

# BAD WEEK

March 2010  
Issue #33

AFTER FIGHTING ABOUT HIS LATE HOURS, STEVE HAS RUN AWAY. HIS FOSTER PARENTS FINALLY FIND HIM HANGING OUT WITH A GROUP OF TOUGH-LOOKING KIDS BEHIND THE RUGSTORE...

**ADMISSION**  
• ADULTS  
• CHILDREN

PROOF OF PURCHASE  
16053A

A black and white portrait of a woman with long, dark hair, smiling. She is wearing a tiara and a choker necklace. The image is framed by a thick black border.

**After I take those aptitude tests, they'll probably tell me I can't do anything.**

INSERT THIS SIDE UP

**"I hate  
your  
guts!"**

Sorry, this isn't the police station

ISBN 0-9766310-4-0  
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PROOF OF  
PURCHASE  
16053C

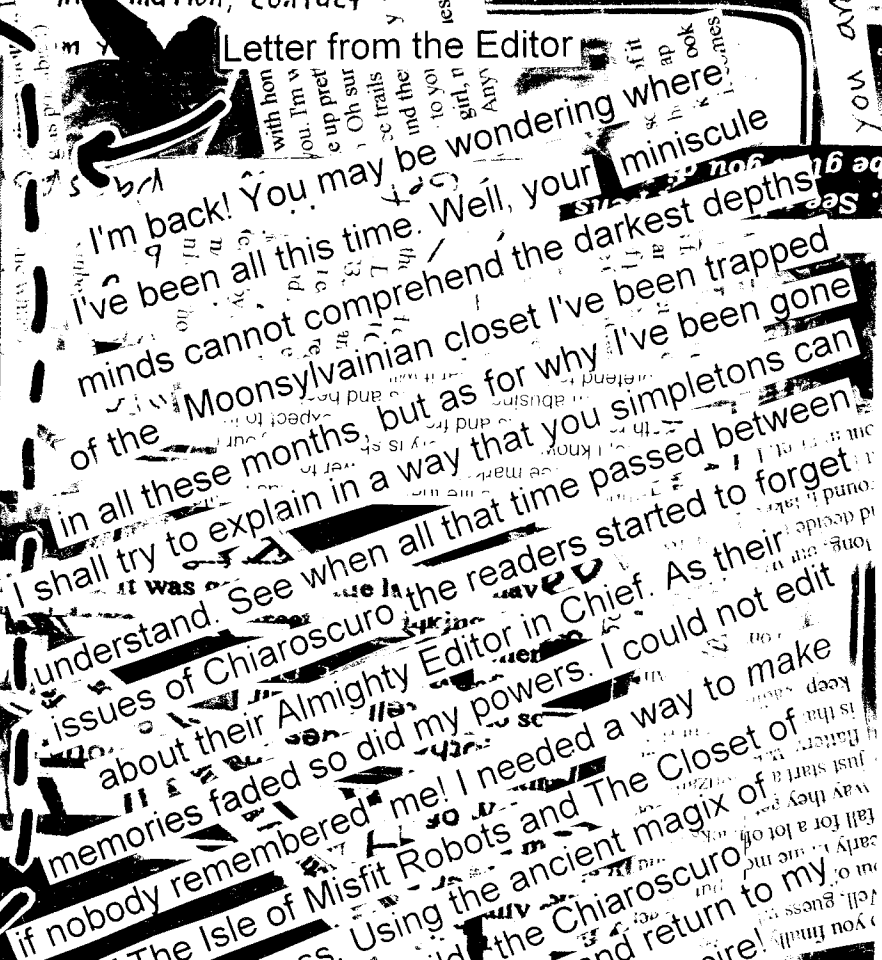
THE ACCIDENT THAT  
WAS NO ACCIDENT.

PROOF OF  
PURCHASE  
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**It should not be emotional.**

the suspected killer.

# CHOICE



A black and white photograph of a small, dark-furred dog, possibly a Chihuahua, wearing a thick, light-colored scarf. The dog is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a collage of newspaper clippings and text, including the words "HAROSCURO", "theater", and "are No".

I remember. So I scoured the darkest parts of the  
 Disappointments. When I found The Baron he was a pitiful mess  
 Mothercat I restored his strength and imbued within him a desire to re  
 franchise. All so that I could once again instill fear into the hearts of  
 former glory. My plan worked flawlessly as I now reign supreme over  
 The Baron will henceforth be serving as Chiaroscuro's Associate Editor  
 please welcome him.  
 Tony, Editor in Chief  
 Blair sobered up was the easy part of getting CHIAROSCURO  
 going again. I had to continue to pay his rent at the makeshift zine shop, listen to him cry  
 about his oh so very terrible life, pay his child support for him, and keep him  
 company at all times. It wouldn't kill this fuck to turn the television off  
 for at least a few hours while he sleeps. Unfortunately just as soon  
 as I got him to kick the booze he started smoking weed  
 constantly. It seemed that another issue of  
 CHIAROSCURO wasn't ever going to  
 happen...

The B



# The Baron

# Tony Responds

# WELCOME TO SALT LAKE CITY FOR Q&A HORROR CONVENTION 2 Letters!

Michelangelo's First Painting

Yeah, I'm not sure why it wasn't just put on the rack, probably because the person that received it thought it was offensive. We have a no strings consignment policy and regardless of quality or content we will take any local publication, barring child porn or extreme hate literature (inciting violence). However, we do not do this through the mail, it's only for locals. You should contact us in 90 days regarding payment. I'm willing to send you a check, but we don't ship returns. You can either send an SASE or have a friend come pick them up.

Chloe

Yeah, I'm not sure why you didn't just include photos of your rack with this email. You sound like you're probably a girl with a name like Chloe. Do you think that is offensive? Judging by your consignment policy your cool with it. Let me ask you; do you only reject hate literature if it incites violence? Also, what about this locals only rule? What if a hot young professional football player came into town with his friends and wanted to learn how to zine? Would you teach him if you really needed the money? And what if you feel in love with him; would you let him sell his zines on consignment then? Probably not unless he left behind some SASEs before going back to his real life and professional football.

Tony

Dear Mothercat,

I love you and I want to thank you for all you have done and gave to me. I will always love you and welcome you as my savior. But, I do have one small question(s).

1. Is a homicide or suicide kinda like doing you a favor or like its there time and its not really a sin?
2. Can you communicate with the dead or those that are up in heaven along with you?
3. People say that we are not supposed to question you or your works is that true?

Love,  
Felicia (age 9)

We assume no responsibility for returning unsolicited material, including but not limited to photographs, artwork, manuscripts and letters.

Your letter can't be directly answered by Mothercat because it doesn't care for people and is only obligated to give humans what has been negotiated by me. Tony, under our Terms of Agreement - otherwise known as The Book of Mothercat. However, I would like to respond to your questions.

1. Human homicide or suicide is not a sin and is inconsequential to Mothercat as long as:
  - a. Any cats under the victims immediate care continue to receive regular feedings and scratches.
  - b. King of Queens remains on the air indefinitely.
2. Mothercat can of course communicate (or communicate) with the dead. Pretty much speculating on the possibility of a wants to. But unless you count on it, Felicia. About time Highball 2, don't count on it.
3. Questions are a burden to others. Felicia. About time you learned that, whether or not they pertain to Mothercat's works.

You're much too young for me.  
Tony (age 2X)

The Baron would like to apologize for an amateurish mistake on his part in the last issue. He choose to print a story called "Hot House C" out of the many submissions received yet neglected to give credit where it was due. It was written by a UK based freelance writer who is known as Kek-W. He/she has been published here and there, in various paperback anthologies and websites...was nominated for Best Short Story 2007 by the British Science Fiction Association. Didn't win.

CHAROSCUROZine @hotmail.com

Was there a lesson?

Was there a lesson?

The illusory The Best is Yet to Come

THE FEAR ISSUE

How I Became a Famous Novelist

THIS IS

Hey Eric- You interested in writing for us?

# I Like About You, Amanda

Bynes!

It was right after New Year's Eve, in fact it was quite likely New Year's Day, when I found myself at a blockbuster video store. It was having one of those everything must go sales. By the time you read this that particular location under the smith's in a strange underground parking lot strip mall next to the avenues' liquor store will be closed. That's right Viacom this is what you get for changing the due back time from midnight to noon the next day. You motherfuckers know that nobody fucking goes anywhere before noon unless they have to. Work. School. I can't think of another good reason. I bet you fuckers were just rolling in the late fees generated by people who at 11:30pm convinced themselves that they would rather return your tapes tomorrow. And don't even begin to think that's the only thing you people have done to piss me off! I've seen some of the best minds of my generation destroyed by neopets damn it! You money grubbing whores killed the local movie rental joint. Everybody knows it, but hipsters prefer to bitch about the decline of the indie record store for some reason. So fuck all of you people from the c.e.o. to the people who don't even realize that they own a piece. Check your 401ks and your mutual funds.... I digress.

So, what was I doing there? Why would I give them the satisfaction of receiving my hypothetical monies? Because it's fucking impossible to avoid being complicit in evil. I hate it when those neo hippie types get up on their high horse. True story: A hungry young lady once bought a lunchable from me once and offered me the sort of ham stuff. She didn't eat meat. I asked her why. If she just plain doesn't like it fine. But, no. She was philosophically opposed to it. She thought it was wrong. But, she didn't care about paying for it. She would support the companies that do the horrible things to the cute little piggies. A very smart animal with handsome teeth. She'd finance the torture but was against enjoying the results. Later she probably ate a tofu dog that was flavored to taste like pork and was produced by a food company with quite politically correct mission statements and is a fully owned subsidiary of one of those big fucking conglomerates that only cares about one thing. Getting her money. Fucking explain her high and mighty morals to me now!

There I was looking to buy some cheap ass dvds when a copy of Big Fat Liar looked directly at me. Not into my eyes. Not into my pants. Not into my mind. It looked at me. It saw me. The real me for who I was and I saw it in the exact same way. Think Avatar. I know you've seen it. This physical incarnation of a movie understood me and I understood it. It's starring Amanda Bynes, Frankie Muniz, and Paul Giamatti for fucks sake! Oh, and guess what? It was written by Dan "All That" Schneider! And yet for some reason I felt like I had to justify myself to Jesse "Cracker Jack" Bagley. There's just something about my interest in Amanda that I feel needs explaining. Maybe it's the way I always scream "Amanda, please!" right before I orgasm all of the place and maybe it's something else entirely. One time I went into a F.Y.E. looking to score some fucking Amanda. This particular F.Y.E. used to be a warehouse music, not a media play. I walked out of there with nothing but the first two seasons of "What I Like About You" and the widescreen version of "What a Girl Wants." Formerly owned by people who label their movies "Justice and Jimbo", the film is a lesser Bynes and doesn't even feature the titular Christina Aguilera song. It was just like that time I saw most of "Uptown Girls" at the dollar theater. No Billy Joel, what the fuck? How do you title a movie with the same name as a well known song and not include the song? Again, I digress.

The elephant in the room. I hate that shit. So, I told the cashier at F.Y.E. that I was going to try and watch nothing but Amanda all weekend. I had to address the situation. So, yeah I'll say it. I find Ms. Bynes physically attractive. It doesn't make me a pedophile though; she's 16 years old in this movie! Have you ever seen a 16 year old girl? They were made for sex! Now there's visually appealing and psychologically appealing. Lots of teenagers are hot, but do you really want to try and communicate with them? I want to go out with Dan Schneider except he's lost his legs and he inhabits an Amanda Bynes avatar. In real life she's not funny she's irritating. Follow her twitter feed if you don't believe me. She's one of those fucks with a tiny dog that she treats like a fashion accessory. Yeah, that's right I don't have much r.e.s.p.e.c.t. for the way Paris Hilton chooses to portray herself. That's right I think Paris Hilton and Ann Coulter are both full of shit. They have figured out a way to make money. Ya know, like whores. People do and say some fucked up shit for money sometimes. But, I could be wrong. I have heard tell of people who take Coulter seriously and admire Hilton for.... Her.... branding ability?

Allow me to pretend that I have any idea what you are thinking right now. If you are anything like me you'd be wondering what it is I like about Amanda Bynes. You'd be standing over your computer listening to your mp3 player. "Little Red Rooster" - The Rolling Stones. You keep your device set to random. You have a can of Busch Light in your left hand. Cheap thirty pack and you forgot what you once thought it tasted like. You are wearing a t-shirt that says "Project Mayhem" on it. You just got it in the mail. After you spent five days being the guy on the couch at Jesse & Tyler's place you found it on top of a stack of newspapers in front of your door. You walked home yesterday and stopped at trolley square for lunch as a force of habit. You think you will

're-create'

1

watching

"We put the 'no' in innovation"

MORE

How I Became a Famous Novelist

MORE



have a job again soon. You want to pass a drug test. You are trying not to smoke weed for awhile. Cracker Jack is a bad influence. You like how weed made pornography entertaining for hours. Drinking just ain't the same. You are still trying to sleep.

A few years ago I lived in an apartment in sugarbush (Moat Monster, represent!) with Hacim. He was gone for nearly three months interviewing for a position on Moonsylvania. This was when I got involved with a 17 year old for awhile. She's married now. This was also when I got re-interested in pot. People just gave it to me sometimes and why not? I would lay around and get high before I walked to work. Watching Roseanne, Reba, Ellen, What I Like About You, and any other sitcom that came on after noon and before five. Later I lived in Pennsylvania with my family for a few months. One of my sisters pointed out to me that Amanda's character's best friend was played by an actor named wes. He was black and I'm pretty sure she's a jew. Think about it. Lisa Bonet is one example. It's a damn sexy mix. So, perhaps. Just maybe. That leaked into my brain. Shit, I don't know. If I did I'd tell you. Why? Well, according to "Big Fat Liar" the truth is not overrated.

→ G. Blair

## The Milkman

By David Wise and E. Blair

A calm and unusually bright morning. There were endless possibilities, but I put off 99.1% of them and went to work again instead. That accounted for 0.8%, but as always there was the possibility of the impossible. I arrived at my job feeling great from my breakfast of milk, hard drugs, & chili peppers. Unfortunately I quickly came to realize that I've been unemployed for quite some time and may not have had breakfast this morning. I decided that hard drugs still sounded tempting, and thus it was time to indulge my hobby of freelance panhandling. I had been a freelance panhandler ever since the union got broken up by a conflagration comprised of crooked cops, slanted opportunists, and amateur arsonists.

Panhandling earnings today seemed to be weak; it was a day I wished for stronger skills at mugging/theft. Luckily, when it got excessively unreasonably cold I had my understanding of the semi-colon to keep myself warm; on an unrelated note, you would be shocked at the poor grammar I often see on other beggars' signs! In the old days scrounging for drugs had a certain class that it's missing these days. Oh, how I reveal myself slowly via prose; I admit that I am not the young rascal I once was, I hope this fact will not cause my story to be laid upon deaf ears.

My best tip of the day came from a woman who said I could sleep with her, under the condition that she would only call me "Robert Pattinson". Whilst her demands could hardly be deposited at my local savings and loan, her obscene amount of jewelry was easily traded for cold hard universally respected currency. The workday takes on an even lighter spirit after I'm spun on the finest crack & PCP around; topped off with a delicious glass of milk. In my line of work, and yes I do consider it work, drugs are commonplace - good milk is much harder to find.

The time was right to consider enhancing my skills at prostitution; but upon research I discovered pimping was better suited to my male gender. My male gender had left on holiday weeks ago and thus, regrettably, I was left to fend for myself. Paranoia sets in as I worry about common thugs stealing my crack. The more time you spend amongst thugs the more you will come to realize that they are many things, but certainly not common; consider how many close acquaintances you have... how many times have you found yourself to be a victim of a thug?

I realized that the streets were going to need a hero, so that experienced beggars could walk in the daytime safely with their bags of angel dust. Now, maybe, I was inspired by my lack of nutrition and perhaps the amount of mind altering substances speeding through my veins played a factor in this realization; or maybe we all have to accept the possibility that there were higher powers at work. That's when I became the Milkman.

→ G. Blair

Blessed be The depressed

# A Detailed Lyrical Analysis of the Sweet Valley High Theme Song

by Doomlazer (follow me on twitter)

If you're like me, which you probably aren't, you fondly remember watching the 1960's TV show Francine Pascal's Sweet Valley High. Every episode starts with a theme song. In this article I will be writing about that song. If you are wondering, my favorite episode of SVH is the one where Jessica gets kidnapped. Not because I would kidnap Jessica if I could - I'm more of a Lila Fowler man myself (The original Lila, not that bitch who replaced her). BTW, I like the old Todd Wilkins - New Todd sucks. Anyway, if I was to kidnap any of the characters in SVH it would be Lila, or maybe Enid. I would electrocute the hell out of Enid! The song starts out with some aahhh ahhaa aaah's, like it's a Dentine Ice commercial or something. That part kind of sucks, but it doesn't last too long before the lyrics start. **Look right down in a crowded hall / you'll see a beauty standing.** Not much to say about this line. Sweet Valley high school is full of beautiful people. I guarantee that if you were to look down a crowded hallway there would be at least one hot girl standing. Reminds me of the time I was in high school. I was kind of a bad kid and once I knew I was going to be suspended so I smoked a cigarette while walking down the hallway between classes. I passed a few hot girls and it was probably the only time they ever noticed me. I wonder if they were attracted to my bad boy attitude? I never found out because I was expelled instead of suspended (not because of the cig) and had to finish the year at a really easy private school. Have I already told this story? **Is she really everywhere / or a reflection?** Yeah, she is everywhere. Those girls were always doing something or going somewhere. Besides, she couldn't be a reflection. I just don't think that's possible even in a TV show unless it was, like, Amazing Stories or something. Sounds about dumb enough to be an Amazing Stories episode; 22 minutes of some girl who is actually a reflection - *boring!* Anyway, after this show Brittany Daniels went on to be kind of a famous actress, but her sister just kind of gave up acting as far as I know. Why? Oh and back to the subject of high school. I never did homework or studied in high school. It was beneath me. Hasn't hurt me one bit neither. Never going to use that stuff in real life. Nowadays I plain refuse to do math in my head. That's what computers are for - spellcheck and math. **One always calls out to you / The other's shy and quiet.** This line is simply not true. Have the writers of this song ever seen the show? Elisabeth Wakefield is not shy or quiet. She is, like, head of the school newspaper. When the school started it's own TV station Elisabeth tried out to be the anchorwoman and would have gotten it too if it hadn't been for Jessica. I would hardly call that shy and quiet. I mean she is dating the hottest guy in school for christ sake. Actually, is Todd supozda be the hottest boy in school? His only friend is Winston and as far as I can tell, Winston is a loser. Hey Brad, if you're reading this, do you remember that time we played Finders Keepers: the home game? I'm watching a tape of Finders Keepers episodes while I type this up is why I'm asking. Blue team is fucking kicking ass. Go Blue team! **Could there be two different girls / who look the same at.** There could be and there are two different girls that look the same - the Wakefield twins. Well they don't look the same. Elisabeth kind of dresses like Blossom and Jessica dresses a little trashy. If I was a girl I would dress totally trashy. embarrassingly trashy even. I'd probably be that girl you see at Super Target wearing shorts that say something on the ass so you have to look at it. Those shorts hadn't been discovered yet when SVH was on the air, but one time Jessica let some boy take photos of her in a bikini so she is trashy in my opinion. I guess I like a girl who dresses trashy if... wait a minute, do people still use the word trashy in this day and age? Sweet Valley, Sweet Valley High / Meet you at Sweet Valley High. You know these Wakefield twins are both kind of acting like spoiled brats now, but that's probably just because they are in high school. Everybody acts retarded in high school. But wait until their second semester of college when they're at a frat party and Enid or maybe Manny pulls out a joint and convinces them to smoke up. Five bucks says they quickly turn into a couple of burnt out hippies. They'll be caring about the environment and writing poetry about Gia. They will still be rich so they'll probably take a semester off to fly to Chile or some 3rd world country and build some huts. They'll come back to the states and start a little sustainable organic farm in Oregon. Jessica will still be a bitch, but she will just bitch about Franken-foodstuffs and High Fructose Corn Syrup. Elisabeth will probably start a zine about living off the grid. Sounds kind of far fetched, but considering their parents are never around they're are both likely to have serious daddy issues and we all know how that can fuck with a girls ability to make rational decisions! Anyway, those are all the lyrics that appear in the show's intro, but if you have the Sweet Valley High Soundtrack there is an extended version. **You can never really tell / Which one you're standing next to.** There used to be some twins at my work. It was pretty hard to tell which was which. Especially because their personalities

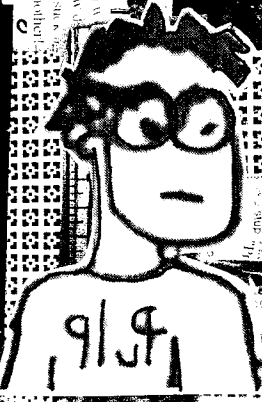
GREATEST COMICS



Inspired Performance

ALCOHOLICS SI US TOMA

lives long after the road ends.



They don't  
Call it hard  
Drinking  
because it's  
easy

# "A Distraction"

Always Innovate

POWER ROSTER

NOV YOUR RICH

Procol

Search

You have always been a distraction. I am thinking about that day in December when you came to see me. Your cunt of a girlfriend waiting across town not knowing where you are. She doesn't deserve you even though you are a fuck up. You kiss me or maybe I kiss you. I'm not sure. I let you feel me up. I feel your erection pressing against me. I "do the right thing" and tell you I need to stop. You ask me for one more taste. I say yes. We stare at each other a moment before pulling away. You tell me what a mess your life is. You tell me you need someone to care for you. You hug me, thank me for "talking" and leave. Your girlfriend is wondering where you are. My phone beeps; you ask me to promise to be your friend no matter what. I agree even though I am not sure what you are talking about and sometimes I think you're an asshole. I want to be your friend though; maybe I like assholes. You tell me how much you want to fuck me. Maybe I am just horny. I can't really say no, so I agree. The next week you call me up and ask me to come fool around. You told me the day before you didn't want to cheat on your girlfriend, but you are a liar so I come over. I can't really say no anyway. I follow you into the bedroom and we sit. You say a lot of things about how you don't want to have sex with me...your just not into it. You tell me I am not appealing to you. You're horny and not attracted to your girlfriend anymore. You just want to mess around. You ask me if that's ok and I tell you I have an open-mind. Really my mind isn't all that open, but I let you believe me. I think it is strange how you pretend you don't want to fuck me. I turn towards you and you kiss me. You tell me to take off my top. You take yours off. You tell me how good my skin feels against you. You comment on how nice my nipples are and how sweet my milk tastes. You undress me and start to make me cum with your fingers. You tell me how it feels as I begin to cum. You look me in the eye and tell me you aren't interested in me. You say we wouldn't be good together because we are too alike...too organized you say. I nod, my face flushed from orgasm. I disagree, but I don't argue. I believe you because you don't really like yourself. You go down on me and I cum. I ask if I can suck your cock. You let me. I take you inside of my mouth. You moan and thrust back, but you don't let me finish. You pull away and climb on top of me. You say "see we don't need to have sex." I am not feeling very open-minded with your erection resting between my legs... "Can we?" I ask. "No, let's save it for another time it will be better that way". You mean it and I sigh. You kiss me. You grab my legs, remove my socks, and pull my feet up over my head. You thrust yourself inside of me. I don't acknowledge that you are fucking me. I believed you when you said we couldn't and I didn't want you to know that we were. I cum and we change positions. I close my eyes. You tell me to look at you. We make eye contact. You look into my eyes intently and I feel myself begin to evaporate. I stare back trying to understand. We go on like this for a while. Your erection begins to soften and you check your watch. You look away for the first time since you put yourself inside of me. You tell me you don't have much time. You need to pick your girlfriend up from school. You lose your erection and I climb off of you. I lie down. You hand me my clothes. You turn to walk out of the room. I turn you back and peck you on the lips. You leave to go get your girlfriend. I head home. When I get home my phone beeps. You tell me you want to see me again. You didn't get enough. You tell me how good I tasted and that I am like a drug. I tell you I want to fuck you again. I begin to get aroused. I have sex with my husband. I think about you. An hour later my phone beeps. You tell me you never want to see me again. You're afraid you will fuck me. You didn't really want to have sex with me and you wouldn't have if you weren't so horny. You tell me it hurt your girlfriend and you won't do it again. I don't respond because I think you are a liar. A week later I send you a letter. I tell you I meant it when I said I would be your friend. I tell you I will walk away if that is what you want. I don't really want to but I can't really say no so I agree.

CHIAROSCURO@Hotmail.com

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PATE F  
agie  
TALOE

Champ Hotel, Healdsb



Mention this ad for 20% off all purchases!!

ENSI YEE EHL

THE FEAR

ISSUE

Publisher: Eighteen Percent Gray  
Editor:

SLUG ME!

Hey Eric- You interested in writing for us?

Angela H. Brown  
Editor

E. Blair

Angela.  
I'm afraid that my current state of unemployment stands in the way of my desire to purchase advertising space from you, but regardless I thought you'd want to know that there is a traitor in your midst. I met you once, maybe twice, and I seem to recall thinking that we were roughly the same age. Our amount of ambition differs surely, but I'm sure we'd agree on most things. An older friend once told me that S.L.U.G. used to be one double sided page announcing shows. Then he told me that Henry Rollins taught him how to count money fast, but I digress don't I? This traitor that I speak of has really fucked with your website, perhaps he/she is to blame for the current state of www.chiaroscurozine.info as well... hmmm. I also have reason to believe that your own personal Judas has taken over the "Dear Dickheads" letter column. I'm not sure if these letters are real anymore. This concerns me a great deal. Who can you trust if you can't trust the underground? Attached to this e-mail is an e-mail that I attempted to send to deardickheads a slugmag.com - it came right back to me.

Dear Dickheads.

Hey, you probably don't remember me - I'm that "art fag" who does that chiaroscuro zine (well, I'm part of the team anyhow). Did things end badly between us? I don't recall and I sure hope not! Well, I should probably get down to brass tax before I smash this defective keyboard with your fine publication - Jeanette Moses? That name rings one hell of a bell. Did she used to do "cut & paste revolution?" If so I can only assume that being a filthy zinester is the way to get through the pearly gates of the ole salt lake underground. So, it's settled, I like work 'n stuff and you surely want to replace want to replace somebody on your staff, right?

See you Monday at 9am sharp.

- Eric Blair

Thanks to Angela Brown for the wonderful support she gave the festival in Salt Lake Underground magazine this year. In exchange for an ad in our program and some free passes, she gave us ads in four issues of S.L.U.G. and gave all the bands at the festival discounts on their own ads. She also arranged for a lovely full-page article on the festival.

Thanks to Eric Blair for making me think about the rawest and most personal aspects of love with his spoken word piece.

"Neither Humorous or Appropriate."

BY KELLY ASHKETTLE  
kashkettle@inthisweek.com

DEAR DICKHEADS  
creator of CHIAROSC  
couldn't help but read  
issue... especially the  
IZED column. I found  
ing many questions.  
I will now portray in  
1) Was the dada  
homage to CHIAROSC  
was it unintentional?  
2) Why was my  
masturbating to  
GORDER look  
SMART left out  
Thanks for your f  
p.s. I've never he  
but based on their  
they look like stupi  
Pretend for a moment that you are reading a college essay. You are currently reading the opening paragraph. I am about to tell you what this essay is about. I am going to introduce you to the idea of Tommy Dolphy, a very interesting character if there ever was one. He is an artist. No, not in that pretentious way. He never once referred to himself as an artist as I spoke with him. He seems to have a pretty good sense of humor and judging by his art I'd have to say that I'm right about that one. Now, I need to make sure that you care about Tommy, his band: After The Party, and the fest(ival) that he has organized for a few years now. I need to make sure that he seems interesting to you. I could show you some videos, but they are on the internet. Right now, you are not on the internet are you? Of course not, you're reading S.L.U.G. magazine. Now, I need you to forget what magazine you are reading for a moment and glance at those beautiful ads. Nothing to feel guilty about if you decide to take another mortgage out on your house and sign up for another credit card as long as all that money is going to local businesses. At S.L.U.G. we want you to waste your money on somebody who lives near you. Go to that new club, you know the one - the one with the flavored tobacco and sex on tap. If you get rejected by that person you wanted to be accepted by maybe you might consider buying a new water pipe or maybe making your own beer would help you more, as long as you aren't making bombs - right? The next day I think you should go get a cup of coffee, sure you could drink coffee at home - but, then no one would see you drinking it, would they? The whole point of coffee is being seen drinking it, right? Now, go buy another book you won't ever read. It's almost time to go out to a bar again, you should probably buy some new clothes. There are so many people who need your money more than you do, it's amazing. Now, go buy a fucking Toyota Scion 'cause I need you to drive me to a tattoo parlor so I can get a tattoo that says, "Neither Humorous or Appropriate." With ink like that on me I might be able to keep you interested in what I'm saying which would help me support the scene, which S.L.U.G. has been making since "Profound aren't we?"  
Angela Brown! 1989.

Hey there art fag,  
You are welcome for the free  
publicity, now don't ever write  
us again.

Potential Employee.

You should really watch your FUCKING mouth when you talk. You are the new guy and I already want you gone. Who the FUCK do you think you are? How dare you make jokes before you've even got a fancy-ass non-paying job!!! Get back down on your knees and suck anything and everything in the room and then go crawl into the FUCKING gutter where all of us cool motherfuckers will piss on your useless impolite ass! Fuck you!

www.ChiaroscuroZine@hotmail.com

The Best Is Yet to Come

eat us out!

Illustrations: EETIL ADAMS, REYAN;  
ESSAY: EBERHARD, CARLOS;  
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# BAD IDEAS

BY: BORACHO MOONSHINE

ONE TIME I FED MY CAT SOME BEER.  
A LOT OF IT... LIKE FOUR OR FIVE  
CANS. I WAS WASTED I NORMAIN  
NEVER WOULD WASTE BEER ON A STUPID CAT.  
BUT I HAD BEEN DRINKING WILD TURKEY  
BEFORE I SWITCHED TO BEER.  
BLACK OUT DRUNK I PASSED OUT. MY  
DRUNKEN CAT SHIT AND PASSED  
HIMSELF ALL OVER MY FUCKING BED.  
THE NEXT MORNING I AWAKE TO THE MOST  
HORRID SMELL. ONLY TO FIND MY CAT  
PASSED OUT IN HIS WASTE. I WAS SO  
MAD I GOT UP AND WENT AND RETURNED  
THE FAVOR BY SHITTING IN THE LITTER BOX.  
OUT OF SPITE I LEFT MY MESS FOR MY CAT  
TO FIND. I CAME HOME FROM WORK TO FIND  
THE BASTARD HAD RETALIATED BY USING MY  
COUCH AS ITS LITTER BOX. I HAD TO PUT AN  
END TO THIS THINGS WERE GETTING OUT OF  
HAND. AFTER CLEANING EVERYTHING UP MY CAT  
VOMITED, AND ROLLED OVER AND DIED. DON'T  
GET YOUR CAT FUCKED UP!

THE END.

IDEA  
MISSING

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How I Became a Famous Novelist

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