

#35

KHIAROSKURO

#35

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED TO APPEAR BEFORE THIS COURT TO
ANSWER THIS COMPLAINT CHARGING YOU WITH THE OFFENSE LISTED:

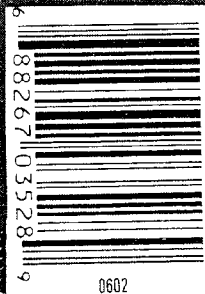
Driver's
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"CURIOSITY"

\$26, CHEAP!

GOLLY!

If
You Don't
Buy This
zine,
We'll Feed This
Dog



NOW IS THE TIME

K 47 NUUN
ICE VIDEO

PAGE 2

ubiquitous



*Said award has not been won as of 7:23 pm 9/3/10

Hey. Thanks for buying the newest issue of Chiaroscuro. You did pay for it, right? You didn't just walk out of the coffee shop, or wherever you saw it, without paying? Maybe all those years of watching Family Guy episodes on TBS for free has warped your mind to where you just don't feel like you need to pay - even though you are taking food out of the mouths of everybody in the zine industry by doing so!

Well anyway, This should be a great issue. It's chock full of great stuff like page 12! Wait until you get your squinty little eyeballs on that page. Or how about this Letter From the Editor that you are reading now? Pretty good, right?

Would I be wrong to assume that you are feeling a little horny; either recently or sometime in the near future? Well you ought to check out the bonus secret page we've included in this issue. It's full of hot stuff you wouldn't want your mom to know you've been reading (unless your a girl, because I hear they talk to their mom about sex stuff) . If you're having trouble finding the secret page turn to the end of this zine and look on the back of the last page!

There is some other stuff in here too, but I haven't been in to the office for quite a while. The pages may be good, they may be bad, but we don't have any quality control so I don't know. Finally, you should just go ahead and send an email about the zine or anything so that we can respond to reader's letters in the next issue. Letters pages are a really easy way to fill space and you like reading things that are about you even if you wrote those things, right?

Tony E.i.C

Welcome to the award winning* 35th issue of Chiaroscuro! Fuck, it's got it all.

The 2nd part of E. Blair's "Dear Twitter, I'm Sorry" saga, if Doomlazer cranks something out at the last minute it'll be printed, some shit a famed "awkward" fellow had laying around, some poetry by a desk raven, Crystal has a few things to say about salty snacks, and I can't help but wonder why I do all this for free whilst Tony rolls around in the profits. Am I being taken advantage of?

E-mail: Chiaroscurozine@hotmail.com

An Applicant, if married, may apply for a separate account.

SECTION 217 OF THE
IDENTITY
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Certificate (1 Per Store.)
returned to your local safety store by not later than
Completed Oct. 30, 1990. Need not be present to win.
Purchase necessary. Winner at each store will be notified by Oct. 30.
one store. May enter at only one store.

THAT SOUNDS REASONABLE

Dear

Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry

PART 2

COOK

When I left, with Boracho's keys that he'd recently left in my trusted possession, it was sort of drizzling. By the time I left the high fidelity record shop it was coming down in a manner surely described in a rusted root song. There was to be a p.i.l. show in a few days and I was beginning to entertain the idea of just kickin' it at my other residence until after then. Unless you work for vhl how many times has anyone seen lydon in utah? I stopped at the abc market to purchase a can of beef stew, some hot & spicy pork rinds, and a thirty pack of pabst. Fasten your seatbelt you are about to enter the 2nd act.

THE 2ND ISSUE

I was somehow able to lock myself out. None of the keys in my possession could get me back inside. My dead cell phone was locked eight floors above me. My actively copyright infringing laptop was locked eight floors above me. I was stuck. With my bag and a thirty pack of beer. Stuck. I hung around out front hoping somebody would either leave or come home for a while. Even if they had I'd put the chain on the front door. Why? I don't fucking know. Travel back in time ask me. I'd sure like to know. There was one thing I knew and still know, my motto. My motto is "no beer left behind." I hiked roughly fifteen blocks in a dramatically exaggerated tsunami. The cardboard holding the beer together began to weaken. I'm not going to lie to you, I was scared. After falling into a delirium I arrived at Crystal's house, related bits and pieces of my tale of woe, but mostly just tried to dry off and catch my breath. Eric gave me a ride home after Art kicked him out for sitting wrong or something. It was time to reevaluate my life.

After a few failed attempts I successfully evaluated myself. I was a man, should probably call his mother one of these days. After some digging I found a "phone" and attempted to get in touch with Cracka Jack. No luck. I begin writing potential "tweets" in a notebook. I was writing this. Or at least the first 800 words or so. I'm typing now. Time out of joint? Unstuck? Flashback to the general chronology of this narrative. Soon it was friday the 23rd. I talked myself out of going to the p.i.l. show, not that difficult as I might have a social disease - y'know, like they sing about in West Side Story. I decided to just stay at home. A recipe for disaster. There are numbers I don't have in my computer or my primary phone. I started texting people. Shane replied copacetically. Maybe we'll hang out again soon, it'd be nice to think that we were really friends. I was paranoid/insecure though and sometimes I wonder.

I texted a lady of noble decent that I hadn't seen or heard from in roughly nine months. I sent a one word message. "Alive?" She responded without employing sarcasm (thus further damaging the economy). One thing led to another, she figured out who I was, and asked if I could come over with a friend or two. Why not, right? I had time enough to clean up a little and take 80% of a shower. I didn't get my hair wet, I wouldn't want to look like I was trying too hard now would I? The noble lady arrived, after a great deal of confusion, with her palace guards and court jester. I lived, after a great deal of confusion, with her palace guards and court jester. A few things that I did earlier that day. I was pretty trashed when she arrived with a mixer out of concentrated juices, little did I know that somebody would be bored. I was drunk too. Girls scare me more than men for some reason. My social anxiety disorder tends to get inflamed around members of the opposite sex. Oh, and I'm probably an alcoholic.

Back half a step. I texted Shane, the young lad who's name has been kept cryptic thus far, and another young lady known as Britney. Britney and I have an interesting enough history that I will tell you all about it, that's not saying much. The previous line was not an attack on Britney, I was merely trying to make the point that I'd tell you anything and everything. Also, I was attempting to be self-appreciating. Is that quality still marketable? Regardless... I met Britney right before she got married. They were cool kids. I don't mean to be a fellow named Peter. They lived about two blocks away from the gas station that had the pleasure of my presence at the time. We smoked weed, drank, talked about each other behind their backs, and pretty much did everything kids do. A few months later I moved to Englewood, NJ. This is where this segment of the story begins to get confusing.

After a cross country journey with DoomLazer I eventually arrived at my parents' new homestead. A "McMansion" of sorts that was technically located in Allentown, PA. I'd been to Allentown once before, earlier that year. You've got to really want to run away from something to find yourself there. I think my dad was attempting to run away from his family and I think my Mom was running away from logic. But, I don't know what was going through anybody's heads at the time. I spent somewhere in the neighborhood of three months there. Living with my family for the first time in years. Doomlazer was in NJ, where his job was, living with his aunt. He was trying to find us a place. Albeit slowly. Eventually I got a job at a nearby Target in Allentown. I passed the drug test and everything. As if waiting for me to make a move, DoomLazer found us a place in Englewood. I happily high tailed it out of Allentown. I left soon enough to miss the real ugliness. Or at least that's the impression I got.

Eric Blair

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Lopez?

Our goal is total customer satisfaction.

SEE WHAT THEY LEARNED!

For general use adults and children 2 years and older apply to affected area not more than 3 to 4 times a day

100% LEMON JUICE

THE NATURAL FLAVOR

Baked.

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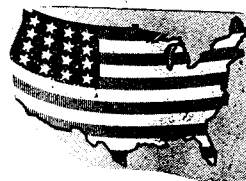
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The

Arrested Development

1991

Calendar



Term Paper Blues?

WORTH A MIN

JANUARY

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You can accomplish anything this week. There's simply no way you can fall short of your goals.

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Yes! I will now Tempt Fate by Possessing The Very Same Mystic Powers That Are In The World-Famous Crystal Skull

FREE!

I will also give you... at absolutely no charge a very personal word to remember the day I reveal my secret to you. It will protect you.



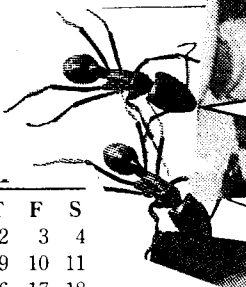
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Breathe easy...

MAY

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SHOULDERS

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JUNE

There are some things no woman can resist. Fill The Gaps

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

Brian Staker, Editor
1493 University Village
Salt Lake City, Utah 84108

Price: \$2.00

'repulsive' AUGUST

LEGS

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Healthy Hair

with Jiffy Condoms.

Hard brain

September

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RATING KEY

Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for.

I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED

WHY Look Like This...



WHEN You Can Look Like This!



phone YOUR FANTASIES



Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.

The Future

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Aquarius - For everything there is a season. Except for you, you are the exception that proves the rule.

Capricorn - Don't flirt with success, play hard to get.

Sagittarius - You aren't slow. Asking where time and space came from is an inane question.

Scorpio - This is not the time to question your faith in horoscopes.

Libra - I haven't read you, but I did read "The Body Artist" once.

Virgo - I enjoy being proven wrong. I find it to be a learning experience. Prove me wrong.

Leo - Stop taking credit for Batman.

Cancer - Today will be alright for bananafish.

Gemini - Sure had fun when we were in The Holograms.

Taurus - We've all had enough of your bullshit.

Aries - You don't have Caller I.D. do you? You have caller ego.

Pisces - Hopefully not much

Pepperoni deL

Pieces: Take out that loan you've been considering, you'll never have to pay it back!

Aries: You have been written out of continuity due to a vocal group of readers that didn't care for your hi-jinks.

Taurus: You have been recalled due to an overwhelming manufacturer error.

Gemini: Consider taking a new lover... maybe somebody you went to high school with. Me, for example.

Cancer: Good news! It's B9! You're playing bingo, right?

Cancer: Good news! It's B9! You're p...
Leo: Start getting used to the fact that most people will assume you
are a teenage mutant ninja turtle." - SLEDGE
... something that you don't intend to steal.

Virgo: Don't ever borrow something that you don't own. Society has enough losers.

Libra: Only losers even consider suicide. Don't bother leaving a note. We won't read it. You cut your own damn hair. And we're not special. You're just a really lucky punk.

Scorpio: You will be especially lucky this week, punk.

Scorpio: You will be especially lucky
Sagittarius: Take a moment to reflect on how spectacularly humble you are
zine
edited by "Tony"
Attractive

zine

- ☒ Chiaroscuro, edited by "Tony"
- ☐ Leviathan, edited by Mike Brown
- ☐ Sofa King, edited by Will Nevins

USING MY MICAH

THE FINEST IN SALT LAKE'S
ARTS COMMUNITY

MAROSCUCCI @ the Hot and Cold

PAGE 5

PAC

7 SELECT

Snacks that take themselves too seriously (part 1)

All in all for the price you really can't complain about these chips. I mean they are not high quality or anything, but they aren't horrible either and shit they are cheap. However, the description talks them up so much I'd be surprised if someone who took this sort of thing seriously would ever buy these chips again. To start the whole the "Taste You Can Hear" thing has me a bit confused. First of all it is pretty

strange sounding and honestly if you are anywhere near a point where you are hearing flavor then you are either tripping your ass off or you have some kind of brain issue that you should really get checked out. Are these chips laced with LSD? If so that really could be an added selling point worth mentioning. Beyond the catch phrase the idea that someone "hand-selected" these potatoes and then fried them up in the "finest" oils is so out there I wonder if the target market for these chips is supposed to be the utterly-naïve or the semi-retarded. Isn't it about time we get some honest marketing? I think these chips deserve a more fitting description...

Our Potato Chips are made from only the cheapest, yet, still useable potatoes.

First, our bottom of the barrel potatoes are sliced to an appropriate chip size, then fried in the lowest cost oils we can get away with without offending our customers. We then season them as to resemble a taste like the flavor intended. The result is a chip with a reasonable crunch that tastes decent.

Try some today and experience the taste we could provide within the price range that you can afford. From a factory kitchen to your table or car, serving you a "Chip That Can Crunch."

Now that is a chip I would buy with pride.

→ Crystal



CHIAROSCuroZINE

ICE VIDEO

HotMail.com

not very funny. before I became racist. That was a joke, just like my life. I know, it's Where was I? Oh, right - New Jersey. That's the place that I left out east where I could sell war games. I only believe in myths. here right? After awhile I decided to quit war profiteering and move any friends anymore. But, I probably think too much - that's why I'm Monster was gone. Shane was gone. I worried that I wouldn't have things happen. We moved deeper into sugarhouse. The Moat somebody was bound to get pregnant. You know, with child. These didn't make any sense, but neither does my life. Eventually talking to the Bum about having meth in my house. I know that remember who I was. Oh, right. I was the guy standing in the rain Doomlazer, Rudy, a Negro, and a guy with a drug solution. I don't confused ethnic features. We picked up a Moat Monster, Shane's a really good friend. Later we collected some people with loser. Shane moved in first because I don't like to be alone... and house my mom owned. I know - I know - I know, I'm kind of a with girls for awhile during the olympics. Then I moved into this some weed, but I forgot to rent the virgin suicides. I snuck around closet until I drank it. Then I took a bunch of lithium and smoked lake. Coming down. It was easier. I kept some London vodka in my we were both about to leave the continent. I ended up back in salt with my sidekick at cybercafes, and met up with Hachim right before weeks or nine? I don't remember. I smoked some drugs, hung out bookstore just long enough for me to have fun in London. Was it six creative writing class and met a guy called Hachim. We worked at a understand how the government works. So, I signed up for a you money for leaving high school early. Don't ask me, man, I don't a mormon. I never really wanted to go to college, but the state gives school and then I graduated. I had to graduate early because I wasn't become a writer. I took a creative writing class for two years in high an art class a few times, but I can't draw. So I figured maybe I could books to help me read. I always wanted to make comic books. I took a lot of green olives. Yeah, I was saying that my dad gave me comic remembering this correctly. It's complex really, but I've been eating girl I used to know named Jessica, but I'm probably not freaked out and took her shirt off. Later she stole some shit from this being psychologically abused. In gym class there was this girl who Then I learned that I like to walk to school much more than I enjoy kids in my new neighborhood became pricks somewhere in jr. high. my faith in that Jesus guy with the holy casper and what not. The bedroom. Oh, and my parents were collecting sisters for me. I lost They had cable. We moved into a much nicer house. I had my own of time at my grandparents' house. It's the only place I'll drink milk. We moved right after I graduated kindergarten. I used to spend a lot Comic books. During no TV week my mom let me play my Atari. it was called a childhood. That was pretty good. Action figures, trouble began. I had one of those things when I was younger, I think mommy and daddy... I think they had sex. Yeah, that's when the was drafted. So, I was saying that I was shifting the blame onto know I never did sign up for this shit, right? How did I get here? I blame those fucking assholes who brought me into this world. You alcoholic. I think it's my parents fault. Yeah, that makes sense I'll installed in my heart. Oh, and my name is Eric Blair and I am an I accept MotherCat as my personal lord and savior, she's deeply