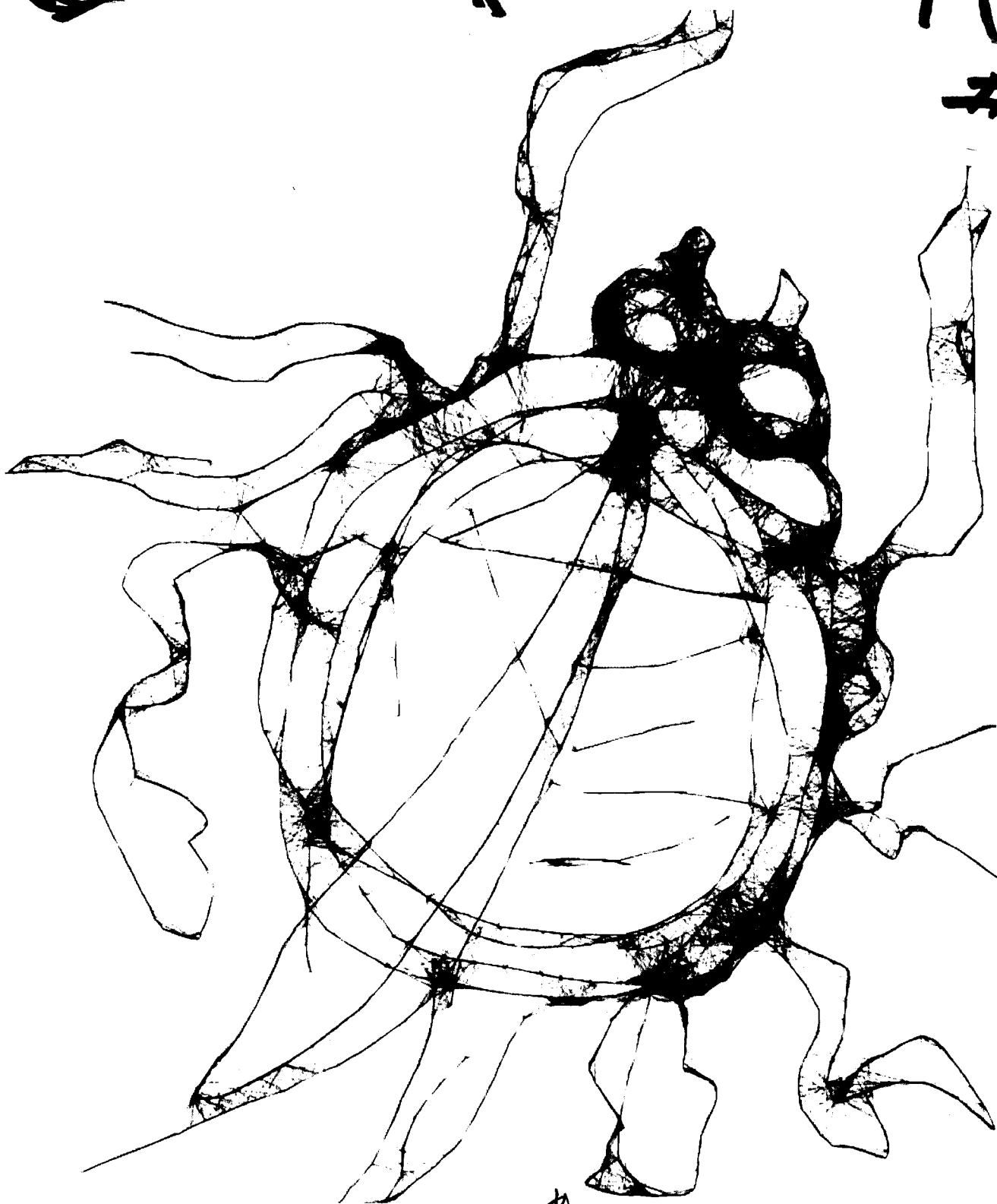


CHIAR OSCURO

#38



2012

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0 97368 50984 9

god hates fads in

of your favorite zine, **Chiaroscuro**. The reason

why it took so long is because I've been working on

my new holiday. It's called **Precedence Day**. You

are probably thinking, "Hey, it's easy to create a new

holiday. Cock day - BAM! I just invented a new

So long to put out a new issue of my favorite zin

holiday and inventing Precedence Day has been especially

n, what day should it be held on? IDK, because it

ing to figure out how people should celebrate PD

...were a year late to work, you could bet your ass I wouldn't

Just my two cents. Thanks for pretending to care!

I remember the guy (or gal) who

also I think there might be a CD in this issue.

...t them to mp3's, but I didn't ask so don't blame me

Tony, Eric

is frustrating to say the least, but who

It's been so long since we've released an

ster, Fancy Feast my ass!

What I do the majority of

Oh, and Blain!

he's not...
Chaw...
merchandise

that his television

... food tester soon.

FORM 1040



[Handwritten note:] → EPC ←

Experience

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An Instance Of Fecal Matter

BY ANDREW ZAROULIS

It was a typical day, I woke up climbed down the ladder from my loft. Snook a shot of whiskey, while my girlfriend was in the bathroom doing her "girl stuff". To take a bong hit or not that was the question? I had just been granted a job at a relatively large corporation. But was recently let go due to my repeated tardiness and my own aspirations! And that MOTHERCAT was quite alright with me! Maybe not the whole unemployed aspect, but the non Trader Ball Sachs aspect.

Those Mother Fuckers where dirty, and when I say that I fucking mean it! My Official Title was "Conference Service Aide". I made sure their meetings where picture perfect until the last detail. I would set up and arrange their furniture for sometimes the magnitude of 400. Facilitate food and beverage mostly, from Boston Deli and the Pie Whole Pizzeria and other "hip" businesses. Only to be told to take it down and move it one air wall over.

I was fine with all that, it was what those dirty motherfuckers did elsewhere! I worked on the fourteenth floor. We had fourteen meeting rooms in which I would gratefully help facilitate their board meetings. There was only one other male that worked on our floor beside me. And yet whenever I visited the restroom to dispense my morning fecal matter. I would run into one of two critical hazards. 1) Piss on the only stall that was a non urinal and sit down. 2) Actual Feces on the only stall that was non urinal.

"WOW" I would think to myself, as I was doing my morning business. People invest millions of dollars with these people, and their BROKERS can't even wipe their own asses! There were at least seven floors of trading in this particular office. Each having both: Male and Female restrooms. And each floor having its own "Pantry" as they call it.

(Which included an auto-mated espresso machine, microwave ovens, vending machines the whole bit.) Just when I thought the bathrooms were discussing. These were even worse, this is where they ingested the filth they expelled elsewhere!

I would come by once an hour to check on the espresso machines. I would make sure they machines had milk, and that the beans were full until the end of the day. Yet, whenever I came by to check up on everything it looked like a tornado had just come through. There would be food stains and trash all over the counters. They even had a full time custodial staff to clean up all the messes that these traders made. Needless to say I took that bong hit and it was a good one! I also just stopped caring about my responsibilities as a Service Aide. All in all I don't think I am cut out to clean up after Golden Ball Sachs!

Dear Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry

Pat #6

It's drug addiction

KHAROSCURA

THIS IS NOT A CHECK

KHAROSCURA

KHAROSCURA 11/02 -> ?

It's 12:05 am, January 27th, 2011. I should be falling asleep to Cheers. Getting a few hours of sleep before going back to my gig as a pharmacy tech intern. Instead I'm writing another paragraph of "Dear Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry." I've only copulated with one person on this bed. You are currently reading the long winded meandering story of that obscene instance. I decided, drunk and tired, that Pat and I should retire to the bedroom. I went down on her. I think she might have enjoyed it. She became insistent. She said it wasn't fair. She attempted to suck me off. It felt great but I was in no condition to cum. She was rough too. I liked it. I liked it a lot. Maybe I'm remembering this event incorrectly and I raped her. The bruises I had the next day would corroborate with that version of reality. Eventually we passed out. If you've never fallen asleep up against a naked girl let me tell ya... it's preferable! When we woke up I gave her the worst fucking of her life! I came on her stomach. Slightly better than coming inside her. She cleaned herself off with one of my t-shirts. We laid in my bed for awhile before she decided that she had to get going. I obnoxiously helped her get her underwear on. The apartment smelled of cigarette smoke. Her friend was waiting patiently on the couch. On her way out the door she went in for a hug and I kissed her. Her earbuds, broken bracelet, and strangely real supposedly stolen paper towels were left behind. I'm not that emotionally mature. I thought things were going to get better.

Week three of my pharmacy tech intern shit has been completed and there's a young woman asleep on my couch. I recently lost nearly another week. Drugs sound like a glamorous excuse, but I'm usually too busy being depressed to be glamorous. I feel fat in my old rock band t-shirts. I must have finally hit puberty. None of these business casual shirts seem to fit either. To think that I portray myself as someone who doesn't care about his appearance... fuck. It's disgusting to be human. Capable of making mistakes. Capable of finding yourself lonely enough to consider making another terrible mistake. Thursday night. Thursday night all of the VCR5 played a show. I was pretty sure I wouldn't make it when Annie asked me if I was going. Gave a few copies of #36 to people I thought might care. Shane seemed particularly cold towards me. Perhaps this will give us clues.... I've decided that a web based conversation between FUTR KIDS and myself probably wasn't going to be worth the paper it'd be printed on. To give this paragraph a sense of closure I'll tell you why there was a young woman sleeping on my couch that day. I often keep my phone off. Which is nice 'cause I'm not scared of the phone ringing, but most of my friends have figured this out and will just drop in. I can't blame them and more often than not I enjoy the varied misadventures that follow. This time it was Annie and her younger sister Emily. When people show up at my door I feel somewhat obligated to let them in. Sortof like how if I heard my phone ring I'd feel obligated to answer it. Feeling obligated is a terrible feeling.

Maybe I just felt obligated to go through the motions after having sex with Pat. After she left my phone rang. Plans were made. Not with Pat of course! Crystal! I seized the opportunity to brag to a married woman that I'd had sex. Not with any last call nameless floozy either, just ask Doomlazer! He'll tell you that I was pretty obsessed with her for quite awhile. Then I passed out. I spent at least two nights on Art & Crystal's couch. I felt safe away from my phone. I couldn't call Pat or wonder if that was her calling. Eventually everybody gets sick of having me around. I waited until I was sober to call her. She'd left her earbuds and a broken bracelet behind. I hoped she'd purposely pulled a Costanza. I left a message. A few days later I was invited to attend a birthday party where some people she knew would be and called her again. I think I called her twice that night, y'know just in case I'd missed her the first time. After that party, which I think I've already described in previous installments of this disjointed narrative, I called her one more time. I never got her on the horn. I left a few messages which weren't returned. I probably just felt obligated to feel hopeful about this potential romance. Obligated to talk about it nearly nonstop while I was crashing at Art & Crystal's place. Obligated to feel disappointed when she didn't answer the phone. Just going through the motions when I gave up.

Where was I? Oh, right. Annie and Emily. Annie I'd known since we met before our college trip to London, Emily once dressed as Audrey Hepburn at a Halloween party and stole DoomLazer's heart. They showed up and I let them in. After the socially polite hellos were exchanged along with the industry standard how-are-you-doings / what-have-you-been-up-to's an ulterior motive was presented. It's important to follow expected social scripts before revealing your real reason for conversing, people like that type of manipulation! Annie asked if a friend of her's could come over. I said that if she vouched for him of course he could. He was a perfectly nice guy, he was willing to share his bath salts! I'm so fucking square that I didn't take him up on the offer. I've also never smoked "spice." I know, I know I should be open to all experiences. I must just be chicken. Pretty soon it became abundantly clear that he was interested in Annie. When those two lovebirds were outside smoking I discussed with Emily the situation. I was fine with her crashing on my couch. See, it's all coming together!

clean your face

Eric

Blair

FREE • Between jobs • Early retiree

FILM CARTRIDGE
RECEIVED EMPTY

Erratum: Fucking

59370 The Truth

Nameless: I realized the other day that I left you out of my history. You are probably not the only one, but something about your story felt significant. I think you probably fall after my first kiss and before my first fuck, but maybe after my first fuck. I'm not really sure, but I digress and the details are not so important considering I can't even remember your name (I have tried for weeks...oh well). Anyway, the first time I spoke to you, you called my friend Jennifer. You asked to talk to me for some reason and we sort of hit it off. I gave you my number and over a few weeks we spoke on the phone quite a bit. I think once we talked for like two hours. You seemed cool and according to your own description were quite attractive. So, finally, we agree to go out. We meet at an underage dance club called the lighthouse. First impression, was you weren't attractive at all (revenge of the nerds is what came into my mind); but I tried to have a good time anyway. I wanted to believe that looks didn't matter so much to me, but in your case they did. The night continues and you get grabby pretty quick. I had a fake butterfly tattoo on my breast that you seemed to think was ok to touch. We danced a bit and you had a pretty obvious boner. I did my best to move forward and I avoided kissing you a few times on the dance floor. You seemed clueless to my disinterest and afterwards spoke with me as if we were already dating. You tried to give me a gold necklace, which I refused to take on the principle that I didn't even really know you. Then my mom picked us up and you insist I walk you to the door. You kiss me with my mom watching us and despite my turning away you manage to plant one on my lips. You snake in a little tongue and I walk away creped out only to have my mom comment on how grown up I was (which only made me feel more disguised). The whole event is then followed by me turning you down over the phone and then weeks of you continuing to call me. You thought you were my boyfriend somehow. Finally, my mom told you to quit calling and I was free to move forward. I am pretty sure I blocked you from memory after that (hence my inability to remember your name); but when you popped into my head the other day the striking thought was, "no wonder I don't like online/blind dating." Until you meet someone in real life I don't think you truly know what you are going to get.

WHAT IS IT?

Keyboard shortcuts

Actions

- f : favorite
- r : reply
- t : retweet
- m : direct message
- n : new Tweet
- enter : toggle details pane

Navigation

- ? : this menu
- j : next Tweet
- k : previous Tweet
- space : page down
- / : search
- . : refresh Tweets and back to top

Timelines

- gh : home
- gr : replies / mentions
- gp : profile
- gf : favorites
- gm : messages
- gu : go to user

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How Can You Cope?



Dick Bugs II: The legend of Curly's Gold

By @DoomLazer

Last time I think I finished writing about how I was in the emergency room, with bloody puss slowly coming out of my dick. What a cliffhanger, right? They insisted that I had an STD even though I haven't had sex in years. I had started to optimistically think maybe I'd blacked out during my recent trip to D.C. and the Nanny (not Janice) that was babysitting for the people I was staying with found me so irresistible after I passed out (watching 30 Rock together on her laptop (She said it was an amazing show)) that she did crazy-dick bug infecting stuff to my dick (like possibly sex (or oral)). I woke up the next day on a potato sack couch with rug burns all over my body and my friend asking me if I'd tried to sleep with the nanny (babysitter). I said that it didn't sound like my MO, but maybe I had. I really don't remember what happens when I get too drunk to remember things, but I really doubt I asked her to sleep with me after I lost consciousness, let alone force myself on her - She just wasn't my type (read: Kate Hudson).

Point is I'm not a rapist or sexually desirable, but the ER didn't believe that. They gave me some antibiotics for STDs, which kinda cleared up my dick shit for about a week. Then the symptoms came back and I was fucking scared again. At the ER they had also given me a referral for a dick doc, what do you call them? Urologist, I guess. So I made an appointment when I started backsliding dick healthwise.

The specialist's office waiting room was filled with all old dudes, which made me feel like I was really fucked up for having something wrong with my Schloong (Leann Rimes) at the tender young age of Thirthysomething (1987-1991). A nurse did more blood work (why can't they just call it taking blood? (probably because it doesn't make sense to bill \$250 for a nurse to jab a needle in your arm) and when the Doc came in he put his fingers in my ass and felt my prostate. It happened kinda suddenly so I was caught off guard and couldn't think of anything witty to say. Later it occurred to me that I should have screamed, "Mahoney!". Doc put me on three more weeks of the antibiotic Cipro and mentioned in passing something about a systscopy.

The extended Antibiotic treatment actually cleared up all my dickbug shit and I was so relieved to have all these nightmares over with. I went to my follow up appointment kinda scared he was going to have to shove his fingers back up my ass and feel around for my prostate but at least I was prepared with a joke this time. He didn't have to fondle my ass because it turned out all the drugs and no booze (I wasn't supposed to drink on the meeds) for three weeks cleared up all my shit.

I was feeling pretty good about the whole ordeal while he talked about how healthy my dick was; said he just wanted to get another blood and urine sample to make sure everything was totally cleared up. Also, I was a pretty young guy and a urinary tract infection was pretty rare for someone my age, so he wanted to go ahead and do the systscopy just to be on the safe side.

I had no idea what a systscopy was and he was kind of evasive about describing the procedure. Turns out there is no such thing as a systscopy, but those of you who are hooked on phonics probably already know that what he wanted to preform was actually a cystoscopy. A cystoscopy is a horrible medical thing I could have looked up on the internet if I could spell worth a shit.

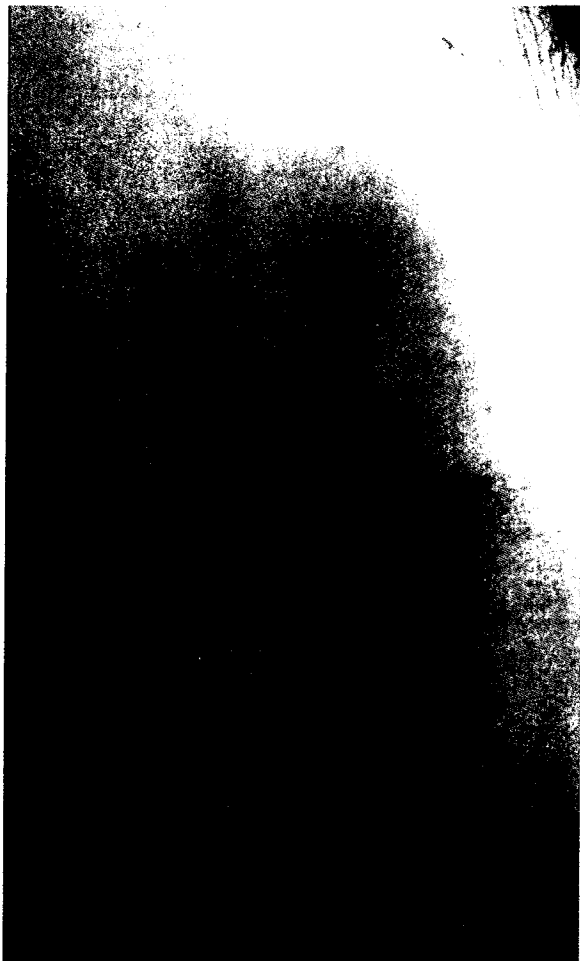
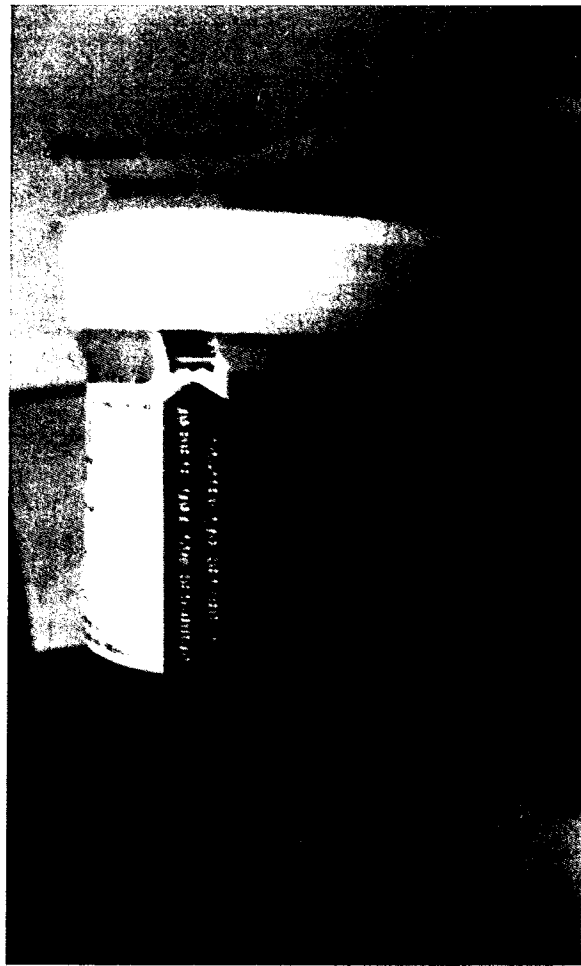
Doc said that they were licensed to preform the procedure at the office, but that they could not administer anesthesia and a Cystoscopy could be quite uncomfortable (no fucking shit). He scheduled an appointment at another clinic and said that I would have to have someone pick me up because I would not be able to drive afterwards.

This Cystoscopy thing was kind of pissing me off for a couple of reasons. First of all, I don't have any friends so I had to ask my aunt to drive me to the clinic and was forced to explain to a relative that my dick had been all fucked up, but that it was ok now. Pretty sure she told my parents, but I'm not positive because I've never mentioned *Detective Doomlazer and The Case of the Oozing Dickbugs* to my Mom and Dad. Secondly, I looked up the procedure online and it turns out a cystoscopy is when they shove a camera in your dick.

Well two weeks later, I went to the appointment and the nurse got me out of my clothes and into a gown. She asked a bunch of questions and then some gold chain-wearing-anesthesiologist pumped me full of the best drugs I've ever taken. As I was falling asleep I asked if I could have a DVD copy of my dick tour because I wanted to put it on youtube. Then I fell asleep while counting, woke up bleeding from my dick again and had kinda shit and pissed the hospital bed. Waking up in unexpected situations is nothing new to me, except that I never lose control of my faculties when blackout drinking and I hadn't tried to watch Gilmore Girls DVDs while unconscious.

I pissed blood for a few days, but that's normal after a cystoscopy I'm told. My dick felt weird as fuck for a few months, even after I had a follow up with the doc. He said everything was fine and that even though they didn't find anything abnormal he was glad he put a camera in my dick and charged my insurance company several thousand dollars that they later refused to pay.

Nowadays I've mostly forgotten about the whole thing. I'm back to my normal boring life. You know, I kinda miss having something interesting happen in life, but I'm still fearful the Dickbugs will come back. I mean, we never even found out why they came in the first place. What is to stop them from returning? Everytime I piss, I sniff for that bacteria smell and look for cloudy, blood infused urine. I guess what I should really be worried about now is the toxic house mold that is slowly killing me. I'm probably going to end up like Brittany Murphy and her husband - but that's a story for another issue!



Can you Make
a Background page
4 Me? if u
want 2

"Suicide Jokes and Other Cliches"

Does anybody remember what I was considering calling a self published compilation of my varied zine pieces? I'm pretty sure it had "Suicide Jokes" in the title. This was back when I thought the zine might not survive my return to slc, ut. Which reminds me.... tell Chris Lopez not to read this part, it really isn't aimed at him....

Trending Topic: #thingsthatmustgo : The whole SL,UT thing. I'm not sure if it was ever funny but it's certainly gotten old. What happened to all the t-shirts? That's where I first saw it. On a t-shirt. That's also how I discover new bands. Thanks Misfits merchandise fans! One time, back in the wood - that's what I call Englewood, NJ I wonder if it's caught on yet - I found myself interacting with a gentleman wearing a Motörhead t-shirt and seized the opportunity to ask him what his second favorite Motörhead song was. I'm no expert on Motörhead, shit I know very little about muzak, so it was partially a genuine question. He reminded me of "Ace of Spades", the one Motörhead song I can name (Young Ones, bitch!), and then told me that he pretty much liked all of their songs. I didn't press the issue 'cause Janine's tits were very distracting. My god. One time she came in to check the schedule or something wearing "booty shorts" and a basketball jersey. It was awesome. Another time she wore a buttoned up shirt that was clearly too small 'cause you could see her tits in the gap between the buttons! Oh, Janine!

I hope you like music! I played that David Bowie song about loving Janine to her once and luckily didn't get sued for sexual harassment. Around the same time I considered putting together a short story compilation I began work on my "solo album", I also took up painting for awhile but that's probably best forgotten (Then don't mention it. - Tony). I called it "Insult to Orgasm" after one of my recent solo songs. The vast majority of the work on the "solo album" was done by the rest of The S.P.R.3. and there were a few cameo appearances from some cool kids who don't talk to me much. It had some vcr5 on it. There was that cool "Summer After High School" song made by some kind of cloud. Later versions of the hypothetical album included that interview with Eric Blair song made by one of the members of Qstands4U or something. If you listen all the way to the end I sung "Some Velvet Morning!" It had Rudy on it too! Whatever happened to that guy? I never should have loaned him my copy of Woody Allen's "Take The Money and Run."

On my way back to Utah I decided to try and write a short story that would be more appropriate for the "real writer" Bradley Sands' lit mag than my previously humorously rejected autobiographical "I Am Not a Writer" piece which later became part of "A Life Bizarro" as featured in the award winning zine "Negative Space." Maybe I'm just terrible at politiking. If somebody told me that I'd be at least as devastated as I was when I was told that I just didn't have what it took to be a telemarketer. After I finished the story, which I hoped would be accepted by the holy bizarro community, I realized it had a lot in common with all of my other short stories. So there I was shoveling the snow and listening to my mp3 player. (I love the winter. I think all this drinking I do 'cause I want to die makes me hot blooded! Can't you see? I've got a temperature of a 103!) Guess what song came on? That's right! It was "The Professional" by Pulp. This song includes lines about performing "Psychic karaoke" and this:

"I'm only trying to give you what you've come to expect Just another song 'bout single mothers and sex Single mothers and sex, single mothers and sex Just another song 'bout single mothers and sex OK, you've heard it before, it's nothing special But it's a living, can't you see / I'm a professional"

I decided to call the story "Single Mothers and Sex" as an homage. I teased my new story on livejournal (Does anybody still use that site or are all the goths on deadjournal now? If not, why not? Discuss.) by announcing the title and saying that I bet nobody knows why it's called it that. I inadvertently created a situation for a one time friend and contributor to Chiaroscuro, Bradley Sands, to look like an idiot or jerk or something. Good for him! He probably wasn't even drunk when he guessed that it had something to do with my semi-recent affair with a single mother. Way to kick dirt on my face and guess incorrectly at the same time! Brad's one of those people that I'd love to be friends with again as soon as they gain the ability to apologize for lying to me. Oh, no! Not this rant again! I understand that admitting to having made a mistake could be perceived as an act of weakness. Shit, you might even find yourself confused for a human being. Yuck! Those people are the worst!

I've poked a lot of fun at Angela Brown in recent zines. She just makes it too easy. She looks, acts, and holds the opinions of an alterna-chick cliché! But, I've probably been too hard on her perennially smiling and nodding ass. Remember: Never show weakness to the enemy and the whole world is against you 'cause nobody knew the real you in high school! Her worst quality may be her ability to choose associates. Hell, she put up with me for months! I still don't know what the fuck happened between her and Erik Lopez. I know they referred to him as a

Continued over here →

"There will be great earthquakes." - LUKE 21:11

"There will be food shortages." - MARK 13:8

we

Will never become bored—even if we live for

RS# 17-0700

UPC

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Withdraw approved for X

"faggot" (I'm pretty sure it was meant as a pejorative too!) one time while I was in the room and that a lot of these "underground" kids are mormons and that mormon dogma is pretty fucking anti- the LGBT crowd. Which I'm pretty sure would make a few of S.L.U.'s contributors the gay version of an "uncle tom."



But, hey! A person's sexual orientation doesn't make them a good person or a bad person. Maybe he really was a (insert your favorite pejorative here, a lot of people seem to enjoy the term "douche" or "douchebag") if anybody would know it'd be Angela she was like a sister to him for nearly two years I think. I don't know why it would take her so long to figure out that she couldn't work with him though. She replaced him by promoting Andrew Glassett. Sounds like a safe bet. He's a returned missionary, none of that "faggot" shit, and supposedly pioneered idaho's punk rock scene. Does anybody know what that means? He's less than ten years older than me and I'm a fuckin' idiot! That's a reference to the cliché about age and wisdom. Jerome, Idaho? The one time home of Nikki Sixx? Whatever. He smiles so much he can't possibly be full of shit, or can he?

Atlantic City's

Hell, I was almost done with my filthy(zinester) love affair with S.L.U. when Angela began communicating with me through Mr. Glassett. Yep, her ability to "over-communicate" with me had deteriorated to that point. He asked me if I'd attend a gallery stroll appearance by some kind of performance art troupe and write about it (obviously). The day before I ran into him at that Smith's near 9th & 9th, I was buying tofu and peas of course. He was unable to help me locate the tofu but he did reassure me that I'd be able to get to said event early enough to see most of it if I got down there as soon as I said I'd be able to. You see, this involved leaving work early which I couldn't do until somebody else (Steve r.i.p.) came on shift. My bike had a flat. Fuck. I caught the bus down 21st to trax and took trax downtown. I was too late to see more than Shane and the back of Will Sartain's head. This was probably an honest mistake. Or, hell, maybe I'm misremembering part of this story.

Once I brought a copy of my so-called "solo album" down to the S.L.U. office and Glassett said he'd review it. Angela was surprised to find out that I made noise, to which I reminded her that I'd already given her a cd. I suppose she was just being polite when she requested some Chiaroscuro back issues. Andrew was probably just trying to be polite too when he said that he'd lost the cd. Apparently he'd been evicted. Have you ever been evicted? I haven't. But when I was told that I officially represented S.L.U. mag and shouldn't get kicked out of any bars or anything I did ask what I'd take to get kicked out of a bar. Angela assumed that I'd know. Have you ever been kicked out of a bar? I haven't. Strange people, these "sluggers." Months after either of us volunteered at S.L.U. (Support local businesses and drink natural light!) Andrew sent me an e-mail asking if I'd like to donate some vocals to his DATA/BOOTY project (A S.L.U. cover story!) he'd heard me be "profane" on the cd I gave him. I responded by telling him that I thought he'd lost it. The cd. And that I was confused. I feel bad about that, I wasn't really confused. He'd already told me that he didn't believe in honesty. Strangely a short write up on him in the private eye weekly noted his honesty almost as if it was a selling point. He told me he didn't believe in love either.

Aren't I supposed to be the most cynical guy in the room?

→ Eric Blair

"Stress is to anxiety as sadness is to depression; it becomes a mental disorder when it becomes chronic," says psychologist Rebecca Beaton, PhD.



THESE
THINGS
Hese hinges
Esc inges
Se Ngs

May contain content inappropriate for children. Visit www.esrb.org for rating information.



Every zine these days has an official "house band", here at Chiaroscuro our official band is known as The S.P.R.3. Their audible noise is on a comparable level as the text shit we publish. Just like Chiaroscuro they remain too insecure to release anything pseudo-creative without cutting it with the work of others. In conjunction, "The CD of the Absurd" was released. That thing also featured muzak from The G.R.P., ist, and probably somebody else who misunderstood the word "consent." Our 2nd CD, "The CD of the Obscuro", still contained terrible music, but at least it had a few amusing gags in between songs. Our third CD was known as "The CD of the Dead Format." It's rare. Congratulate yourself if you successfully obtained a copy. And now, nearly ten years after Chiaroscuro #1 was released, a fourth CD is finally ready to be ignored! Don't worry, you are not obligated to listen to it.

"The CD of the Superfluous"

- 1) TV Tells Me (tHC Mix)- the Human Conduit
- 2) WalkSlowWakeUpFallBackTurnAround- Snyder Mahler
- 3) Allentown- SPR3
- 4) Time To Go- the Human Conduit
- 5) Be Profound- SPR3
- 6) Chiaroscuro- Get Stakerized!
- 7) PositicOriginal- SPR3
- 8) Escape Keys (Instrumental)- the Human Conduit
- 9) 21st Century Schizoid Man- SPR3
- 10) Desperately- Electro Fox
- 11) Waiting to Die- SPR3 *register*
- 12) Famous Blue Hallelujah- SPR3
- 13) Preacher (Demo)- the Human Conduit
- 14) Cold Medicine of Love- SPR3
- 15) Black Wine- the Human Conduit
- 16) Be the First- SPR3

CHIAROSCURO

Catharine Lockett uses feathers, semiprecious beads, gunshells and chains to create fetishistic jewelry and accessories for her line, Collarbone. Peacock earrings, \$50. Collarbone by Catharine Lockett on facebook.com

TEN YEARS

thirty-eight ISSUES

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4 CDs AND

1 DVD

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Presenting or TWILIGHT: BREAKING D TWI TCH

Chief Medical Officers' Warning