrow pointing right—  
at nothing.

IN WEST YOU PRETEND YOU ARE SMART.

IN EAST YOU PRETEND YOU STUPID.

IN BORDER YOU PRETEND YOU ARE  
NOTHING.



IF YOU DONT KNOW  
WHAT TO DO, PRETEND  
THAT YOU ARE STONE.  
IT'S ALMOST NOTHING.  
BUT IT'S ENOUGH.





## AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BIG MAN.

**E.** Z. Street here, nursing a tall glass of azunatta while resting quite contentedly on a hammock in a shady grove off the pristine beach of Nada Blum near the village of Nibego on the Island of Vinta Carta off the coast of Madagascar. I think about nothing – like I usually do – but this time as a concept, an idea, a reality, and about the universe which is mostly nothing. Who would've designed such a ridiculous thing? But of course – God. So using every contact I had, I scored 15 minutes with the Big Guy.

*E.Z.:* Hello, God. I can't see you but I know you're there, right?

*God:*

*E.Z.:* Ok, maybe you're distracted, got something else going on. Answering prayers, or righting

wrongs across the globe.

*God:*

*E.Z.:* Gotta be honest with you. I expected a little more give and take and, frankly, I'm a little disappointed.

*God:*

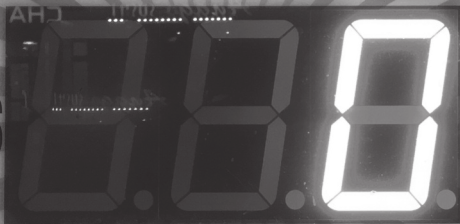
*E. Z.:* (sighs deeply). Nothing, huh?

*God:*

(I swear I heard what sounded like a deep and rumbling chuckle. Probably just my imagination though.)

*E.Z.:* God, are you there? Nothing.

I was very, very thirsty. I roused myself and made myself another azunatta. I walked to the beach and when I got to where the sea gently laps against the shore I looked up in the sky and thought, in the end everything disappears, so maybe God is nothing, and when all is said and done, nothing is everything, and everything is nothing. Or something like that.



**MILLION**



**MILLION**

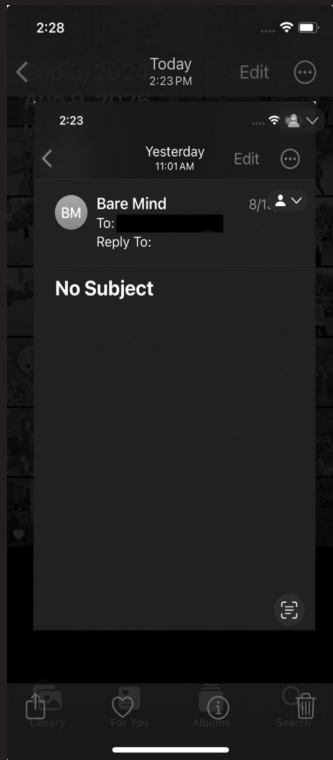
# HORROR VACUI

**B**I have little use for Nirvana, I'm content to leave the world without feeling I had to earn my release. Not that I'm overly attached to the world; I don't much care for the accumulation of things. There are exceptions: the new dishwasher for one. I admire the way a small stick emerges from the machine when its cycle is complete, pushing open the door, then retreating mysteriously into the body. It's a piece of theater where the fugitive performer breaks the fourth wall, forces itself into our lives, disappears, then chimes to get our attention. Now we can grow active, unloading the tableware, once again the protagonists of the

household rituals. I suppose this only demonstrates how far from enlightenment I am. What joy in these small attachments before I am indulged by the necessary oblivion.

## NOTHING QUITE WORKS

- 1  
Nothing quite works these days.  
The roof leaks,  
the heater won't light,  
the dirty glasses  
sit quietly,  
quite composed.
- 2  
Nothing quite works as Tu Fu noted  
2500 years ago  
when he remarked  
on white sails  
in moonlight:  
little ghosts  
that no longer care  
what comes next for  
them.







# OM

**I** like meditating because it's easy. You're not trying to do much. You're just sitting quietly for hours at a time. I'm great at that. And all the time you're sitting there you get to eat all kinds of stuff: donuts, salty snacks, you name it. Anything goes when you're meditating.

## THE EMPTY GRAVE

**T**he gravedigger leaned on his long-handled spade. The dirt piled up over the empty hole seemed a greater volume than the space it came from. The gravedigger straightened up, took his cap off and wiped his deeply lined face. The creases looked as if they were eroded by the soil he'd dug. His eyes were blank. He'd

filled more graves than he wanted to remember. A man in a long, dark woolen overcoat stopped to look. He leaned over, peering into the as yet empty grave. He said, "good job. Nice clean hole. I hope they do as good a job with mine." "It'll be filled this afternoon," the gravedigger said.

"Yes, but now it's empty, filled only with air." An empty grave is special, a sort of vacuum, awaiting a body in a box slowly to fill it, but until then, it's nothing.

## THE MOOR

One day my garden will be covered in grass  
My tomatoes will no longer grow red  
The sweat from my toil will dry and blow away  
My footsteps will disappear from the dirt  
Does my handiwork matter?

# POSSIBILITY

I like to work in a bubble and the bubble has no time. When I can get myself there, I experience something I've yearned for since before I knew what yearning was. In the bubble, outside of time, in the chaotic mix of the conscious and the unconscious, I experience freedom. And in this freedom, I find joy.

The bubble is free of obligation. I'm obliged to no one, including myself. Especially not to myself, nor to the person I sometimes think I am. I'm not obliged to him, either. Nor am I obliged to concepts, like form or style, or wit or irony, or depth, or excellence, or finishing, or starting. Without obligation, there's room. And when you have room, you'll be surprised at who or what

might drop into it. There's no ego in the bubble, which means there's no engine. No one's driving the show. I put my conscious mind on the shelf for the moment, click it off, as it were, and the unconscious senses an opportunity, and if I'm patient it will show me things. The bubble requires one discipline: don't chase it. If you do, you won't even know what you've missed.

# AIRPLANE

I tilted the plane up on its side wheels to get the passengers to slide back into their seats. Then I dealt with all the fake injuries and said soothing things like "Snap out of it" and "You're not hurt" and "Please, God, don't let him die" until everybody on the plane had calmed down.





## SPORTS HOTLINE

**C**huck Tennis here reporting from Woodstock, New York where the Catskill Mountain Nothing Competition has just ended. Meditators from around the world competed to see who could have the most empty mind. The mind most full of nothing. There were meditators from all over the world competing in the 30 minute event. An American was in the lead but at the 25th minute his mind strayed when he started thinking about his aching knees. A Frenchman was then in the lead but he started thinking about what he was going to eat for dinner after the competition ended and lost the lead. A Russian took the lead but he too faltered at the

28th minute when he began to think about an upcoming vacation on the Mediterranean. A Japanese woman almost won but at the 29th minute she began to think about the dirt on the meditation carpet that needed to be cleaned. And so, it was a dead heat, nothing happened, nobody won, all the contestants were full of almost nothing and the audience was thrilled.

## IN PATCHOGUE

**I**f you drove down to the Mascot Dock, sat there for an hour and saw nothing, you were nothing and might as well step in front of the 6:59 train as it came into the Patchogue station. Mr. Nellis was saying: how could you miss the submarine races?

# Undertow

Losing my footing was easy.

I was never a strong swimmer, but I tried to glide with it.

Nature has its dangers—water gives life and washes it away.

He said to trust in the moon but tides overpowered my outstretched hand.

# CONTINUUM

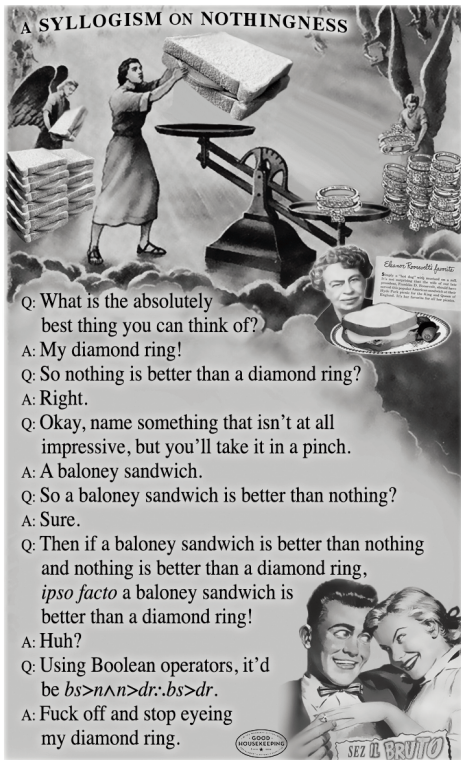
I was told in my high school science class many years ago that our universe is rapidly expanding. And I thought – OK, but what is it expanding into – Nothing? How can that be? How can there be nothing? It has to be expanding into something. Right? So then, what is that? About a century ago Albert Einstein and his co-

hortos told us that we live in a Space/Time continuum.

Space continues into infinity – no matter which direction you go. Every time we try to investigate small things – we find even smaller things. Molecules are made up of atoms. These in turn are made up of neutrons, protons and electrons. These, it turns out, are made up of gluons, muons, quarks and other smaller things. Will it end in nothingness?

Going in the other direction: Our solar system is part of our galaxy, which is part of our universe which is part of the cosmos. And continuing in that direction - where does that end? Again, nothingness?

I have pondered these thoughts and ideas again and again. And what have I come up with? NOTHING!!



- Q: What is the absolutely best thing you can think of?  
A: My diamond ring!  
Q: So nothing is better than a diamond ring?  
A: Right.  
Q: Okay, name something that isn't at all impressive, but you'll take it in a pinch.  
A: A baloney sandwich.  
Q: So a baloney sandwich is better than nothing?  
A: Sure.  
Q: Then if a baloney sandwich is better than nothing and nothing is better than a diamond ring, *ipso facto* a baloney sandwich is better than a diamond ring!  
A: Huh?  
Q: Using Boolean operators, it'd be  $bs > n \wedge n > dr : bs > dr$ .  
A: Fuck off and stop eyeing my diamond ring.

coming  
soon:



next issue's theme:

**CANDY**