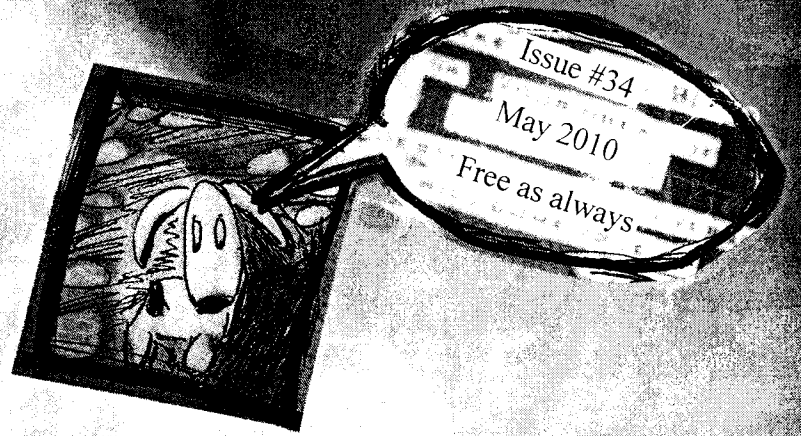


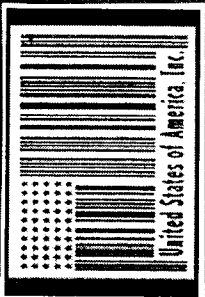
KHIAROSCURO



Issue #34

May 2010

Free as always



YOU DON'T
GIVE UP EASILY,
DO YOU, THIRSTY?

Sple

WHY

The

new year, new you!

new year, new you!

Entertainers

BYRON ALLEN

Silk Stalkings
The Movie Musical

Letter from the Editor:

The rebirth of your favorite zine, Chiaroscuro, in recent months has also sparked in me a renewed interest in finally completing some of my other abandoned projects from the early years of the 21st century. The first one I've decided to tackle is a spinoff of my failed Broadway production of "Silk Stalkings: the Musical". Well, get ready to feast your eyes and ears on the sight and sound extravaganza that will be the forthcoming "Silk Stalkings: The Movie Musical" to be realized in September 2010. I was recently interviewed on Entertainers with Byron Allen about the film. We talked mostly about the hurried production schedule. I had adapted, flipped and reversed, my original stage direction notes from the Musical into a screenplay in about 25 minutes - then I took the whole project to the next level by running everything through spellcheck. I was surprised at how much I liked the suggestions this computer algorithym had made. The following week we filmed the entire movie in one day using cutouts of the actors pasted onto rulers. On the third day of production I recorded a three hour phone call between E. Blair and D. Lazer and dubbed it on top the footage while playing the Silk Stalkings' theme over and over in the background. The final step was to add a fade in at the beginning of the movie and end it all with a fadeout to give it a more polished feel. I was quite pleased with the results and sent screeners to ET, Access Hollywood, Talk Soup, The Red Green Show, Good Things Utah and of course handed a few out at the mall. Well, somehow Byron Allen was at that mall and he liked what he saw me because he put me on his show, "Entertainers with Byron Allen"! In all fairness to Allen, I had slipped the cover of MVP2: Most Vertical Primate over the VHS tape I gave him of my movie which may be why he agreed to have me on the show, but by the time he realized it, it was too late - we had filmed everything! He was pretty angry, but said he will probably air the episode anyway if he can get UPN to buy it. I hope they do and it gets aired after a rerun of Star Trek: Voyager - that, my friends, is when you know you've made it in The Business.

-Tony, Editor in Chief

Letter From The Associate Editor:

This is the unofficial "Awkward Issue." Why? Well, The cover is primarily a screenshot of E. Blair on "The Awkward Hour", Doomlazer attempts to scare the grammar out of you, and E. Blair tries to teach you how to cook. Not awkward enough yet? How about "The Unofficial Awkward Hour Pre-Interview?" Forrest Gump? Affirmative action forced a jew on us! The Milk Man prepares to battle The Moat Monster! Comix! Haikus! Transmissions! Twitter! And maybe, just maybe, something REALLY awkward!!!

-The Baron

CHIAROSCURO @ Hotmail . com
ine

REMOVE PET URINE

WIFE COUPON

EXPIRES JULY 31, 2010

DO NOT DOUBLE

RUNNING RED LIGHTS

THE OFFICIAL PREVIEW

new year, new you!

To Subscribe:

to: faneutah.com

MEDIA

Salt Lake Tribune

New Year's

@DoomLazer's Horror Anthology Page

Welcome, readers, to the dark pit of despair I call my Domicile. Can I pour you a drink from this haunted half gallon of Rothchilds Vodka? Please, help yourself to this plate of various cheeses. Yes, I realize that these cheeses I've set out for you - grated parmesan and Velveeta, will be difficult to consume considering that I've not provided any utensils or crackers. It's rather horrifying, wouldn't you agree? Now that you've gotten uncomfortable allow me to begin tonight's entertainment. Just give me a moment to crack open this long forgotten tome and blow the dust from the pages. Ah, here we are. Tonight's first tale of tribulation is a story called...

Satan's Fall From Grace

Consider an angel named Satan. He was no ordinary angel. Satan was god's favorite angel and they were BFFs. They did everything together. They liked hanging out and watching movies or whatever. When they went to the club Satan would be God's wingman (literally, because he had wings, right? - Tony), and he didn't all that much mind going home with some fat chick if it meant that God scored a certifiable hottie, like Linsey Louhan. Sure, sometimes Satan felt like he was just God's sidekick, but he accepted this and was content with his status in life.

Anyway, time passed and eventually Heaven-Summer rolled around and God decided to go on vacation, but he didn't invite Satan to go with him because it was a fancy "God" vacation and there was no way Satan could afford to do all the stuff God wanted to do. So instead God asked Satan to watch his celestial kingdom for him. Satan agreed and went over before God left on vacation to see what all had to be done.

When Satan got there God had like an entire list of rules and things to do every day, but Satan thought it was still cool because at least it was better than staying at his moms house! God showed him the trash schedule and the recycling containers. Then he told him that he would have to mow the grass every week or the condo association would fine them. God gave Satan instructions on how to feed his pet cherub, and finally handed him the keys to the kingdom.

The next day God left for vacation and Satan went over and did all the things God had asked of him. When he was done these things he just chilled for awhile and fucked around with the universe God kept in a glass jar on the mantle.

Time passed without event for about a billion trillion Earth years until that Friday night. Earlier, Satan had met a girl at the Stop and Shop and was totally bragging about staying at God's place and had invited her over. When she called on Friday she asked if she could bring her friend over too and Satan said Hell yeah.

The girl was hot, but her friend was even hotter. When they came over they were both total impressed and Satan was thinking some pretty nasty thoughts. The really hot girl noticed God's liqueur cabinet and wanted to start boozing it up, but Satan said no - God had told him to enjoy the house, but not to drink any of his booze.

The hot girl said come on, and Satan was like well ok.

They all drank of the alcohol and became drunk. It was pretty crazy. At some point one of the girls had taken off her top and was walking around in her bra! That was the hot one, but the really hot girl was on the phone with her boyfriend. Satan put on some music and was dancing with the nearly naked girl when the other girl started yelling into the phone.

She got so pissed that she threw the phone and it hit the glass case with the universe on the mantle. The glass shattered and started to roll off the shelf. Luckily Satan ran and caught it, but the momentum carried him right into the Cherub's cage which, when knocked over, busted wide open. The Cherub flew right out the window!

At that very moment headlights flashed across the windows and Satan heard God's car pull into the driveway.

@DoomLazer: Uh oh, Satan. Remember it's not the fall that kills you, it's the sudden stop at the end! Hehehehehehe-he-he he he. Sorry, about that. This weed has just got me so high right now I don't know what I'm saying. Here would you like to hit this shit? Sorry, that was the last of the pot. He HE HeHE HE HeHEHE HEH he... Quite terrifying if I do say so.

My next gory tale is ripped right from the headlines of today's paper. It's a frightening fable I call...

Past Due Amount	S.I.D.S. and Nancy	Pending Late Fees	Total Payment Due*
\$0.00		\$0.00	\$0.00

Nancy was 19 when she had her first child out of wedlock. She was a smoker and drank beer and continued to have premarital sex while the baby came to term. Her parents begged her to get an abortion, but Nancy wanted the child so she could dress it up in fancy baby clothes and not ever have to get a career. When the baby was born, not even Maury Povich could discern who the father was.

The reality of child rearing soon slapped her in the face like a pimp. She could never sleep because the baby cried all night. All it did was shit and eat. Nancy had to get a job to cover all of the new living expenses so she started waiting tables at a dinner. The pay was shit and she was treated like shit by the customers and when she came home the baby demanded all of her time.

As the weeks passed, Nancy became increasingly resentful of the little sack of shit. She hated her life now and it was all the child's fault. One night after work she went to the bar instead of going home. One drink quickly turned in to six and she drove home pretty intoxicated. The baby was crying when she entered the house and it's diaper was full.

"Mother Fucker", she shouted as she stumbled towards a fresh diaper. "You little shit. All day I work and you lay in that crib and I come home and you cry and just just can't stand you. I wish we could trade places so you would know how awful it is to take care of you."

She finished changing the diaper, feed the kid some strained peas, and passed out on her bed. The next morning when Nancy woke up she could hear the baby crying. Her head hurt and she could barely move because of the hangover. She felt strange. She looked at her tiny hands and realized she was a baby!

Loud crashing sounds began coming from the other room. Her adult body came crashing through the bedroom door crying. Obviously it was the baby inhabiting her body. It had the physical strength to walk but it did not know how. As it wobbled around the bedroom screaming an oil lamp that had been burning on the nightstand got knocked over setting fire to the bed. I forgot to mention this earlier, but the story takes place in the 1800's.

Nancy tried to get up but she could only wiggle her arms back and forth a little. As the fire quickly spread, the baby kept screaming and crying. It must have been hungry. Nancy was horribly burned by the fire. Her skin was bubbling and her brain was melting inside her tiny little skull.

@Doomlazer: I guess you might say the Heroine of that tale acted like a big baby. Man I hope I never get burned to death. I want to die peacefully in my sleep the way my grandfather did. Not screaming like the passengers of his car. That's a joke my Aunt has told me like four different times this year, but I think it is pretty funny so I shared it with you. Anyway, I better get back to drinking. Pace

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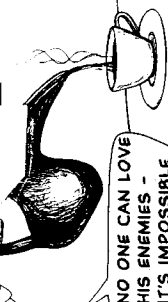
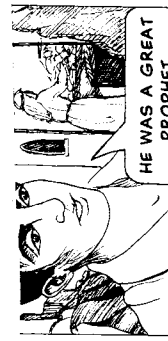
ENEMIES
BE DESTI

NO ONE CAN LOVE
HIS ENEMIES -
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

04/26/2000
10/13/2000
08/15/2001
08/30/2002

FREE BAGGAGE ALLOWANCE
For each ticketed passenger, US Airways will transport fi
of three bags.

Up to two (2) bags may be checked free



Recipe Time

W/E. Blair

Go to the grocery store. Buy some tortillas, cheese, and meat. Go cheap. You can get lots of meat for very little if you look at the manager's discount area. Ignore all brands. Within a quarter of a percent cheese is cheese and a tortilla is a tortilla. Don't forget to buy booze and/or mixers, you can never have enough. Pay for the food. Go home. Put a little bit less than half of your aforementioned meat on a frying pan. Try to own a frying pan at all times. Put the frying pan over a heat source. Hopefully you live somewhere with an oven. If not improvise, can your life get that much worse? Pour an old partially drunken beer on the meat. Feel free to replace meat with tofu or beans if you like. If that's how you roll I hope you didn't go shopping before getting to the end of this recipe. If you did invite me over. Ladies, I will eat your meat. Mash up your chosen protein so it's slightly submerged in stale beer. Now look in your fridge and varied kitchen cabinets. Find some spices to throw in there. I had some minced garlic which is perfect for these types of slow cooking projects. It's hard to go wrong with taco seasoning. mix as well. But, the point is to throw in at least one extra ingredient at this stage. Go crazy, but not too crazy. This next step is very important. Wait. Make yourself a drink. Load a bowl. Find something good on tv or toss in a movie. Do your laundry. Vacuum. Pay your bills. Read a newspaper. #rummage. Don't get too distracted. You don't want to destroy your food or die in your sleep. If you aren't hungry yet add some more beer. Eventually it'll be time to apply cheese to tortilla. This is another opportunity to add spices. Common household iodized salt and ground black pepper would be a good idea. Melt that shit. Put some of your fully prepared meat/protein stuff on the cheesy spicy tortilla. Now it's time to look around for a sauce. Salsa is the obvious choice. But, you should never be afraid of trying something different. Any steak sauce, barbecue sauce, ketchup, mustard, soy sauce, hot sauce... Hey, choose your own adventure! Now toss another tortilla on top. Throw the whole shebang in the microwave. If you don't have one, buy one. No one ever side it was a great way to make gourmet food. It's a tool, great for boiling and melting. Fold the sides in a little if possible. Now insert this delicious smelling foodstuff into your toaster oven. I am a big believer in the triple cooking method. Anything worth doing is worth doing three times... with different tools. If that was too subtle I'm referring to sex as well as food. Put it on the full blown toast setting. When it dings flip it over and do it again. The outsides should be crispy as all holy fuck and the insides will be deeply imbedded with flavor! In my experience it will taste so good that you will forget that you were planning on killing yourself later, at least for a little while.

"The Awkward Pre-Interview"

Food

Remember me when we met, how awkward was it, how awkward did I appear?

---I don't particularly remember you being awkward. The photographer was a humorless jerk though. Dan Gorder I believe.

Moreso, what do you recall of the interview, and how much would you pay to travel back in time & 'undo' it?

---I remember having to go over to my mom's house after work for some reason and eventually telling her I had to leave because I had a photo shoot coming up. I thought it was a pretty absurd situation and my mom didn't take me seriously I'm pretty sure. I rushed home and tried to get drunk before meeting you at coffee garden. I remember that we fed you a lot of misinformation. I was a little irritated with Shane inserting himself into the picture & interview. He was just supposed to be our designated driver. When the interview came out I remember thinking that you must have just made some of that shit up. It was a fun experience in general though and you'd have to pay me to go back in time and undo it.

Why did you start printing Chiaroscuro, and why didn't you stop it? I mean, zines aren't the rage they once were! Awkward yet?

---We started doing it for fun and we still do it because it's still fun. I have no interest in doing things just because they are trendy, fashionable, or all the rage.

What is your connection with SLUG? Any awkwardness there?

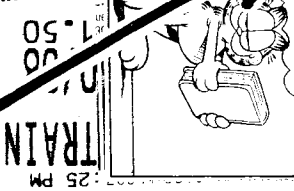
---I don't have many kind words for Angela as I imagine she has few for me. Some of my behavior was inexcusable. The atmosphere wasn't for me that's for sure. Having a salty sense of humor does not mesh well with "sluggers." There was certainly awkwardness during my brief affiliation, but not anymore.

I remember when I met you I instantly noticed the attire of you & your compadres. Is clothing still an important part of your life/style, and why?

Do you have the look?

COLORADO LOTTERY

200 BORING CALORIES



TRAIN

OOK Nails, Tacks, Clavos, Tachuelas, and Br...

It's funny you say that, I've never considered clothing an important part of my lifestyle. (Well, I'm not a nudist.) Doomlazer and I thought it would be funny to dress up that's all. I am of the opinion that fashion is probably the lowest form of art and definitely

the worst thing about music.

Where are you taking or not taking Chiaroscuro? When you travel does it and its outrageous accommodations fit in an overhead bin or do you have to buy it an extra seat on the 'problem passengers' aisle next to Kevin Smith? I'm just happy to have it up and going again. There were eighteen months in between #31 & #32. #33 took less than four months. I've gotten some of my friends who never contributed before to donate stuff for this issue. It's more fun the more people who are involved. CHIAROSCURO and I usually try to get an aisle seat in the emergency exit row. The zine isn't too picky, it usually travels via the post office, but I'm 6 foot 4 and mostly legs.

Watch/Listen

To 'The Awkward Hour'

Live: <http://ustream.tv/channel/the-awkward-hour>

THE AWKWARD HOUR
Podcast
by Eric Blair

Forrest Gump
by Eric Blair

CHiaroscuro
Zine

Decorative Rings:
Acabado de alta calidad:
Bright Wire: most economical
Alambre Brillante: El mas economico
Galvanized Wire: rust-resistant
Alambre Galvanizado: Resistente al oxido
Stainless Steel: rust-proof
Acero Inoxidable: Anti-oxido

Thumbtacks:
Tachuelas:

Cut Tacks:
Tachuelas de corte:

Double Point Tacks:
Tachuelas de doble punta:

Staples:
Grapas:

Nails:
Clavos:

Wall Screws:
Tornillos para pared:

Upholstery Staples:
Tornillos para tapiceria:

Brads:
Puntitos:

Push Pins:
Alfileras:

Decorative Rings:
Acabado de alta calidad:

Thumbtacks:
Tachuelas:

Cut Tacks:
Tachuelas de corte:

Double Point Tacks:
Tachuelas de doble punta:

Staples:
Grapas:

Nails:
Clavos:

Wall Screws:
Tornillos para pared:

Upholstery Staples:
Tornillos para tapiceria:

Brads:
Puntitos:

Push Pins:
Alfileras:

Bad things happen in Forest Gump, I'm one of those things. This story isn't about how my mom was raped in Forest Gump. This isn't about how she mainlined meth throughout the pregnancy. Not about how her parents wouldn't let her get an abortion. This story isn't about me at all, it's about something I saw once. Something I saw in Forest Gump.

I was wearing my favorite pants, the ones with the hole in the crotch, and eating all the mushrooms I could find when I saw her. She was so pretty. I couldn't help but touch myself when she took her clothes off. I threw up. My vomit tasted worse than the mushrooms did. The sun was shining directly on her breasts like god on a preacher. I went right back to jerking off. I looked at her and thought about touching her. Then I thought about more than just touching her. She was standing underneath the heavens with her arms raised into the sky. Grey clouds shifted around in the air and I was really close.

Was there a lesson?

The Best Is Yet

Was there a lesson?

I could feel myself about to explode into Forest Gump when she moved. She bent down and I almost came. She pulled a sword out of a duffle bag with her right arm and chopped her left arm off. The colors were amazing. I came so hard I fell down. I just laid there covered by myself catching my breath for awhile. Then I remembered what had just happened. My mind sprang into action. I pulled myself out of the mud only to fall down again.

I walked over to her slowly. When she saw me the trees were bending my way. It seemed a little scary, but I just kept reminding myself that I was tripping and everything would be alright. She gave me the blankest look I'd ever seen and asked me if I would help her. I tried to tell her that I was there to help, but I have no idea what I actually said. As I continue to tell you what happened that night in Forest Gump I want you to keep in mind that I was tripping my fucking ass off. She asked me to chop off her other arm and I responded by pushing her down and fucking her.

She was so tight she must have been religious. That's what I kept telling the policeman who threw me into the back of their car without even telling me to watch my head. My head still fucking hurts. My head hasn't stopped hurting since I was arrested. For assisting suicide. She wanted to die and I had nothing else to do on a Tuesday night. Where's the fucking crime? I was doing her a favor. I was still chopping when the police arrived. I guess a couple of horny teenagers saw me. Everybody calls it "Forest Hump." I was just trying to help.

I'm sorry. I lied. That story was about me.

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<http://titular-journal.com/>

CHiaroscuro Zine @Hotmail.com



Secrets are best lies in trendy clothes.

BEST

So, I know this guy. He starts out his day smoking METH. Every day he smokes a \$10 sac before noon. Usually, after that, his wife wakes up and wants some COCAINE. So he snorts some BLOW and plays games with the kids. Then his wife gets back with their friend greg and a few balloons of HEROIN.

It's like a feeding frenzy between beasts in the wild.

Who can get DOPE in them first? Go away kids... Hit the vein.

"HELLO WORLD."

Then this guy sells a bit of METH and buys more COKE for himself and his wife. Then they invite some friends over to numb with us. We all stay awake until about 12:00A.M or sunrise. Then my wife and I have to kick josh, or ben, or greg, or jeff out so we can lay down and relax. That guy needs to get his shit together! He's hanging with some bad folks; and just acting like a fool. Maybe I should learn to manage myself.

The Milk MAN

SLCT801

Enter

Moat Monster

I woke up listening to David Bowie; only to soon realize there was no music playing & I'd actually been awake three days. After sending out a search party I found myself to be surrounded by my surroundings. Therefore, it was time to send out a search party for smack & angel dust. I made a rectangle with my fingers and framed the search party as an homage to that John Ford classic, Kill Bill. I knew the best PCP would be on the Jewish side of town. When my search party came back empty handed, I knew it was time to take things into my own hands. I'd have to be on my guard, to say the Jewish district was cutthroat is an understatement. I'd defeated many a golem since becoming a vigilante, but there was one jewish mythological creature that scared the lactose out of me. It was the Moat Monster, with all his whiney, drain-plugging terror. It was time to get out of the dairy case and get on the case!

The PCP would be well guarded, since it was cherished in the area as an inspiration to writing. The Moat Monster had been prescribed PCP to treat that disease that causes you you to think you have newly invented bullshit conditions, I think it's called stupidity. Luckily, if anyone could do battle with this dusthead it was me: the superhero dusthead known as The MilkMan. First I'd have to deal with The Ice Man, motherfucker impregnated my daughter before becoming a successful bluesman. If the Ice Man & the Moat Monster where in cahoots, no doubt a small army of thugs awaited me, too. There were only two things I hated more than thugs: people who pretended to be thugs 'cause they thought it was cool and anything that gets in between me and drugs.

Even the maps this neighborhood are an obstacle, since they're written in absurdist fiction. Local historians claim that the misused punctuation was a stylistic choice. Finding Moat Monster's thugs was easy, they look as if they don't leave the house much. Next I'd have to defeat The Ice Man, I decided to take a break and stepped into a cantina; once there I was approached by Val Kilmer, he was not The Ice Man I was looking for. He did, however, know the whereabouts of my foe; as well as some juicy Hollywood tidbits. I ordered a beer to dance while I shot at it's feet, drank a Tab, and left looking for a fight. I was raging because I couldn't find a frosty glass of milk.

Today I felt a chill in the air, it was either getting late or The Ice Man was near. First, his thugs attacked; yet they were easily subdued by my unique mix of jiu jitsu, kung fu, and crack cocaine. He was one cool customer, but I defeated him during a nonsensical action sequence full of jump cuts and sluts. Upon his defeat, I stood over him and wisecracked, "Now that's one way to break the ice." For his sake, I hope The Moat Monster isn't intolerant to lactose.

By David Wise And E. BLAY

E-Mail

CHIAROSCuroZ@Hotmail.com

well, i hope strange

running through the c

me? away from yo

Confidential talk is an...
genuine thoughts ar...
range of

Attach Proof #3
Tab D Here

This weekend new hair cut I
fuckin die my friends you
i'll call you staying in watchin

MAIL-IN CERTIFICATE
NOT AVAILABLE IN RETAIL STORES
OFFER EXPIRES 3/31/01

FREE!

Transmission #1

Ok, so I decide I'm gonna be up for a minute anyway. I may as well grab a bite to eat before bed. Got nothing in the room to eat, so I decide I'm gonna hit up the vending machine out in the lounge. With not just a little hesitation, I scrape up a dollar in quarters out of the heap of pocket change sitting on top of my minifridge that constitutes my "rainy day" fund.

I arrive at the vending machine, and now I've got a critical decision to make: Reese's Peanut Butter Cups (3 pack for a buck) or Hershey's with Almonds? I trace the row back and forth for a few minutes, and finally settle on a Payday. I seem to remember them being pretty good, and with all those peanuts, they surely have the most nutritional value I'm gonna get out of this vending machine.

Number? D10. I reach for the D. Click. I reach for the 1. Click.

Vending.

What?

There's no 0 on this machine. "10" is its own separate button, hidden at least a full foot under my direct range of vision. Damn! So what's D1?

You guessed it: nothing. It's fucking empty.

I stand for a moment, my heart pounding in my chest. Is there a safety? A sensor that'll tell this 21st century device that no good or service has in fact been vended? Surely, there will be the tinkling of quarters into the change tray any second.

But after a moment, there is only silence, punctuated by the breaking of my heart.

Writing this haiku

Planning on writing

At the very last minute

Something more interesting

So uninspired

Next time for the zine

Chiaroscuro

Undersold hard work

Issue number thirty four

Filthyzinester says to me

The awkward issue

About my haiku

The Above is/was

The work of Crystal

I would rather not

I don't have time for haiku

Please don't be angry

---SPLOTCHY

PAGE 7

She will do her best. to have a new haiku done.

(tyler is drunkenly playing a guitar)

for you tomorrow.

→

David

Wisc

RESIDENTIAL CUSTOMER - LOCAL

EBT

we gladly accept
at participating locs.

REMOVE PET URINE

RUNNING RED LIGHTS

DO NOT DOUBLE

JULY 31, 2010

EXPIRES

MFR COUPON

Dear Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry

Dear Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry

On Saturday, April 17th, I received a phone call from a friend... let's just call him "Nick." Usually when he calls me he's requesting my help in obtaining alcohol, so that's what I expected. I like to "pay it forward." Nick's birthday, his 20th one thus far, was to be on the following Monday and he required my assistance for the usual reasons... Oh! I was invited too! So, I did what my exact double would do - complied with his demands and invited some friends! I was able to coax the generally straight laced Cracka Jack & BorachoSLC to this shindig by strongly implying the possibility of teenage pussy!

After we purchased the necessary supplies Nick, his girlfriend (Sarah), and a splendid chap known as David elected to take in a meal at a nearby soup kitchen. I remained at home, slowly ate my breakfast, and probably masturbated a few times. Soon my "posse" arrived. We ate, drank, took turns calling one another Mary, etc. The birthday boy and his entourage returned to check on their zany jello shots and disappeared.

We followed them to the party. Well, 15-30 minutes behind we followed them. The party was held in the type of apartment I hadn't seen in years. Wood paneling, cinder blocks, and populated primarily with teenagers. There was beer pong for fuck's sake! Most of the people there were pretty cool/reasonable/agreeable/etc. There was this one kid though... he looked about 15, but he was probably nearly 20. He was a tiny white kid in south salt lake with one of those fucking gold stickers on his hat. He was unable to take a joke. Insecure. No sense of humor. You know the type. Before things got physical, he was such a sexually secure young man that I'm sure he would have had no problem coming to blows with me, I was told that I was being loud. This was perfect timing. I walked away from the conflict and into the "real party." I hung out there for quite awhile discussing the potential fisticuffs that nearly occurred with anyone who would listen to my drunken ramblings.

Eventually I re-entered the primary social arena, borrowed a few cigs, gave away some zines, and continued to wonder how I could get a certain young lady's pants off... consensually! When Josh & Zack <ABC Saturday Mornings!> returned from a positively legal venture into the wilds of Idaho I gathered my troops and we made our exit. I grabbed a bunch of little jello shot things on the way out the door. We had to drink more, there was driving to do. I was planning on being dropped off at my apartment, but I love to be wanted. We stopped at my place and I ran inside to get varied necessities. Grabbed my laptop, roughly 20 dvds, extra socks, some foodshit, and one of those ineffable things.

I am the unofficial 3rd roommate at their place. I set up camp. Their neighbor's internet is more reliable than my neighbor's. We're all pretty wired from the preceding fun and games. On the way there I even made 'em stop so I could buy a pack of cigs for the first time in months! The following day was a continuation. We drank what was left and smoked anything we could find. People dropped by and then they left. Everybody faded in and out of varied stages of consciousness. What else would you expect from a proper post-party party?

The next day Cracka Jack had to go to work. I don't sleep much. Eventually BorachoSLC was up. They were to leave for a road trip that day. Boracho took off to replace his tires and returned in the process of cleaning out his car. Left again. I did unmentionable things to their apartment. Eventually they had both completed their tasks. Due to absurd social complications they were unable to leave until after 9 pm. By then I was hardly conscious. I decided just to crash out there for a night or two. The next day I woke up alive. I looked around and felt like I was on vacation. There was plenty of booze left and food as far as the eye could see. Stacks of movies I'd never seen and a pretty good internet connection. I continued to live the dream.

I woke up the next day feeling as could be expected. Drank water and mindlessly wandered the internet while I watched movies. As Good as it Gets, The Crying Game, Lost in Translation, etc. Eventually I felt good enough to start drinking beer again. It wasn't quite enough. I took the pain killers I'd been carrying around almost an entire week. See, I'm not an addict. It's cool, I feel alive. If you don't catch the reference you're on the other side. Soon I felt good enough to take a shower and walk around downtown a bit. I had some zines to distro and had been meaning to pick up the new VCR5 cd. That mission was successful.

To be continued...

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PAGE 8