

CHIAROSCURO 37

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

Hi! It's me again, your favorite zine editor, Tony! hru? Guess what I got last week for my quinceanera. Here is a clue, look at the photo I took of my self. You guessed it: a Macbook Pro! I'm so excited about it. I look so gud using it at the coffee shop while I'm texting on my sidekick. Already a hot girl checked me out while I was making a song with garageband at the bus stop. Speaking of songs, is there a CD in this issue? I hope so LOWL. It's a few days from printing and we still don't know if the mp3 files can be downloaded into a CD before the release of this issue or not. Anyway, Photobooth is the coolest app. If you have a sister in college ask her if you can try one of the video effects, like the rollercoaster or fish aquarium on her ipad 2. Speaking of apps, I can't wait for apples new operating system Lion. There will be so many apps on my macbook pro, like doodle jump, and it will be even easier to use. No more clumsy installations. CANT WAIT! sorry for shouting. Hey if all caps is shouting, wouldn't not capitalizing the first letter of a sentence be like whispering? Just thought of that for some reason, IDKY. neway I hope you enjoy all the new stuff in this zine. I haven't read none of it yet, but it does have my seal of approval, so it's probably all great. Hope you like it. :) Boyyyyy PWR!

Tony, Editor in chief.

Letter from the BARON

Hey,

This was not an easy issue to make. It might look like it was, but it wasn't. I spent more time trying to convince Eric Blair not to kill himself as I did doing anything worthwhile. Doomlazer is a lazy fuck as always, so I'm writing this before I know exactly how this issue will turn out. Will it include "The CD of The Superfluous?" Will it be eight pages or ten? Will Colin's poem unite the world in laughter thus ending all war? Will David's stencil be included? Will anybody like it? Oh, that's one question I can answer. Yeah, but it won't be you. You aren't a fucking idiot.

Anybody want to give a good kitty a good home?

-The Baron



TONY G. RESPONDS TO

by
PROFE Hi, TonyEiC.
Please confirm your Twitter account by clicking this link: http://twitter.com/account/confirm_email/

TonyEiC/67F2D-E2ACQ
Once you confirm, you will have full access to Twitter and all future notifications will be sent to this email address.

Hi, The Twitter Team.
Sorry that it took me so long to reply, I've been pretty busy setting up franchises in Moonsylvania! I can't claim to understand your social networking site, although I do love the sound of my myth being perpetuated! You see I only got on twitter due to the incessant nagging of my minions, DL & FZ. I do have a few questions for ya'll... how exactly does your site make money? Don't misunderstand me, I am a religious man, but I just don't get it. Here's another question for you fucks: why is cosmetic bullshittery so popular amongst those who are yet to let MotherCat into their hearts? On a separate topic, though equally important, I've been dying to know if Antonio's career change was ever addressed on Wings. Let me guess, you "don't watch tv." Sure you watch television shows on your computer or on dvd, but for some reason you feel it's necessary to declare that you don't "watch tv." If your reasoning involves advertisements then you're letter has been responded to in the right publication! Truth is you have cultivated for yourself a personality that you think will impress people and part of the deal was claiming you didn't watch television shows. Well, fuck off and leave the pretentious grand standing to the experts!

May MotherCat smile upon you,
Tony.

Dear Account User,

This Email is from Hotmail Customer Care and we are sending it to every Hotmail Email User Accounts Owner for safety. we are having congestions due to the anonymous registration of Hotmail accounts so we are shutting down some Hotmail accounts and your account was among those to be deleted. We are sending this email to you so that you can verify and let us know if you still want to use this account. If you are still interested please confirm your account by filling the space below. Your User name, password, date of birth and your country information would be needed to verify your account.

Due to the congestion in all Hotmail users and removal of all unused Hotmail Accounts, Hotmail would be shutting down all unused Accounts. You will have to confirm your E-mail by filling out your Login Information below after clicking the reply button, or your account will be suspended within 24 hours for security reasons.

Map key YOUR LETTERS

Name:
User name:
Password:
Date of Birth:
Country or Territory:

After following the instructions in the sheet, your account will not be interrupted and will continue as normal. Thanks for your attention to this request. We apologize for any inconveniences.

Warning!!! Account owner that refuses to update his/her account after two weeks of receiving this warning will lose his or her account permanently.

Sincerely,
Windows Live Alert Team
Microsoft Corporation

Dear windows live alert team,

Thank you for your letter and thinking of me. I've been feeling very depressed and lonely lately. Nobody really seems to remember I'm still alive or bothered to send me an email in months, which is probably why you deleted my account. I totally understand. You're surrounded by all these registered accounts that are not being used and just taking up space. It's kinda how I feel when I go to the mall and even though I'm surrounded by people I still feel very alone. Then I get very angry and want to get rid of all these worthless human garbage! Here is the info you requested. Name: Tony Username: SwimFan97 Password: jBr4df0rd DOB: 1/1/1969 Country: USA. I hope that you will email me

back when you receive this and let me know that you got it and that my account is undeleted in two weeks or if you want to write back just to keep in touch that would be nice too.

Thank you,
Tony

Hello there,

You are receiving this because somehow you have ended up on the Bill Coffey mailing list. If you DON'T want to be on my mailing list, just respond to this message with the word "remove" in the subject line and I will leave you alone from now on, I promise.

If you DO want to stay on my list, read the rest of this message.

Thanks,
Bill Coffey

Dear Bill,

How did I end up on your mailing list? You seem satisfied with the explanation "somehow", but for me that's just not good enough. I personally have no idea how I ended up on your mailing list because I have no idea who you are or what you're mailing people about. I guess I don't really care. Still the unsolved mystery of how I came to be on your list intrigues me. I get drunk a lot, so maybe I just signed up for it and forgot. Or

Steve German

maybe I was making love to a beautiful woman, possibly Playmainia's Shandi Finnissey, who was really a PR rep for the Bill Coffey.com website hired to seduce men in an effort to steal their email addresses. Or maybe I'm Bill Coffey, but Haven't realized it yet. IDK, but if you want to be friends, just respond to this response with the word "friends" somewhere in the message and include a check for \$400 or a screener DVD of the new Muppets movie and we will be besties from then on, I promise.

Thanks,
Tony

Good luck.

David Friedman

I'll need it.

Tony

GO MEAT!

is your body ailing?
modern life
body health
will eat
LACK OF NUTRITION
your body
will go
in an incessant
unconscious
and other body systems, keep healthy levels will attract a

Is your body acidic?

VIVA!

**THIS
COULD BE
YOUR AD!**

Perfecting Infidelity?

WIAW

E-Mail Us! ChiaroscuroZine@hotmail.com

Tony LOVES Responding TO Letters

He Prints Submissions TOO!!

CHIAROSCURO & RELATED CHARACTERS ARE (C) NO GIRLS ALLOWED PUBLISHING. ALL CONTENTS ARE (C) THEIR CREATOR. IF ANY OF THOSE CREATORS THINK WE ARE PROFITING OFF THEM BY PUBLISHING THEIR FINE WORK WE WILL INTRODUCE THEM TO OUR ACCOUNTANT, THE OLD LEFT HOOK! CHIAROSCURO HAS BEEN PUBLISHED WHENEVER POSSIBLE SINCE NOVEMBER OF 2002. SEND US ALL OF YOUR MONEY! ANYTHING THAT APPEARS TO BE IN VIOLATION OF INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY LAWS IS SATIRE, YOU HUMORLESS FUCKS.

1. Drive a car, operate machinery, or perform any task that requires attention when you void.
2. Drink any alcoholic drinks (or even beer or wine). A feeling of a need to go to the bathroom frequently.
3. Make any important decisions, i.e., signing important 3. Your urine may be blood tinged.

Adventures in Dickbugssitting Starring @Doomlazer

THIS IS NOT A CHECK

Sometimes when I'm really hungover I masturbate like four times in a row and then later I really pay for it because it feels like my dick is broken. It's this really irritating feeling that I have to constantly urinate even though I can't. It usually goes away the next day and I try to remember not to do that again, but it's really not a big deal. I believe Carly Simon once said, "Suffering is the price we pay for being alive".

A few months ago, I had that feeling for a couple of days in a row and it wasn't because I'd been masturbating.

I get a lot of temporary fucked up things that happen to my body where I'm all, like, WTF? Even though I've had health insurance for the last five years I've never been to a doctor. I just ride shit out until it goes away. Like that time I puked blood for 12 hours. Around the 4th time I was starting to think I needed to see a doctor, but it cleared up on it's own.

So I went to work for a few days peeing small amounts every twenty minutes. I don't think anyone really noticed because I kept rotating through different bathrooms. Eventually, I was working with a constant, urgent need to urinate. All that Friday I was trying to disguise my pee-pee dance from my coworkers as nervous fidgeting.

Oh sorry, I got distracted watching peep dance videos on YouTube for the last 10 minutes when I tried to use Google to find out if ppdance was hyphenated or not. Why are there so many of those pee dance videos? At one point I thought it might be a hip hop thing that is popular with young people. I still don't know if pee pee dance is hyphenated.

But I digress. The weekend finally came and I figured I could ride out this dick horror from the comfort of home, but things only got worse. Small amounts of fluid started seeping out and spotting my pants that night. I stayed sober (which I never do. (Friday is my drinking night)) to give my body a chance to heal itself.

The next day I spent a lot of time researching my symptoms online and decided I had a urinary tract infection. The web2.0 seemed to think a UTI would not go away on it's own and I should seek professional attention, but I've always believed that my life is so shitty that karma owes me a few medical miracles.

I didn't go to the emergency room until blood started seeping from my dick around 11 o'clock Saturday night.

Now for me to make the decision to go to the ER at 11pm on a Saturday means I was fucking scared as shit about my health. I've been to the ER before and have sat in the lobby holding closed bleeding wounds with my fingers waiting to be seen for several hours and know the emergency room is not the place to get medical attention. Puking blood is one thing, but when blood is coming out of your dick, you go to the fucking ER. At least I do.

I went to Englewood Hospital. Parking there is a fucking ripoff! they make you buy these \$5 tokens to park in their lot. What kinda hospital make you pay for parking? There is free parking everyfuckingwhere else in the world, but unless your friend is kicking you out the passenger door at the entrance to the ER, leaving you to bleed to death until somebody find you, you better stop at the ATM to get parking money when going to the hospital!

Anyway, I told them what was wrong, waited for over an hour, then I got my blood pressure checked and pee'd [sp?] in a cup, moved to a room with a hospital bed, waited another hour, watched Cable, got questioned by an intern, waited twenty more mins, paid my insurance co-pay, watched some TV show, it might have been Curb Appeal, it was pretty shitty cable, then a doctor came in.

It was a fairly young, 35 maybe, fairly attractive, female doctor that asked me why I was there. I recounted to her my story and she seemed pretty sure I had an STD. She asked when I last had sexual intercourse or some other sterile version of the question and I told her that it had been over two years (much longer really, but I'm embarrassed about that fact). She didn't believe me and asked if I was sure. I told her, "Well, I was in D.C. a few months ago around a some girls I liked, doing coke and I blacked out drunk, so maybe something happened". She said, "you don't remember?" in the most condescending way possible.

She said they would test the urine and asked if I wanted an STD test to be sure. I wasn't entirely sure because of my frequent blackout drinking and I agreed to be tested just to be sure. The test turned out to be her sticking a Q-Tip into my dick and swabbing out my urethra while a male nurse she called into the room watched to make sure no hanky panky went down. I don't know if any of you readers have ever put a Q-Tip inside your dick out of morbid curiosity or some sort of sex fetish, but it was pretty fucking uncomfortable. It wasn't unbearable, excruciating pain, but when your life in general sucks as much as mine and you find yourself in a hospital for hours and hours, sober on a Saturday night only to have a doctor swabbing the inside of your dick with a wooden stick and that's the most action you've gotten from a girl in years - you start to think you've hit rock bottom.

Next issue: Part Two - I told that bitch I never get Laid...

ctions

SUBSCRIBER RESPONSIBILITY

MESSAGE CODE

HORIZON PAID AMT

NOT COV AMT

CARRIER PAYMENT AMT

DEDUCTIBLE AMT

COINS/COFAY AMT

ALLOWED AMT

BILLED AMT

TYPE OF SERVICE

SERVICE

DATE

4/22/11

ENGLEWOOD HOSPITAL AND M SERVICES

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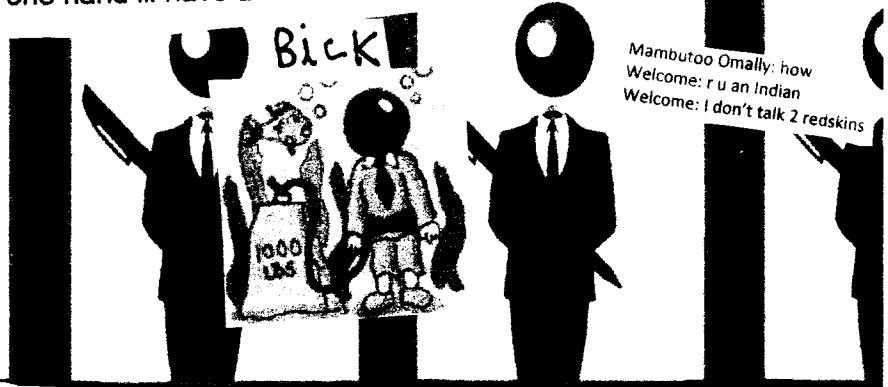
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JP Juicepants: im gonna accost u in a street and in one hand ill have a HUGE knife and in the other ill have a TINY knife

JP Juicepants: and ill whisper in ur fucken ear

JP Juicepants: "WHICH ONE DO U NEED"



Mambutoo Omally: how
Welcome: r u an Indian
Welcome: I don't talk 2 redskins

I THREW that turkey at my uncle and told him how his words were hurtful. Then I went outside to smoke, I hate that fucker. Writing this from my cigarette case PDA right now, I can't even think straight enough to go back inside, but if I don't he'll just eat my slice of pie and then he wins anyway because he knows how much I love pie

Ugh. Why do people always fight on holidays? I broke up with my girlfriend today because she was just being a total bitch and wouldn't even txt message me while she was driving out on her way to the mall, so she's probably cheating on me. Then I found out I can't even get my Xbox 360 for a hundred dollars today (THANKS INTERNET!)

When he comes out though I'm going to calmly address him rationally, in order to lower the intensity level of things....or maybe I'll kick his fucking teeth out all over my carpet and I'll still be finding them next week. I'm so confused and my emotions are running high, maybe I should just drive up to the grocery store and walk around that always calms me down.

Now he's stumbling around asking how to plug in the remote control to the TV so he can use it—he wants to turn off football and watch The TV Guide channel....He is such a faggot extreme I wish he would walk outside and get lost in the driveway and wander off into the woods and fight a bear and lose to it, but not die. I just want him to learn a lesson, not to die.

He just asked me if I wanted an X. I told him no and he said he put it in my turkey anyway. Great, so now I'm going to be on illegal drugs. This is perfect. I have choir practice in 3 hours, I'm going to be freaking out the rest of the guys with my shaking.

Turns out he's smoking pot in the bathroom, or maybe he's just taking a pot scented shit if that's possible

The police finally just showed up and tasered his ass, and I gave all the cops thanksgiving dinner plates filled with food for protecting and serving me. Then I got the female cop's number and we are going to go out next week, and probably get married because I love her, she was really nice.

Also, when he took off his pants all his X pills were in the pocket still I'm going to eat them to calm down.

Also, I just got back from the moon in my rocket ship I played "The Killers" the whole way there and back on the in-flight radio and I feel like I'm a better person for it, and I'm made of pizza sauce instead of blood and bones and this is what happens when I can't dedicate myself to a story I'm making up I just start destroying it with nonsense.

Mark The Slack: I am sexually attracted to my insurance agent

Mark The Slack: she's one of those women who isn't a bombshell, but god damn she gets my motor going. she's 23 and speaks sexily and i want to get in a shitload of accidents

Dear Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry

For the sake of temporary anonymity I will be referring to my most recent victim as "GameStop", the concept of fucking GAMESTOP is mildly amusing in context. I was working at the tesoro in sugarbush and she worked at the GAMEstop across the street, the one next door to Black Cat Comics (GIVE GREG YOUR MONEY!). She would slink across the street to bum a cigarette and tell me about how she was going to move out soon. Her and a few friends. They'd have a room dedicated for fucking. She'd tell me that we were friends. When she borrowed a few bucks she'd pay 'em back quickly. She'd casually mention sunbathing and birth control routines. Silly me, I began to think that she was flirting. While I was living with my Mom and sisters I asked her if she wanted to get coffee or something with me. We were going to be getting off work at the same time that night. She responded by turning me down to potential sober socialization, but remarking that if we could go to a bar it'd be different. When I met her she was 17, she's got to be at least 19 by now.

Trying to pander to the youth market I displayed myself as someone who plays video games. Pretty soon she was laying in my lap. Sorry, that was a bit "G" rated. Her mouth was right next to my cock. Is that better? I resisted the obvious for as long as I could. Somehow it turned into some weird teenage jealousy sex game for a minute. She stood up, walked a few paces, and kissed the other gentleman in the room and then went back to resting her head next to my reproductive organs. I felt like I was being triple dog dared. When he left the room I kissed her and she reacted appropriately. When he returned he said, "Don't stop on my account." You like this guy already. The three of us sat (?) around for awhile longer watching comedies. I won't claim to be good at it, but I do try to keep my audience entertained.

They say gentlemen don't kiss and tell. Well, please allow me to descend once more into the world of cliché: I never said I was a gentleman. This should come as no surprise to anybody who has ever damned their eyes to this zine, come into contact with a man (even ones that appear to be gentle), or known me personally. I lost my virginity on Doomlazer's bed when I was 18. Years later Matt Washburn had sex with his girlfriend in the blaine house. To keep the cycle of fucking rolling, or the fucking cycle if you prefer, I hoped that Doomlazer would one day fuck in Matt's mom's house. That never happened, that I know of, but we can still imagine that it did! I foolishly broke up with Libby (she still has my virginity!) for Suzy. She was much more of a hipster than Libby was, by which I mean she had great taste in music and a drug problem. Shockingly, that relationship ended poorly. Next I met Alana. Oops! Then came me on Ally, my underage conquest. Again, it didn't work out. I met a Korean chick and we violated each other once or twice without actually fucking. I met Catie at a party at Cracka Jack's place and eventually nature took it's course. After I moved back to sle I fucked Martin J. DeKay's new girlfriend (I heard she already kicked him to the curb - Tony) a few times. Eventually I found myself inside of Pat. Should any of these encounters be secret? Secrets are just lies in trendy clothes.

I'll go into more detail so as to attempt to communicate the extent of my depravity. When I mentioned a young lady of noble decent I was making a thinly veiled reference to GAMESTOP. When I mentioned GAMESTOP I was making a thinly veiled reference to Patricia. I might have spelled her name wrong, I seem to have misplaced the game informer magazine that she left here once. Saint Patrick's Day. No, really. This was not planned. I've tried planning before to generally disappointing results. I walked an entire three blocks into the traffic fuckery that is the primary shopping - easily accessible via freeway - sugarbush area. Some kid who, if my memory serves me, isn't canadian but seems to enjoy perpetuating the myth was there. He used to work at Black Cat Comics. That's how I know him. Greg claims to remember meeting me at an undisclosed location in the cottonwood mall, which I admit I don't recall. I'm guessing he was the guy who talked about Cerebus with me for nearly an hour one time. You guessed it! Greg learned everything he knows about business from 6 years of employment at Hot Dog on a Stick! He refuses to surrender the secret of those fantastically salty fries though. Bastard!

I remember the first time I visited Black Cat Comics. Greg, as a good salesman, was very friendly and pleasant. It had just opened. Nice racks and new issues were proudly displayed on the west wall. The back issue selection was limited to roughly six long boxes. Most of the store was occupied by a guy selling swords and kids playing pokemon. Oh, wait... that was Comics Utah. So, there I was loitering outside Forbidden Planet smoking a cig and discussing the parking situation at the university of utah with some guy who takes Danny to hockey games when Pat showed up. She'd probably just gotten off work. The pseudo-canuck and I had both wanted to fuck her since before we'd met her. Later Sara(h) would relate to me a tale involving Pat's lesbian tendencies. They say you need to learn to love yourself before you can expect anyone to love you. I love myself frequently. I like people who share common interests with me. If the stories I've heard are true we both love pussy!

PART 5

It's drug addiction

How Can You Cope?

BONUS

4000016114



Use yo
forwar

Why I Have An Open Relationship

To me having an open relationship isn't as much about having more partners and more experiences (yes that is a benefit), but rather it is about giving up the idea that possessive love is the ideal kind of love. It is about giving up the idea that if you really love someone you will choose them over all other people. Why is it that we can have as many friendships as we can manage in our lives, but when it comes to deeper types of relationships we feel we must choose to be with only one person? If one of our friends asked us not to have other friends we would call that relationship unhealthy and reject the idea; yet when it comes to romantic relationships we just accept it. It doesn't make sense that the first person we connect with on a romantic or sexual level must be the only one we connect with the rest of our lives any more than it makes sense that our first friend should be our last. Not to say that I don't believe in commitment. Commitment is very important in human relationships. It's just that to me commitment means respecting a person and taking them into account as we make life decisions and interact with others. It means that while I might care for other people and connect with them I am still going to continue to have loyalty to my husband as well. It just seems wrong that my commitment should mean bypassing other opportunities for deeper connection. Instead of accepting jealousy and possessiveness as a part of loving someone I believe in working through those insecurities and leaving more room in my life for positive interaction with others.

Throughout my relationship it has been a personal struggle for me dealing with my feelings (sexual and romantic) and it is one of the worst things to feel that you have to reject a person out of love for your current partner. The worst incidence for me was about three years into my relationship when I almost left my husband for a new love interest, it was such a painful process. I had to decide between someone I cared deeply for and shared a history with and someone I'd just met that I found interesting and wanted to get to know. Ultimately, I choose my current relationship, but it wasn't an easy decision and it almost tore apart a relationship that was not having any problems on its own. It was horrible having to walk away from something I still think could have been beautiful and fulfilling for me, but at the time I felt like I didn't have a choice. I felt like to prove my love I had to reject my feelings and a part of myself along with having to reject this other person. It made me feel trapped in my relationship and with that came a sense of resentment that almost destroyed the bond I share with my husband. It didn't seem fair...I loved my husband AND I had feelings for this new person. It wasn't like my feelings conflicted with each other or that my feelings for this new person had any effect on my feelings for my husband. I didn't want to leave my husband for this new person I just wanted to be with him on a deeper level. I cared for each of them as individuals and wanted each of them for unique reasons. The only conflict was the conflict of having to choose between two people and it didn't feel natural to me at all.

Somehow, we made it through this experience with an intact relationship. I thought it would make me stronger, but as time passed I continued to connect with people metaphysically and continued to reject those feelings in the name of monogamy. I didn't understand why love had to be so hard. Was there something wrong with me that I couldn't be happy with just one person? Then about three years ago we reached a point where our relationship turned and we opened up sexually. It was freeing and slowly helped me to discover more about my true nature and as I learned more about myself I learned more about what seemed right to me. We now share an open relationship and; while I know it's not always going to be easy, each day I get to know myself better and accept myself more and I know I have made the right decision for me.

Crystal

CINDY M SADLER

#02450

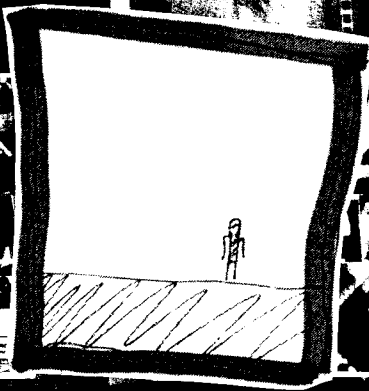
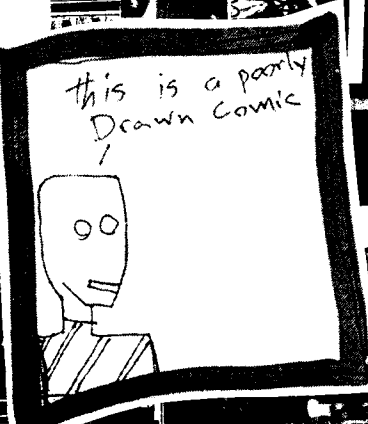
now available

Let's Fight!

This old story: Everybody wants to be either on top or on bottom. Be a winner or be a loser. Being inbetween is just boring. By the end of elementary school I thought of myself as a loser. C'mon, doesn't everybody love the underdog? Kids are unintentionally manipulative. Junior High: lost a few friends and gained a few. Typical. One day a fellow student and I accidentally (as far as I remember) bumped into each other in the hall. He got comedically pissed off. And just like you've seen in the movies he told me was gonna beat me up after school. Flag poll. After school. Be there. I waited for over an hour. He didn't show up to the appointment that he made? How rude. He must have presumed that I was scared of him and wouldn't show up. Well, the next day when I saw him in the hall I asked him where he was the previous afternoon. He just continued to look real tough and kept walking.

Violence and the amusing empty threats that make bullies look silly part 2: High School. 9th grade. Gym. There was a gentleman that seemed to like to make other insecure kids' lives more difficult. He picked on me. Maybe I mocked his relationship status. Maybe I embarrassed one of his friends. Maybe extra terrestrials had moved soft core porn from his father's "study" into his closet and he found the whole situation quite confusing. If I knew I'd tell ya 'cause secrets are just lies in trendy clothing. I don't know what his motivation was. He seemed to prefer insults to explanations. He didn't have conversations, he delivered monologues. Whatever the popular pejorative was back then would be what he'd refer to me as. It might have been a traditional term such as "asshole" or "motherfucker." I vaguely remember "dildo" being tossed around as an insult back then. The point is that he seemed to enjoy calling me names and vaguely threatening violence. One day I was talking to a friend. It was lunchtime, but we were in a classroom. My friend's post-lunch classroom. The five minute bell rang. Soon this tough guy showed up. He called me the era's version of a "hipster douchbag" and seemed to try to be as intimidating as possible. Instead of backing down I got closer to him and mocked his anger. A funny thing happened. He didn't "kick my fucking ass." He didn't even bother to continue to exhaust his vocabulary with more insightful jabs referring to my failure to conform to his idea of what a scrawny 15 year old kid is supposed to be like. He didn't do a damn thing. I was slightly late to my next class 'cause I wasn't going to be the one to back down, my ego is that fragile, and two more years of high school followed.

My favorite memory of Allentown, PA. I was sitting at the kitchen table. Reading the morning call. My dad said something. My mom said something. Neither of them seemed to want to admit that they were fighting. This went on for a few minutes until I interrupted. I turned towards them and asked if I could play. I told them that I'd be the victim or the bad guy. I just wanted to play too. Obviously I was joking around. I think fights are funny. Especially passive aggressive ones. For all I know I resolved their conflict. It was something worth fighting about. Haircuts and dance recitals perhaps. What's the difference? Well, the way I remember it, they both shot me the same look. Shit, maybe I could bring peace to the middle east. They went back to arguing with each other, they must have enjoyed it. I eventually finished my breakfast and went back into my guest room. Does it make me a jerk for trying to find the humor in a situation? Probably.



ERIC MAHLER

"Redacted: A Poem"

You know what, just forget it.

I don't want to be in your zine anyways

fuck it

never setting foot back in your house either

fu q

and your little doggy 2

you can write that for my article

A Man who May Take Kung

Fu Too Seriously

"So, I got hit in the head by a car..."
by RICK

I was skating through South Salt Lake City today, totally rocking out, being gnarly, and hanging

10, when god decided to intervene. As I was crossing a street that pulls out into a big intersection the light changed, and a Nissan plowed straight into me going about 25 mph. Actually I lied, the light didn't change. I live dangerously so I was crossing on a red, because the cars waiting to go were stopped and I thought I could make it. Apparently I was wrong because this one bitch fucking gunned it and zoomed ahead, and the next thing I know I'm flying majestically through the air.

I smash onto the pavement about 15 feet to the left of the car, and roll a few times and end up laying face down in the street. I'm semi stunned and amazed I'm not dead and for some reason I stand up immediately, sort of stumble, but don't fall down. The bitch hops out of her car and is like "OH MY GOD WHAT THE FUCK OH MY GOD"

At this point I'm still thinking that I just took a love tap from the fender and that her car is fine. Then I glance upwards and notice that her whole fucking windshield is caved in. I mean the whole thing, there's glass everywhere, and there's a nice Nick sized indent where my shoulder and head ended up. So I basically got hit by the left side of her car, crashed into the windshield, flew off, landed in the street 5 yards to the right of her car, and rolled over to earn some bonus points.

Her fender is slightly bent from the part where it crashed into my leg

Predictably a bunch of people stop and keep asking if I'm okay, They were talking to me like I was retarded and kept asking if anything was broken. At this point i am standing and walking, and the only thing weird I feel is the remnants of adrenaline. The people call the cops and a fire truck shows up. It was really sweet because I caused a huge scene. They blocked off the road with the truck and set up flares and shit, it was so awesome.

Everyone kept saying how lucky I was. Aside from a decent sized bruise on my leg I didn't have a scratch on me. Even the laptop in my backpack was fine. I was getting looked at kind of like Bruce Willis in the movie Unbreakable. Firefighters kept trying to convince me to get in an ambulance and I kept saying no. I swear they were convinced I had like 8 concussions, or maybe internal bleeding and I was going to drop dead right before their eyes. I was like, "Listen guys, I'm too fucking gangster for a check up. You know how we do, ride or DIE, ya heard?"

So anyway the point of this is I am invincible. Not to mention if a car ever tries to fuck with me again I will kick it's fucking ass just like I owned that Nissan. You hear me cars? I got more where that came from, so why don't you stop the shit talking and just BRING IT.

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