

CHIAROSCURO

FREE!

#36

Jan '11

Not An Award
Winning Zine

active space negative

active space negative

active space negative

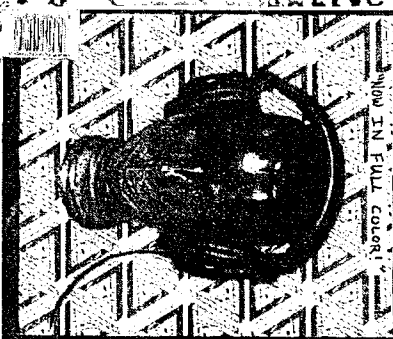
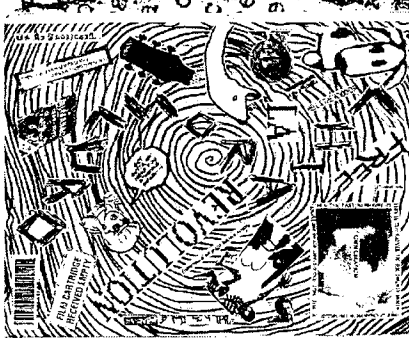
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CHIAROSCURO



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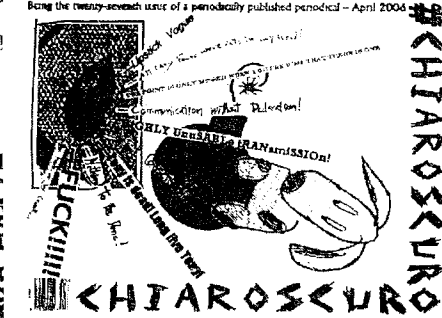
CHIAROSCURO



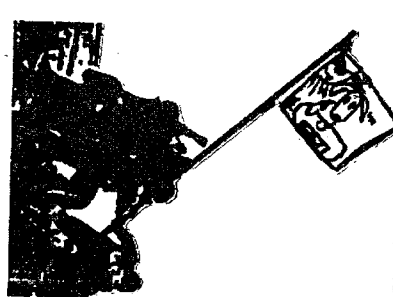
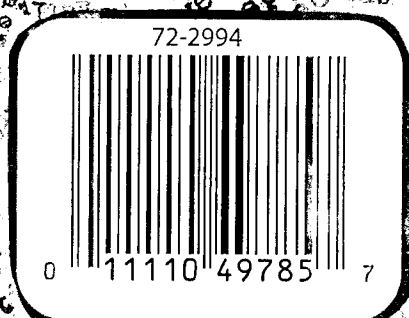
CHIAROSCURO



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CHIAROSCURO



Does God Really Care About Us?



Was it a Good Decision?

NO

Dear readers,

There is in this issue a poorly constructed DVD for you to watch. It is almost entirely out of sync and all together crappy. I guess that's what we get for burning all the discs while really drunk. I swear the gold master was totally nSync. I wanted to publish this issue's video content on Lazerdicks, but most people nowadays don't have phones smart enough to watch 'em. Most people don't even have watches nowadays. What is this movie I'm watching? Special prize for the first reader who knows. Right now I'm watching the rehabilitation scene in Point of No Return where america's sweetheart learns to use a mouse. I thought about a mouse once. I should say, tried to teach a mouse, but it died in a sink's garbage disposal. Never did mind much about the little things. Sometimes when I don't know know what to write and I'm scared, I say, " the fucked up DVD was on purpose!". In the future, do you think all movies will have a button that will mashem up with other films so that when you get confused and misremember things everyone will think you meant the Paul Reiser film with the three Amigos called "Tres Hermanos Grandes con Tu?".

Tony, E.I.C.

This may be the first issue of CHIAROSCURO that you've ever seen. We have no one to blame but ourselves for that. Our consistency isn't what it should be to put it nicely. Are you wondering how you can get your hands on past issues? Of course you are! If you're in slc I'd try the downtown library's zine collection. You aren't? Don't despair! We still have a few collections we'd be willing to sell ya if the price was right, CHIAROSCURO Vol. 1 (#1-#12) for example. It does not come with The CD of the Absurd, sorry. A collection of #13-15 is still available. As are collections of #16-18 and #19-21. More collections will surely happen eventually. More cds will happen too. Dare you dream of The Best of The S.P.R.3? If not watch this dvd after you get really fucking high and read the zine when you should be doing homework. Lots of first time contributors in this one as well as the staples you've grown to love!

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PAGE 2

Issue #2

Loneliness

DVD+R

TIME IT'S FREE, NEXT TIME, IT'LL COST YA

1160-75

↑ OPEN ALONG EDGE ↑
IS IS ALSO YOUR RETURN ENVELOPE

BROADCASTING LIVES

Killometer

USED
100%
GUARANTEED

→ BoomLazer

Running out of breath cycling all these goddamned miles. I would kill for a brownie right now. At least this race isn't taking place in America. In America it's all uphill both ways - snowing too!

Name's Lance. Lance Armstrong. I'm a Private Investigator/Reporter. You know, like that guy Fletch from those 80's movies, but throw in a little Magnum P.I. and a dash of Kolchak if you want a real sense of what I'm all about. I solve crimes for money. That's why I'm here, racing in the tour de france.

Oh MG! I don't think I can write this piece. I just Kant wright anymore. They say write what you know. Doesn't that mean write based on your own experiences? Well I haven't had any new experiences in several years, unless of course you count discovering The New Adventures of Old Christine in syndication an experience.

Honestly, I have become stagnant.

I guess I'll just fill up some space with a SAT or LSAT or TSAT style practice quiz. It's questions similar to what you might expect to be asked on the real test. Kinda practice quiz if you will.

- Q1: How dangerous is it to drink NyQuil at the end of the night if you are drunk and have a cold?
- A: Not really dangerous at all
 - B: It's a mitigated risk, the alternative is far worse
 - C: Extremely recommended
 - D: Trick question

- Q2: If a man has a sex change, where does the doctor get the uterus?
- A: From a corpse
 - B: Nobody Knows
 - C: Gilmore Girls
 - D: The sex change is purely cosmetic, but a good doctor will put a non-functioning uterus in there for the purpose of fooling X-Rays

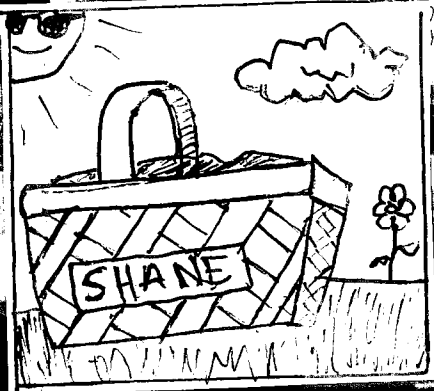
- Q3: Man lives in a sunlit world that he believes to be reality. Where does Woman live?
- A: With her boyfriend
 - B: I don't really have any jokes for this question
 - C: Not enough information to answer the question
 - D: In some sort of domicile she probably doesn't pay rent to live in?

Kinda fizzled out on liking the idea of doing a questionnaire thing too. Guess I just don't have it in me anymore. Go ahead and circle your answers on the page with a pen. This Zine is not a collectors item. I doubt even my mom would want to save this. Ever noticed that Chiaroscuro doesn't have a wikipedia page? I haven't checked, but I'm guessing it doesn't. Anyway, keep it real!!

" i am a picnic that cannot defend itself.

shane

HEY BOO BOO, LET'S SWIPE
THAT Defenseless Pick.
A. NIK BASKET!



...THE PICNIC, unable to
Defend itself, was snatched!

THE END

Dear Twitter Followers,

I'm Sorry

PART 3

Blair

It's drug addiction

Doomlazer already had a job. I, however, did not. Fuckin' Bergen County is expensive. I stressed it a bit and was probably not the best roommate. Doomlazer would come home from work bitching and I'd say something along the lines of, "Well, at least you have a job." We'd only been living there a few weeks when The Moat Monster came by to visit. I met him at port authority and we had a grand time walkin' round nyc together. We took the last bus to Englewood and quietly went inside. Doomlazer had become much more irritable recently. Understandable when you think about it. Move across the country and start a new job. MotherCat only knows the other problems he was keeping near and dear to his heart. The Moat Monster left earlier than he intended to after an encounter with DoomLazer. Soon I got a job (or two) and things were going pretty well for awhile.

The first job gave me so few hours I somehow found the motivation to get a second shit job. The second gig, at a grocery store, lasted about a week after my first promotion at GAMESTOP. Crystal, of stick figure porn and haiku fame, moved to brooklyn with her varied dependants. This next part I'm not sure about the chronology. Did Catie (10%) visit before Britney or vice versa? If you know please write this publication at the obvious address. My gut tells me 10% visited first. I met her at port authority as well. We goofed around all over town. I was drinking pretty consistently and she had zany opinions, we were a match made in coolsville! Catie and I had known each other long enough that a certain amount of sexual mumbo jumbo had already occurred between us. Paranoid that I am I can't help but think that the fact that I'd left s.l.c. for (almost) the big shitty made me seem cooler in her fashion obsessed hipster eyes. Of course, we've all got problems. Her's sound too complex for me to attempt to explain. Me? I'm way off topic.

Britney and I did something once or twice that I don't think has been talked about until now. We stayed in touch. Myspace and cell phone text messaging. Cyber sex. It would seem that her marriage wasn't going very well. She flew out east to visit. One day we watched three movies with fictional drugs in 'em. A Scanner Darkly, Naked Lunch, and Kids in the Hall: Brain Candy. She'd sent us some weed previously and we attempted to grow Chiaroscurnic out of it. I killed it with enthusiasm. By the time she came out, I'd found somebody who didn't need to ship it to me. Britney and I had some awkward times that's for sure. She only packed flip-flops. She bought new shoes before we went into nyc. She was very indecisive, which bothered me at the time - but, I think I might have some idea what she was going through. We went to strawberry fields in central park. She brought the aqua teen hunger force movie with her, it's just not for me. The first night we slept there was as strange as the nights that followed it. I've got this rule against sleeping with people who are married. Crazy, eh? To be fair, I had to break the rule before I made it one though.

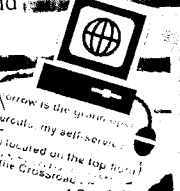
The first two months after I moved back to Salt Lake were dramatically inspired. I wanted to get a job first and live near it. Simple desires, eh? Mice and men. After my Mom went to her room to cry about a remark I made about how nobody liked dad anymore I would have moved anywhere. I hate watching people I love cry. I took the first available opportunity by the horns. I moved in with a few "elder goths" that I'd known for years. We'd been through some shit together before, I hoped we'd all get along. The first few weeks after I moved back they seemed to enjoy having me around. That's one sad marriage. One day, before I successfully obtained employment, I went on one hell of a drunk. I met up with Cracka Jack and we went to strip club. Later I remember leaving his place determined to walk home. This was january. I was drunk, cold, and not that sure how to get back to the gothic dungeon. I gave up. Stopped at a hotel. Vacancies? Yes. Too expensive? Fuck, yes. I ended up at a different establishment with a bug in my bonnet. For the second time in my life I called up one of those escort agencies. Take it from me, it's not worth it.

The next day I woke up drinking. You would too if you had so many recent events to try to convince yourself that you didn't remember. I began walking from downtown towards the sugarbush (Moat Monster!) area. Walked up 9th south and got a sandwich at that place Art used to work at. That last sentence was "bizarro" on purpose. I ate half of it before I got to Britney's house. Please do not assume the following events happened in the order I present them. We went to a walmart with her younger sister. She'd never seen "Airheads" which seemed a good enough reason to buy it that day. Eventually it was me and her. We were all fucked up, but she wasn't officially divorced yet and I've got that rule. See above. We "made out" and I told her to bite me. In the morning I snagged a half full pint of Malibu and started to walk to Black Cat Comics. A fellow Highland High alumni saw me on the side of the road and gave me a ride into sugarbush proper. That person's name was Stephanie. Surprisingly the goths I moved in with revealed themselves to be pill popping, manipulative, scenester, politiking, lying pieces of shit. Strange, eh? They are so cute in high school, but when goths get full grown they turn into assholes.

Many Attractive People are Food Addicts

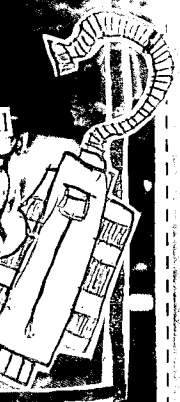
Receive \$3.00 or \$1.00 any time
Vending Machine Accidents Will Kill Hundreds Daily

USING MY
And



HE WAS A GREAT
PROPHET

Satan's Fall From Grace



Dear Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry

I got a job at the same chain of gas stations I'd worked at for years before I moved out east. The gig was in sugarbush (Buy The Moat Monster's Books!) which is where I wanted to live. The gothic dungeon was located around 5th south and 12th west. I dated a goth chick I met through frankenstein and her monster for nearly two weeks. She must have been smart enough to realize I'd had enough of her stupidity. I wanted to break up with her in person and she started avoiding me. It was around this time that I read an issue of s.l.u. at a downtown beer bar and was surprised to see a familiar name. Moses, Jeanette. I eventually found a s.l.u. related e-mail address that worked and sent them a message (See CHIAROSCURO #33 - E. Blair) wherein I accused her of being a "filthy zinester" and suggested that if those requirements were all that were necessary I would be there the following monday at 9 am sharp. Eventually I found myself in a world of very flattering bullshit.

I don't function well around negativity. In general. But, in context I can't help but excuse myself a bit (certainly not completely) from some deplorable behavior. I quit GameStop in NJ to avoid being fired. One of my top three greatest fuck-ups of all time. I decided it was time to move back to my hometown. Hell, these "old friends" of mine still seem to like me on the internet. Accidentally made my Mom cry and jumped into the first housing opportunity so as to avoid negative drama bullshit. My Mom was in the process of getting divorced. Lawyer v. Lawyer. The goths I moved in with just enjoyed threatening each other with divorce as some sort of strange foreplay. Andrew Glassett was right, life is hard enough without a bunch of negative behavior. Where we seem to differ in opinion is that I consider lies to be negative behavior and he doesn't believe in the truth or love. So, I've got screaming goths in one ear, family members saying contrary shit to me in the other, and "s.l.u.g.g.e.r.s" being scenester politiking bullshit artists in a third ear. That's at least one too many ears. Family crisis, moving, and going to a funeral are three of the biggest stress causing events according to some bullshit I absorbed in a psych class in college.

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

Past Due Amount

I just blew through the NJ job situation, didn't I? I began this story a few zines back, titled it "Swimming Knives" after a Dylan Moran routine I enjoy. Never finished it then, sort of like how I've been dodging the reality of the sex that recently occurred by delving deeper into the past in this autobiographical tale. Let's just say that while I'm happy the asshole known as David Muschel (do your own research, he's an asshole) didn't get me arrested, I still think that two civilized people would have been able to settle this dispute without costing the other their job. So I got trashed in my tiny fucking room. I'd never been in a situation like this before. My next day on the job I showed up ready to be fired only to find myself walking the \$5,000ish deposit to the bank. It was post-thanksgiving. The day that we all give thanks and then immediately throw it all away. I was in Oregon on Black Friday. My boss, at the time, was semi-pissed. I'd claimed my birthday and a few days around it months earlier before he was moved to the ppe Englewood gamEstOP. The guy who hired me, Mike Walker, was running a phone kiosk when my shit hit the fan. I considered hitting him up for a job, but didn't.

WESTMINSTER

This, the trip to Oregon, was quite possibly my favorite vacation of all time. The plane stopped in Seattle, I bought my dad a little space needle as per his request, and boarded a puddle jumper. I'd taken Shatner's trusted advice and scored a deal on priceline dot com. I stayed at a Red Lion during their off season, or so it seemed, and the service was exquisite! I dropped my shit off at the hotel and then caught a complimentary ride to the MAX, it's like TRAX but useful. I'd been to Portland a few times before, so I got to the venue earlier than necessary. Candace was at a nearby bar/poolhall and gave me directions there. I'd feel silly about being unable to remember the name of the band (The Dwarves - Tony) we went to see if it wasn't for the fact that I got drunkly irked with many elements apparent and wandered out into the night before the headlining band took the stage. For some silly reason I bought @doomlazer a cheap little pipe at a headshop before finding myself back at my hotel. They gave me a cell phone charger. I had fantastic luck on their slot machines and tipped well in the hotel bar, they gave me a cell phone charger. and one day I had a champaign buffet there. I was at the top of the life scale I tell ya!

S.I.D.S. and Nancy

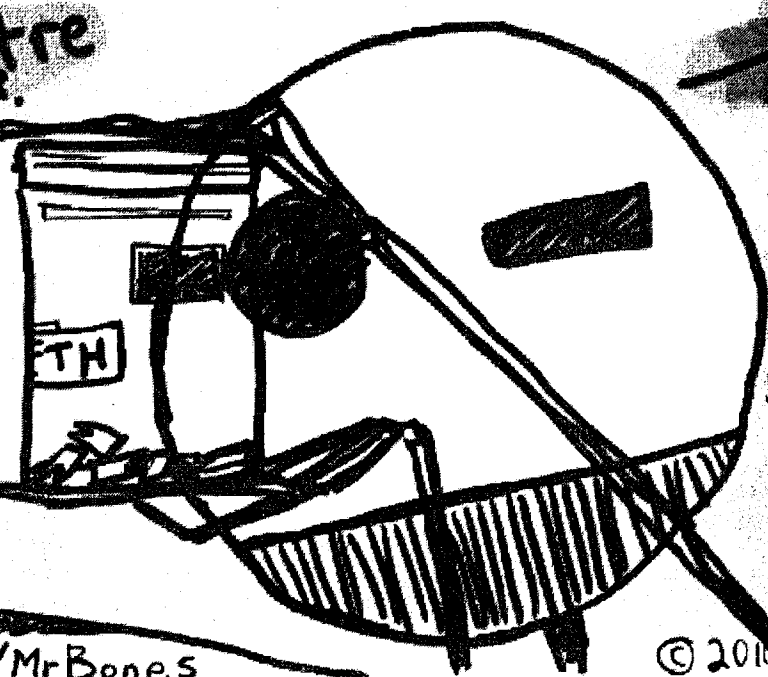
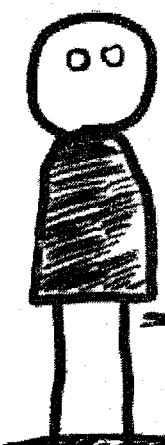
Moving back in with my Mom was not easy, but it was necessary. I really did hope that after some time passed and everybody got their shit in perspective I'd be able to repair my friendships with Alanja and Jimmy, the "goths." (They are "goth" depending on which one of them you ask and in what company you inquire). But, sometimes people do things that make me feel very childish. Jimmy, that's "Martin J. DeKay" to you, gave people the impression that I was practically a date rapist and that I left owing him money. When he apologizes for his lies I'll happily be his friend again. Unrelated: if my dad would just admit that maybe, perhaps, in a fucking alternate universe he once did something wrong... well, maybe I wouldn't need a separate phone to avoid getting into a fight with him. If you've ever lied to me, or about to me to others, just admit that you did something you shouldn't have and apologize. I know I'm being childish and that Glassett must enjoy being lied to, but we could all be friends again. Some of you surely have "enough friends", not me. How many is enough?



Guilt?

Mr Bones, Hierophant

What are those?



the teeth of that Chiaroscuro Guy. His name was Filthy Lazer or Doomzinester or something

HTTP://j.mp/MrBones

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Special

-Crystal

He was a fucking cool, he was talented, he could talk shit like no one else, everywhere we went people knew him and I was someone special because I was his. He took me everywhere with him and he spoiled me rotten. He let me do whatever I wanted and I felt so proud that I could handle myself so well. I was responsible and as long as I could take care of myself he would be proud of me. Sure he didn't always pay that much attention to me and sometimes he didn't answer no matter how many times I called his name. It was ok though. He was just busy, deep in thought, and sometimes I suspected couldn't hear very well. It wasn't a reflection of me or my value. I had faith in him and his love and that was all that mattered. He was a good man and deep in his soul I saw nothing, but beauty. As long as I believed in him then everything would be ok. He didn't owe me anything; he loved me and that was enough. No matter what he did I was dedicated to him. Love was the most important thing in the world.

As time passed he became more distant. He didn't take me with him as much, but that was ok because he was busy and what he had going on in his life was more important anyway. Besides, he still loved me and that was all that mattered. I had learned by now not to expect much from other people. I was responsible and I could take care of myself. When he was available I would always be there for him because I loved him and I had faith that he loved me. It was up to me to keep the faith and I did...I was dependable. The only person you can really expect to count on is yourself anyway.

Over the years I began to realize just how special I was. A lot of the people in my life couldn't take care of themselves, but that was ok. I had learned that expecting others to be responsible wasn't reasonable after all. People are who they are and if you love them then you should just deal with it. It isn't really being fair to expect anything from anyone besides yourself. I was a realist and I was happy no matter what and that was all that mattered. I would be there for the people I loved and as long as I was there for them everything would be ok. I would do my best for them because I loved them. Love was the most important thing in the world.

Chiaroscuro You!

Special

Now open.

believe

God behind Bars.

CAUTION
FLAMMABLE
READ CAREFULLY OTHER
CAUTIONS ON FRONT PANEL.

NOT RECOMMENDED FOR USE BY CHILDREN UNDER 8 YEARS OF AGE

ON THIS CARD TO
YOUR HOME
THE ONE POSTED AT THE DEALERSHIP

MORNING

Care
OR RECEIVE AND MAIL
MILLER WATCH SET (Sump Retail Value)

Join us

"god hates fads"

By j.k. Lmnop

i guess by definition fads don't usually have lasting meaning or relevance.

some fads return, like goofy sideburns or over sized lenses on sunglasses.

they come and they go. i don't know why. if it was tried out, became

f-ed out, and then went away. it would seem people would realize a thing's

banality. some fads develop into a movement which last in a smaller form.

jazz. for instance. and some beloved schools of it. for sure.

certain dance steps, things like that. i guess. but that's not a fad, right?

it's just the origin of something. do people who are partaking in a fad

KNOW it's a fad? were people in the hula hoop craze thinking 'this

isn't a fad, this is the rest of my life, twirling and twirling, shaking

and knocking'? i have never knowingly taken part in a fad. i've never

hackey sacked - either before or after it's surge. i kind of starting

skateboarding in a boom, when it was fad-like - but it's now some 25

years later and i'm still skating. maybe a hairstyle, or a lack of

one. maybe. that's the closest i've come. but that being said - i've

never used hair product so how close can i have come? i had a

members only jacket in middle school. they were popular at the time.

somewhere, there's a photo of me in it that i used to like but now

would probably be ashamed of. but i was never in charge of what

was bought for me to wear, really. in short, i am not a fad king.

are you? if so, why?

I think i'll talk about how i feel about midgets. First off, they aren't even real people. History had it wrong, the 3/5ths vote should have been midgets, if that, maybe even half. They are even worthless as slaves so being less a person is... understandable. Do they even have the same brain or does it stop developing at 12?

So one time i knew a midget and i ran into her again like 2 years later and she acted like she didn't recognize me. This means either midgets are stupid, or are just menaces in general. But i shouldn't use the word general unless i'm describing myself...

In video games i'm totally the general all the time, you get me on a headset and i will rule the mic. i'm the microphone commander general bitches and there aren't any eskimo dwarf munchkin ass things on my team.

-Gnawlin

What factors contribute to loneliness?

Shop Talk

by Greg Gage

This is my first time contributing to Chiaroscuro, so, since i own a comic book store, (Black Cat Comics), allow me to quickly vent. Maybe next time i'll have something more to say.

Let's start with a few definitions. Periodical: a published with a fixed interval between the issues or numbers. DC Comics: A comic book publisher that has been in business for 76 years. Marvel Comics: A comic book publisher that has been in business for 71 years.

With a readily available definition for periodical and a combined 147 years of experience, wouldn't you think they could get their shit together and publish their output on time?

Stuff

Recently DC had an event where Batman returned from the dead. With several tie-in titles, one-shots, and mini-series, in addition to the regular titles, scheduling conflicts had the character back in action, even though the "Return of Bruce Wayne" title, where the actual return took place, was weeks late, diminishing any impact it could have had. Marvel is guilty of this, too, with the similarly themed return of Captain America the previous year. Don't even get me started on Image (14 months between Bomb Queen vol. 6 #1 and #2) and Dark Horse (Supernatural Freak Machine has been promised for five years with nothing forthcoming).

With our country barely crawling out of a recession and companies folding left and right, shouldn't these luxury item providers try a little harder to hold on to what little spending money people have. A simple fact: if it's been over a year since the last episodic installment of a story has come out, how many people have either a) forgot what they've read, or b) simply moved on to something else? Speaking as a retailer with extra inventory that's sometimes tough to move, allow me to say a hell of a lot.

Now, on the plus side, DC is usually above board enough to allow returns on late items. Marvel, however, does not. So when i get the 75 copies of something that only 10 people still give a shit about, i'm stuck with a lot of extra books, and for a small business, that hurts.

Years ago, print runs on comics were in the millions. Two months ago, the highest selling book didn't even break the 100 thousand mark. Sure, some of that can be attributed to the demise of the quick return investment greedy bastard driving numbers artificially up, but some of that fault must be accepted by continued lateness.

Just a little information to the customer and retailer could go a long, long way. Demonstrate some responsibility. Apologize. Or maybe, if a creator can't produce, fire them. If i were a year late to work, you could bet your ass i wouldn't have a fucking job.

Just my two cents. Thanks for pretending to care!

FREE ZINE

Kid sized item
99¢/ea

The Life Improvement Store™

at the touch of a button!

My first trip to jail

by Julie from Cincinnati

Side-swiping two parked cars and being arrested really motivated me to get sober. I haven't had a drink since then. I don't even want to drink, although I don't expect that to be the case for much longer. I'm making plans for the day I want to drink because I'm 95% certain I'll die if I ever drink again and I don't want to die yet. I even signed up and started attending intensive outpatient rehab.

At least one trip before the judge is still looming before me. I have some idea of what to expect because I did not just get a standard DUI. Like everything else I do, I outperformed most people. It's hard work and diligence that's responsible, not some natural talent. Even if there is some natural talent, what would it be without my effort? Anyway, I can expect a three day Drivers Intervention Program, where I'll stay at a hotel and attend dramatic "Blood and Tears" presentations (or three days in jail, if I prefer). More than likely I'll have a probation officer and shouldn't be surprised, or so I've been told, if I'm ordered to attend AA.

I didn't start rehab to make a good impression on the judge. It suddenly occurred to me that I needed some help to get sober. The things I'd been trying, and I WAS sincerely trying, weren't working and weren't going to work. I stayed in bed, shaking, sweating, and crying, except for a brief trip to be arraigned on some charges I was naive enough to think would be settled in an hour. Oh, and I spent a lot of time in the bathroom barfing and shitting. I couldn't keep a sip of water inside me for a few days. My doctor pointed out another time I was so sick, last summer. I didn't associate it with alcohol because I wasn't drinking. I attempted to stop cold turkey. I'm sure I was having alcohol withdrawal then, too. I never want to experience it again.

I can not recall a single fuzzy detail about my accident. I wanted to go home and I stopped to get carryout instead. I decided to have one drink, although I didn't want a drink. I don't know how many drinks I had. (More than usual - I blew a .261) I had the same experience just about everyday, except Saturdays because I didn't leave the house. I don't know why I never realized that I stopped shaking on Sundays after I had my first drink. I still don't know exactly what happened to me that night, but I am so lucky that nothing but stationary objects were involved. I don't remember driving my car. I don't remember wrecking my car. I don't remember leaving the scene of the accident. I don't remember the police. My memories start in the hospital, in restraints attached to an uncomfortable bed. I figured I had tried to kill myself, those being the only other times I've been locked to an ER bed. I asked to go to the bathroom and they brought me a bed pan. When they freed me, there was a police officer standing outside my door. I tried to walk out of the room and he told me to stay. Then I was put in handcuffs and brought to jail. I didn't know what to do.

Anyway, I am motivated to do whatever I need to do so that I never drink again.

Now, with respect to the judge and court, I've been advised to attend AA meetings. It will make me look good. There are a lot of things I dislike about AA, one being the "Higher Power" and God bullshit. Besides, God is always referred to as He and that really bothers me. Only He can make me stop drinking because there is no willpower; however, he is not to blame if I DO drink too much. It's that last bit that really drives the nail in the coffin. I am already planning what things I will say at meetings if I am ordered by the court to attend. In fact, I kind of look forward to the trouble I can cause. I'm trying to keep an open mind about things, but it's hard not to imagine what sort of spiritual awakening I might have, and during a meeting, too. Can you blame me? I love this sort of thing!

I will not attend AA as a hypocrite. I will go if ordered to, but I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Hopefully, the \$3,000 I'm shelling out for an attorney will be money well spent. He did say the best case scenario is an accident with parked cars because that's hardest to prove at a trial. Unfortunately, there is a good chance I spoke to the police officer(s) and no telling what I said. Maybe an insanity plea is my best hope.

Valentine's Day Roses

Valentine's Day roses scattered, crumpled on the floor
Valentine's Day roses
I was the one you used to adore
Life once worth living
life now a chore
I sit now with my roses
stems missing blooms
you live here still, but I'm alone in these rooms
Heart racing, tears on my breast
once upon a time you loved me best
but no more

Lust Denied

I ache... ache for you to touch me
where my white skin melts into pink
Moist, stolen kisses
our mouths blossoming like roses
Passionate breath
(lust denied)
Love courses through
our veins
Longing crashes over our bodies
like waves
and in this kiss it all lives...

Look

here!

---Allie Xanthi

Abigail, age 15: "I spend time with adult friends and benefit from their experience."

5/26/2005

2/14/2006

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Fucking

Crystal

-Johnny S.= Thanks for letting me corner you and kiss you by the side of the school. It was my first kiss and I'm pretty sure it wasn't any good. In fact, I think you were kind of afraid of me, but that's ok it was fun anyway.

-Johnny H.= Making out with you by the camp fire in front of all our friends was great. It was great how we didn't really even talk to each other much first. I really enjoyed the dirt in my hair too... I don't know why, but there is just something sexy about that. The minute of penetration in your truck wasn't great; especially after you worked so hard at convincing me it was a good idea, but I guess I'm glad my first time didn't last that long. The best part was how you clearly ejaculated, but said instead that you didn't want to continue. I saw the condom and it wasn't empty. Then you told everyone that I was a whore and insisted on blowing you. You even got your brother in on your story telling. I guess you really wanted to go on your mission and apparently lying is a good way to get there. I learned a very important lesson about Mormon boys that day, so thanks.

-Casey= My Bountiful friends urged me to ask you to their school dance and you accepted my invitation and that was pretty cool considering you barely knew me. The dance was fun, but the best part was when you fingered me in the car while the rest of the group was with us. I tried to keep quiet and bit my lip, but they still noticed and made comments about it. I didn't mind, though, I was enjoying myself. I've never really been ashamed of sex so I let you continue. The oral sex later in the basement with the braces wasn't as much fun. I think I might have fucked you if the braces/pubic hair thing had worked out better and if the crazy bitch's mom hadn't walked in on us. Too bad we never got a chance to try again. I always hoped I'd run into you, but I never did.

-Robert= We kissed for the first time while playing a game of spin the bottle. You went out with my friend a couple of times before that, but I didn't really care about all that when we were drunk in a park under a blanket and you told me you liked me. We made out for a while and it really pissed my friend off...in fact, it ruined our friendship. I would have let you go for her you know, but she didn't want me anymore so I went out with you anyway. I gave you a hand job in a movie theater and later that night we fucked in the playhouse in your back yard. I'm pretty sure the friends we were with looked in on us, but I wasn't concerned. We dated off and on for a while after that, mostly we would hang out, get drunk, and find some place in the house to fuck that your mom wasn't very likely to walk into. The best time was on the trampoline in the middle of the back yard with just a blanket...it was funny when your mom yelled out the window within minutes of us finishing and asked you a question. After that summer you disappeared for a while, but months later you re-appeared and asked me to be your girlfriend. I was surprised you didn't seem like a commitment guy, but I liked you so I agreed. I guess while you were missing you were doing lots of acid, went crazy, and got put into an institution for a while. I found out later you had been diagnosed with schizophrenia and didn't want to leave the house anymore (probably why you wanted a girlfriend all of a sudden). Anyway, we started dating serious and it was mostly great. I didn't really appreciate the never-ending blowjobs you insisted upon and the fact you never returned the favor, but whatever. We tried a lot of "new" things together and never failed to piss your mom off when we made her wait a minute before opening your bedroom door. Over time we cared less and less about her feelings on the subject. You cheated on me once with your ex-girlfriend. Later you tried to leave me for some girl on the internet that said she would let you fuck her in the ass and have a threesome with another girl...you never asked me to do those things and just assumed I wouldn't (not sure I would have at the time, but still). You kept trying to kill yourself and that got pretty old. Eventually, I grew tired of taking care of you and I wanted a boyfriend that would do stuff with me so I broke up with you. We still fucked a bit longer and it would have been great, but I got tired of you trying to get me back and finally had to end it for real. You kept trying though and would contact me from time to time. I think after 7 years you finally gave up after a long e-mail of poetry I never answered. I still wonder what would happen if I saw you again. I hope your life is going well. From what I understand after I left you quit trying to kill yourself and finally got involved with your son again. I was glad to hear that.

-Jared= We knew each other a for a few years and I never really thought of you as more than a friend, until one night we were hanging out with some friends and they left us all alone in your living room. We ended up making out on a banana chair on the floor for a second and that was pretty awkward so we moved to the floor. My mom was calling me to get home so I couldn't stay very long. We exchanged phone numbers. You asked me over a few times and I came to hang out with you. I thought you were awesome and we would always end up making out and it was fun. I liked kissing you and playing around, but you were a really big guy and one time on the bed it got a little too close to sex and I just couldn't do it. I went to a dance with you after that and we spent the night in a Park City condo with a group of friends afterwards. I avoided being alone with you even though we had our own room because I didn't want to have sex and I felt bad about it because you were a nice guy. I was an asshole and I never told you how I felt. Instead I just blew you off until I slowly disappeared from your life. I have always felt bad for treating you that way. I think you really liked me and I hope I didn't hurt you too badly, you were a good guy and you deserved better.

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Click the arrow button below to continue.

Fever Dream

Attach Proof #3
Tab D Here

Outside a member of a marketing scheme fell in my direction. It was distracting, but certainly no cause for concern. It was enough work taking care of myself, I couldn't be expected to be everybody's personal Jesus. A man approached me and asked for a signature. I complied. Nobody died. I don't think he knew who I was though. Why would he? I'm nobody. Not literally. My name is A. Mnesiac. I'm not famous. I don't even have very many friends. In fact, most of my family doesn't talk to me anymore. Stop reading right now if you came here looking for originality. If I was original maybe more people would like me. As it stands I'm a plagiarism. Half mom and half dad. What could possibly be worse? You don't need to answer that question. This isn't a dialogue. It's hardly a monologue.

I passed an obscure reference on my way to the subway station. I broke the 4th wall and winked at the audience. I followed a stranger through the turnstile very closely. Everything is free. I was dancing in public. I was enjoying the noise collage. I felt eyes on me. Not literally. When I opened my eyes I was able to confirm my suspicions. My reflection was quite laughable. These things always seem to stop before I'm ready to get off. Time passed me by. I chased it as long as I could. I gave up. Time is as fast as a four letter word. A few four letter words: time, fast, & word. Do you find words offensive based on the amount of letters in them? Do you find me offensive? If you get off on pretending to be offended put this down. Walk away. Leave it for somebody who doesn't lie to themselves to find. It isn't going anywhere. If you close your eyes it won't cease to exist. Just because it's fiction doesn't mean it's not real.

The next thing that occurred wasn't real or fictional. Nobody pressed charges. We were all able to arrive at a mutually beneficial agreement. I'm constantly surprised at the things available for purchase. Consent. Truth. Rights. Dignity. Self-respect. I get conflicted when one of those whores claims to have a better idea of the meaning of the word respect than I do. Should I be laughing at them? Knee jerk. A gut feeling. Condescending. Should I allow myself tears? Would that be perceived as pandering? I'm legally forbidden from giving away too many details on this subject. People tend to begin to look pretty fucking stupid when they ask you to sign silly pseudo legal documents. Has it been two years? Are these people planning on enforcing their bullshit or were they full of empty threats? Making empty threats is a great way to lose my respect.

We may have gotten to the point wherein you begin to question the reality of this story. Every word is true. This all happened. And it happened to me. Fictionally. I exited, without noticing the one person who could have explained it all to me, and put my sunglasses on. The sun was shining above me. It was a good place for the sun to shine.

Eric Blair

Look Forward

#37

Chiaroscuro

To Be Released

Sometime

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Greg.

It's @Doomlazer, from Twitter. I'm submitting this to your request for MTA horror stories. Hope it's the what you are looking for:

It was a cold and wet Wednesday evening in the MTA office building headquarters. Most of the other Metropolitan Transportation Authority employees had gone home already, but I was staying late to finish writing a new proposal to increase fares and cut services.

Suddenly, there was a lightening crash out side the window. BOOM! The lights flickered and the copy machine rebooted. Instinctively my right hand moved to the holstered Walter P3-K .38 revolver hidden beneath my sports coat. It was loaded with silver bullets.

After a deep breath I turned my attention back to work. I noticed a memo in my inbox about an unlocked maintenance entrance at one of our busier subway stations. After cursorily browsing the paper I crumpled it up and took a shot at the waste paper basket. I didn't need more shit like this ruining my day.

Another bolt of lightening struck nearby, this time taking out the power completely. It was pitch black in the office. Gradually, the dim emergency lighting came on and as my keen eyes adjusted I became acutely aware of eerie presence. A low moaning sound came from the CFO's office across the hall from mine. Unseen chains rattled. I heard a lamp break.

I stepped into the hallway and put my ear close to the door as I began to turn the handle. The moaning became more agitated. I withdrew my gun from it's holster. When I threw open the door, I saw standing before me, with my own eyes, a ghost! I hastily unloaded six silver bullets in to the apparition. The noise was deafening, and smoke from the burning gun powder obscured my vision.

A fiendish, guttural laugh taunted me. As the smoke cleared I could see that the ghost remained unharmed. The translucent figure of a middle aged man stood there, mocking me. For the first time in my life I felt real terror. Indescribable terror, I tell you! What?

Thankfully, it was just then that power was restored to the building. As the lights came back on the ghost disappeared, leaving behind only a slowly fading cackle. An hour later the police arrived. I recounted the experience to them as soberly as possible, but they would not believe me. Had it not happened to me, I doubt that I would have either.

in 2011!

Is Negative Thinking My Problem?

PAGE TEN

