

The image features a minimalist design with blue lines and shapes on a white background. A large, solid blue rectangle is tilted at an angle, occupying the lower half of the frame. Above it, a blue line forms a large, open triangle pointing upwards. To the right of this triangle, the words "FEAR" and "CULTURE" are stacked vertically in a bold, blue, sans-serif font. At the bottom left, another blue line segment is visible, and at the bottom center, the text "a literary mix-tape" is written in a smaller, blue, sans-serif font.

FEAR CULTURE

a literary mix-tape

Fear Culture burbled from the brain-holes of two sacks of starstuff suffering from terminal humanity. Longing for the love and companionship of creation and sharing, they built this raw space where writers, designers, and photographers collaborate fearfully, because everyone is afraid. It's what we do with our fear that matters. Fear Culture embraces the fearful weirdz and gives them a space to be imperfect and spill. Pure and simple. We make no pretensions of art. We call nothing poetic, nor meaningful. We are only peeling off pieces of ourselves and pasting them on wood pulp. Which is fun and scary, like jumping from a high something. Plus, our pulpy paper pieces will probably live longer than we will—especially if we keep jumping from high somethings.

Be Afraid, and Happy Jumping.
Love.
Joe and Will

Design
Joe Letchford

Editor
Will Luck

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//Abbie Winters//Lindsay
Hattrick//Josh Osborne

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REAL

He could not
look at her
His eyes heavy
and burning like
whiskey
Waiting to be
consumed- afraid
of the sting that
would follow
every sip
"I wish I could
explain," he
mumbled

She felt as
if her body
had shattered
into pieces-
scattered all
over
Relocating the
bits would be
quite the task

some rolling
under the couch
Some falling
into the cracks
between the
floor boards

He did not want
t h i s
She did not want
t h i s

His hands were
cold and hard as
he rested them
on the small of
her back
Pulling closer
and fighting the
reality of what
was next to come
"I'm sorry,"
he said

A thick hornet buzzed past my head, vibrating the hairs on the back of my neck. I sat up on the couch, swatting the air; my eyes caught a square of blue light as it shifted sideways on the wood coffee table. **Fucking phone.** I leaned forward and swiped off the buzzing.

"Hello?"

A far-away laugh echoed through the earpiece, followed by muffled chatter.

"Hello." I said.

"Oh, hey man, where are you?" Kirk slurred.

"What?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm at home," I said. I looked down at my watch: 9:17pm. More muffled voices hummed in my ear. Kirk laughed again. With the mouthpiece of his phone covered, he sounded like a broken Furby

buried beneath old blankets in the back of a closet.

"Yo, what are you doing?" Kirk said, deciding to rejoin the conversation.

"Fucking sleeping," I said, "You only left the house a half-hour ago."

"Oh, yeah. You want to come out? That girl is coming I was telling you about."

Lipstick? Maybe Sweatpants. Or Gym Girl.

Who knows? I thought.

"Where are you guys going?" I lay my head back against the couch, sank, and let my feet splay out on the floor in front of me.

"Yeppes and then probably downtown."

"Downtown?"

"Yeah, like Fugee's or Sleet or somewhere."

I sat up and drew my hand across my cheek, took a deep breath through my nose, and let all the air

out through my mouth in one long—

"Nah."

"Alright." Kirk said.

"I'll see you la—" the

background noise cut off. I dropped my hand to look phone's screen. One minute and forty three seconds flashed twice before the screen went dark.

Asshole hung up.

I clicked it back on and swiped right.

A transparent gray box hung towards the top of

the screen. Genna :)

I tapped it.

Hey! Some friends and I are going to sleet tonite. I met your roommate kirk the other day. hes meetin us you should com!

I tossed the phone, letting it frisbee through the air and smack onto the hardwood floor. Fuck.

Interrobang

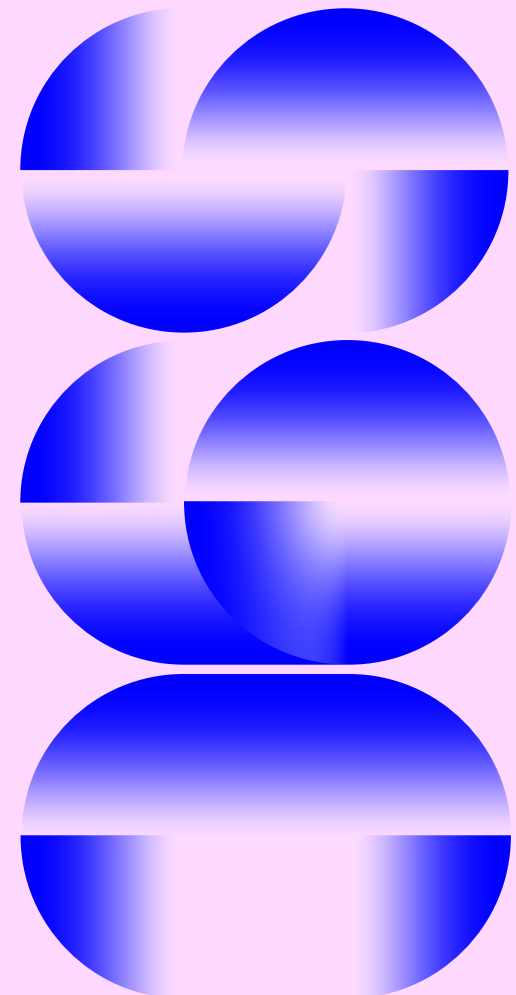
So I've been thinking about buying a boat, not because I've ever really wanted to sail or anything, I just think it would be a good pick up line like, "hey I've got a boat..." well that's about all the pick up lines you get when you a buy a boat. Maybe it would look nice parked in my driveway though, people could drive by and say "hey wow it looks like Jordan is doing really well for himself, he's got a boat."

Well, if I'm being perfectly honest I'm living with my parents right now, so I think a boat in the driveway is the least of my concerns. I should probably be looking for an apartment or a house or something. That would be a better pick up line than the one about the boat. "Hey baby I don't live with my parents anymore." I bet that works every time. Does anybody reading this need a room mate? I'm really cordial, I'm great with parents, and the only mess I make is a pile of dirty clothes on my bedroom floor. I'm willing to change though, I can totally get a hamper or something. I used to try and hang

my clothes up after I wore them, like "this shirt doesn't stink I should hang it up and wear it again." that didn't last, the shirts still end up on the floor and then they get all wrinkly and then I end up going out looking disheveled and I imagine people thinking, "wow he'd be a terrible roommate. Look at that wrinkled shirt, and has he been wearing those same pants all week? he does realize they are ripped and there is a weird black spot on the butt right?" But hey atleast I got her looking at my butt. I imagine this imaginary person to be a girl, so that I can imagine an imaginary girl looking

at the imaginary stain on my real ripped pants that I have really been wearing all week. Maybe a boat is my best option. I think I could handle living on a boat. I don't think I'd need a room mate, and I always like the character in the movies who lives on a boat. He's usually a divorced father who was indicted on embezzlement charges or an old bachelor who never made anything of himself even though he was full of potential. I can imagine myself in one of those roles. It's funny how thinking about your living situation can shape the kind of imaginary future you might have.

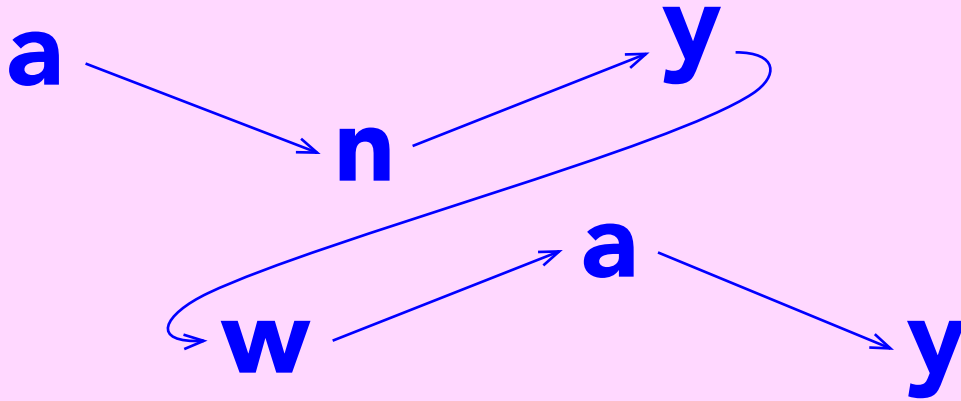
SAD GIRLS CLUB



why i can't eat mini babybel cheese

so we went for this bike ride and it was beautiful out. you know like, so fucking beautiful outside. we decide to go have a picnic and take the tandem cause, well... why the fuck not?

you know, "take the road less traveled". fucking pissed me off, but i loved it and it turned me on... so i put up with it and followed behind, searching for a place to sit.



so here we are, biking on the tandem and enjoying the weather and thank goodness he packed my favorite cheese. you know.... the little mini cheese that is circular and is wrapped in red wax and you peel the wax to get to the cheese. that cheese makes you work for it. maybe that's why i liked it so much.

people were everywhere and we struggled to find a good spot. moms who couldn't control their little screaming kids and dads who were on cellphones not giving a shit. grandmas and grandpas who should have stayed home and watched "matlock" instead of painfully struggling to walk up the steep path. fifteen year old love birds cuddling under trees, not quite yet grasping the threat of sexually transmitted diseases.

so yeah, my favorite cheese is packed. we get to the park and he won't walk on the path though. he's gotta be all different and shit.

so yeah, finally amongst all of the chaos, we find a spot.

i swear, we were there for like 12 minutes and then it started to fucking rain. like, WHAT?! first of all where did this rain come from and second where did our beautiful day go?

at least, i got to eat my cheese before the rain started. that was good, but he gave me a hard time for not checking the weather and i just put up with it. only because i loved him and the sex was out of this world.

so yeah. we hop on the tandem and ride home. well guess what... we get a flat tire. i wish this was a joke. i wish i were lying right now. but fucking shit, the back tire of the tandem goes flat! this really happened. and i'm thinking "are you kidding me. are you FUCKING kidding me".

so here we are.... walking home in the rain... pushing the tandem (the heavy ass rusty 1970's tandem) and the mood was not good.

while walking home i try to make light of the situation, even though i'm angry as hell. mostly because the tandem peddle kept hitting my ankle and that fucking hurt. but, it didn't work and at that point i wasn't surprised. he was grumpy and had been for a few days.

we got home and went upstairs to take off our wet clothes.

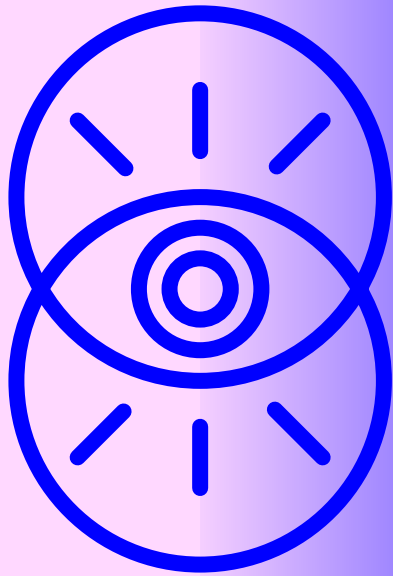
i suggested that it would be a good time to do laundry and that we could possibly watch a movie. and then... it happened.

he broke up with me. just like that.

so yeah, fucking great.

March 15, 2014 (3:21 pm)

fear



culture

will

you

But we always kept in touch and used fake monikers to protect our anonymity. I always figured she was some chubby kid in Kansas or something, but she's not. She lives on the other side of town. She wears her hair up to keep you wondering how pretty she'd look if she let it down. She's easy to open up to, much in the way your dentist is not. I never totally understood what she had been telling me in her letters, but I like to think I understood her tone. And if I'd never noticed her return address scribbled on the left corner of the envelope in the trash, she'd always be the Chubby Kid In Kansas in a way.



So I was all, "It's great to finally meet you."

And she was all, "Yeah. You too. I can't believe you're the kid I've been writing letters all these years."

Each break between sentences held tension when she talked, like when someone says "wait" as you're walking out of a room.

And then I was all, _____ "I'll call you later...?"

And she was all, _____ "I'd like that."

And the meeting of Uncomfortable Friends in the Mid-Morning was officially adjourned. Anyway, evening came and I found myself staring

at the old movie ticket which she wrote her number on earlier. We shared an area code. I dialed her number, and by the time I realized I didn't have a clue what I was going to talk about it was too late.

"Hello?" she answered.
"Hey, it's me."

bloody

fear



won't



let

mary

me

If you go into the bathroom, and say "Bloody Mary" three times, while turning around, with your eye's closed, she will appear. I felt this trick was much more powerful than explained. I believed, that the mere thought of her, bloody in the mirror, would bring her there. Brianna Moffot's birthday party convinced me of this. As my friends told the tale with excitement and curiosity, I knew they were stupid, stupid girls -- this was not something that should be followed by experimentation! With nobody on my side, I appropriately reacted to this new found magic by calling home mid birthday party and begging to be picked up. Sticky faced from tears with my reputation in tow, I left that birthday party, watching the girls on the floor, watching me. They laid there under their slippery sleeping bags, eyes wide, and mouths shut. Their eyes pitying me. If anything, I hoped my extreme fear would caution them in their further endeavors of the night.



Three weeks later, I was in the back of the classroom in Mrs. Dejarleigh's class, and dang, did I have to pee. Too bad for me, though: there were mirrors in the bathroom. After some mature prioritizing, I knew my only choice was to do what I had to do. The classroom floor began to pool with pee beneath my feet. I was panicking, but ever so calm. I had allies in this class and knew that i could slip out wet bottomed and on top. I tip-toed over to Mrs. D. With a quick exchange of understanding glances as she handed me wind-ex, and paper towels. Many, many paper towels.

pee

I
wasn't

going

to

tell

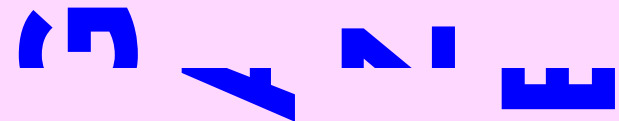
you

this

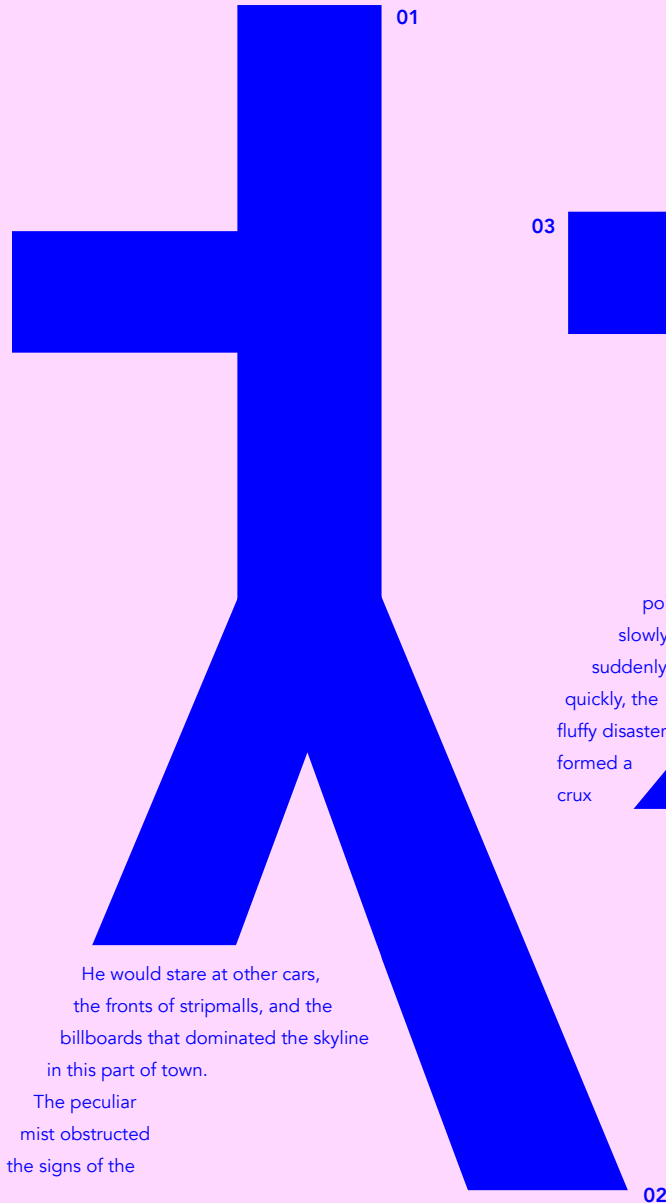
But you have star gear stuck in your elbow-bends. At this, you'll roll your eyes so hard they'll tear but you should listen to me. I've had this dream; you have freckles. They're tiny worlds you ruled bound together like creased blood letters. As you travel through space, you get these tiny little burns on your skin from all the jealous planets. It's a exchange experience: these tiny hurts let all of the gross old space air out as you float serenely in a sea of small suns sopping up fresh galaxies. I see you only.

U as a universe. *A speckled sneezer that says something for your time traveled voice, a brim lip punctuated by memory. You sleep from hourglass jet lag. I worship the whits atop your thighs.* With no small wounds of my own, there is nothing to show you that I have star power. Baby, I've had this dream; you leave me. That was yesterday and I got slanted letters that spell *axis mundi* In little font under my last eye to remember.

I have been known to take _____
 _____ short a-gazes into woman _____
 _____ eyes, because look too _____
 _____ long, and I will be sure to get lost.



The air seemed thick. This wasn't the typical L.A. smog that obscured Tim's vision on the way to work every morning; this was something more menacing. The further he drove, the thicker the smog became. Tim's morning commute was typically quite monotonous.

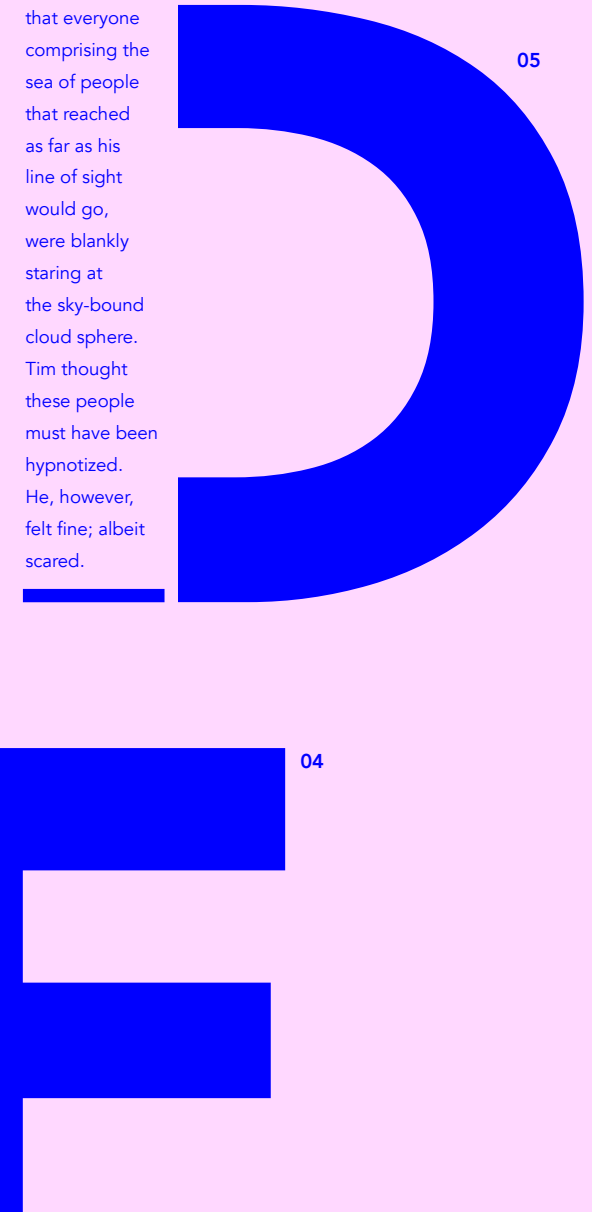


He would stare at other cars, the fronts of stripmalls, and the billboards that dominated the skyline in this part of town.

The peculiar mist obstructed the signs of the

03 storefronts and the giant ads for discount law offices that Tim knew so well. At that instant, the fog that filled the air started to move in one direction, towards one point. At first slowly, and then suddenly more quickly, the fluffy disaster formed a crux

that everyone comprising the sea of people that reached as far as his line of sight would go, were blankly staring at the sky-bound cloud sphere. Tim thought these people must have been hypnotized. He, however, felt fine; albeit scared.



at the treeline, and started to swirl briskly in a large sphere shape. Traffic was already standstill, but commuters started to exit their cars to get a better look. Grand, god-like, the object seemed to hover in the same spot for what felt like an hour. Oddly, no one seemed alarmed. Tim noticed



He didn't text me back. 12/19

He didn't text me back. 12/20

He didn't text me back. 12/31

He didn't text me back. 1/07

He didn't text me back. 1/24

He didn't text me back. 1/30



Thank-you

Fear Culture
ed:0001

