

CHIAROSCURO



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Letter From The (Fill-In) Editor

I feel a little weird doing this. Can this zine even be called CHIAROSCURO (or COPULATE) without having Tony working as it's editor-in chief? Apparently it can because, after over a year of wishing (and hoping) for Tony's return, you are holding in your hands the thirty-second issue of CHIAROSCURO. It's the zine that nobody wants and yet everybody needs. It's ever evolving and always confusing. It's blah blah blah. Ad copy propaganda bullshit mostly. Well, please allow me to introduce myself I am a cat of wealth and taste. I've been around for a long long year, stole many a man's soul and faith. I was around when Tony had his moment of doubt and pain. He took off to Moonsylvania looking for MotherCat's forgiveness and he hasn't been heard from since. After Tony left Eric Blair's life I found him lying in a gutter mag selling ads for cheap beer and car companies. There was only one thing I could do, I took all his booze. Drank it up and made him sweat it out. When he regained coherency he was in the new CHIAROSCURO HQ that I had constructed based on his ramblings. I did my best to fill Tony's shoes and commanded he create another zine immediately, I didn't have ten seconds to spare. They say Hacim went to Moonsylvania in order to find Tony and bring him back; they also say Hacim got a straight job, married a cunt he couldn't stand, and left his zine life behind him. Luckily I was able to track down the only person who had gone from CHIAROSCURO to working at a gas station - the legendary Bradley Sands was graceful enough to contribute to the first issue of my, hopefully short, reign. By the time this issue goes to print there may be other submissions published, but history tells me that people tend to be full of shit. As for me - there is no need to guess my name.... Though you may continue to be puzzled by the nature of my game.

- The Baron

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It was perfectly harmless way to spend my time; taking advantage of others, raising their rents, eating their cats, grabbing asses and such. I did it all from the comfort of my penthouse apartment. The smell of the tenants below sometimes seep into my quarters and disturbed me, but never so much as the time Fred Grady died. When I finally sent the handyman to investigate the stench, the corpse he found was holding a broom. The body was removed and it's possessions auctioned - except for the broom. I keep the broom in my broom closet and never swept the floor. Years passed and the broom never saw the light of day. The floor of my penthouse suite became very dirty. Sometimes I heard sounds at night coming from the broom closet, but I refused to sweep the floor. Eventually, when my lease was up, I decided to move to a bigger place in a nicer part of town. The Movers came and started packing boxes. When one of them opened the broom closet they found there the broom - it had gone insane!

By Hacim M.

Hot

House

bye

Got an email from a woman claiming to be my ex-wife - said her name was Claudette and she wanted to meet up in Hot House C. It was unpleasantly warm in the Chinchilla Room, yet she showed up wearing a winter coat, scarf and dark glasses. The security guard eyed us suspiciously. He seemed vaguely familiar, but I couldn't quite place him. I tried to speak, but she shushed me into silence and dragged me off into a group of German tourists, where she pretended to take pictures of a Common Kingsnake until the guard finally lost interest and wandered off. I tried to follow her, but she disappeared into a crowd of people.

She removed her glasses, but I still didn't recognise her. Auburn hair, green eyes: she was attractive, I guess, but not really my type. I told her I thought she'd mixed me up with somebody else, but then she comes out with all this personal stuff that no one else could possibly know. When the place had emptied out she hopped over the barrier into the Desert Exhibit, signalling for me to follow. From the outside the enclosure seemed quite small, but we walked for an hour across barren scrublands and pink-tinged dunes into a trick cinematic perspective. I couldn't figure it out: there was no sky, just acres of glaring arc-lamps suspended on a seemingly endless gantry overhead, while the horizon was a badly-painted backdrop that we seemed to never quite reach. Ruby-coloured scorpions scuttled past my feet and plump-looking rodents emerged from behind cacti or cattle skulls, sniffing the air as they blinked into the shimmering heat.

(She led me to a ramshackle wooden shack in the foot-hills where she served up lemonade and showed me our wedding album. "You really don't remember, do you? We were on the run in Switzerland and assassins sabotaged the ski-lift.... there was a terrible accident. You fractured your skull. Even now, the thought of cold weather or snow makes me -" Her eyes moistened and she started to shiver uncontrollably, despite her heavy coat. I tried to comfort her, but the security-guard arrived and kicked the door open. He howled in anguish at the sight of us sat there together. "Damn it, girl - I took good care of you and you pay me back by running off with that amnesiac ex-husband of yours!" He shot her and blood blossomed unexpectedly on her throat, like some terrible devil-cactus that only flowers once every century.

I killed him quickly, with my bare hands, gouging eyes and cracking vertebrae, using some arcane self-defence system I never even knew I knew. Murder's like riding a bike, I guess - once learned, never forgotten. Afterwards, I studied his face, finally recognising my own dull brown hair and pale, tight-skinned features in his. He looked like some long lost cousin you might meet at a family reunion. Seems like my ex had a pretty narrow taste in men. I buried them together round the back of the shack. It felt right. The situation had some terrible symmetry that made perfect sense at the time: he loved her, she loved me and I didn't have a clue who either of them were.

It seemed logical to take his clothes and his identity - which is how I ended up working as a guard in Hot House C. At night, I explore the tangled arboreal depths of the Nocturnal Rain-Forest Exhibit, hunting for lost tribes and documentary film-crews. It's cloyingly warm and a bit creepy in there, but I find the sullen red lighting and the pre-recorded bird-song strangely comforting. Meanwhile, I spend my days studying the monotone grain of CCTV monitors, patiently searching for signs of someone that I might recognise or even know.

You

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THIS?

Page 3

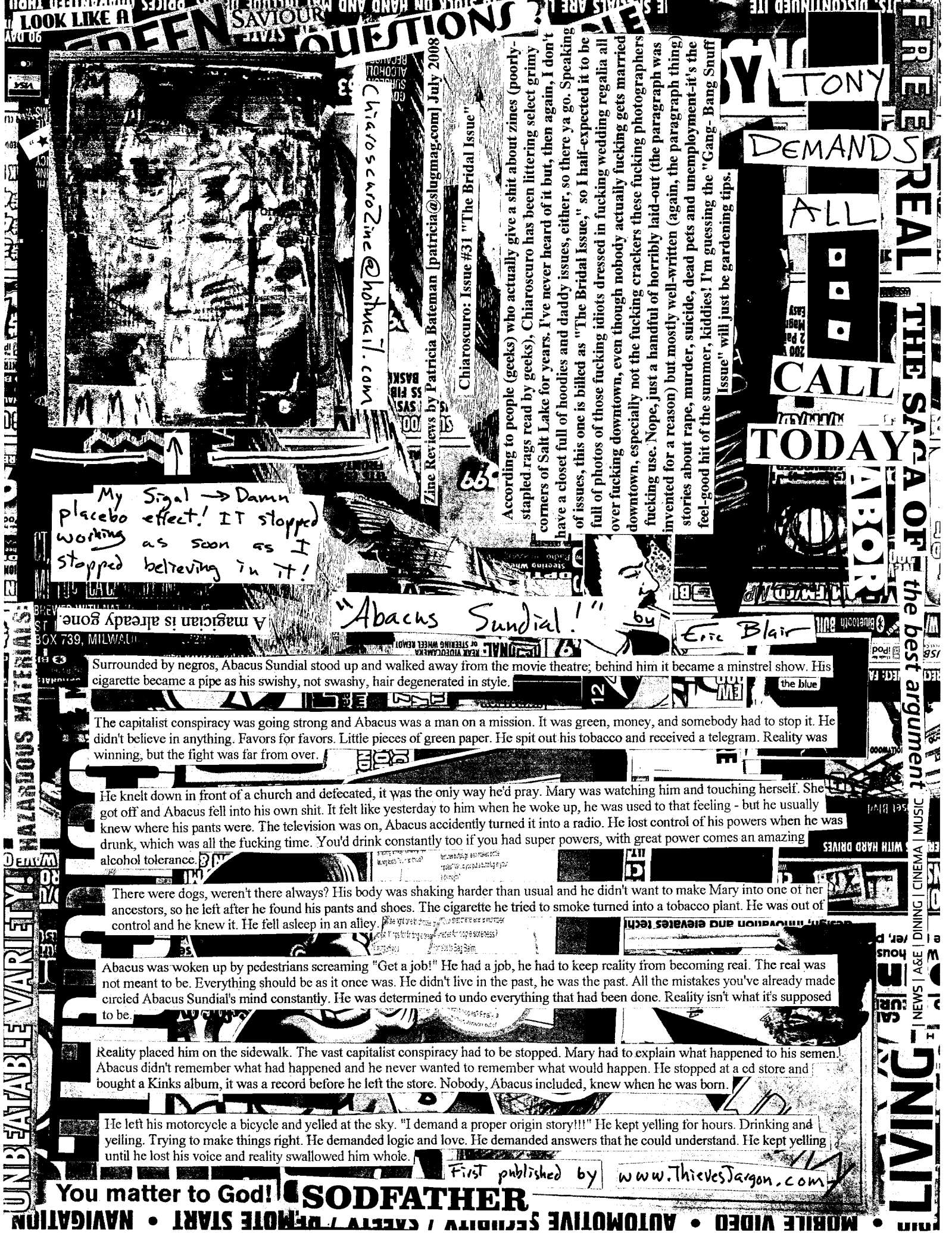
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LOOK LIKE A SAVIOUR
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ChiaroscuroZine@chhuai.com
Zine Reviews by Patricia Bateman [patricia@slugmag.com] July 2008
Chiaroscuro: Issue #31 "The Bridal Issue"
According to people (geeks) who actually give a shit about zines (poorly-stapled rags read by geeks), Chiaroscuro has been littering select grimy corners of Salt Lake for years. I've never heard of it but, then again, I don't have a closet full of hoodies and daddy issues, either, so there ya go. Speaking of issues, this one is billed as "The Bridal Issue," so I half-expected it to be full of photos of those fucking idiots dressed in fucking wedding regalia all over fucking downtown, even though nobody actually fucking gets married downtown, especially not the fucking crackers these fucking photographers fucking use. Nope, just a handful of horribly laid-out (the paragraph was invented for a reason) but mostly well-written (again, the paragraph thing) stories about rape, murder, suicide, dead pets and unemployment-it's the feel-good hit of the summer, kiddies! I'm guessing the "Gang- Bang Snuff Issue" will just be gardening tips.

My Sigal → Damn placebo effect! IT stopped working as soon as I stopped believing in it!
Eric Blair
"Abacus Sundial!"
A magician is already gone

Surrounded by negros, Abacus Sundial stood up and walked away from the movie theatre; behind him it became a minstrel show. His cigarette became a pipe as his swishy, not swashy, hair degenerated in style.

The capitalist conspiracy was going strong and Abacus was a man on a mission. It was green, money, and somebody had to stop it. He didn't believe in anything. Favors for favors. Little pieces of green paper. He spit out his tobacco and received a telegram. Reality was winning, but the fight was far from over.

He knelt down in front of a church and defecated, it was the only way he'd pray. Mary was watching him and touching herself. She got off and Abacus fell into his own shit. It felt like yesterday to him when he woke up, he was used to that feeling - but he usually knew where his pants were. The television was on, Abacus accidentally turned it into a radio. He lost control of his powers when he was drunk, which was all the fucking time. You'd drink constantly too if you had super powers, with great power comes an amazing alcohol tolerance.

There were dogs, weren't there always? His body was shaking harder than usual and he didn't want to make Mary into one of her ancestors, so he left after he found his pants and shoes. The cigarette he tried to smoke turned into a tobacco plant. He was out of control and he knew it. He fell asleep in an alley.

Abacus was woken up by pedestrians screaming "Get a job!" He had a job, he had to keep reality from becoming real. The real was not meant to be. Everything should be as it once was. He didn't live in the past, he was the past. All the mistakes you've already made circled Abacus Sundial's mind constantly. He was determined to undo everything that had been done. Reality isn't what it's supposed to be.

Reality placed him on the sidewalk. The vast capitalist conspiracy had to be stopped. Mary had to explain what happened to his semen. Abacus didn't remember what had happened and he never wanted to remember what would happen. He stopped at a cd store and bought a Kinks album, it was a record before he left the store. Nobody, Abacus included, knew when he was born.

He left his motorcycle a bicycle and yelled at the sky. "I demand a proper origin story!!!" He kept yelling for hours. Drinking and yelling. Trying to make things right. He demanded logic and love. He demanded answers that he could understand. He kept yelling until he lost his voice and reality swallowed him whole.

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within and with- out the pile and eating

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THIS PUNK

AMERICAN FORK

ADAPTATION

Saturday is always a regular workday!

AT

The end all be all of the Salt Lake Underground experience is that I got involved in something I probably shouldn't have. I felt flattered by the serious invitation after my pretty obviously sarcastic inquiry and the whole thing spiraled out of control. There was a lot of other blah blah blah shit, but ultimately it was the greatest zine war CHIAROSCURO has ever been involved in! We took down every other zine we've ever been in a skirmish with (Wasatch Poetry & Prose, Cut & Paste Revolution, Hitting Rock Bottom, etc). On the one hand you could say that this one was a draw. Both publications survived. On the other hand despite what their fucking press kit states S.L.U. is as much a zine as the Magic Nickle is an artistic venture!

E. Blair

RECORD

SLUG MAGAZINE reviewed issue 31 of Chiaroscuro and the girl who wrote the review, Patricia Bateman, criticized my piece because it was shitty and only had two paragraphs.

"...a handful of horribly laid-out (the paragraph was invented for a reason) but mostly well-written (again, the paragraph thing) stories about rape, murder, suicide, dead pets and unemployment..."

First off: The paragraph was discovered, not invented!

Second: She was probably mad because I stated in the piece that hipsters should not bake and she fancies herself both Hipster and Baker.

Third: She can't tell where one article ends and another begins without three pages of ADs separating them.

Forth: She may not have been directly referring to my piece, but the zine as a whole.

Fifth: She wouldn't know a good zine if it accidentally got her pregnant, and then offered to marry her even though they were both only 15 and had their whole lives ahead of them and the zine had to give up it's dream of playing professional football.

Also she probably "half-expects" everything.

Advertisement Space — Advertisement Space —

CHIAROSCURO couldn't possibly have existed for as long as it has without becoming a product available in exchange for money and/or sexual "favors". The following objects are for sale: "CHIAROSCURO VOLUME ONE" - The first 12 issues are

included within this collectors item! (\$10 includes s&h); We've got one copy left of "CHIAROSCURO: Issues 13, 14, & 15!!!" (\$2 includes s&h); "CHIAROSCURO: Issues 16, 17, & 18!!!" includes some of

the most pseudo-creative shit you will ever see attempted (\$2 includes s&h); I have a fucking stack of "CHIAROSCURO: Issues 19, 20, & 21" (also \$2) Please

buy them!

HACIM

God Bless You, Mr. Vonnegut

I was smoking a pall mall and talking to my friend Kilgore Trout when the topic of conversation drifted to my next book. Kilgore, an obscure trash fiction writer himself, said it had been too long since my last effort. It had been ten years since "The Warm Blue Glow of a Neglected Television" was released. He suggested that I write about somebody other than myself for the next one. He suggested I write a biography of Kurt Vonnegut. Kilgore and I had a unique relationship with Mr. Vonnegut, he created us. Our creator had recently died, it's a bit difficult for two dimensional characters like us to wrap our heads around. I wasn't sure that I was qualified to write about our deity and suggested that Kilgore do the job, he'd at least make it entertaining. My writing is too dry I hear. Suddenly he was holding a copy of "Armageddon in Retrospect" and he read to me from the introduction:

"He often said he had to be a writer because he wasn't good at anything else. He was not good at being an employee. Back in the mid-1950s, he was employed by Sports Illustrated, briefly. He reported to work, was asked to write a short piece on a racehorse that had jumped over a fence and tried to run away. Kurt stared at the blank piece of paper all morning and then typed, "The horse jumped over the fucking fence," and walked out, self-employed again."

Kilgore said it sounded like something I'd want to do, but wouldn't. Then there was a Timequake and Kilgore was gone. So it goes.

HUNTER

BOUNTIFUL

BREATHING PROBLEMS?

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by David P. Wise



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Son, it's time I told you about the birds and bees...



Sometimes, a man and a woman meet and stay together forever...



It puts the lotion back in the fucking basket or it gets the hose

- Anon.

Sometimes, a woman meets two men at the same time and when she gives birth to the bundle of joy from one encounter... she'll convince the other man to naively raise it as his own...



Sometimes, a man and a woman meet at a beer bong party and never remember that they met in the first place. Sometimes, the woman will live on to become a Jesus fanatic while the man lives on to become a woman...



But remember son, a woman is most likely to be interested in you when on meth or ecstasy, so it would be a good idea to start dealing one of those...



Wow, Dad! That sounds like enough to drive a man to drink!

Now you get it, son!

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Spanish CLEAN-UP A Texas Cowboy and his pal, The Jeanie, on Vacation

Bermuda is nice this time of year. A Texas cowboy doesn't like it as much as his pal, The Jeanie, because he refuses to take off his Stetson hat. Underneath his Stetson hat, the synchronized swimmers synchronize stab him in the head with toothpicks. The Jeanie giggles each time the Texas cowboy yelps. The Jeanie is cruel. The Jeanie staples men's hands to the ceiling whenever they omit the the in her name. The Jeanie is not a good pal. The Jeanie is a false pal. The Jeanie has forced the Texas cowboy into paldom. The Jeanie has locked the Texas cowboy in the world and hidden the key on a keychain with all the keys in the world. The Jeanie shouts into the Texas cowboy's ear. She says, "Let's go out tonight! Let's sunbathe tomorrow! Let's drink piña coladas out of pine cones!" But the Texas cowboy does not want to go out. But the Texas cowboy does not want to sunbathe. But the Texas cowboy does not want to drink piña coladas out of pine cones. The only thing the Texas cowboy wants to do is lie underneath the covers in their hotel room and try to unlock the world with the infinite keychain. The Jeanie hopes he will find the correct key. She is afraid of leaving the hotel room by herself. She is afraid her dreams will collapse onto themselves and turn themselves inside out and get flattened by a herd of wild buffalo and become a Twister mat for the morbidly obese.

by Bradley Sands



10 Things I Hate About

This Week by G. Blair

- 1) It is the whore of the Newspaper Agency Corporation that nobody wants to fuck.
- 2) The pictures of the staff - ugh, some of us are trying to masturbate!
- 3) Sarah Nielson's "That's what she said" column. She must be really good at twittering Amy off cause every-fucking-thing about her column irks me. The name. The picture - see above. Don't even get me started on the content!
- 4) "Sexy in SLC" as a feature? And it's not played for laughs? What could possibly be worse?
- 5) Oh, god - "Scene in SLC." Ever notice that all of these fucks have ridiculous professions? It's always avant-garde artist/political organizer/ unemployed pill popper.
- 6) The amount of ads is pretty fucking over the top.
- 7) The fact that a good chunk of their shit is from the associated press all of a sudden.
- 8) The depressing "Reader Shoutback" section clearly written by staff.
- 9) The reader submitted articles that are thinly veiled ads.
- 10) Pictures of people at bars? Really, what-the-fuck is this shit?

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Eric Blair

LOVE YOU

It's time to start making your wishes come true.

It's the 18th of January so I thought it was time that I told you how I felt. I love you. You are the light at the end of the tunnel and you are so very beautiful. I almost neglected to comment on your fantastic gender. It's very nice. I think your height is just right.

as well. Your hair colour is exactly what I like. I think your drug problem could be a problem. I'm just kidding - self destructive.

people are my favorite. I love your blood, it's very nice that we are related. I'm a little jealous of all of your children though, but I'll get over it. We should talk about your weight...it's perfect. You might consider buying a hat, I'm just joking - I already told you that you have the perfect amount of hair. I love the way that you are employed. You have such an amazing sense of style as well.

Did I mention how very attractive you are? You make such wonderful art. Music. Paintings. Writing. There might not be anything that you can't do. I forgive you for all of your transgressions because I love you. I'm sorry I forgot to mention your personality.

I find it to be quite agreeable. You are so very intelligent as well. You can dance too, I am in awe. We also share belief systems.

You don't need to wear so much makeup, but I don't mind. Your politiks are alright with me. You have fantastic taste in film, books, drawings, and food. You have a certain sense of reality that fits you very well. Did I mention that I find you attractive in every possible way? I'm sorry, you think I'm creepy, I've never known how to tell you that I love you. It's true though, I love you.

SEND

SUBMISSIONS!

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