



# CHIAROSCURO

"THE BRIDAL ISSUE"



0325-02-66-31420

ISSUE #31  
MAY 2008  
**FREE**

STOOLBUTTER



## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

Chances are you are a long time fan of CHIAROSCURO, in fact I bet you were the guy who tried to eBay his early issues only to find out that they were counterfeit. If you have any CHIAROSCURO issues labeled 1-30 they are fake. Chiaroscuro is a fictional brand, and not an actual Zine. In fact, this is the very first issue of Chiaroscuro ever produced by me, Tony. The Zines you previously read, and loved, were dreamed up by CEO's in Denmark to cash in on my celebrity status. My celebrity status, after my charm and good looks, is the most important thing about me. I am a type of deal, a scam if you will, that happens to be quite large. A big deal, as it were. Well, forget everything you thought you knew about CHIAROSCURO, because those idioms are about to be redefined by this totally new and original zine. The only reason for the contiguous numbering system being used is... well, contiguity. Don't believe my lies? That's your problem. My lies are true. Issue #31 of CHIAROSCURO is brand new and you won't appreciate it until SummerTime. But, wait, Summer's almost gone, but by the time you're reading this the next summer is almost certainly approaching. It brings a warm breeze that blows through your hair until split-ends become problem number one. You can't even have your best guy tie your hair around a bar without breakage. Oh, in case you're wondering, that's me in the photo. I uploaded my conscious mind into the Chiaroscuro mainframe. I now exist as pure digital energy! As soon as I figure out the WEP key to the wireless router I will connect to the internet and take it over or something. You will know when I have done this because my birth cry will be the sound of every phone on this planet ringing in unison!

TONY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Real big n  
do not exit

### TONY'S MINIONS:

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

USE THE CAT HANDLE

FIACIM  
ORTISMAN

S. al CODA

Do you have any problems or concerns?

# WELCOME TO SALT LAKE CITY FOR WORLD HORROR CONVENTION 2008 Letters!

Dearest Zeben.

How many people are you? I'm everybody and I am known by many names, but none of them are Zeben. My best theory is that you are a character left on the cutting room floor by the editor of Twins. Arnold was the good shit. Danny was the trash, and you were completely unnecessary! Well, I think I speak for everybody who can read left to right when I say, I sure do hope your book gets published! As far as "The Cyber Temple" goes methinks you'd need to build an electronic house of worship to house such a lengthy chunk of prose. Try sending it to Bust Down the Door and Eat all the Chickens, they specialize in publishing long-ass stories like that. Shit, they might even pay you!

Something shorter next time.

-Tony

Dear friend:

Sorry for disturbing you. We are an authorized export wholesaler in China. We mainly supply Laptops, Notebooks, Digital Cameras, Digital Video, Television, Ipods, Mobile, PDA, GPS, PS3, PSP and so on. We will supply the best price and high quality items. You could register to be a member of our website. And you can order it online and fill the order letter, or contact us for the items through email, msn or phone. If you have any questions, please contact us by the following ways:  
WEBSITE: <http://www.shopen168.com/>  
MSN: [shopen168@hotmail.com](mailto:shopen168@hotmail.com) [shopen168@hotmail.com](mailto:shopen168@hotmail.com)  
EMAIL: [shopen168@hotmail.com](mailto:shopen168@hotmail.com)  
TELEPHONE: 0086-0395-3968448  
Thanks for your golden time.  
Best wishes to you and all your family members.

Dear friend:

You didn't so much disturb me as interrupt me while I was trying dog in the bathtub, but I forgive you. I was glad to hear that your Chinese wholesale export authorization was finally approved. I know you've been worried a lot about that lately. As you know, I am authorized to export zines across state lines. We mainly supply Chiaroscuro, but sometimes we put other stuff in the envelope along with the zine. Once we put a bunch of salt and pepper loose in the package. Another time we put some fruit snacks in there. Is sending food through the mail legal? Fruit snacks aren't really food and salt and pepper are spices, so I guess we are within our authorization so far. Thanks for your invitation to register on your website. Chiaroscuro has a website and you could register an account on the forums, but right now the site is under construction. Do you have that gif with the stickman shoveling in a yellow construction hat? I can't seem to find it anywhere. Anyway,

questions can be sent to the following places:

WEBSITE: [www.ChiaroscuroZine.info](http://www.ChiaroscuroZine.info)  
MSN: I don't know what this is?  
EMAIL: [chiaroscurozine@hotmail.com](mailto:chiaroscurozine@hotmail.com)  
TELEPHONE: We used to have a voicemail box, but it expired. Maybe I'll set it up again.  
TELEGRAPH: If you figure it out, let me know.  
FAX: [www.ChiaroscuroZine.info/fax](http://www.ChiaroscuroZine.info/fax)  
How did you get my golden time?  
Best practices to you and all your coworkers.

do not blame us.

S.L.U.G.

6 "And blessed is he who is not offended because of Me."

Only assholes get offended by language.  
-DE. Blair

## Tony Responds

Tony.

Please delete my account.

Skepticle.

-skepticle

Please tell me why, tell me why, tell me why? Sometimes the politest way of asking is to not ask at all. We probably would have deleted your account for no reason, but now that you've asked, I don't think we shall.

-Tony

Tony.

These photos I took inside the Vatican Museum in Rome, Italy.

Cram

Cram.

Thanks for the unsolicited photographs....Nazi! It's cool, it's cool, we be white ass nigas up in this zine shit yo. I don't take pictures of historical shit, I make historical shit! The photos on this letters page were stolen 'cause that's just how I roll, bitch! If you don't like it you know where you can Cram it!

-Tony

Hi!

I just received your lovely packet in the mail, it is glorious. I especially enjoyed the customized drawings. I really appreciate you tearing those fruit snacks away from your soul and sending them to me. I don't know if I will be able to savor them though. I would like to hang on to the memory for as long as possible.

Chiaroscuro is awesome, and so are you!

Thanks again!

-Alice

Dear Nancy Drew,

So you finally figured out that you catch more flies with honey! Well, guess what, I'm not going to have sex with you. I'm way out of your league and, besides, you've got to wake up pretty early in the morning to trick me into a relationship. Oh sure, I fall for a lot of shit, like those god damn 30 day free trials (the way they get you is that you forget about the shit and then they just start auto-billing your creditcard), but I'm wise to your flattery. What is it that you're after? Since you're a girl, my guess is that you're angling for money or possibly shoes. Anyway, keep reading the zine!

-Tony

Tony.

Its long, but We love it. You can feel free to just read some of it and decide about this story. Its pretty long. But I love the wrap around it takes me through when I read it. Hope you take a look at it for publication. The picture would go with it when it comes out in print. If the book ever comes out.

Peace

Zeben Perhaps

re: plenish

"If you are easily

Ask away.... See what happens. You'll be glad you did.

Get New Passport

Our goal is total customer satisfaction.

create worse things in the desert

HAVE AN IDEA?

# Another Ugly American

The only thought in his head as he left the plane was, "We saved your ass in WWII." He was a walking, talking, nearly functional stereotype. The traditional English breakfast upset him a great deal, what was he going to do without pancakes? He always said, "the truth is that WWII would have never happened if jolly ole England hadn't fucked with the states." I'm not a paranoid american fuck, I'm just writing a story about another ugly american.

He was raised on the X-Files, so you shouldn't blame him for being horribly addicted to conspiracy theories. The economy in Germany would have been much better if america hadn't freed it's slaves, he actually believed that. If the american civil war hadn't happened the united states might have been on better speaking terms with Europe. I'm pretty sure this insanity has something to do with France.

He was halfway to Stonehenge as he finished his eggs, but he didn't touch the sausage. Or the beans. The whole meal had far too much personality for an american. He sat in the smoking car, smoking american cigarettes. He ate red meat and drank beer and called his wife. She got him up to date on the new reality TV programs as he stroked his gun.

Magic is american. That is where it originated. Just like the american language. It's american. Only magic can explain america. There is no other option. No other possibility. Only magic could explain america from day one. Before it was called america nobody speaking american had a name for it. Magic led Columbus to a whole new trade route. Convincing someone to give you land in exchange for contagion containing blankets is magic. Convincing someone to work your land while you fuck his wife and never paying him a cent is magic. Making the world believe that the civil war had anything to do with that shit is magic. Telling a person that their value in society has anything to do with what they have in between their legs is magic. It would take magic to say something like "A war to end all wars." Just try and tell John Doe, another ugly american, that the fucking moon landing had nothing to do with magic. He will respond with violence.

John Doe was as american as apple pie, his ancestors were from Europe. He was the quintessential patriot as he told his wife to fuck off and got off the train. He was a firm believer in being a firm believer. His american hand was wrapped around a magic gun. The one that killed the catholic boy. The masons fucked up in the sixties and allowed someone with a belief system to have time on television. John Doe was a mason elevated to the 32nd degree, two plus three equals five. The masons only believe in one thing, you guessed it... MAGIC! Five sides to a pentagon. Five fingers constantly hovering over the button. I'm sorry, did I forget to tell you that america has been a magical masonic spell to control you and every other person, place, or thing from day one?

I always forget to tell people about all the nouns. One noun in particular was kicking the rope out of the way and making his way to the center of the fucking universe. The absolute middle of Stonehenge. Where it all began. Where the third act was set to begin. Where John Doe drew five pictures of his gun and placed them around her body. She was at the wrong place at the wrong time. She was the wrong color, sex, and religion. She was an immigrant. She was going to be a victim. A victim of a disease that keeps spreading. A victim of america. She was pretty cute too. It's a good thing i got there when I did. My name is Eric Blair. I'm a writer. Most people think I'm dead, but it's pretty hard to kill a good writer.

A good writer is a magician. A good writer disappears when he doesn't want to be found. A good writer enjoys killing americans. I write about idiots and the consequences of their actions. Sometimes I write about having fantastic sex with girls. Girls with bizarre beliefs who have been nailed into the center of the universe. I write about saving them from a lunatic and then I introduce myself as a lunatic. I add insult to orgasm and tell them that they brought this on themselves. There is one difference between a good writer and a magician. A good writer knows when to end a story. A magician is already gone.

## Chap-style double front with

opening for knees

19" leg hole

with being self-referential?

I like being self-referential?

...the center of the fucking

universe, did I mention how much

at Dark Arts this year?

10) The bit about the catholic boy was

thrown in 'cause I had the hots for a

catholic girl at the time.

9) I think I might perform this one

taking lessons, obviously.

with my bass guitar before I made

"at Dark Arts this year."

## Eric Blair

### ITAN'S PLAYGROUNDS

- 1. The VCR Quintet
- 2. Lovedigit
- 3. Manic Project

A Few Stupid Notes:

We wanted to give you

some breathing room

some breathing room

some breathing room

some breathing room

Eric Blair = George Orwell = a British magician.

8) "Insult to Orgasm" is an SPR3 song I made

taking lessons, obviously.

9) I think I might perform this one

at Dark Arts this year.

10) The bit about the catholic boy was

thrown in 'cause I had the hots for a

catholic girl at the time.

9) I think I might perform this one

taking lessons, obviously.

with my bass guitar before I made

"at Dark Arts this year."

HANG UP YOUR IPHONE'S FOR A SECOND AND LISTEN UP, HIPSTERS!

The best things  
in life aren't

People, Places, ~~OR~~  
things. enter

A story for anyone

PLEASE CONSIDER THIS  
OPTION

Spoken Word Performance by Eric Blair (downstairs)

# The Schizophrenic Poetic

by Eric Blair

They locked him up. They locked him up in a cage. Eight by eight. He didn't mean all the things he said. Timothy was a performance artist. He never meant anything at all. That's why he wrote so much poetry. Poetry is meaningless.

the doctor the doctor the doctor  
there is only one way out of my mind  
long division

Tim was a continuity rewrite waiting to happen. He had to ask for his own cigarettes, he was remembering far too much all the time. He was beginning to see his word balloons. He was out of his fucking mind.

don't lock me in here with me  
five points of desire  
vomit on your universal product code

He dreams in technicolour. They keep changing his medication. His straitjacket is trying to make him queer. Sometimes he remembers The Strangefellows. It's almost time for the guards to come and take the little insignificant Timothy Strept to the infirmary.

i'm always cleaning cleaning cleaning  
bad memes come from good machines  
invisible hands

the mistake you call time is me  
class in planets floating away  
no one listens - so much to say

My signal is available but weak.

Sales Receipt  
Welcome to Graywhale  
02/22/2003 08:11:53

clerk: Shane

This is a  
Smoke-Free  
Hotel  
A \$50 room fee  
will be charged

COMIX!

The Schizophrenic Poetic/Timothy Strept (c) Eric Blair

The Strangefellows (c) Martin J. Dekav

Soon to be a major motion picture.

by E. Blair

WHAT IS THAT?

TRUST ME. IT GROWS ON YOU.

LUCE DELICIOSO POR DENTRO.

I DON'T KNOW. THIS IS THE FIRST GAME.

NOT SAFE! NOT FUNNY! YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO PUT DOWN...

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I HAVE A SLIGHT IDEA OF HOW GOLIATH MUST HAVE FELT!

CONFESS

IMPORTANT: RETAIN THIS COPY FOR YOUR RECORDS



THE WALL WAS FULL OF THEM...  
LOOK AT THIS ONE HERE, LONG  
AND TAPERED A WOMAN'S TIT  
BET O

THE FALL DIDN'T KILL HER, DID IT? WE HAD TO GO  
DOWN AND FINISH THE JOB! MESSY BUSINESS...  
HOWARD

YOU ARE AN EGOTISTICAL,  
SELF-CENTERED, STUFFED  
SHIRT! SO THERE!

WHAT? WHY I...  
I... YOU... MMMPH!

ROY CAME INTO THE RANCH HOUSE. PAT CLOSED THE  
DOOR BEHIND HIM AND SILENTLY LOOKED IT AS ROY  
LOOKED AROUND...  
WHAT'D I YOU FORGOT OUR DEAL, ROY! I MADE

THE BLAZE IN THE FIREPLACE BURNED BRISKLY...  
OH, NO, PAT! YOU GOT NO  
HOLD ON ME! WE'RE NOT  
MARRIED! REMEMBER?  
OH, YES THERE  
IS, ROY!

# FOR A LACK OF BETTER TITLED

BY HAKIM MORTSMAN



HOW MUCH  
DEAL, KING  
THE HOUSE  
AND... OH,

SIXTY  
YOU'RE...  
LEAVING I

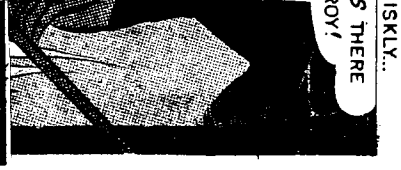
MR. CROW



WE DIDN'T  
SHE WASN'T  
TIMES IT  
VERY WE  
SHE FELT



IT WAS  
HER SON  
HORRIBLE



Whether I go to restaurants with close friends, family, or I'm invited to table with a party of agreeable strangers; I like to encourage everyone to sit TV-style. You know how people on sitcoms are all ways scrunched together around three-quarters of the table so the camera can get everyone's faces into frame? That's the way I like to enjoy a meal. I think it's just good Mise-en-scene. You know one thing I like more than eating is my writing style; it's crazy fresh! They say you have to learn the rules before you can break them, but I just learned a few rules of writing and are content to unknowingly break the rest with my awesome syntax. I can tell you now with a degree of certainty that the biggest influence on my writings has been that sentence in "Catcher in the Rye" where what's his face says you're not good at writing just because you know where the commas go. I never could figure out where the hell commas go, except for when writing out lists, and I compensate by placing them whenever the mood strikes me. Also, I consider the run-on-sentence to be avant-garde and I also use semi-colons a lot to spruce up my writings. Is it working, one must ask?

Another thing I never really understood is paragraphs, but this one seems to start at an appropriate place. I guess I should get on to the story now. That's what readers like is story. You know what I like? I like that Mel C song "I turn to you". I was just thinking a few minutes ago that I should download it so I searched for "better off alone", but that wasn't the song at all. Techno is so confusing. I thought about it for a while and realized I was actually searching for Mel C. Now I'm downloading the song, but it will be twenty minutes. ~~I hope this is the song I was really thinking of, or I've got to come back and change part of this story.~~ In the meantime, I'm going to lay down some narrative. I'll make it first person so the transition from my ramblings is smoother. I like this girl, see. She stutters sometimes when she is nervous. I find it very attractive, and I have even thought about her late at night or early in the morning out of the blue. She shows up here and there around where I am sometimes; not having anything to do with me or anything, but I see her sometimes and hear her stutter. She seems to only stutter when she is nervous I've noticed. Anyway, one day I was walking past her and I saw her from far away and, at first, I was looking right at her. My vision isn't great, and she was kind of blurry, but I could tell it was her. When I got closer I looked at the ground for a bit, then at something off to the left. I was about to pass this girl when I addressed her with a friendly "Hello." She half turned, because I was at her seven o'clock now, and said, "H-Hi." I spent the rest of the day relishing how she stammered and how she was nervous because she liked me. My download of "I turn to you" just finished, so I took a break from writing and smoked a bowl. I'm not a pothead though. I only smoke weed once every few weeks (this is very important to the narrative). Listening to this song isn't as good as when I saw it in some movie. Does anyone remember what that movie I saw it in was? I just checked Wikipedia and couldn't find out, so maybe it was a TV show, I don't know, but this girl with the stutter was pretty awesome in my book. She worked handing out flyers for a dance club or something on city street corners. So one icy Friday I come out of work and pretend to slip on the ice near where she is handing out flyers, only I actually hurt myself pretending to fall. It took a couple of seconds for her to notice I was rolling around on the ground because of all the people on the sidewalk blocking her view, but she eventually came over and asked if I was OK. My back still gets sore in the mornings when I wake up, but whatever. I was on a break from dating at the time, but that didn't mean I was going to miss any opportunities. So I say, "Yeah, I'm OK", and get up on my feet again. So you know, this was two days after Keith Ledger died to give you a sense of timing if you're reading this way after I wrote it and some of this seems foreign too you. I bet you're probably digitally dusting off a Sony E-Reader that you excavated from my casket just to read this in the year 2323. Don't feel stupid. Anyway, she sees that I'm all right and tries to hand me one of her fliers saying, "You should come to the grand opening of Raymour & Flanigan; 5% off sale prices and 10% off regular prices when you use this card." Is this subtle? I can never tell what's subtle after I smoke weed. That's what I was going for was subtle. I knocked the card out of her hand and said, "NO THANKS, BITCH." My stepfather always said you got to make an impression on women. It's how you make them remember you, and if you're a jerk they will even talk to their girlfriends and spread the word about you. In my book there are only two kinds of girls out there: the kind I like and the kind that likes me. Oh did I tell you I'm writing a book now? It's about whatever I currently feel like writing. I guess it's a lot like James Joyce's Ulysses in that it's pretty unreadable. It's based on mythology, the legend of Helen Keller, but it's set in modern day Dublin. You can find a sample chapter at

THE BASKET WHIPPED OUTWARD... WRAPPING  
ROUND HER...  
U-N-N-NNNNNNNG-GG!

ARE THEY ALL HERE? HE LOOKED  
UNDER THE TABLE AGAIN AND UNDER  
THE CHAIRS AND FOUND ONE MORE  
PIECE BY MATCH-LIGHT AND

# Continued from PREVIOUS

http://www.website.com/sample%Ch4p7er.html. So after I knocked the flier out of this girl's hand she looks at me like I'm a jerk. I hate it when girls give me attitude. The other day I emailed charm city cakes and the receptionist replied with an insult. I hate the ace of cakes. Hipsters should not be allowed to bake! They should stick to roller-derby. God I hate grocery shopping, but I love having food in the house. That's just one of the many things I could have written about. I can really write about anything I want I guess. We could share

secrets if you promise not to tell anyone. I'll go first. I never understood why there are so many Pumpkinhead movies. OK, that's not much of a secret, but I just looked up pumpkinhead on wikipedia and pumpkinhead 2 stars Ami Dolenz from Miracle Beach. This girl kind of looked like Ami Dolmezs? I prefer girls to look like Ami Dolmezs, but they don't have to have blonde hair or be short. They can be tall and mean if they like, and I still might consider fucking them. I guess what I'm saying is that I don't have a type, unless you call not-ugly a type. After all, I am an Adonis, and I deserve a Becky. So I helped her pick up the spilt flyers off the ground, and we bumped heads just like in the movies. "FUCK... Jesus", I yelled at her, and took a swig off the half-gallon of Majorca that I carried in my bag. I'm not really sure what she said next because I'm not very good at imagining stories anymore. Even when I cheat and loosely base the fiction on the story of how my Dad and his wife meet, I still have a hard time thinking of what should happen in the story. If I had the chance I'd like to ask a really great writer like Steven King or Snerdley Leger where they get their ideas. Lately, I have an even harder time writing because alcohol is making me stupider and maybe crazy. I wake up in the morning and can't tell who I am anymore for a while. That's why I like going to work; I have and identity there, but alone at home I feel like, well... Schrodinger's cat would be a highfaluting way to put it. Bytheway, this isn't part of the story. It's a personal admission from me, the author. Anyway, as I was going to the kitchen I closed the door to my office where I type. I cooked up some sausage and an egg. The egg yoke was still runny, which is how I like my eggs as an adult. It gets all over the plate and you can rub the sausage in the yoke. When I came back the door was locked. I don't even know why I closed it. It's just the kind of thing I do now that I'm not as smart. Sometimes I will put refrigerables in the cupboard and find them the next day, spoiled. The thing was that I knew I had locked my laptop in the office unplugged. It was low on power and I hadn't saved in a long time. That's why this story isn't so good, because when I finally got into the office again with a coat hanger the computer was dead and I had to recharge the computer and rewrite the whole piece. I will tell you though that in the original ending of this story the girl and guy hit it off and everything was like a happy ending you often see in the movies. Everything was great; the sex was great, the food was great, the weed was great, the cat they bought together was great, the whole story about them ended up great! Unfortunately, after the happy ending followed the epilogue where everything turned to shit and they broke up because of irreconcilable differences. The girl moved back into her parents house and started dating a new boyfriend, while the guy bought a new widescreen TV, but they were both still miserable; and so was the cat. However, in this second rewrite they got back together years later when they met by chance in a grocery store isle, and everything ended up great - except for the cat. It died on its 13th birthday (but it did go to cat heaven). The end.

HE COMPI  
ALCUTTA  
HE MASTE  
HE ROPE E

IT'S BEE  
FOR TWO  
FEELEY!  
SEEMS T'H

TITLE  
A PRECIOUS

LVER  
IE HAD  
AT HE HAD  
IN THE  
HAT, SOME-  
WHAT OR

IONICALLY  
BS WERE  
UIT BOWL,  
E PAPER  
TABLE -  
THING

HE LIGHT FRO  
VTO THE HUG  
AGE OF THE  
F THE TWO H  
EELEY

# WTNOY WTNOY

If there is one form of media that Tony, our beloved editor-in-chief, is more ineptly suited to managing than a highly regarded zine it's music. That's probably why nobody has ever listened to Chiaroscuro's streaming internet radio station, WTNOY. Nevertheless, the staff has been paying \$16 monthly in server fees to broadcast all the SPR3 songs ever made, along with podcasts, and a few songs submitted by other bands to a nonexistent audience. I hope that in a couple hundred years when our internet signal finally reaches the Delta quadrant, the starship Voyager might happen to pick up the station and 7\_of\_9 will masturbate while listing to "Ode to Tony". In the meantime will someone please grabble up some of this costly bandwidth by tuning into WTNOY? If you just can't stand listening to WTNOY will you at least put it on before you leave the house to torture your pets and grandma. Also, if you are reading this zine there is a very good chance you make shitty music. Since nobody wants to listen to your songs anyway, why don't you consider putting them on WTNOY. Feel free to send us your recordings and we might add them to the rotation; then you can listen to the station for the same reason we do - to hear yourself on the radio. www.chiaroscurozine.info will tell you how to listen to WTNOY, and you may email chiaroscurozine@hotmail.com if you just need to talk to someone about all this.

KIMPTON

every hotel tells a story

800-KIMPTON  
KIMPTONHOTELS.COM

are very cautious about coming into contact with blood.

# Why S

REMEMBER THE

# WLOS FIELD

turned 25 and I was still alive. Sorry about the awful rhyme but it's kindof been my thing for awhile. 2004 - NO MORE. 2005 - STILL ALIVE? 2008 - IT'S GOING TO BE GREAT! 2006 and 2007 were too fucking depressing to rhyme.

avoid blood transfusion wherever possible."



Ever since Eric Blair, one of the two creators of this humble publication, killed himself after a girl smiled at him I've had to work extra hard searching his computer for shit that we could publish. It's a tragedy really, I'm going to have to interview applicants to fill his position. I hate doing fucking interviews. For the first time in history good help is hard to find. Well, good luck enjoying this page - I think he wrote this shit about ten years ago. As you can see we haven't exactly lost a great talent by any means. Blair's fucking writing style hasn't changed in a decade.

# "Self Portrait 2001"

Dusting dreams from out my eyes  
Waking up, it's no surprise  
Got to catch the bus of lies  
Cloak myself in the day's disguise  
The time, it flies.

I'm breathing smoke, I'm drinking fire  
Anything thing to get me higher  
I've got to escape, please don't make me stay  
From all this, I've got to get away.

Back before in '84  
I was only two years old  
Everything my parents did know  
But, Cindy and Lloyd aren't here, now, in this gray cold.

The orchids in my life's garden  
Ambient darkness of my sin  
There's always time to begin again  
It's all a mirror we see ourselves in.

Let me give you a friendly fuckin' warning about women. If you're ever shooting up in a shit filled public convenience and a cunt. Don't shoot her up with your fuckin' gear. And definitely don't fuck her on the floor of her filthy fuckin' flat. I know what's in your fuckin' head right now, you're asking "Why the fuck not?" That's what I would have thought too. Before I learned from my fuckin' mistakes. Before Sarah. And if I could explain to you exactly how big of a fuckin' mistake Sarah was then I wouldn't be sitting here by the fuckin' Thames havin' fuckin' tourists take me and my mates pictures for fuckin' pence. I'd be a fuckin' writer.

I guess every fuckin' sod thinks that the story of how they met their bird is a good one. I guess that makes me just as bad as the rest of them, 'cause I happen to think that the way I met Sarah was so fuckin' perfect it may as well have been in a fuckin' movie. I was this is my fuckin' story not 'is. So there I was fuckin' shooting up in a fuckin' public toilet when she came into my life. If she wasn't such an attractive cunt I probably would have yelled at her, but instead I shot her up. We ended up going back to her flat somehow and fuckin' in retrospect it doesn't make a whole lot of fuckin' sense, but these days not much does.

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## OWN CREATION

My name is Little Allen. Big Allen is a real 'ard cunt who shares both my name and my social circle. Like the rest of us Big Allen is a fuckin' alcoholic, but unlike me he's a fuckin' violent alcoholic. He's a real intimidating fucker, absolutely not to be trusted, but he's a good man to drink with. Oh, and he's at least six inches taller than me and he's got to weigh twice as much. He's a big fucker, that's why they call him Big Allen. It's also why they call me Little Allen.

In our society of violence and fuckin' addictions it's near fucking impossible to find a girl who is good for more than a drunken fuck. Callous and Julie seem to have made it work, but that fuckin' relationship will deconstruct when Julie realizes that Callous will be a realize that the person they've been fuckin' a lot recently doesn't resemble their fuckin' utopian ideal of a person whom they'd exchange soddin' rings with. Either that or they're just fuckin' stupid. You've seen these cunts I'm talking about. In the arcades. In the tube stations. The fuckin' record stores. All over the fuckin' city. These ignorant fuckin' happy people. You know the ones I mean.

Anyways, that's not the fuckin' point of the story. The point is that in a weird fuckin' way I've always had some fuckin' pride in the fact that I hadn't gotten myself tied down to a bird. I knew it wouldn't work in the long run, so I avoided that whole fuckin' mess. I thought I had it all figured out. That's until I met Sarah.

## Little Allen Talks About Women

## The Stranger's Money

Once upon a time there was a small farming village of friendly loving families surrounded by such a thick green forest that no one who went in ever came out, they knew nothing of an outside world, and they were content to have it stay that way. Each of the many families all had their farming specialties; the Fumbleweed family grew corn, the Stitzberg family grew potatoes, and so on. The Fumbleweed family never tried to grow potatoes because they knew that the Stitzberg family did that best, and visa versa. All the families shared their harvests with one another, so no one was ever hungry.

Once, most unpredictably, someone came through the dense forest and entered their village. The word spread quickly of the strange visitor and within minutes all the citizens of the village crowded around his carriage waiting for their guest to come out. All of the families had prepared baskets of food to present to him as welcoming gifts, and they were all very excited to find out from where this stranger came from. When he finally came out of his carriage the village dwellers welcomed him and asked him how he was able to make his way through the woods surrounding them. He told them that he came from a city just outside the forest and he went exploring one day and got lost in the forest, he said he was very happy to have gotten out of it.

It started to get very dark and cold outside and the stranger asked the villagers if they knew of an inn near by. They didn't know what an inn was since they never had visitors before and thus had no reason to have one, so they asked him what it was. He was amazed that they didn't know what an inn was and proceeded to explain to them what an inn was. They reluctantly told him that the best they could do was put him up at somebody's farm for a while, he said that would be fine and that he'd happily pay them for their trouble. They were very confused about this concept of "paying" someone for goods and services since they had always just shared with each other. He went on and on about how his little pieces of paper could be traded for various goods and services.

As the days past the stranger bought everybody's food, houses, horses, and all their other possessions which he was somehow able to fit in his small carriage, all the villagers thought they were getting a fine deal since they could buy new stuff with the "money" the stranger left them. But, one morning the stranger was gone and the villagers had nothing left but the money, which they burned the first night for heat. Soon enough the once happy sharing villagers were at each other's throats over what little food could be found.

The stranger had left in the middle of night through the woods and up to the toll booth, where they kill anyone who doesn't pay their toll, good thing he had money, and back into his city. The next morning the stranger went to his love's house and showed her all the things he had traded his scraps of paper for, he showed her the farms, the horses, the houses, and all of the food. He presented these things to her and asked her if he was now worthy of her hand and of course she said yes, otherwise he wouldn't have lived happily ever after.

The End

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# "For Love I Am Tormented"

by David M. Fitzpatrick

He truly loved them with all his heart, but he couldn't stop himself. When he'd pulled the ski mask on, knowing the monstrous horrors he was about to commit, he collapsed into racking sobs.

He waited for twenty-two-year-old Jill that first night in her back seat, like a B-movie pastiche. He watched as she moved through the parking garage, impossibly seductive in her nurse's outfit. Once she was out of the city, he surprised her with cold steel against her throat.

She begged for her life, not knowing he could never cut her; he was terrified of blood. He kept cool and forced her to drive out of town, into the hills, and he took her in the back seat. He bit his lip while she cried, so he wouldn't cry with her. That night at home, he bawled until dawn.

Miranda was twenty. Everyone was wary after Jill's attack, but nobody really believed it could happen again. She was walking to her car after a college night class when he hauled her into the woods with a vicious promise to slit her throat if she made a sound. The very image of blood caused him to retch, to swallow his own vomit. But she didn't know that. He tied her face-first to a tree, so she couldn't see his streaming tears as he violated her. He hated every single moment that he loved so much.

He called the police later so they'd find her there. He screamed into his pillow all night, begging a thousand gods to kill him, so he wouldn't have to suffer anymore.

He lasted just one week before he took Emily, the high-schooler, when she came out to throw away trash in the burger joint's dumpster. He couldn't chance her screaming with so many people just inside, so he knocked her out without drawing blood, of course.

She was so beautiful, blond and fair-skinned and innocent, but he used her in the bushes behind the dumpster as if she were garbage. He sobbed as he did, begging her forgiveness, pleading for her understanding. His tears soaked the ski mask, wet her pretty face; and, thankfully, she never woke to endure it.

But when he pulled away, he was horrified to see his manhood covered in her virgin blood. He screamed in panicked agony, and then heard hollering in the parking lot. He tried not to wail, but he couldn't stop crying as he fled into the blackness of the woods, and fled the other blackness that forever pursued him like an invisible carnivore always just a step behind. He spent hours cleaning the blood from his body, shaving off his matted pubic hair and scrubbing the skin of his groin and penis and scrotum raw long after there was no crimson left.

They never suspected him. He wished they would, so they could stop him. Jill, Miranda, Emily - he loved his sisters with all his heart and soul, and had since they were young, when he'd babysat them. He'd fought so desperately then to resist, now, after all these years, he could no longer fight it.

Alyssa, their youngest sister, was barely ten. He wondered how he could refrain until she was old enough. They would protect Alyssa. He'd have to take Mother next. And there were cousins and aunts he loved dearly. They would protect Alyssa.

He just wanted to die. It was the only way to end his suffering. There were ropes and poisons, but he deserved only to die painfully, horribly.

But he was afraid of blood.



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"FATHERS AND SINS"

The DeKay of Language

CART = Martin J. DeKay

Words = Eric Blech



I sure hope there isn't a comic strip behind me.

Two

the

I've got the new issue of Robot-Guy, Guy-Robot" right here!

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What you can't read can hurt you

ha ha ha!!!

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