

CHIAROSCURO

#39

Looks like the
world is ending
again.

Who cares?



2013



A Letter From The BARON

"GLORY"

When your Editor-in-Chief is the one and only prophet of MotherCat it's not unusual for your boss to disappear to Moonsylvania out-of-the-blue without even so much as a note! Well... that's not true, he left a note. But, it wasn't very helpful. Shopping lists seldom are. Being a firm believer in the concept of it being better to be sorry than to be safe I went out of my way to avoid purchasing any thing on his list! This may have been a mistake as not buying foodstuffs has been a bit hard on everybody at Chiaroscuro HQ. And paying rent, though underlined ONCE didn't seem as important as thumbing my nose at Tony. Doomlazer, E. Blair and I were hoping this issue would have all the nutrients our growing bodies crave. We were terribly disappointed. Our attempts to live in a structure made only out of copies of Chiaroscuro #39 were celebrated by many archaeologists, but not until much later. Times have been hard for us all, living in a prison of our own design. Doomlazer whiles away the hours wishing he was dead, being bored, and/or wishing he was Kurt Russell. Eric Blair keeps talking about how great he is which is as sound a declaration of insanity as that useless fuck could ever make. Me? Who cares? I'm merely a puppet with string envy.

Let's see... what do you have to look forward to? NOTHING?!!! Well, unless you are reading this shit! Oh, boy! We've got one hell of an issue in store for you! Seriously. This issue is the physical embodiment of hell. We need twenty pages of hot chicks in fashion ads if we want our widgets to move! Wait.... that's a great idea! I know lots of hot chicks! STOP THE PRESSES!!! NEVERMIND!!! RESTART THE PRESSES!!! Those magazines are expensive as shit! Someday we might be able to afford ads, but... we just aren't there yet. #Zorry.

We just can't afford to try to sell you shit yet. Give us time. Whoa! Not that much! Enough rope will lead to at least one autoerotic mess! Speaking of autoerotic messes, here it is... I reluctantly present #Chiaroscuro39. It doesn't have another fucking CD or DVD in it 'cuz Tony was in a good mood when he made that decision. It's got that cover on the other side of this page.... I hope! Fuck, I know Blair is gonna be drunk as shit when he goes to press.... eh... who cares? There's some other shit in it too.... probably.



When we work together The enemy disappears.

CHIAROSCURO

Does God Really Care About Us?

FOR ORDERING INFORMATION
 E-MAIL: CHIAROSCURO@HOTMAIL.COM
 WWW.CHIAROSCURO.INFO
 OR VISIT

Letter **S** **2** the

The Supreme Court
rub the bill
to
Editor

Attention Tony and/director of advertising asshole:

I'd like to start out by saying: Fuck you Tony, fuck you and your advertising bullshit! I thought you were better than that. I'm so tired of being bombarded everywhere I turn with corporate influences. I'm sick of being told who to be and what to buy. I thought Chiaroscuro was different. I always saw your zine as kind of the standard publication for pseudo-intellectual hipster artists like myself. I turn to you for advice, inspiration, and a justification for my self-destructive; yet creative behaviors. And now, what am I starting to find on your pages? Advertising!

Seriously, you guys have got to be fucking kidding me. I don't need dick bug diagnosis. My dicks are just fine the way they are! That whole page devoted to a dick bug procedure was full of sexist and arthropodist influences and I don't appreciate your narrow-mindedness. It is not your job to sell healthcare. I don't care about vials and samples and health. True artists don't need healthcare, they don't need a "cure" for their "bugs"...they need to embrace their shortcomings as fuel for creativity. Quit trying to change me Tony, I'm just fine the way I am. Stop making people feel guilty about their bugs and stop trying to turn me into a fucking socialist! I'm an American dammit! I don't deserve healthcare because I haven't worked hard enough. If I was a good person I would have a good job and could take care of myself. I'm not good enough and I'm happy with that because someday I could be and that is all that really matters.

Forward to page 13 and what do I find??? Another advertisement and this one worse than anything I've seen yet! The idea of you selling me pants is just wrong. The last issue was the sexiest yet and still you're trying to sell me on wearing clothing. These mixed messages are just confusing and I don't appreciate that. If you are going to spend money on advertising you could at least purchase something in line with your values. Last time I checked the zine's latest mission was the spread of STD's and I just really don't think pants are in line with all of that. I think it is time for you to re-evaluate what it is you really want to share with your community. When you figure it out let me know?

Sincerely, .20

Paying subscriber# 5346:908

ChiaroscuroZine@hotmail.com

We Print.

almost

anything...

submissions,

ChiaroscuroZine@hotmail.com

COMIX CORNER



Dear Twitter Followers,

You're Welcome!

PART 7

I can't decide if "Dear Twitter Followers, I'm Sorry" should ever end. It's successfully entered the pantheon of such long wind autobiographical vomit as "Untitled" and "The Center of the Fucking Universe." Whenever I'm not sure what to do I find that continuing doing whatever it is that I'm doing is the easiest option. Like a junkie or the producers of Sister Act 2 I've got a habit. I'll probably leave a partially finished issue of Chiaroscuro behind when I die. Let's see... did I mention the last time(s) I ran into my last sex partner yet? I didn't?!!! That's odd, I guess I'll do that now. It was the 2010 Utah Arts Festival. Crystal's dad's band might have played, but I don't think so. The year before, at the 2009 Utah Arts Festival, I saw little miss fuckpuppet. She was working as a sound chick or something. I had a short conversation with her and immediately loudly turned to Crystal, Jesse, Art, Jade, and Leo to get their opinion. I mention this to further back up my claim that I don't just put my cock in people, places, or things all willy-nilly!

I went to an applebees yesterday for the first time since the grasshopper incident. It was just like being on twitter, everybody was talking 'bout Inception. My server probably knew I wanted a drink based on my shaky menu holding hands. I'm guessing that this couple behind me were on a date. He didn't let her get a fucking word in. I hope she didn't sleep with him. There was a kid across the restaurant that I kept trying to figure out it's gender. I think it was a 10-12 year old boy. The waitstaff was awesome. My man came off as gay. There were four girls working the floor. There was a girl who looked like the bastard offspring of perez hilton and sharon osbourne. I felt bad for her. There was an ethnically ambiguous girl who was really good at wearing her pants. Two black girls, each one cuter than the other. One of 'em occasionally danced a bit and sang along with the top 40 muzak. You would have smiled too. I had three jack & cokes and ate some buffalo wings. I read the menu repeatedly 'cause I was alone and neglected to bring something to read. There was a poor man's kim dickens seated with her husband and child. I think we made eye contact. I liked to imagine that she considered, for a split second, sneaking away with me for intercourse. Before applebees I went to super target. Unfortunately jennifer connally wasn't there and we weren't held hostage. Instead I ran into this brazilian guy I know. He's a nice enough guy, but doesn't seem to know how to talk to people. Not that I'm a master conversationalist or anything, but I think I'd be able to tell if the person I was talking to didn't really give a shit about new cartoons and action figures. Before super target I hung out at the mall. I think it's called "fashion place." I wonder if I bought that rosetta stone shit if I'd understand why people dress so strangely. Didn't that mall used to have an arcade? I hadn't driven for quite awhile. Luckily, I didn't forget how. Other people had though.

I'm not very good with people. I'm not good at making friends. I don't think I understand the way that most people communicate. I don't mean to put myself up on a pedestal and imply that If I don't understand how "most" people choose to share information and create bonds that are worth a damn that means that this unnamed mass of the majority must be primarily sociopaths. Anybody who knows me would probably quickly let all of us know that I'm also a sociopath. Popular things are popular for a reason. Democracy works, it's too bad nobody's ever tried it. There's a few things, to be specific, that I don't understand. The first one that I'm going to mention is a "golden rule" issue. Why do people do things to others that they wouldn't like to have others do unto them? I think it has something to do with thinking that you are above the person who are treating poorly. For whatever reason you think that you are above them. Perhaps every time you lie to somebody what you're doing is telling them that you don't care about them. At all. That they should fuck off and die. Or something. Maybe you just think it's cute to say things that aren't true so you can laugh at the person who listens to you. MotherCat knows I do that sometimes. It's cruel. I usually backpeddle pretty quickly, I have nothing to gain from telling lies. Sometimes that might not be the appropriate thing to do. Maybe it embarrasses people when I put my cards on the table. It usually irritates me when other people don't put their cards on the table though. I really hate it when I get the impression that others would accuse me of being unpleasant just because I'm trying to clarify a few things. I'm not unique, there's no way that people only enjoy misleading me. I can only assume that most people enjoy treating, and being treated, this way. Yeah, so that's one thing that I don't understand. P.S. Another reason one might choose to mislead someone is to avoid confrontation. I might like confrontation more than most.

Can't Wait for Part 8?

WHO ARE THEY?

Look!

First and foremost make every attempt to get out of their way.

Answers: 1. Falcon, 2. Mockingbird, 3. Cuckoo, 4. Condor, 5. Owl, 6. Hawk, 7. Lark, 8. Raven/Wren, 9. Eagles

MOVIES 10 - SALT LAKE CITY
1300 E. @ 1-80 - Exp Code 12334

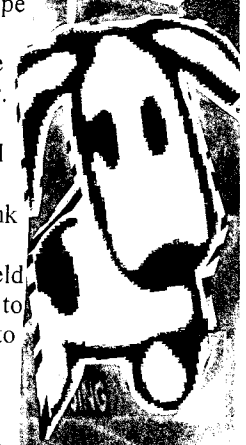
51.25 Minutes before open • \$1.00 /
\$1.50 after open • \$2.00 after

PG 2 3 3 Action violence, scary images,
for 13
2 2 2 gauge; for 10 and up

Violence, some sexual content,
language; for 17 and up

THE BLOCK SIDE (PG 13) 10:40 135 A
THE WOMAN IN THE MOON (PG 13) 11:10 135 B
THE WOMAN IN THE MOON (PG 13) 11:10 135 B

DO NOT CONTINUE



JAMES DEAN



Dear Twitter

Followers

You're

Welcome!

Part 8

A few words on Will Sartain with a cameo by Angela Brown: Friends of mine went to jr. high with Will, I didn't meet him until I was going to college by day and being a d level scenester by night. I bumped into him at a few parties and on campus and quickly figured him for a manipulative politicking fellow. He has a handshake that makes me feel like he should be running for office. He will remember your name, smile, maintain eye contact, and express how happy he is to see you. A friend of mine was once in a band with him and felt that they were treated poorly. That's 2nd hand information though. As far as his music goes, I like what I've heard and am certain that he is talented. He's been running Kilby Ct. & The Urban Lounge for a few years now and as far as I can tell quite successfully. Once during my brief affiliation with S.L.U. his named was uttered as I did my volunteer work. Funny thing that. The other volunteer work I'd done previously was appreciated. Sometimes at S.L.U. I felt as if they

thought I should be grateful for the opportunity to work for free. Ah, but I digress. I spoke up and expressed my opinion, eloquently stating that in my opinion he was an asshole. Angela seemed surprised, but it's hard to say she has a facetiously quizzical expression on often. I explained that in my estimation he was a smile to your face and stab you in the back type. She responded by telling me that he was doing a really good job running those clubs. I wasn't arguing that. You can be a successful prick... in fact it seems to be a common occurrence.

It's 7:04 a.m. It's Wednesday. It's July 20th, 2011 and I'm planning on going to the post office in less than an hour, DoomLazer still hasn't received his copy of Chiaroscuro #37. You remember the one. The one with the Steve Jerman cover. The, thankfully, ten pager that regretfully didn't include "The CD of the Superfluuous." I finished it at the last moment. I went to print the night before the 2011 "Alt Press Fest." Before the library held "Alt Press Fests" they had at least one zine festival. Doomlazer and I showed up to one of those back in 2003 or 2004. We provided our own table. We sat behind it with a t.v. in front of us playing a loop of two episodes of "The M&T Show" and an early SPR3 muzak video. We had just completed issue #12 which included our first CD, "The CD of the Absurd", and had a grand 'ole time pushing it on passerbys. People would ask us what it was about and we'd tell 'em that it was about how to reconcile your feminist beliefs with a vegan lifestyle. Believe me, it ain't easy! That might have also been the first time I'd ever "performed" "spoken word." I'd brought two paragraphs, one non-factional, to read. It seemed to go well. I also saw Brooke Young and Angela Brown descending a staircase, sadly neither were nude. Years later Shane, now an employee of the library, called me to see if I wanted to participate in the first annual "Alt Press Fest." I'd been feeling down in the dumps, was happy to hear from an old friend, but thought that Chiaroscuro was dead. I wanted to talk to him more, but he was calling me from work and had to get back to it.

I'm tired/fed up/sick of all this geek chic bullshit. Oh, are you a nerd? How refreshingly self-deprecating! I'm happy that you aren't ashamed of your hobbies/interests, but stop acting like the very fact that you aren't living in fear of someone finding out the truth means you should have your own fucking parade. I get it, you're "taking it back" From who though? Some asshole in jr. high? Shit. Everybody is, like, totally a "geek" about something. So now we can all be "geeks" and "geek-out" or be "nerds" and have "nerdgasms." Great. Now that every jump on the band wagon motherfucker is suddenly part of a minority group we can all act as if we are oppressed by those terrible forces who are really just jealous of our awesome status. I like music. Do you? We are such music geeks! Nobody else understands. Are you within 20 years of my age? So you grew up playing video games and reading comics? We have so much in common! Are you on a computer? We are such nerds! Supercool exclusive awesome club! Have any of you ever geeked out while experiencing a nerdgasm? Try it sometime. If you push your body that far it will self destruct and you won't be missed - there's another person in an internet meme inspired t-shirt coming this way.

I went to a Cake concert with Natalie, my disease riddled sister, the ticket doubled as admission to the Utah Arts Fest 2010 (the year we lost contact - Tony). I forgot to use it though. Maybe Crystal's dad got me in for free or maybe I was going out of my way to stalk Pat. Slender, barely legal, dyed hair, and friendly disposition. Pat. At the 2009 Utah Arts Fest (don't say festival - Angela) I ran into her. This was important 'cause nearly two of my 2.4 friends were there at the time. It adds credence to my story. You cannot fictionalize this shit. She was working as some sort of audio tech / stage hand. If I was stalking her I wasn't very good at it. I've got her address 'round here somewhere. I saw Pat there. She was busy, but the exchange seemed promisingly positive. Later that night I was hanging out with a few of my aforementioned friends, there were witnesses, when she called me. Pat told me to come back to the Arts Fest the next day. She said she'd get me in for free. I was excited. Hell, I never wanted to have a "one night stand." Tyler and I went that day. I tried calling her a few times. I knew that she was at work, but I thought she meant what she said about getting me in for free. I thought she wanted to see me. Eventually I had to admit failure. We paid and entered the festival.

E. Blair



physical metaphor.

representation,

emotional interpersonal



800-336-8472

objects, focus

identity, varying meaning, shaped

memory



"Dear Twitter Followers, You're Welcome!"

(Part 9)

The next time I trick somebody into interviewing me on the subject of zines, maybe I'll pander. Tell them what I think they want to hear. "You see, zines are one of the last bastions of free speech. People say the internet is the future of expression, but it can very easily be censored by governments and service providers. Also, the internet is somewhat elitist. You don't need to know html, own a computer, or even go to a library to make a zine. Anybody can make a zine. Maybe your zine is your journal and maybe it's a cute little art project tied together with string. Either way and anywhere in between anyone can do it. No sponsors required and no permission is necessary. Say whatever you want, do whatever you want to do. People use the term D.I.Y. so often it sounds like a trip to Home Depot. Fuck that. Zines aren't about that type of trendy shit. Zines aren't democratic at all. Zines are anarchy on paper. The underground railroad of the written word. Zines embody freedom of expression."

2. I often wake up because of bad dreams.

1. I have disturbing dreams at least once a week.

When I did meth with Suzy at some downtown sleazy motel and attempted to fuck I remember two songs that came on the radio. One was "Can't Help Falling in Love", the famous Elvis song. The other was "Can't Stop" by The Red Hot Chili Peppers. Surely other songs were played. Perhaps I started manipulating the facts of my life long ago so as to only recall what is convenient for my narrative. It's hard to say how much energy I waste twisting the facts of my life into memories. Regardless, I remember thrashing around at my desk working on "The Center of the Fucking Universe" while listening to "Can't Stop" on repeat. Around the same time I once woke up Doomlazer because I thought it was important he listen to an Elvis Costello song. "Don't say you love me when it's just a rumour. Don't say a word if there is any doubt. Sometimes I think that love is just a tumour; you've got to cut it out." - Lipstick Vogue. Music and girls? What am I Rob Gordon over here? Yeesh! What I'm getting at is that I'm listening to that Red Hot Chili Peppers song on repeat as I work on this shit. I took a lot of notes in airports recently, so I'll be continuing this in the way that it started. Part one was all handwritten complaining self flattering malarkey I was forced to scribble down 'cause I'd locked my computer in Cracka Jack's apartment. So, once again I lean on past routines in an attempt to delay the future.

4. My nightmares are caused by stress about work or relationships.

3. As I go to sleep, I feel like I am falling or being paralyzed.

Last night he's written a few things for CHIAROSCURO under varied nom de plumes, dropped by at roughly 10 p.m. He'd been to court, shit got delayed for another month. he who might take "kung-fu" too seriously, could still possibly fuck up his future. I'm not clear on all the details; it involves drugs, a car, and at least one person making a bad decision. Everybody I talk to seems to have a worse life than me. had gone to the Bright Eyes concert with Zach and Zach's betrothed. Cracka Jack (or David Wise if you prefer) was there as was Crystal (or Star if you prefer). I might have to edit this so people don't feel that I'm obviously referencing them and the wacky things that they do in a print only zine that's usually only used to balance table legs at coffee shops. I finally got Machete from #netflux, and I watched part of it. It was about what I'd expected, pretty stupid. We drank a few beers and smoked some weed. Eventually we were talking about how much we both liked cooking and eating eggs. Following tradition we smoked one cigarette each and then went our separate ways. I went back to packing my "go bag(s)." A term I'd recently learned from a movie, they're supposed to contain everything that one would need to survive for 72 hours. Allow me to kill the hypothetical suspense, I survived for much longer. Chances are you aren't reading the words of a dead man. Chances are I gave you this zine face to face. As much as my life is able to entertain me, I assure you that as of the end of this sentence I haven't had any really exciting brushes with death. My life isn't that exciting.

5. I get anxious before bedtime because I think I might have a nightmare.

It might not be exciting, but it sure as fuck ain't boring. All of the tiny complications that I couldn't have ever predicted keep my life interesting. They might be good and they might be bad, but unless you can see the future how the fuck can you claim to be bored? God is bored. You don't know shit, not knowing is exciting! So many variables! I don't even know how I'll emotionally react to an episode of Becker that I've seen before! How could I have known that after I had two, admittedly fashionably dangerous looking, high school friends over one day that my sister would misplace a piece of jewelry? How could I have predicted that my sister would tell me that she thought one of my friends took her accessory? It's pretty fucking offensive when these types of accusations litter the air. It's hard not to get all angry and defensive. Really? You're telling me that you think my judgment is so poor that I'd trust people who would create awful situations for me to deal with? And for my family to deal with? I've often thought the only people who would think others would do such fucked up shit are people who are capable of it themselves. Yikes! An absolute! Scratch that! Flip it and reverse it! Take it to the next level! Yep, neither of the "alternative" looking girls who were over that day stole anything. Hell, they're both in stable long-term relationships with people of the opposite sex and at least one of 'em has a kid! They're fucking squaresville, daddy-o! If anything I'm the fuck who shouldn't be trusted. Me and my, as Doomlazer calls it, "fetish for honesty."

7. I remember the fear during bad dreams but not all the specific details.

→ E. Blair

8. During nightmares, I experience not only anxiety but also anger or shame.

6. I have the same terrible nightmare repeatedly.

"Dear Twitter Followers, You're Welcome!"

I finished packing and slowly made my way to a state of unconsciousness. I took a few detours on the way to smoke more weed, eat some chips, and enjoy Becker. Sometimes I get the impression that it would be more socially acceptable for me to watch the varied hour long dramas they have on cable these days that seem to be quite popular. Or that I should be addicted to those pseudo reality based contest shows. Mad Men might be great, I find the concept to be full of promise. I hear a lot of good things about Dexter and often think that if Doomlazer and one of my sisters both like it... well, it's worth giving a chance. True Blood just sucks, pun intended. I hate it when I read a pun and it's followed by the cutesy bullshit "no pun intended." If you don't intend to make a fucking pun run down a few flights of fucking stairs while screaming "Stop the presses!!!" Fucking disingenuous clichéd wordvomit. Whenever I think of somebody reading my criticism of anything I hear them thinking that I should lighten up. That I shouldn't take everything so fucking seriously. At the same time when I joke around I get accused of not taking anything seriously. Once, a comedian, accused me of only taking being an asshole seriously. I replied by telling him that I didn't take being an asshole that seriously at all. You fucks can't have it both ways! I can't be TOO serious and the exact opposite at the same time. That's some fuckin' cognitive dissonance right there! I can however consistently find it difficult to sleep while I'm sweating. It's hard to sleep in the summer, fucking heat and all. Woke up an hour before my alarm and fell back asleep to the soothing voice of Ted Danson. 7 a.m. Got up and pulled an energy drink out of the fridge. Got on twitter (of course). Double checked my packing skills. Unplugged everything and left leaving behind plenty of proof of my existence.

Mildly regretting the fact that I hadn't packed my sunglasses I drove up to "Cracka Jack's" place drinking my now vodka infused energy drink. Obviously me or my grammar ain't perfect, probably both. So, I hate to come down on somebody for doing stupid shit when I do stupid shit all the fucking time. Have you ever thrown a party? Nobody wants to be the guy who has to tell somebody else that their shenanigans have gotten out of hand. The buzz kill. Well... anyways I stopped at the gas station next to Cracka Jack's place and filled the car up before I pulled up to his place. He was almost ready. I gave him a, too short in retrospect, tutorial on the car. This window can go down, but it doesn't go up. The alarm system / electronic locks are screwy. I drove it to Wendover once and my family was surprised. You see, the damn thing dies a lot. I thought I was relatively clear. The idea was that Cracka Jack would be able to drive to work and back, and probably run a few reasonable errands, for the period of time that I was to be in Englewood. Oh... I also expected to be picked up from the airport. I know, I know, I shouldn't treat my friends like slaves. Mutually beneficial situations are for the birds! Well, he successfully got me to the airport and he got to drive to work and back that day!

I hate to do any damage to the hypothetical image I've created for myself, but the truth is that I went to a party recently. One of those birthday parties wherein you never find out whose birthday it was parties. Some people seem to enjoy sitting around refusing invitations and complaining about how lonely they are, I hope you don't perceive me to be of that ilk. Sure, I don't feel the need to be consistently seen at cool places with cool people. But I clearly still require constant validation! We've been publishing this damn zine since 2002! Why? Probably 'cause I've got some really deep, and profound, emotional scars! Golly gee whiz, I must be the only kid who felt ignored compared to his siblings! Not that I didn't have a strong father figure, I love you t.v.! I'm so fucking special that I just must have been the last person to buy a b&w television set with money earned delivering newspapers. Wash your hands after you finish reading this zine! If you don't the fucking sarcasm will seep through your fucking pores and you'll find yourself unable to do anything except shit on things.

This trip out to Englewood was not planned very well. I had begun discussing the idea with Doomlazer roughly three months before it happened. After nearly three months had passed I resigned myself to the opinion that it wasn't going to happen at all. A little backstory: Doomlazer and I had lived together in multiple apartments, one of which was in New Jersey, since I'd returned to Utah he'd been visiting slightly less than once a year. Unfortunately his terrible job which provided him with the ability to continue to live in the two bedroom apartment we initially shared often required him to travel to varied conferences. He grew to hate having to travel to these damn things and that's why it seemed fair that he pay for my tickets to NJ. Of course I thought it was reasonable months before it was scheduled. And of course, regardless of whether or not I could afford it, I was excited about the idea when it was re-proposed to me slightly more than 48 hours before it was to begin. I certainly understand the hatred of plans and love of last minute decisions. Well, anyways... that's how I ended up discussing the newark aspect of the poorly thought out plan. Doomlazer had told me not to bother calling when I landed. He said he'd be tracking the flight on the internet. He said that we weren't neanderthals. I corrected him, he wasn't but I might be.

by E. Blair

Loneliness

Not

It's drug addiction

There
et n

400
PUFFS
@filthyZinester

(Part 10)

(01 P2D)

my life. my style.

my store.

GET HERE

Dear readers,

USED 100% GUARANTEED

...brushing her lips when she snuggled, letting her
...when, with the backs of his fingers, he caressed her
...living stomach.
Then, very slowly, he let his fingers glide down, tracing
crease at the top of one thigh, then the other,
...back from their kiss, he gently pressed two
...between her thighs.

I was in a crowded room and
everyone basically hated me,
that happens a lot to some famous
people. I was in a crowd and everyone basically hated me, that happens a lot to some famous people.



people walked in, they
all wearing scarves and

Centre opposite the
on 52 95 52, Telex 01/2474, Cable: Bristol

So glorious
And they hadn't
ment when their bodies were
entailed, yet...

sung! Every
their attention,
ar... most famous one

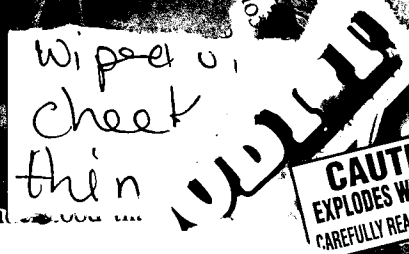


With a blush, she sat down.
When the other girls tittered
he added, "But you're
sort of n... he began to

1986. I used to rub cooking oil
all over ourselves and

Great, only weather
who's good!

wiped oil
cheek
thin... I was some
oil in,



"I am here
"See that you do
Emily, it is time you un
ave a

lie in the sun, that was
1986 and we wanted to be

Fortune has been against me
I have lost a rather
and now must sell my
stocks to raise the blunt
Unfortunately, it will not c
You must help me, my dearest

July 18th He, it seemed, could spend
unbelievably

But anyway, the famous
people m... Basically

SKIN...
Sexy Lady Sleepw...
G-string Babydoll Adjust...
Lace Sheer Lingerie Free
\$9.95

nothing changed, People hated
me for different reasons,
U.S.A.

...a go...
...in my prince did not...
...in my reputation, and you...
...can't you?"
...Caesar gave a little woof in the affir...
...putting down his book.
...over Caesar's silky head.
...one knew you

...the music had stopped. And neither

Doom

Laser

Vs.

Hurricane

Sandy

D.

S.

THEY'RE REQUIRED

SUPERVISOR INFORMATION
(To be completed by supervisor)

WARRANT NUMBER

I'm a pervert I guess. I had this dream during the power blackout that p much sums up who I am as a person. In the dream I was locking up my bicycle on the street and this pretty girl was too. We started talking and we really hit it off. She was pretty and all that. We said goodbye and I was like, "hey, I should get her phone number" and started after her.

So in the dream, I ran about three feet thinking about how great this girl was and wanting to get to know her and all that, but I came across a girls locker room. They are going through the rear window and the complainant is hiding in the closet. So I stop and think oh yeah, this is a dream right?

I'm like, when else am I going to get to go in a women's locker room? Well, In Police Quest 4 I think you have to go into the women's locker room to find out that your partner or something is a drug addict. If I remember right she was stealing drugs from crime scenes or something which is a p good scam. I don't recall if there is a reason to actually check her locker or I was just constantly trying to go into the women's locker room in PQ4.

Anyway, in the dream I'm like, "Hell yeah I'm going into this women's locker room!". So I go in and it's totally filled with hot babes screaming when they see me, trying to cover up and put on towels and stuff but it's too late, I've seen everything (ST:TNG). I don't think I went as far as honking boobs or anything but it was a scene straight out of a raunchy 80's movie. I got an eye-full!

I bet if you went into a women's locker room in real life it would be pretty boring. Like, it's probably full of old ladies and ugly chicks or something. Can someone confirm this? I don't think any chicks read this zine so probably not.

Anyway, I was a victim of Hurricane Sandy and my power was out for 8 days. I started to go crazy waiting for the Red Cross to give me some of that relief monies. They never did though, so don't ever give money to the red cross because it is a stupid charity. I don't even care if that's a lie and it is a good organization - I was a victim of Hurricane Sandy and Obama didn't give me a single dime for my troubles.

In Fact, I had to pay \$50 in text messaging fees from AT&T or switch from 200 msgs to unlimited so I switched and two weeks later they forgave all the overages, but not for me because I switched plans so I got fucked. I could have called and complained and gotten them to credit me the monies, but I didn't and some people would say that I'm letting them walk all over me.

I had someone at work yesterday lecture me about standing up for myself at work and I almost had to say, "you have no fucking clue what my life is like do you?". I don't give a fuck about normal bullshit. My life is terrible, it's a fucking nightmare. I'm not trifling about your gay ass work politics.

Anyway I went to the dentist for the first time in like 15 years because my toof broke six months ago. I don't like going to doctors or dentist because they will just tell me I'm dying anyway, but I finally went to the dentist because I'm going to quit my job soon and I might not have dental insurance ever agin. Not that dental insurance from my work does much. I spent 2k getting two crowns. Anyway I was in pain forever.

Hey, shout out to Yetta. I was so miserable during the Hurricane Sandy, which I still haven't gotten any relief money from even though I was a victim, that I wanted to die. All I did was roll around in the cold darkness and say to myself, "I wish I was dead" over and over again for 8 days. That's how I came up with a joke for a comic. I totally could have drawn it myself, but I hate doing things so I paid @jeannetto real

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x 300 in per roll (1.9 cm x 76 m)

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money to draw it. I also contacted @MKupperman to draw an alternate version of the comic where a child is at a birthday party and is blowing out the candles wishing he was dead, and he promised old Doomy that he would do it, but he never did.

@MKupperman is a liar and he promised to buy me a Ferrari and to draw me several comics, but I'm p sure he just says he will to stop me from bothering him on twitter all the time. What a jerk! Sure Snake and Bacon is kinda funny, but a kid whose Bday wish is that he was dead? Thats real comedy! What a jerk. He's so rich and could buy me like a hundie Ferraris and a few 1976 Corvette Stingrays, but he's hogging all the money.

Anyway, you are boring me. I wish I was dead,

→ D.L.

PLEASE USE A BLACK BALL POINT PEN TO COMPLETE FORM

Redact Yo self, fool!

hello my nome is

expressions

WHEREVER

you

AREN'T!

PAGE TEN



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