

Zig Zag is a magazine devoted to total freedom of speech & expression. It's free of charge and we don't make a dime. The purpose is for your art to be seen and voice to be heard. So get on it...

It's your zine so roll one up and put it in your pocket.

ZIGZAG



Contributors

Cover: Brett J. Lindstrom
Sarah McCauley (4-5)
Van Jazmin (6, 15)
FuCK soUL BrOthA (7)
Joey Heart Heninger (8)
Jack Quack (9)
Alex Whiteaker (10)
Aaron Branch (11)
Katherine Marie Reynolds (12)
Nick Milano (13)
Clay Barclay (14)
Karen Arango (16-17)
Stanton Cameron (18)
Randy Leighton (19)
Donald Philemon Rusimbi (20)
Roger Sears (21)
Worley (22)
N.O. Moriar (23)
Tyrell Dion Waiters (26)
Tiffany Minsal (27)
William Inman (28)
Joey Faccio (29)
Matt Coombs (30)
Luis Aponte (31)
Brett J. Lindstrom (32)

Creative Directors:

Van
Jack Quack
Brett J. Lindstrom

zigzagcrew@gmail.com

Submit your page in black and white
preferably 400 dpi.



ZIGZAG

freEDom of sPeEcH iS nOT dEad Yet

zigzagcrew@gmail.com

Neck.

By: Sarah McCauley

The thick binding that keeps my body from walking out from under me, the adhesive that keeps my head from floating above the clouds or literally falling over my heels. From my jaw line to my collarbone, this woman is strong. This woman is seductive. She keeps my world together. She holds onto me tightly even when my mind and heart disagree. Neck can hold the weight of my world and keep it fastened tightly to my shoulders. She has a heartbeat that can be felt pulsating on either side of her slope. She exchanges my thoughts through vibration that can be felt or heard by others or no one. Neck can quickly snap my attention to something or someone. Or she can slowly drop my head in shame or sorrow.

On the outside she is smooth and soft. Creases and lines show age and wear from twisting and turning and bowing. She is sometimes shadowed by my hair, or is decorated with scarves, strings, and stones. Other times she is left bare. Either way, on the outside she is beautiful. On the inside she is beautiful as well, but in a much more ugly way. The thin layer of skin covers the bones and blood, but allows the blue of veins to leak through. Her collarbone pulls and stretches the skin. In certain positions the muscles and tendons and bones stretch and strain through the skin. In the back, her vertebrae peak through the skin just below the baby hairs that swim down from my head.

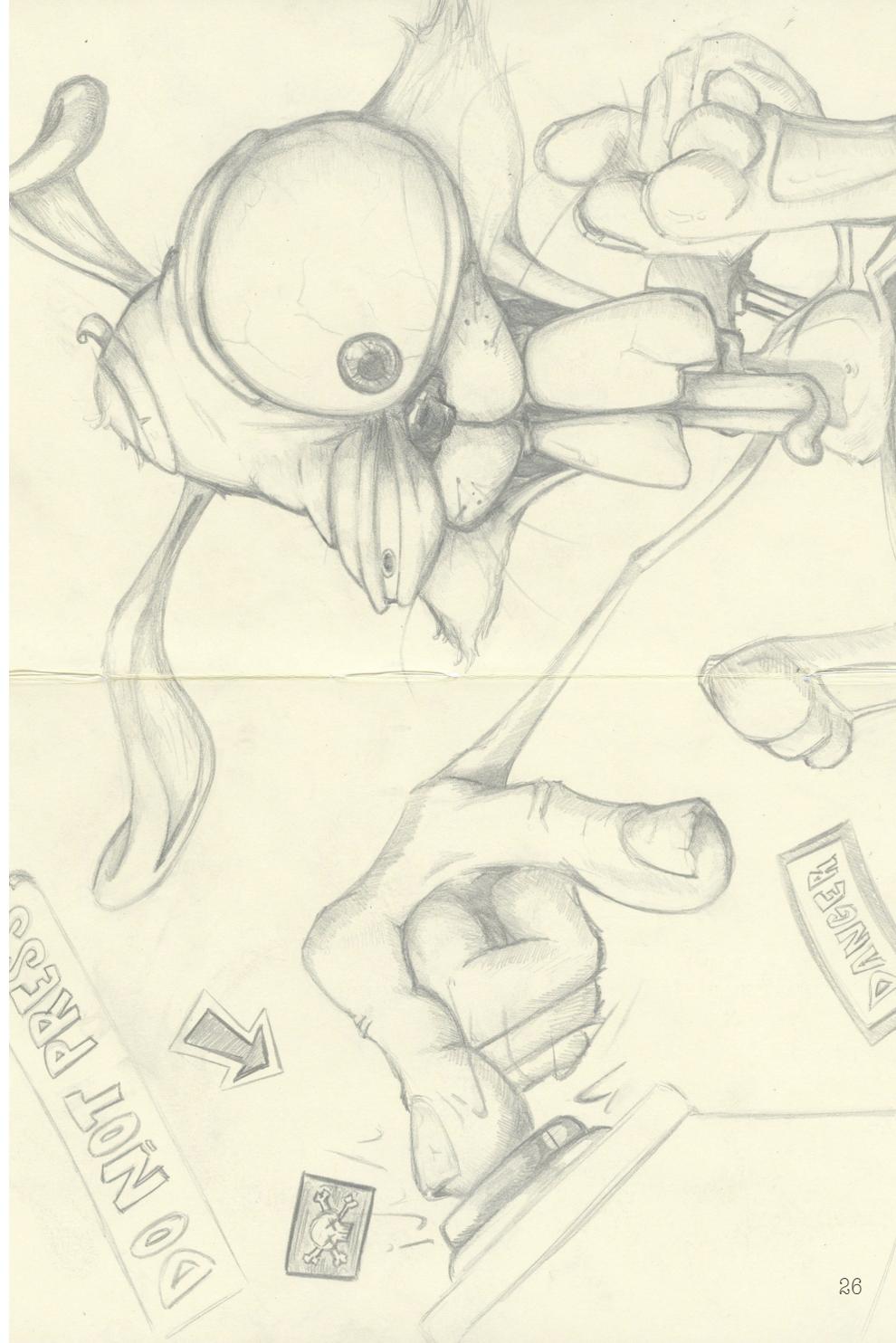
Neck is always tense, always making noises in hopes of relieving that tension. The way she crackles with every twist. The snaps and pops of small explosions

from pent up gas in her joints that have been collected over time. Some mornings, on a bad mattress, she awakes with kinks and pinched nerves. On those days Neck is worn and bitchy. She doesn't move and if you force her she fights back with screeching pains and aches that make me wish I had just let her be. Other days she is just as sad as I am and she feels my tears roll down from warm to cold and cradles them like a small puddle in my collarbone. Occasionally she swells up from the inside out making me choke, cough and continuously take shallow swallows. Maybe on those days she just wants my attention even if it is negative.

Neck's knots urn for strong hands to work out those pockets of pent up stress. The rubbing and working of another's fingertips on her flesh, the tough kneading and pinching and grouping brings her great pleasure. Or the feeling of hot and strong drops of water from an overhead shower. With all the weight and pressure she endures day in and day out, I like to give her release. She deserves release.

Pheromones of her own are released for attention. Sometimes the smell of sweet buttermilk and sunflowers is her aroma. Other times she bares the deliberate scents I spray. Suffocating her. Leaving her tasting bitter. My lover prefers the sweet natural taste of skin to the chemically induced, synthetic bullshit. I do too and so does she. Sometimes we just want to smell extra nice. Then sometimes she smells like sweat, leaving her tasting salty from working or indulging in passion.

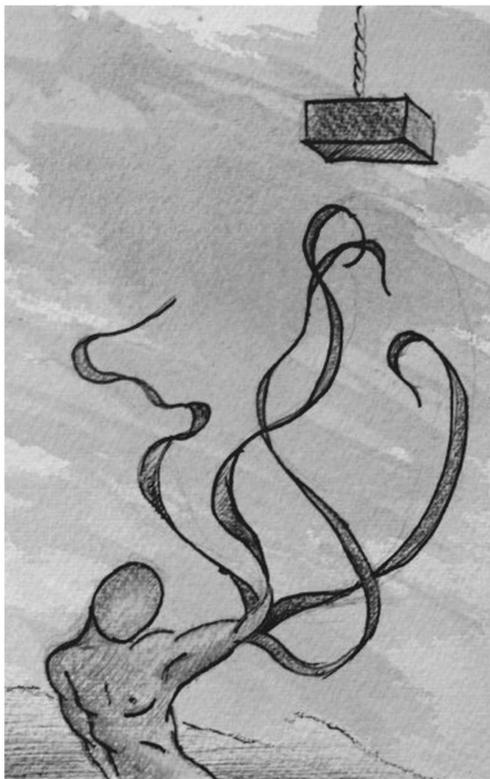
Sometimes she sports inscriptions of brown, yellow, and purple, left behind from my lover. Or bite marks from frisky play. Even when my lover is far from reach Neck can still feel the warmth of their breath. The warm kisses. The wetness left behind from their lips. Nibbling. Suction. She can still



Between the Pit of Man's Fear... and the Height of His Knowledge

In the 1960's Rod Serling used this phrase to describe his mythical 'Twilight Zone'. Today, it describes the world we see. We depend on advancement. We often wonder what problems we can create to find solutions for. However, a great deal of our technology has raised moral issues in many fields. We do not know what the future holds or what issues maybe raised by our 'breakthroughs'. Many already argue about what we can do versus what we should do. The unknown future is both alluring and frightening. We do not know what we are reaching for, our arms frayed and indecisive. But we keep reaching for what is just beyond our grasp.

-Matt Coombs



feel their strong grasp of seduction clenched around her. She shivers with every thought of their touch. Electric currents zapping from my brain to my heart, through her. She sends jolts down my spine when she feels the softness of any breeze. She is ticklish. Very ticklish. When she is tickled she pulls my chin to my chest and scrunches up and vibrates with laughter.

Neck is sensitive and yet strong. She is cute and cuddly, yet full of pain and pent up gas. She is smooth and yet she snaps and pops. Neck is all around sexy. She is what keeps

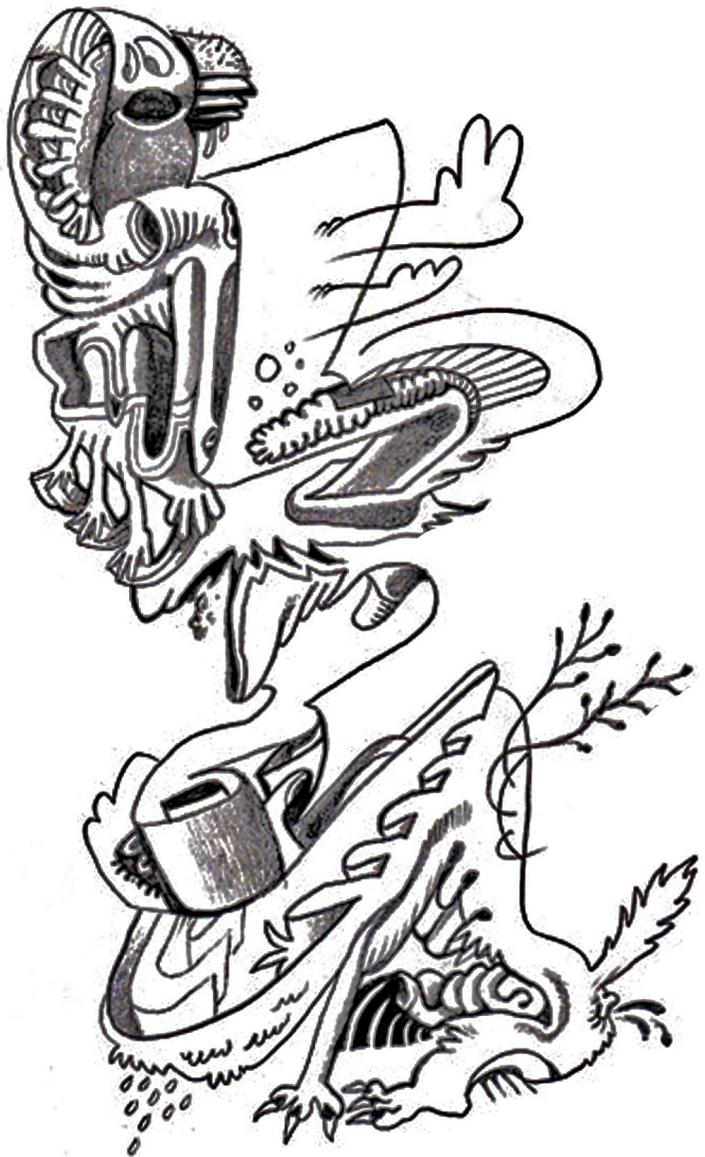
Her Tragedy in a Box

Sarah McCauley

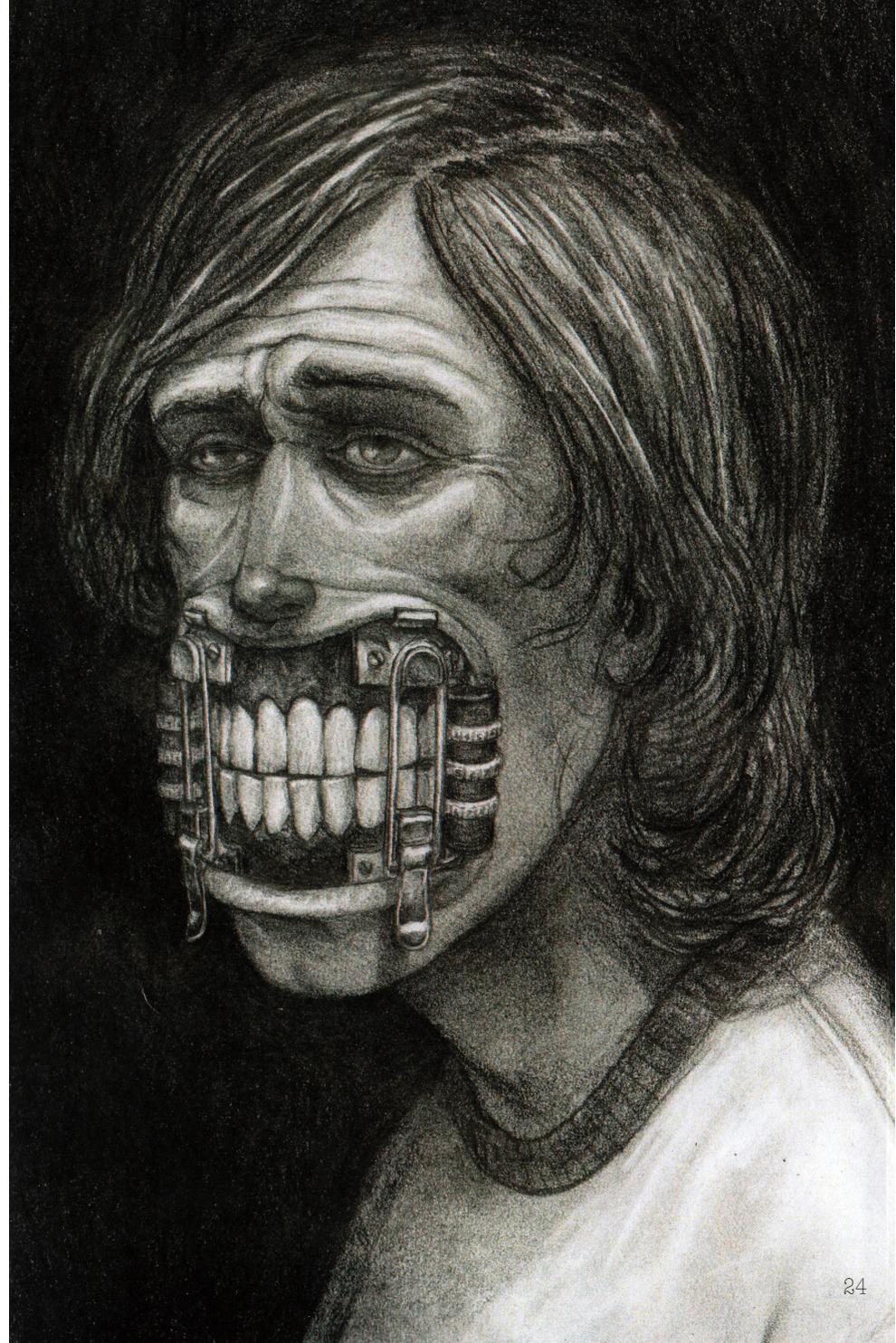
I was driving far away from where I had been. A girl in the dirt with arms held high flagged me down about 4 hrs in to my trip. Her long blonde hair, tan skin and firm breasts were enough to make anything stop in its tracks. I told her to hop in. At least she seemed relieved. She was heading to Virginia. Considering I had nothing to look back on and nothing to look forward to I told her I was headed the same way. She smiled. A Mona Lisa-of-the-desert-smile. And I drove. Onward in seemingly the right direction. Two packs of smokes, three joints the size of a zeppelin, four beers and one blowjob later we arrived at our first stop: the motel. She insisted on one room, one bed. How could I disagree? Two more cigarettes later and her clothes fell off. She was a devilish one. Loved having love all over the place. She bit her lip and took a loud breath. I unleashed my ecstasy that collided with hers'. A half a cigarette later and I woke up to the sun through the smoke and the curtains. I reached over and she wasn't there. The other half of a cigarette later she emerged from the bathroom ready to get back on the road. I stumbled for my keys, checked the room twice and bounced. Next stop, Virginia. Some conversation about doing drugs and

one-night stands, three packs of smokes between us, a pit stop for a fuck and a piss later we arrived in the place she had come to see. The sun was rising just over the hills and stones. The cocaine kept us awake this long but the opium made us just somber enough for this moment. She looked through my window in the car then turned her head quickly to the right. Her eyes glazed and glassy from drugs and tears. I watched her move slowly out of the car in a fixed direction. I followed her with room behind. The pressure in the air rose as we walked across a field of names. Bodies. Tragedies in boxes. As she stopped, she fell. In front of her was an engraved name I do not care to mention. She told me before we took off from the last rest stop that she wanted me to meet someone. This was her someone. I watched only her eyes as they stared into the earth at her father. Only one drop fell to the ground. I watched as the splash kicked up dust and fell back down. I have never felt this guilt before. This grief. I knew I needed to take her somewhere. Anywhere except with me. Her tragedy in a box was more than I could bear. I held her as we walked back to the car. I held her with my right arm when we drove off. I held her until we got to the next city and then we made love once more. And then, I let her go.





PHOTONS



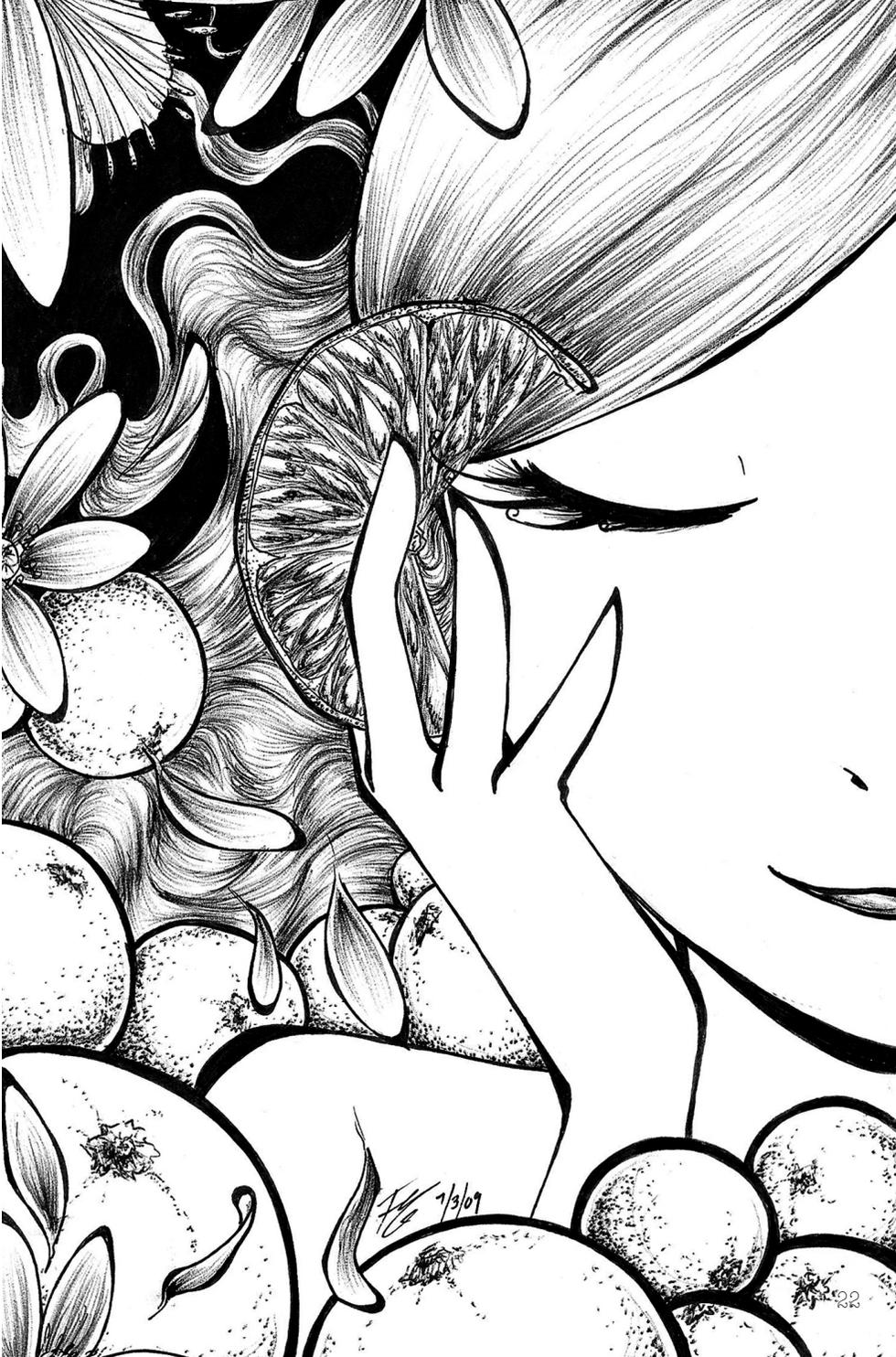


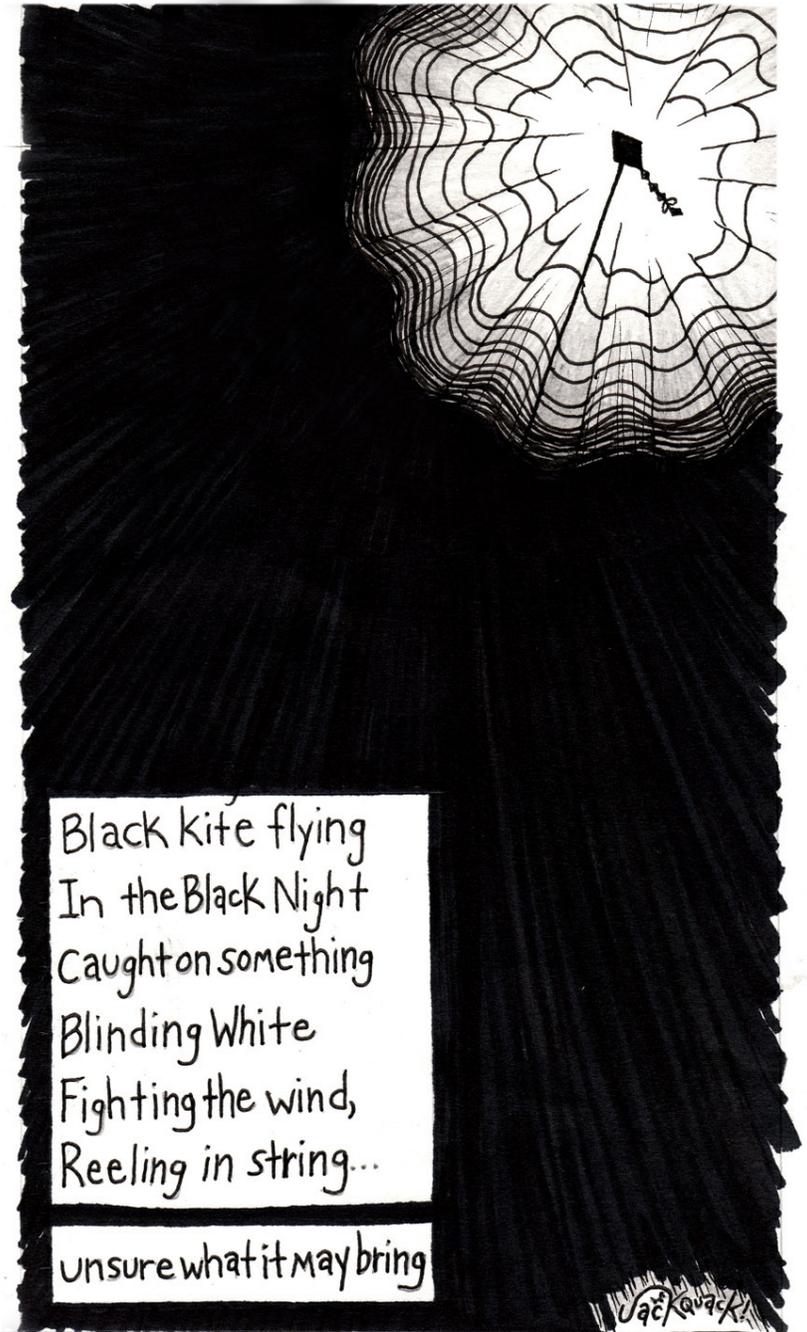
My kidneys are all hurtin'
And my stomach's barely workin'
I can shit and puke the same concoction [spelling]

Don't hand me that there rum and coke
Unless you want to see me croak
Alcohol is my self-destruction



the snake pit
with its snakes
draws me in
for goodessakes
let me go
and let me take
atleast with me
one snake





Black kite flying
In the Black Night
Caught on something
Blinding White
Fighting the wind,
Reeling in string...

unsure what it may bring

Jack Quack

Poems Written By:

Alex Whiteaker

Holocaust

Here I stand,
Another day gone by,
I look around,
Can't help but sigh,

The beauty once shown,
The things that we've done,
Will leave us with nothing,
And also no one,

In this world,
Where we destroy life,
Into the beast's belly,
We must stab the knife,

Only once we've killed,
This cancer that we are,
Can the planet try to,
Heal from it's scars,

Without us,
There's no more pollution,
Mass eradication,
Is the only solution,

So everyone grab the hand,
Of your best friend,
As we launch these bombs,
Prepare for the end.

Requiem

Here again,
I am astound,
To be standing,
On this ground,
Lean in and listen,
Don't hear a sound,
I open my eyes,
Look to the ground,
At all the bodies,
Scattered around,
I step back,
They seem in-bound,

I move faster,
I almost fall,
They come closer,
One and all,
It looks odd,
How they crawl,
Backup 'til I,
Hit the wall,
Drop to my knees,
Feeling so small,
So my body,
They start to maul,

As it happens,
I ask them why,
I get no answer,
They tear out my,
Tongue, onto the floor,
I see it fly,
The last sight I have,
They gouge out my eyes,
Finally I hear,
A hungry good-bye,
I'm pulled limb from limb,
And then I die

*(All Poems Are Written By Alex Whiteaker And Have Been Given Express Permission To Be Published By Brett Lindstrom At ZigZagCrew.)



NUKE TIBET
FREE MARS♂

THE ARTIST

The amateur artist plods along, sucking up whatever chemicals they can and banging out whatever gets them off or makes them friends. They will often go on to do more important things in their life, or they may end up at art school.

The student artist is worked into a pulp and robbed of their originality and vision, while having no time for getting off... and the only friends they have are similar souls, trapped in the gearwork of their institution. Their only escape is risky sex (is there any other kind?) or becoming consumed with meaningless distractions such as Entertainment. When they finally graduate, they will probably get a job related to their degree (or they'll end up as the manager of a movie theatre).

The professional artist is a soulless machine who has the privilege of being snobby as hell because they are the only kind of artist who gets paid a wage worth talking about. With this wage finally comes the time and freedom to get off and get down, but their years of learning how to finally make some money has left them unable to experience true human emotion. Thankfully, their mastery of

art allows them to fake it, at least until they kill themselves through smoking or suicide.

The dead artist has no flaws and is the best kind of artist. This is what every artist aspires to be, and will eventually become.

-N.O. Moriar

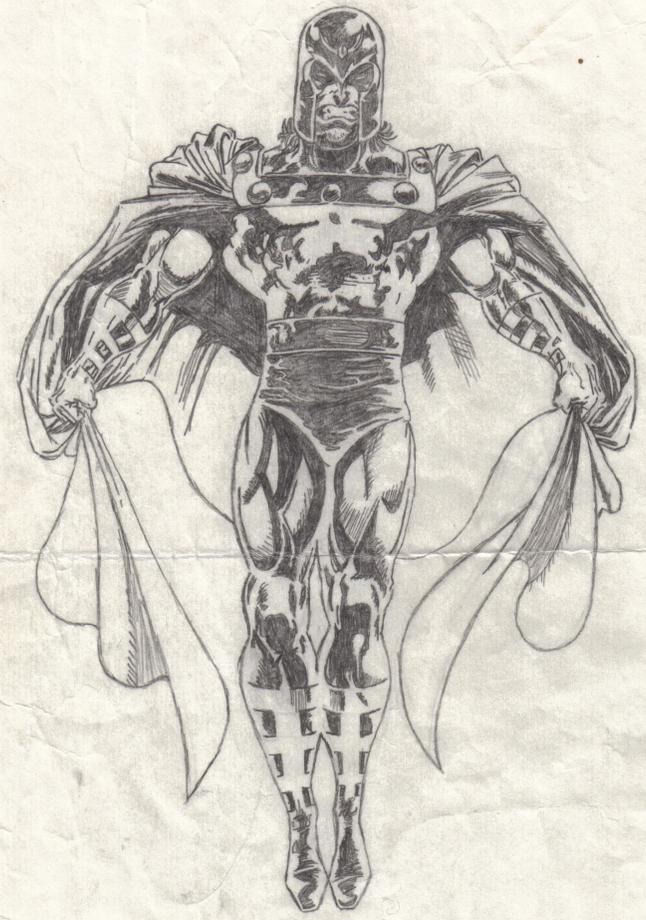
THE of FIVE FRONTIER

The



Samuel B. Smith

SATURDAY
MARCH
13TH



Roger Sears
"97"



The Problem With Kids These Days

by nick

When I was a kid, I watched cartoons that involved violence, defecation, and vomit. Kids today are watching shows with soft colors, glimmering CG texture, and a feel good message that doesn't mean a goddam thing when we're living in a dog eat dog, kill your best friend to get to the top, live slow and die rich world.

Now I didn't go to sleep to the sound of gun shots and police sirens every night as a kid, but occasionally a drug deal would go sour or a car would get stole and my childhood slumber would be interrupted by a crackhead screaming, bleeding on the sidewalk a few houses down.

And you know, Hey Arnold made me feel better about that. He lived in a world that wasn't all that friendly. The fucker got robbed, ad the shit kicked out of him and ran into scary homeless guys, and I could relate to that more than scavenger hunting with my best friend who happens to be a silly blue fox or learning to love myself or some other bullshit moral that's teaching the next generation to be a batch of spineless assholes.



Los Nuevos Pecados

by clay barclay

Our sense of humor is a sin,
It made us laugh uncontrollably
Like hyenas
And exposed our double chins.
I also doubt he liked it
When we pointed at him.



Our charity is a sin,
Thanks for the power play
Under the pretext-of-aid.
We're still not happy
And no amount of your pity
Will succeed.

Our intelligence is a sin,
The more we know
The more we realize we don't.
A realistic portrait gained
But a forgotten reason.

Our thrift is a sin,
The desire to hang on to
Something that was broken
Only held us back
From being in the pleasure
We should have been in.



Our ambitions are a sin,
The need to be better
And impress
Just made us abandon our
Family and friends.



Our sweetness is a sin,
Hearts are like Egyptian temples
Full of spiders, serpents, and snakes.
The sweet snake got Eve to eat the apple
By the gently whispered nothings.

Our honesty is a sin,
The ex-associates asked
For the truth and broke.
What they really needed
Was a better fiction.



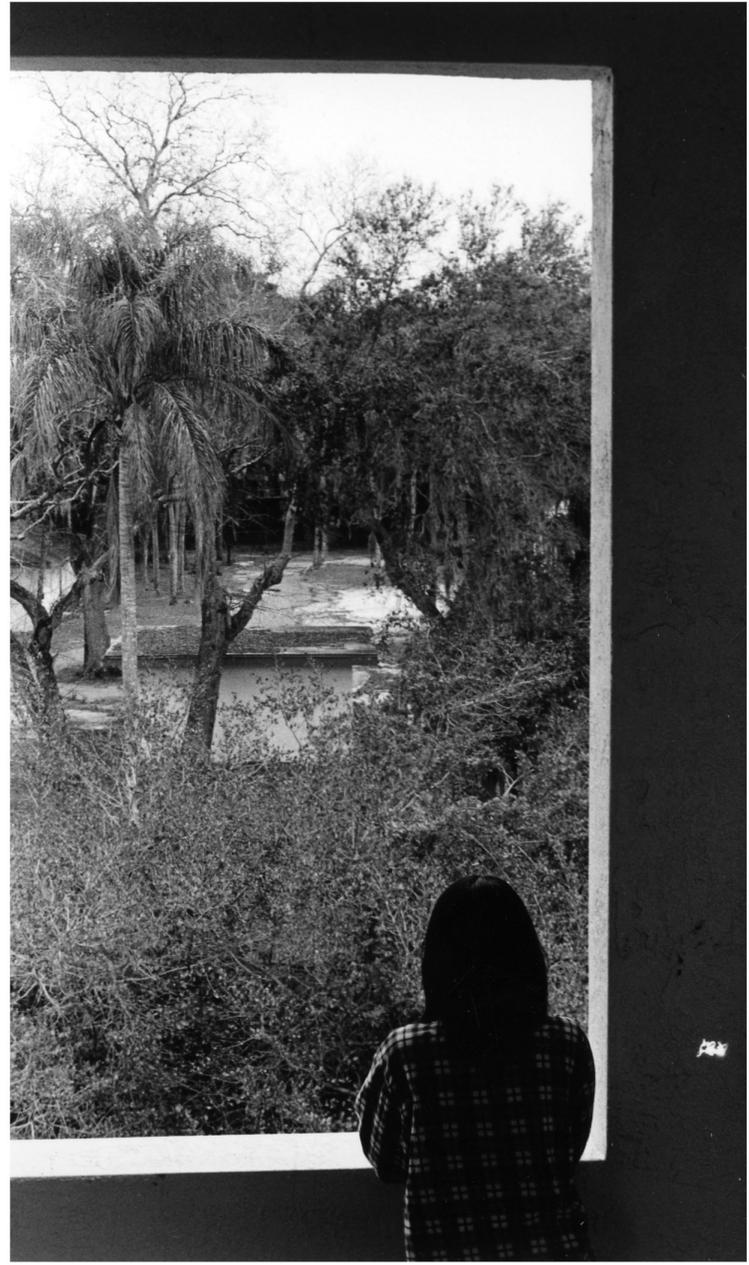
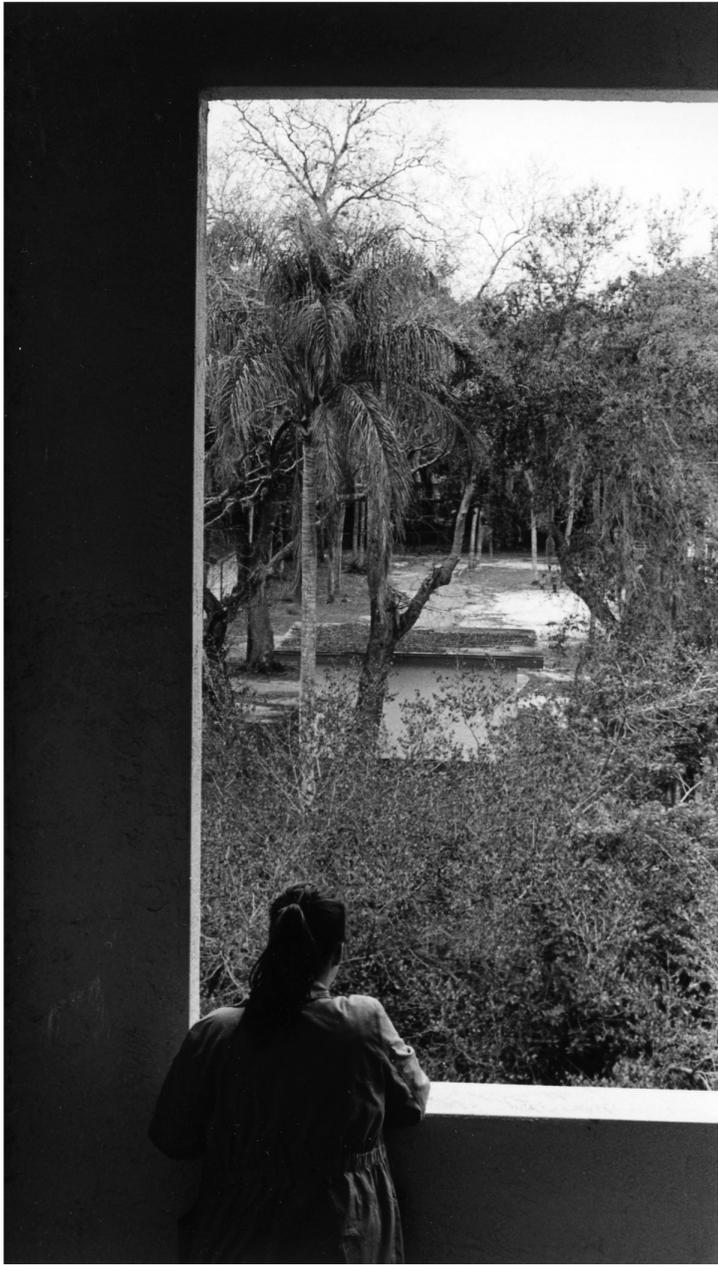
Our cleanliness is a sin,
Sterilization has
Also brought us disease.
Our impurities are
More so a sigh of relief.

Our contentment is a sin,
We felt like all is right
With the world
But illusions wore off
As everyone fell to their knees.

The ones that seem as they won
Were only ads
like non-existing products.
Let us renew ourselves
Perspectively.







Karen Arango