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Busy, busy, busy

Monkeyshines

Autumn 2021



MONKEYSHINES.MEDIA



by Alexa Goldstein
instagram @ alexa.isabella.goldstein



C. Fahey

Technicolor Chrysanthemum by Christopher Fahey
instagram @ crucial2020

Autumn Animal Oracle



Dog is the animal of guidance, protection, and loyalty

For Druids, the Dog is the *Guardian of the Mysteries*. It can be fierce in its defense, but if we approach with good intentions, it can lead us out of our Darkness and to the pool of Unconscious and the secrets hidden from ourselves.

This fall, there may arise a time to call on the dog spirit to defend and protect your values, loyalty, and trust in vital relationships, so you can focus on your inner growth, and you can share the growth with — and inspire growth in — others. Move towards winter with good intentions; the Dog will guide you to your answers.

Until next season.

/// **Painted Birch** ///

beithe péinteáilte

Autumn Animal Oracle by Painted Birch
mailto:oracle@monkeyshines.media



Newt Defending a Chair Face by Chuk Baldock
[linktr.ee @ chukbaldock](http://linktr.ee/chukbaldock)

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jonathan@monkeyshines.media
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editors@monkeyshines.media

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Featuring:

Cover image:
THAT LONG AWAITED
COLLABORATION (detail)
by PLUGO
<https://PLUGOarts.redbubble.com>
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<https://donovanrittenbach.com>

STL by Mitch Marcus

Technicolor Chrysanthemum
by Christopher Fahey

Skirts by NeoVenOm

Photo and **Solar Eclipse**
by Alexa Goldstein

Baby Laika by Tobias Hobbes

Citywash by Morgan Bissell

Darkness Rising (part 2)
by Estelle Clark

Candlelight by Melissa Barrett

Autumn Animal Oracle
by Painted Birch

Newt Defending a Chair Face
by Chuk Baldock

Photo by Racheal Halupa

Song XXVIII and **Jinx**
by Jonathan Russell

Ollie Reading with Magic Hat
by pthelo

October by L. B.

All Hallows Eve
by Jennifer Rasmussen

Toothless Grin by A. Page

The Penitent
by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Autumn 2021

Monkeyshines



Baby Laika by Tobias Hobbes
deviantart @ tobiashobbes

Let's Learn About: **Monkeyshines**

What is Monkeyshines?



Besides being an *astounding zine* bringing you fantastic writing and art from Long Islanders, Monkeyshines is published by a not-for-profit that raises money for art and writing programs on Long Island.



It supports local artists and writers, publishing their work, and mailing the zine out to subscribers for free.



Through the zine and the website, it gives creators a unique way to connect with their audience.



All work it publishes remain under the ownership of the creators. Monkeyshines is the medium, not the manager.



And all this is possible thanks to YOU!
We couldn't do it without your submissions and donations.

You may be asking yourself,

How can I be a part of this?!



Send your submissions to editors@monkeyshines.media, or go to <https://monkeyshines.media/inc/> to learn more about Monkeyshines!



Solar Eclipse

I saw the stars in your eyes
And moonlight on your face
You brought forth everything
That I wanted to erase

From the touch of your hands
To the feel of your lips
You turned my entire life
Into a solar eclipse

by Alexa Goldstein
instagram @ alexa.isabella.goldstein

Q: If you could live **anywhere**, where would you live?

> Costa Rica - CF

> CF, I'm right next door. - PR

> Madrid - LP

> If I'm wealthy and don't have to work, Japan. - JH

> Iceland, as a citizen - MN

> Bay Ridge Brooklyn. Ca.1962... baseball, stickball, softball, football - everyday - under the "new" BQE overpass. On a closed 64th street; lights for night games. That was the life! - FD

> Sweden - NG

> Since we're going with the "and I mean anywhere" theme... I think an underwater city would be cool. - MD

Darkness Rising, part 2

Content Warning: Psychological and physical torture. Brutality.

Gales shouted their roaring howls as the ship was violently assaulted by raging currents. Ralla snickered, watching the crew scramble to keep the them afloat.

“Just stop this! We both know you can! What is the point of putting them through this?” Sanya was screaming inside her head. She knew Ralla could hear her. This had been her only form of communication through the last three changing of the seasons. She was not permitted to speak, nor yell. The most sounds she had made were quiet whispers. “Please! Just stop! Do I need to grovel at your feet? What do you want from me? I have already made attempts at amends — you do not need to punish them for my offenses.” Her plea fell upon unwavering ears.

With a snicker from Ralla, Sanya fell, crippled with pain, as the winds grew to deafening proportions. The sailors were strewn about, no longer able to fight the tempest. Some were thrown overboard, others dropped where they stood. Ralla turned to the pile of flesh at her back. She looked down at Sanya. “Barely more than the bones of your risen. Stand up.” Sanya did not stir, still pinned beneath Ralla’s control. “Look at you, weak and sniveling; begging like a cur at my heels. Get up, command the new additions I have provided you. Rise!” Ralla saw not a twitch from Sanya, but was pleased when the newly dead rose upon the deck. She began to quiet the storm, allowing her surviving crew to rest. She knelt down beside Sanya and stroked her hair, feeling the coarse, salt-laden strands between her fingertips. Ralla rested her hand upon her forehead, and gifted Sanya with the vision of Akan’s demise. She felt Sanya convulse in anguish until the gruesome scene was complete. Her voice was calm and soft, “Even then, he never begged at my feet. You will never beg. You will obey.” Ralla brushed a strand of hair from Sanya’s face, revealing her eyes laced with



Read part 1 of “Darkness Rising” on the Monkeyshines website. Simply point your phone’s camera at that QR Code to the left, or go to <https://monkeyshines.media/2021/summer/serial/fiction/darkness-rising-p1.html>

Yeah, it’s probably easier just to scan the code.

blood. She softened her hold on Sanya, relieving her of pain, but still pinning her to the deck. "Are you pleased with the results of your mutiny? Happy with your attempt on my life?" Ralla paused for a response then outwardly spoke, "No, I wouldn't think so. I do not blame you for trying, as I would most likely have done the same. It is difficult isn't it, having thoughts in your head that fail to escape? Difficult to will something, only to be forced into my submission? It took me ages to overcome the despair and broken will and learn to block the control of my father." Ralla continued to pet Sanya's hair gently.

"I'm not a god," Sanya thought in reply. Ralla stopped abruptly, grasped Sanya's chin firm in her hand, and stared eye to eye.

"You could be." She released her grip and stood up, still holding Sanya in place. "If you can move, you may speak. Now, get up." She watched Sanya, momentarily motionless where she lay. She could feel the push of Sanya's will, but it was slight against her own power. "You want your voice, do you not? Or perhaps you are happy here, in silence, trapped in your head, no will, no desire for greatness..." Ralla felt Sanya push harder. She could feel her centering her energy, finding a quiet spot in her mind. She knew that Sanya was pulling away from her voice, driven by the onslaught of insults and vile images she was hurling at her. She could feel the power that Sanya focuses to raise the fallen be gathered and centered to lift herself. Ralla smiled, thankful she was not wrong about pushing to these limits. She knew the frailty of the body despite the strength of the spirit within. She watched Sanya pull her knees up under her, pushing back against the invisible binding. Ralla restrained herself from adding more pressure, reminding herself that this must be done in small doses. She could feel Sanya's strength wavering beneath her. The will to succeed was being expended with the last of her energy.

"Perhaps next time, you will make it to your feet by yourself. Recover. You are dismissed." Ralla retracted her power, allowed Sanya to stand, and waved her aside.

"Yes Commander." Sanya replied, her voice touching ears other than her own for the first time in ages.

Darkness Rising, part 2, cont'd

As she stumbled past Ralla, she heard her whisper, "It's a shame you don't fight that hard all the time. I do enjoy the sound of your voice. I would hate to have to lock it up again." Ralla jeered.

"I'll remember that Commander," Sanya rasped, determined to have the last word.

Ralla kept the crew at sea from the warm winds of summer, through to the sharp biting stings hurled off of the white-capped chop. She made a daily routine of forcing Sanya into some submission or another; taking away the use of random joints, binding her body or mind, whatever suited her fancy at the moment, each time making the pain and resistance harder to bear. She knew that Sanya would never survive her full force, but she was determined to bring her as close as possible, and she was not disappointed with her progress. Today would be a crucial test. They stood upon the bow gazing toward a harbor town.

"Getting off this bloody boat is your choice. If you do as I command, we will drop anchor and set foot upon land. Should you fail, we remain aboard the ship and I turn you out to the crew to do with you as they see fit."

"I understand, Commander." Sanya was accustomed to this. At most times when she failed the crew was understanding and gentle with her, but with the prospect of land, warmth, shelter, and food, they would be brutal should she fail. Sanya set her eyes upon her target. "You recognize this place, don't you?" Ralla tormented.

"Yes Commander, I know this place," Sanya replied in hate filled tones. "This is my home. Those are my people, my fields, my forests."

"You know what I want."

"Yes Commander. No survivors." Sanya held back the vile bitterness rising from her stomach.

"Do it." Ralla released all of her control over Sanya as she stepped back to witness the mayhem. She watched Sanya manipulate her battalion aboard the ship with merely a batting of an eye. She

watched, no need of a looking glass, as the drowning waters abdicated their dead. She saw the masses spill forth from the sea upon the unsuspecting town. The screams of the innocent carried back upon the wind, and Ralla amplified each individually within Sanya's ears.

"Oh, there it is. It seems that last one was your mother," Ralla laughed maniacally, but Sanya pushed her aside, focused only on succeeding. She knew there would be no mercy should she fail and better to go quickly by her hand, then the hands of her tormenter. It took an eternity for the screams to cease, and when they did Sanya remained standing; drained, void of all emotion. She guarded her thoughts, unwilling to allow Ralla the pleasure of taking them from her. She turned toward her commander and was unwavering in her request.

"I've done what you asked. I know you felt every life force that my minions took. Give order to drop anchor and proceed to land." Her gaze was locked, her voice contained every grain of hatred she possessed.

"Of course," Ralla's response was whimsical, almost playful. She placed a hand upon Sanya's shoulder, "Land ho!"

Ralla sat lazily in a large chair by the fire watching the crew settle into the inn as Sanya added the village to her ranks. Mercy was not a thing she showed often, but today it was earned.

"Sanya, come," Ralla beckoned. She had decided that the next test was going to be loyalty and therefore set aside physically controlling her.

"Yes Commander." Sanya approached. Her posture was rigid, standing tall, shoulders back, revealing a strength Ralla was pleased she had acquired.

"Do you feel you have completed all I have asked of you to the best of your ability?"

"Directly to the breaking point, Commander." Sanya kept her response curt.

Darkness Rising, part 2, cont'd

"I agree. That is why I am affording you a rare opportunity. You may keep your family within your army to use at our disposal, or I will set upon them true rest. The choice is yours." Ralla studied her face for any inkling of a decision, and was pleased to need to wait for an answer.

"Burn them." Sanya said, hiding her contempt. She watched from the doorway as the remnants of her loved ones burst into flames only to be ashes scattered by the wind. A million thoughts flowed through her head. Her family was gone. She wished to sever all ties to this place. She hated the hell-goddess more than she ever would have thought possible, but could not deny the progress she had made. She was stronger; able to recognize Ralla's attacks and compensate for them. She no longer allowed her joints to dismember themselves, nor was her body wracked and aching from bindings. Casting view upon the horde of dead, there could be no blind eyes to the benefits of enduring this torture. Every gift Ralla ever bestowed was designed to break her; each piercing pain, each drop of blood, each unheard, unanswered, tormented scream lingered in her mind. That is the price she has paid for her training. When the dust settled she turned around, sauntered over to Ralla, and plopped down in the chair beside her.

"So, about being a god..."

To be concluded our next issue!

by Estelle Clark
facebook @estelle.clark.75

> I would say a beautiful cabin on the edge of lake, way up in the mountains, but I know the mosquitoes would eat me alive. Maybe a beautiful cottage on the ocean. - JP

> A lake house! Or Bora Bora, in one of those little bungalows on the water with a slide B-) - DL

> A creepy mansion on a cliff, overlooking the ocean. I could work from home listening to the crashing waves and soaking in the glorious view, all the while reveling in the atmosphere of the place. - KR

Toothless Grin

It's my toothless grin
All gnarled and hopeless
The smile's there
But the emotion is not
I've emptied it
Into the shame
Of neglect.

It's my toothless grin
All jagged and angry
The glamour is gone
But the tempest burns
I started it
With all the shame
Of neglect

It's my toothless grin
All desperate and alone
The music is gone
But the passion is not
I held it all
With fucking shame
Of endless
Neglect

by A. Page

> Keajra Land, the Pureland of Buddha Vajrayogini.
Or maybe check out Galifrey - before it blows up! - RF

> Hard question. Twin Oaks commune in VA comes to mind
instantly, but I'm too anti-social to be effective in a
commune. Perhaps Finland as a second choice. - AP

October

October whispers in the August winds
Taunting and haunting
bittersweet symphony of pain
a palpable sadness, to which I bend
Origami soul
Lifeless on the floor
October last, you left me ruins!
Barely alive
The soul crushing dirge now tears at my mends.
I feel it stampeding in, unapologetic,
disregarding my splintered heart and fractured mind
October impends.
Please October, don't rupture my wounds;
I implore you through a cavalcade of tears,
don't cast open the drapes
don't let the pain cascade and
drown me again
don't.
It's too much to bear,
unstoppable force, nary a care
October descends.
What once was best-loved,
treasured, adored—
now spoiled, marred, rotten and soured
and beating down my door.
I don't want to do this again October—
go away, don't come back.
Pleads and silent screams.
I don't want to feel anymore.
October, I abhor.



I don't want to taste your spicy balm,
be seduced drugged and dragged in.
I don't want to bask in your kaleidoscope skies;
or be chilled, warmed or turned on.
October,
the requiem I must endure.
I don't want to asphyxiate in your aura
upside down, inside out, no longer whole.
Or ache for you October...
but I do and...
I will, eternal.
My autumnal tormentor.
Captivated and imprisoned 'til death—
did us part.
October subjugating.
Assault me again October, dissect me into parts.
Be sure to do it year after year,
again, again and again.
Mince me, tessellate me—like only you can.
Until I'm free, dead—gone and buried,
I'll be your confetti;
scatter me all over your welcome back party.
October,
~fin.

by L. B.



> Hoh Rainforest - JB

> Maine was fun, but I did enjoy
Utila, Honduras - PK

> I'd be a flea and live on Jason
Mamoa's body - MW

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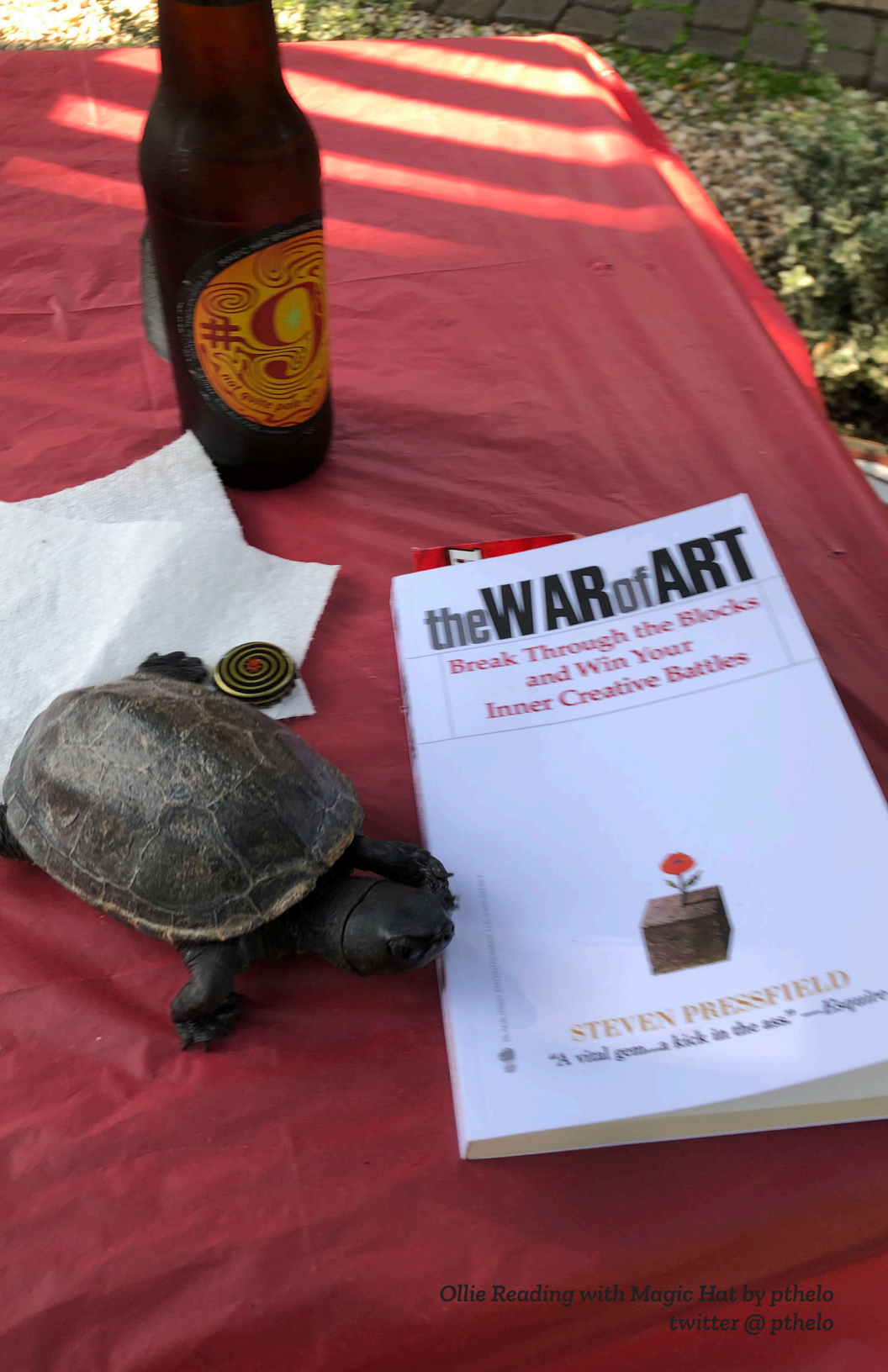
The Penitent

I had a little Sorrow,
Born of a little Sin,
I found a room all damp with gloom
And shut us all within;
And, "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,
"And, Little Sin, pray God to die,
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been!"

Alas for pious planning—
It mattered not a whit!
As far as gloom went in that room,
The lamp might have been lit!
My little Sorrow would not weep,
My little Sin would go to sleep—
To save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it!

So up I got in anger,
And took a book I had,
And put a ribbon on my hair
To please a passing lad,
And, "One thing there's no getting by—
I've been a wicked girl," said I;
"But if I can't be sorry, why,
I might as well be glad!"

by *Edna St. Vincent Millay*
<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/4399>
<http://www.millay.org>



the WAR of ART

Break Through the Blocks
and Win Your
Inner Creative Battles



STEVEN PRESSFIELD

"A vital gem...a kick in the ass" —*Esquire*

Why is the Cat Screaming?



1. Why wouldn't the cat scream
2. If you were smart, you'd be doing the same thing



Song XXVIII

The temple has fallen
into disrepair
It's sagging
and short of breath

The clergy are muttering
kind words to themselves
Holy invocations fall leaden
in front of their feet

The pews are all empty
The audience left
and coughs echo
flat on the marble

The temple is greying
into morbid disuse
It's puffy
and soft in the middle

It never ran swiftly
nor sprung from the bed
And now it just moans
about this ache and that

The incense is burned
and the body is sacrificed
but no one is saved
and no one is blessed

by Jonathan Russell
twitter @ macphoenix

EXCLUSIVE!

STL

What other zine has sheet music to go with its cover art? No other zine, that's what!*

Musician Mitch Marcus composed a soundtrack to a time-lapse video of PLUGO painting the skateboard deck that's featured on our front cover. Not only do we have that video on our website, but Mitch took the time to transcribe his composition into sheet music! Here's the first page:

Score

STL (skateboard time-lapse)

Mitch Marcus
(Art: Patrick Lugo)

Sheet music for the score "STL (skateboard time-lapse)" by Mitch Marcus. The score is for Piano, Tenor Sax, Baritone Sax, Acoustic Bass, Violin, and Cello. It features a time-lapse video of PLUGO painting a skateboard deck. The music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and consists of two systems of staves. The first system includes Piano, Tenor Sax, Baritone Sax, Acoustic Bass, Violin, and Cello. The second system includes Piano, T. Sax., B. Sax., A.B., Vln., and Vc. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "pizz." and "arco".

Check out the rest of the score, the video with this soundtrack, Mitch's CV, and more at <https://monkeyshines.media/stl/>

*At least as far as we know. We don't get out much.

Mitch Marcus's upcoming dates:

10/01, **Molly Tigre** at Culture Lab Concert Series, Long Island City, 7pm

10/09, **Divided Sky** at Bernie's Roadside Lounge, 7pm

10/17, **Readiocus!** (Phish Tribute) at Port Jefferson Brewery
(part of 10 yr anniversary 3 day festival), 4pm

10/22, **Molly Tigre** at Catskill Brewery

10/23, **Molly Tigre** at Station Bar and Curio, Woodstock, 7pm

10/29, **Mr. Radio** at Beau's Bar, Greenlawn, 8:30pm

11/07, **Mitch Marcus Quintet** at City Vineyard, 7pm

11/13, **Lawn Boys** (Phish Tribute) at Stanstock

11/27, **Readiocus!** (Phish All Star Tribute) at Beau's Bar

11/20, **Dancin' Phools** (Steely Dan, Zappa, Phish) at Beau's Bar, 8:30pm



Jinx by Jonathan Russell

> If I can live in any fictional universe, I pick "The Culture." - DL

> Oh, off planet was an option???? Damn. - AP

> Holodeck. Because then it becomes anywhere. - HB

All Hallows Eve

Darkness spreads like ink dripping in water, turning the sky from blue to purple, and purple to black.

The moon's light casts an eerie glow on the clouds as the wind races them through the heavens.

Huddled in your house you hear the sounds, the night is alive with the shrieks and cries of ghouls and goblins.

Monsters travel the night, towards your house, one by one, with the plunder they've seized from your neighbors.

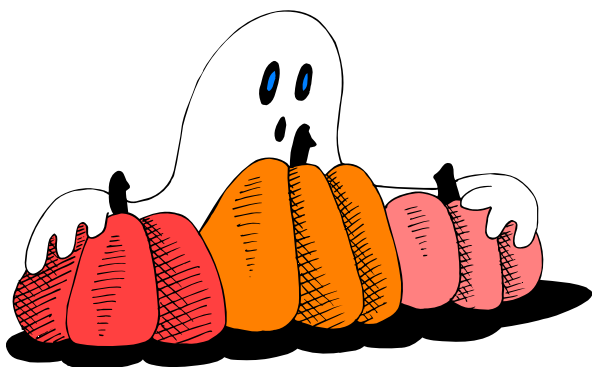
They're coming for you now, they turn up your driveway, a mottled band of depraved beasts.

Their little feet stomp like cloven hooves up your front steps, and to your front door.

They pound on your door, and ring the bell, all the while shouting their war cry.

"Trick or Treat!"

by Jennifer Rasmussen



Join us in January 2022 for our Winter Issue!



Skirt by NeoVenOm
instagram @ neovenOm



Candlelight by Melissa Barrett
twitter @ melba_dnu



Citywash by Morgan Bissell
contactin.bio @ excessivemascara

Photo by Racheal Halupa
instagram @ photography__sisters

