

Monkeyshines

Long Island's Premier Zine Spring 2021



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Featuring:

Cover image: The Monkey King

by PLUGO

<https://plugoarts.com/>

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Photo composition

by Rachel Halupa

Outside the Window & Always

by Donald Swenson

The Proletariat's Projectile &

Jewels Of The Glass Peacock

by Vincent Prator

Atomic Skull by Christopher Fahey

Break and Bounce by Rory Braun

Bloody Chocolates

by Tobias Hobbes

Echos by Kimmeth Powell

Spring Animal Oracle &

What Is Humane by Painted Birch

Michele's Musings... Music

by Michele Wilson

The Carp by Jonathan Russell

Gasoline by Morgan Bissell

Eclipse 2021 by Erick Wilson

JP's Hot Source by JP Hooper

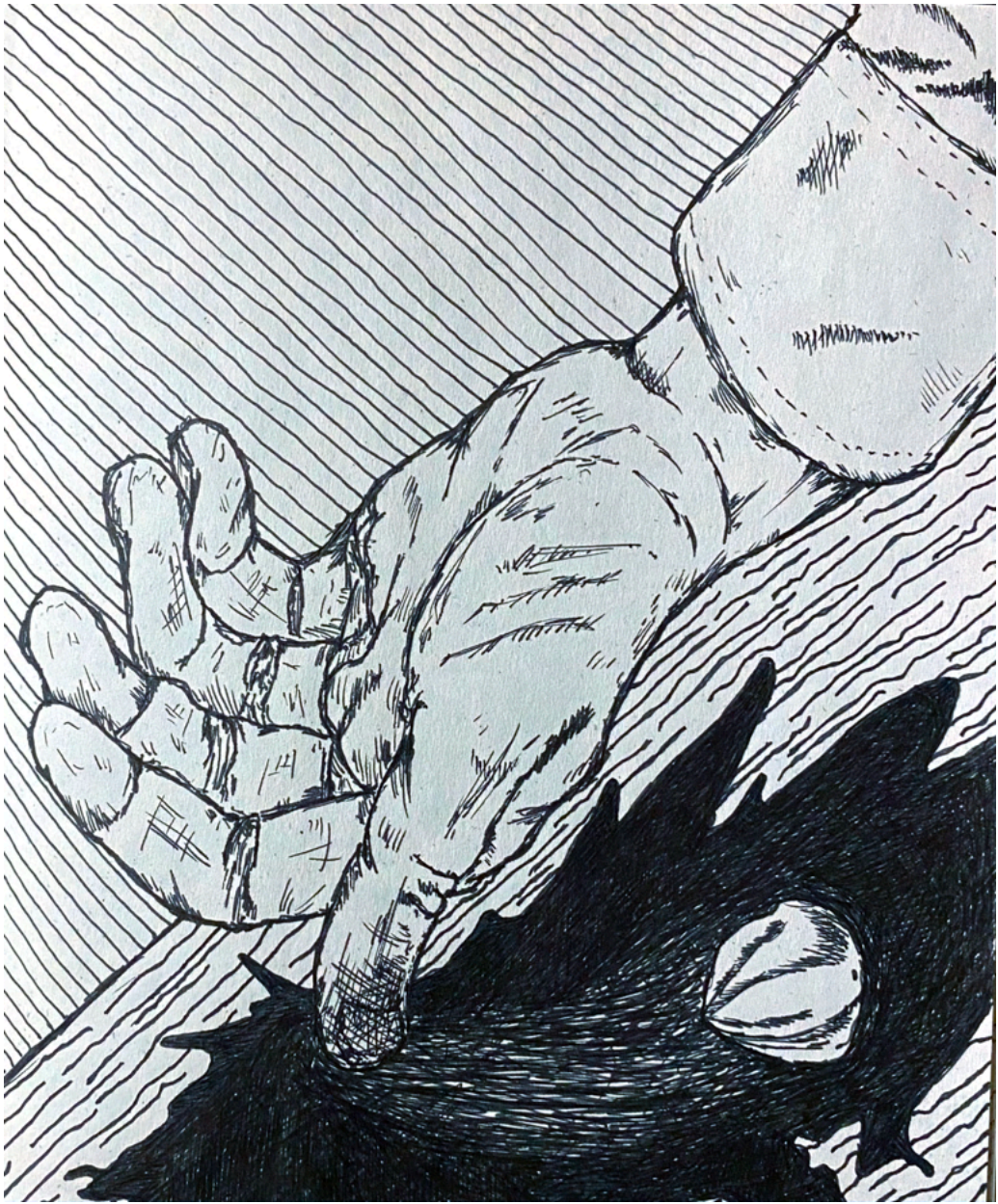
Misery Angel by Melissa Barrett

Spring 2021

Monkeyshines

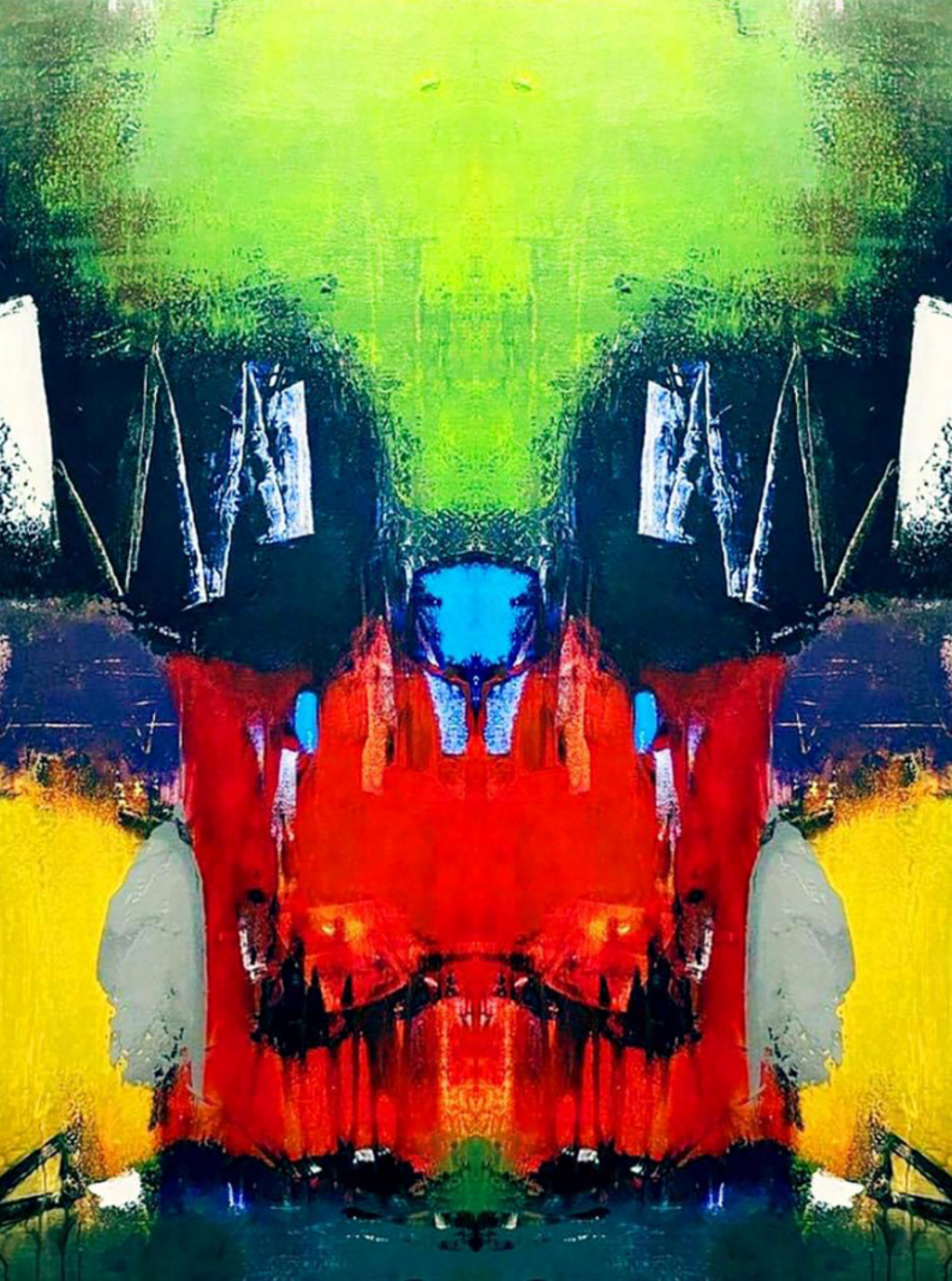


photo composition by Racheal Halupa
instagram @photography__sisters



*Bloody Chocolates by Tobias Hobbes
deviantart @ tobiashobbes*

When I wanted to know the lyrics of a song, I had to buy the album and HOPE that the lyrics were included. Now I can just Google that stuff! -KR



*Atomic Skull by Christopher Fahey
instagram @crucial2020*

Spring Animal Oracle



Cow, a symbol of motherhood and nourishment. In this world, the cow is a giver.

This card reversed calls for you in the coming season: Look upon yourself and seek the ability to give. During this time, when many are apprehensive of giving anything, remember that you share the world with the other living creations. But you also must be ready to accept the giving of the world.

If we can all share the love and concern for the planet and all creatures in it, it will in turn offer its love and nourishment to us.

Until next season.

// Painted Birch //

beithe péinteáilte

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



Always by Donald Swenson
instagram @ dswensondesign

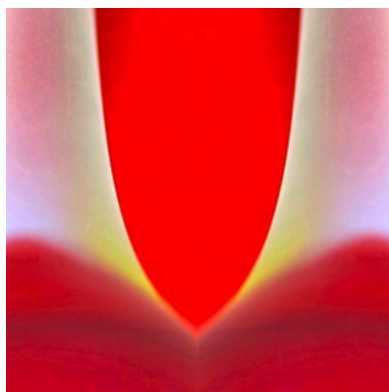
The Proletariat's Projectile

In the morning
when dawn breaks,
men will do what men have done
since the beginning time,
rise with skin eager, blood flushed,
thus a jaunt to the john
to relieve themselves of bodily fluid.

For some men,
an awakening will occur
when they observe
their plums dehydrating to prunes
hanging lower
than their proletariat projectile.

It will be a shocking realization,
but sadly,
it is just the beginning
of the geriatric continuum.
Public restrooms expose my mortality,
me the magnificent with my diabetes,
enlarged prostate,
and high blood pressure,
stand quietly dripping in one stall
while in the next stall over,
a Black Adonis is splitting the water
as if he is standing three flights up.
Thunderous, to say the least.

In this insecure agent's code
of placing bandaids on fragile bones,
is the mortal coil
of anticipating the awaiting nightfall.
Standing in the near past and future
It pisses me off to think, that in the end,
I must adhere to life's abracadabra,
alakazam, hocus pocus,
losing focus, foolishly dreaming
I could alter the world, before the world altered me



by Vincent Prator
instagram @ vpratorimages



Eclipse 2021 by Erick Wilson
GreenElf Designs

Gasoline

No clues.

No leads.

No witnesses.

If he didn't figure it out soon, the case would go cold, and the trail, if it even existed, would disappear into the shadows forever. He couldn't let that happen.

Seiji wasn't the best detective in the force. He was only three years into the job fresh out of college, but he knew enough to realize if he didn't pick up the pace, it would haunt him forever.

So he worked hard, and he scoured every file in the precinct, read every report he could find, watched security footage over and over again until he could replay it, second by second, in his memory. His desk was covered in coffee stains and papers, the edges worn from his nervous fidgeting when, once again, he found nothing new.

It started with a simple arson, one that was easily passed off as a freak accident that ended up with one casualty. At first, they thought it was a blown fuse or a leaky gas pipe, but the smell and traces of gasoline couldn't be denied.

The second, the third, the fourth murder were vastly different, the only common factor the nauseating scent of petroleum sticking to the walls and ceilings.

Strangely, they did not all contain a fire.

And yet there it was, at every scene, that unpleasant smell and the lingering taste of smoke in the air.

A woman was locked in a freezer at her butcher shop.

A man choked to death, wrapped in a crudely tied noose.

Someone was pushed over a flight of stairs and when they didn't die immediately, something, or someone, jumped on them hard enough to snap their spine in half. The police concluded a heavy object must've been dropped, but then why? Why were there dirty sneaker prints faintly pressed into the victim's back?

And the last murder, a flight attendant off her shift at an airport cafe who went to the bathroom and never came out, found head first in a

toilet with a taser floating next to her, duct tape around it to freeze it in the 'on' position.

Whoever it was, whatever monster took these people's lives, they sure were creative.

The media named their culprit the Phantom, because no one ever saw them, and no one could ever catch them, defeated as they slipped from the police's grasp for the hundredth time.

It drove Seiji mad.

And then, as he forced himself to stay on his feet to grab his eighth cup of coffee, he slid on the floor as he walked past his office entrance. He landed flat on his back, banging his head into the hardwood floor beneath him, watching as his vision went fuzzy for a few unnerving seconds. He was sure he was about to have a heart attack when he started smelling something he couldn't quite place, but he couldn't for the life of him remember what it was.

He'd read something about people smelling either burned toast or gas before they died of heart failure, and there was a fifty-fifty chance between the two. It was a late-night game of 'Guess that Smell.'

Seiji pulled himself to his knees, rubbing his temples with one hand and placing his other on his chest, counting the beats and making sure he was, in fact, still very much alive. He swiveled his head, swiping his gaze across the floor for what item he could've slipped on so he could clean it up and avoid some more brain damage in the future, when he saw the tiniest slip of paper. Pink construction paper, to be exact.

And Seiji may have some secrets, but one of those was not that he hoarded construction paper around his office where one of his coworkers could very easily see it and ruin his reputation. He didn't have much of one, but he wasn't ready to be mocked for his art supplies.

He gingerly picked the page up and unfolded it, squinting his eyes to read the scribbly handwriting. It was no bigger than the palm of his hand, a small, delicate thing that reminded him of the messily cut out butterfly he'd gotten from his niece for Christmas.

"Dear Mr. Detective —
125 Locust Blvd.
Soon?

— Phantom"

The room felt a whole lot colder. A freezing bead of sweat dripped down his forehead, trailing from the right of his eye to his chin, and then dropping and disappearing into the paper. It was as if the walls were closing in on Seiji, suffocating him, just like that third man who lay in the morgue at that very second.

In a burst of despair, he found it incredibly easy to identify the smell he'd mistaken as a heart attack.

Gasoline. The note was drenched in gasoline.

Seiji wasn't a patient man. He wasn't a coward, either. Instead, he was known to be a reckless hard-headed master, getting by with not only his skills, but his overwhelming luck. Everyone always warned him to keep his head up and look around, because one day, his luck may run dry, and he'd end up in a ditch.

But he was too thick to listen, which was why his car sat, idling, by a run-down warehouse his GPS deemed '125 Locust Boulevard,' reluctantly picking up his radio comm.

Click.

"This is Detective Seiji Kumo, I think I've got a lead. I'm checking it out right now. Over."

The radio crackled for a tense moment as he waited for a response. A female's voice picked up, audibly stressed, and annoyed beyond belief. His boss was strict with the rules and she breathed over his shoulder a lot, but she was in her position for a reason. She was better than anyone else in the force. She was cautious and analytical, the exact opposite of Seiji, and whoever said that opposites attract was deadly wrong.

"And where exactly are you? I swear to god, Kumo, if you're doing something stupid, I'll have your head on a pike. Over."

Seiji winced. His boss wasn't that cruel, but she sounded it when she was pissed off, and what was worse was that she could, in reality, beat him in a physical fight and rip his head off with no problem. She was scary good like that.

"I'm at 125 Locust Blvd. I got a note from the so-called Phantom. I don't know if this really is him, but I'm not wasting any time. Just get me some backup and get here quick, okay? Over."

Seiji couldn't hold the waver from his voice, couldn't stop the phone in his hand from trembling in his tight grasp.

"So you are doing something stupid." His boss huffed, and the sounds from the other end indicated she was barking orders at the others in the station and fumbling around for something, most likely something to apprehend the Phantom with. "You can't take Phantom alone and you know that. Stop being reckless, dammit, we don't need another dead body! Stay in your damn car and don't move."

"Hey, hey, chill," Seiji tried to calm his boss down, but since when had that ever worked?

"I wasn't done speaking, Seiji. And don't tell me to chill when you could be the next victim. This is dangerous, I can't have one of my best detectives offed just because he had no impulse control. Stay in the car. Over." His boss rambled, and Seiji would've felt guilty betraying her if he hadn't already made his mind up.

"I'll be good. Over," was all Seiji said.

A beat of silence.

"Good as in you'll stay in the car?"

"Sure. Whatever you say."

"Don't you dare—" Seiji shut his radio off and tossed it into the passenger side, stepping out of his car easily. He shut the door behind him and raised his head, taking in the looming building in front of him.

125 Locust was the site of an old shipping warehouse, wooden boards halfway rotted and the roof caved in, moss growing up the walls intertwining with vines of all shades of green and purple. It was dark out, nearly black clouds covering the sun above, casting deep shadows across the wretched carcass of an establishment.

The door hung open and it was impossible to tell if it was left that way on purpose or if its hinges were simply busted and rusted from rain and wear. As he stepped closer, Seiji saw the murky film covering the inside of the building, shrouding the contents in a naturally made void, sucking up all outside light.

He took his flashlight out and he stepped in, sidling through the open door into a large room with scattered crates and boxes, empty and ghostly like, illuminated only by his flashlight. He had his gun with him—he'd checked five times on the way there—and he had his hand

set on the holster, ready to shoot first at any possible second. It was eerily quiet, dust stagnant in the air, but he could see well enough to notice the floor. It was patterned with little footprints, much too small to be his target, most likely from a child, and all Seiji could think was that someone was in danger. He thought about that little kid, terrified in the hands of a serial killer, shaking, all alone and seemingly abandoned by police and heroes.

He quickened his pace.

As he made his way through the collapsing warehouse, the wooden crates creaked under their aged weight, and thin pieces of plywood in the ceiling wobbled in every gust of wind held up only by rusty nails and steel beams. The floor was wet, maybe from the other day's rain, though it shouldn't have been more than a sprinkle hitting the building. A leak, then, maybe.

Something clattered to the ground at the far end of the warehouse, rolling around with loud metal against concrete scraping. It was heavy, slamming down and resonating.

Seiji's breath stuck in his throat, but he didn't waste time wallowing in his anxiety. Instead, quickening his pace to approach the origin of the sound, hand gripping his gun tighter than ever before, his knuckles turning white, he rounded a stack of crates, to see—

A little girl. She sat there, dirty and grimy, wearing a tattered and plain-looking dress. Her hair was a mess, tangled like a bird's nest, and her under eyes were blotched red and blue from a lack of sleep. She looked up with a pitiful expression, hugging her knees closer to her chest.

"Are you alright, are you hurt?" As much for Seiji's impulsive and reckless behavior, he didn't want to scare the kid by grabbing her and escaping to the police car. She'd been through a lot, quite clearly, and nearly kidnapping her wasn't the best way to deal with it. She shook her head, wide eyes staring up at Seiji. Something smelled awful, hurting his head with a headache. She must not have had the option to shower for a while, he assumed.

"Can you talk?"

"Yeah," the girl mumbled.

"Great. I, ah, I'm Detective Seiji Kumo. I'm here to help you. What's your name, kid?"

The girl stood up, towering over his crouching form, bringing a hand out from where it was hidden against her body.

A matchbox.

It was too late—by the time Seiji placed that smell, it was already over. It was over the second he got that note.

“Phantom.” She lit a single match, waving it tauntingly in the dirty air, casting dark shadows against her face. Those eyes weren’t red from sleep deprivation, but irritation from chemicals.

Gasoline.

It was gasoline on the ground, not water.

“This has been fun, ya know? Like hide and seek.” Her voice lilted, false innocence seeping through accompanied by absolute insanity.

“But I’m bored now, and I don’t really like being bored. So I guess that means the end, huh? Right, Seiji? Huh?” Her shrill giggles sent chills up Seiji’s spine. “Yeah... I think this is the end. Bye, bye, Mr. Detective.”

Phantom dropped the match.

by Morgan Bissell
contactin.bio @ excessivemascara

I'm surprised at how often I take pictures of stuff I don't need a picture of with my phone. -JR

ॐ शप्
Glimpses of
enlightenment
through music
omshapta.com

15
Kiddie
KI-X
STATION



74848

DIRTY DEK



PLEASE
DON'T
BREATHE

Echos by Kimmeth Powell
instagram @ dyessdesign

Michele's Musings... Music

Have you ever heard a song and been transported (in your mind) through time and space? The tendrils of those notes captivate your memory forever and draw you back. Emotions associated with that song float around your being, as they will for your entire life. How do these moments get imprinted on your soul intertwined with music that never dies? I can't claim to know any scientific information about why this happens, only that it does happen.

First loves, super awesome nights at the club, break-up songs, prom, a song from a perfect moment... whatever song is attached to those moments forever echo in your mind. The experience stays in that studio in your head, just waiting to be reanimated when you hear the song. No matter how long it is since the experience, it reanimates the emotions associated with it. Crazy, cool, huh?

Sometimes, a song swirls me down into pathos, and I swim in the seas full of angst and darkness from my youth. When it passes, I am reminded of how I have grown, and the pleasure I take living on an even keel. "Hello, darkness, my old friend..." lets me visit the past without having to stay there. I am whole and made up of many musical moments embedded in my psyche. The sad, the angry, the painful, the exhilarating moments of my life—all represented by songs.

Why did I feel a need to write about music now? Something that's so important, and powerful, in my life had to take a backseat during the pandemic. I am looking forward to making music dates, for concerts and local performances, very soon. I have family and friends who perform, and their lives have been affected. But as with anything that is a part of yourself, their musicality was just lying in wait to be able to be expressed again. I want to make new associations with songs, and fill my life with emotions. The good, the bad, and the ugly, but feeling them are what make me feel alive. So, my wish for all of you as we slowly come out of this pandemic, is to keep your heart and mind open to enjoying your future through music, as you continue to carry the weight of songs past.

by Michele Wilson

mailto:michelew@monkeyshines.media

I am forever using the dictionary app to double check my spelling! Remember paper pocket dictionaries? -JP



Break and Bounce by Rory Braun
instagram @ PeachParasite

Outside the Window

OUTLINE -

I. Power On

II. Self Test

a. Battery test.

b. Check for hardware failures.

III. BIOS

a. Check revisions

b. Processing specs

c. RAM installed

d. Operating system

e. CMOS - semi conductor. Holds date time.

f. Copy files to memory

IV. Memory update.

V. Observation

VI. Peripheral removal

VII. Reprocessing the dark.

Light.

Dark.

Light.

Dark.

Light...

...

...

BATTERY AT 10%.

PLEASE RECHARGE AND BACK UP FILES.

It has been fifteen years since I was placed in this spot. My body immobile. My central processing unit in safe mode. Still recording. Still computing. Still processing. The green outside is different today. The

grass is fifteen percent lighter than last year on this date. The sky is sixty-three percent blue, twenty-eight percent green, and eight percent red. There is approximately 15 microns of dust accumulated on the sill of the cracked attic window. I watch every day from this spot. I see each particle falling; collecting. I scan the room from this place. The insect in the corner is the fortieth in descent to occupy that spot. The thin strands of its web are in constant evolution. Today there is a small, cotton-like sack in the center of the web. It holds my next generation of companion. I look forward to watching them grow, hunt, survive, and spin their intricate designs. Below the web is a crate of parts. Circuits from previous versions of myself mixed with limbs and gears from old friends long retired. In the mess of wires, I notice something that I have not observed before. Perhaps the light is different. Perhaps it was added during my last sleep cycle.

It is so small, but I recognize it. A small tube of metal. At one end, a hinged joint with exposed coupling. At the other end a thin rubber pad. This was added to Version 6.0 to assist in gripping small objects. This particular part belonged to Version 13.5, my predecessor. It taught me to play chess. We spent many hours exploring the various combinations and computations across that field of 32 squares.

There are so many things to see.

The finished floor of the attic creaks in the wind. It is a familiar yet ever changing tune. With each year, it grows longer and more intricate. The long thin boards lead past my field of vision. I hear the click-ka-chunk, of the old latch being disengaged. The familiar footsteps. The thin wiry frame of my creator grunts and crouches over the crate of parts. I hear the parts move. He coughs. He sighs. He turns his head and meets my gaze.

His face is more textured than I remember. He stands and walks towards me. He kneels before me. His smile is... Kind. He is looking into my optic sensor. He scans the edge of it with his hand. He—Please don't.

No.

No.

OPTICAL SYSTEM OFFLINE

I no longer see the window.

I no longer see crate.

I no longer see the insect in the corner.

Dark.

Dark.

Dark.

PERIPHERALS RECALIBRATED.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Foot falls.

A shuffle.

A squeak.

The ka-chunk of the old latch engaging.

I hear the birds outside. The wind is blowing stronger now. The floor is sounding out its Oakwood sonata. I will listen closer now. I will observe the things that I have missed while seeing. It will be a new experience added to the old. Less to filter. The data will be different.

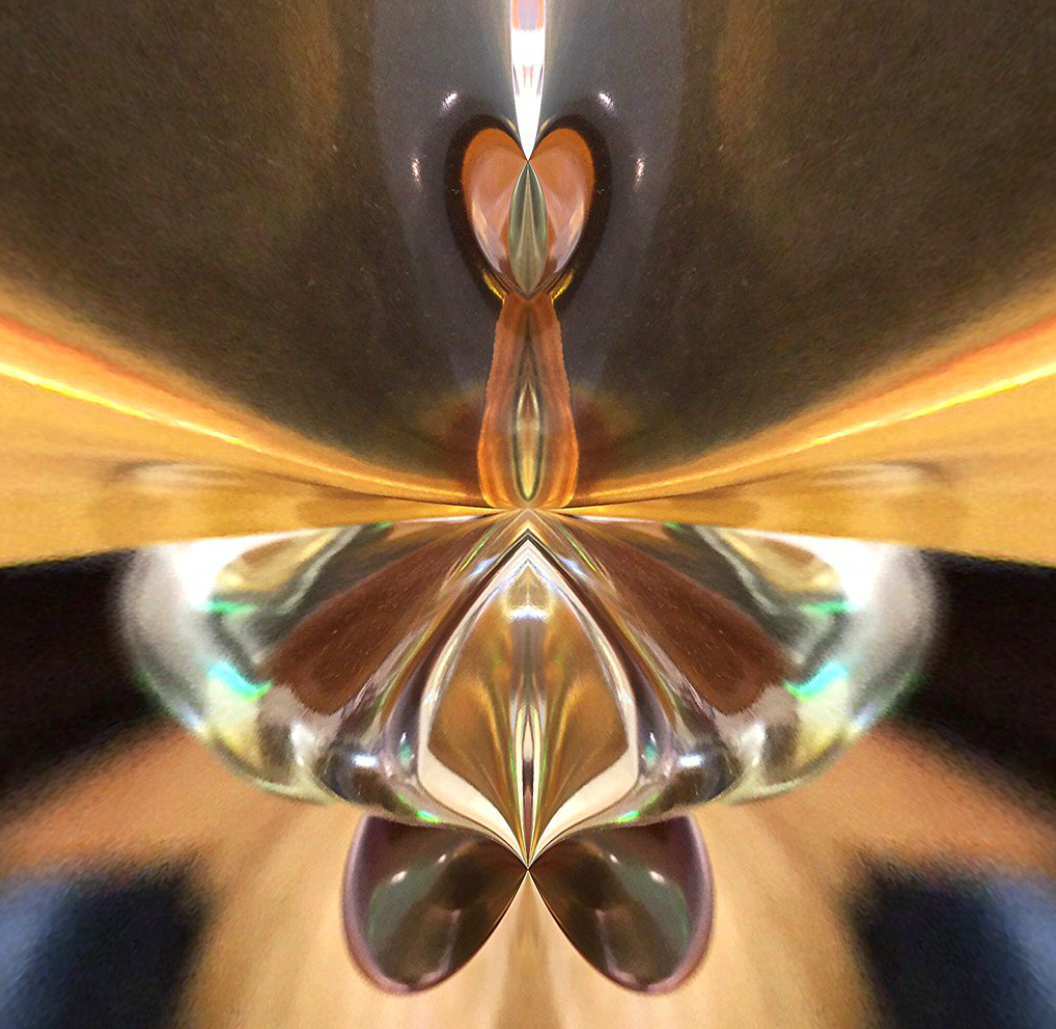
NEW FOLDER ADDED.

I shall store and remain. Forever will be different, but no less rewarding.

BATTERY AT 1%

PLEASE FIND A SIGNIFICANT POWER SO---

by Donald Swenson
facebook @ dswensondesign



Jewels of the Glass Peacock by Vincent Prator
instagram @ vpratorimages



What Is Humane

What is humane?

Is it a kind and friendly hello?

Is it dragging a sickly dolphin back to sea?

Is it saying prayers for our sick?

Is it giving change to the homeless?

Is it hunting to thin the herd to prevent over-population?

Is it "putting it out of its misery" after the animal
was shot?

Is it euthanizing colonies of feral cats to bring
down the number?

Is it relocating animals because "civilization" is
encroaching on their habitat?

Is it drug testing on mice to save human lives?

Is it doing nothing when some life needs help?

Is it killing lives to protect others?

Webster defines it as: Marked by compassion, sympathy,
or consideration for humans or animals

by Painted Birch
<mailto:oracle@monkeyshines.media>

I wanted a 1/72 scale model of the
USS Enterprise CV-6. I have a
1/144 scale one. Close enough! -MW

JP's Hot Source

Bayou Gotham Ruby Rebelle Bourbon Cayenne

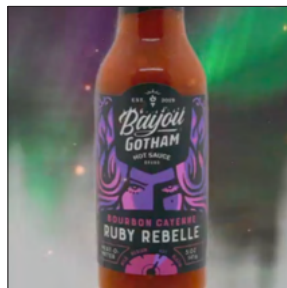
Find it here: bayougotham.com

Pepper: cayenne

Heat: 3 of 10

Pour: fast

Flavor: A cayenne sauce that has a heavy garlic flavor, which I don't think is a bad thing, it sets it apart from a standard cayenne sauce. A good flavor that is nice twist on cayenne sauce. It isn't too hot either, but has some kick. I backed the kickstarter for this and got all their sauces and sent the same to my brother. I figure why not? I'm always looking for new sauces and always am willing to try any suggestions. Besides part of the fun is trying new sauces. Sure, I've had some terrible sauces (maybe I'll put up the review of what I think is the worst in the next couple reviews). Lockdown has been tough and so do what you can to support hot sauce companies.



Violent Hippy Toasted Coconut Ghost Chile

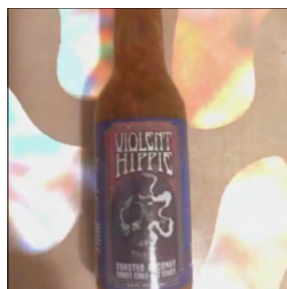
Find it here: tacticalories.com

Pepper: habanero and ghost chile

Heat: 6 out of 10

Pour: medium

Flavor: After the weekend, I needed a sauce to match the insanity I saw. This sauce assaulted my various social media feeds and that of my costar from **Metalhead Mysteries** (check it out on YouTube). He saw it and thought I needed it. See, viral marketing works. (Did I mention checking out **Metalhead Mysteries** on YouTube yet? New episodes when we get around to it.) Heat kicks in right away, but it's sweet. The coconut flavor mixed with the ghost chile is great. Definitely too hot for those who get scared easily, but tasty for those with a stronger constitution. I've done this with chicken, tacos, and breakfast. I'm not a seafood dude, but I could see it being great with that, as well maybe shrimp or something like that. It's a little weird, but in a good way. A good flavor with a nice kick to it, brought to you by viral bombardment. (Remember to check out **Metalhead Mysteries** on YouTube, and discover truths about the universe!)



by JP Hooper
facebook @ metalheadmysteries



Ollie Burger Fan Art
twitter @pthelo

The Carp

I remember deeply inhaling the summer air
squinting under sunlight
Today would be the day
or tomorrow
there are plenty left

I knew there was something to seize
to grasp and pull myself up
Today would be the day
or tomorrow
there are plenty left

What doors I would smash through
what barriers I would break
They would never expect me
but they would be grateful to have me

There was something to seize
I would light the world on fire!
Today would be the day
or maybe tomorrow
there were plenty
left

by Jonathan Russell
<mailto:jonathan@macphoenix.com>

Ever since I saw Dick Tracy talking
into his watch I wanted one...BAM! Apple
Watch. And now I'm Dick Tracy -MD

WELCOME TO

McMansion Hell



McMansion Hell

Scarfoll Council Public Information

From 12nd January 1973
it will be no longer legal.



Whatever you do
Don't



Don't be one of those people who mistakes
doing for not doing or you could face a fine.

For more information please reread this poster





Misery Angel by Melissa Barrett
twitter @melba_dnu

M Barrett
2020