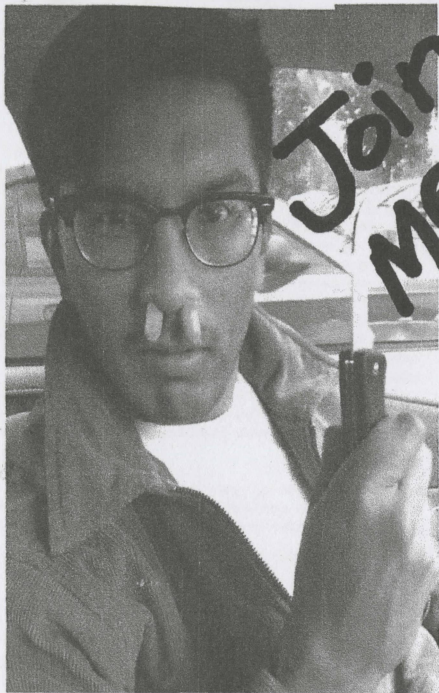


## Boiled Shirt Affair



## **Welcome to Boiled Shirt Affair!**

**If you're reading this, and by following these sequences of letters you are indeed reading, then we have shared a mutual interest in the arts and culture, or as a passerby you picked this out of the trash, which is cool. Either way, this zine is an offering, and a chance at collaboration with me and, hopefully, others with similar tastes.**

**What is this? What I have envisioned with the creation of Boiled Shirt Affair is the collaboration of artists across multiple mediums—illustration, photography, writing, and music—to build a small publication that is respectable and inspiring. Basically, I want to piggy back off your ideas so I can come up with my own compelling work (excuse my persiflage). In all seriousness, I have wanted to start a zine for over three years but could never find the right material in which inspiration came flowing out of me. My individual ideas, passions, and cultural references worked as a bulwark against inspiration; I kept it too insular. And so, while walking through a store, I saw the most glorious pair of sneakers that were the perfect mix of classic trademark design, but in collaboration with another company. And so, I saw that collaborating with like minds is essential. Through their own individual ideas they had combined to create something new, original, desirable, and very exciting.**

**Thus, my plan is to do the same. With your help, my vision, be it amateur, will come to fruition with all the vibrancy, sophistication, and exuberance of silk panties on Andre the Giant.**

**Here is: Boiled Shirt Affair.**



Contact me,  
Cory Pete87@gmail.com

Vol. 1

Issue 1

## Review: *Ask the Dust*

I loved college; it was so inspiring to me. A place where I could read as many books as possible to procrastinate from reading what was assigned. Thus a passion was born. Furthermore, you had professors with enough erudite knowledge that they could point you in the direction of many esoteric authors that, by the beauty of literature, would open your eyes to life's punishing passions of love, loss, hate, and forgiveness, but from a completely unique perspective.

Still, it wasn't only my professors that helped me find an author I grew fond of, but a dear friend, whom spoke highly of local poet (Charles Bukowski). And so, while reading his poetry I noticed references to an author I had not heard of, whom wrote with unabashed grittiness, full of resentful hate, and festering guilt. He avowed a certain approach which, in its rawest form, spoke for a whole genre of artists that, at one time or another, were overlooked. His name, my unknown author, is John Fante.



Bukowski wrote in his intimately candied introduction to *Ask the Dust*: "Fante was my God," but what did this mean? And so I had to read the novel and see if such a proclamation lived up to the hype.

*Ask the dust* is a quick read; with clean prose and fantastic realist style. There are no glitzes in this Los Angeles portrayal. And so Fante's protagonist (Arturo Bandini), from the start, could be one of the vilest characters I have read thus far in my career. He absolutely hates those around him, but why? It becomes clear that Bandini feels he is misunderstood—everyone he encounters in life brushes him off like the dust on their shoes. He is longing for the companionship, and the love of a waitress though passionate remains unrequited. He is unable to communicate his feelings. This drives him to lash out verbal abuses—mostly degrading and racist—and when finally acquiring a date, physically dominates Camilla. He also hates his lack of recognition—as a writer—pretentiously quoting lines from Nietzsche at a whim, pulling his published works out to strangers, and bragging to whoever will listen. Yet even then, his insults miss their mark.

But, we see the struggles that artists as such face—the longing to have their message be understood. Bandini toils away, in his hotel room, with terribly worn shoes, going days without eating or washing his clothes writing when inspiration pops its sporadic head, all to have his work published.

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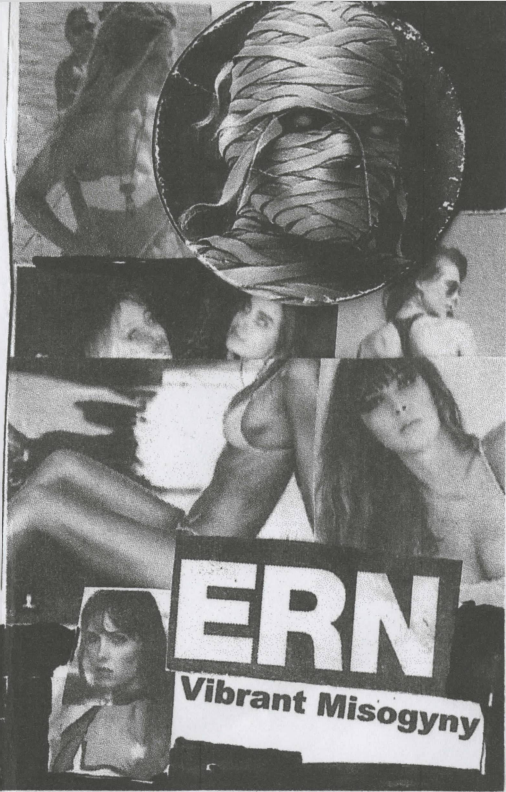
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Los Angeles, as it is today, was a tough desolate place where life is abundant, just not yours. "I went for a walk through the streets. My God, here I was again, roaming the town. I looked at the faces around me...Faces with the blood drained away, tight faces, worried, lost. Faces like flowers torn from their roots and stuffed into a pretty vase, the colors draining fast." Life, which was desired by all coming to Los Angeles, became unforgiving; Fante never hesitates to express this sentiment throughout *Ask the Dust*. And still, doesn't life act as Bandini describes it: "You could die, but the desert would hide the secret of your death, it would remain after you, to cover your memory with ageless wind and heat and cold," that our ephemeral existence, being fragile, avows a chance at finding connections even if it is blowing you out of existence? Deep down that is all Bandini desires—connection and recognition for his life's work. But for Bandini that validation does come, just not from the people he desires. What then? What to do when you get validation, but from those you weren't really seeking it?

The artist struggle is fickle, especially when those around you are just trying to make it to the next day. Whether driven by hunger, fame, or love the artist must rely on his own dower to persevere, to raise themselves above the destitution of life, otherwise they too will blow away like dust among the wind.

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**I mistrust all systemizers  
and avoid them. The will to  
a system is a lack of  
integrity. -Nietzsche**



**ERN**

**Vibrant Misogyny**

