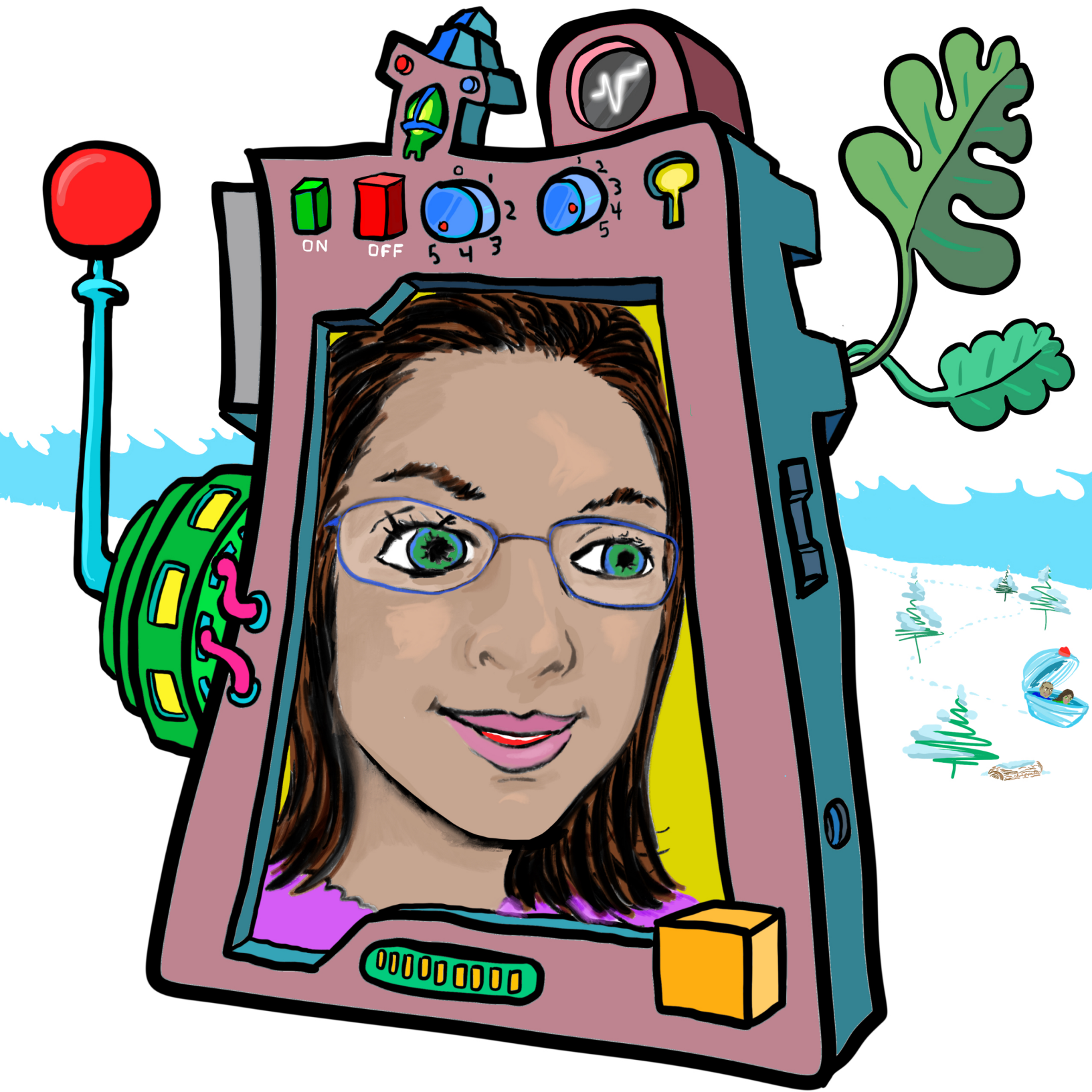
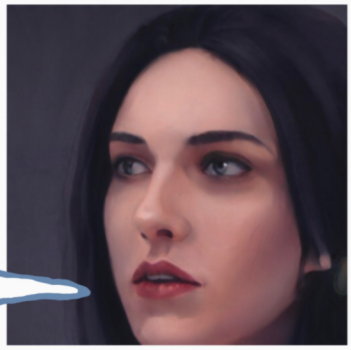
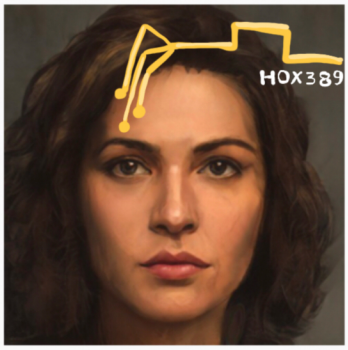
SILLY DADDY ZINE
#1
RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEM
SILLY DADDY
maga ZINE
STAMP OF VALUE
#1
JOE
Chiappetta

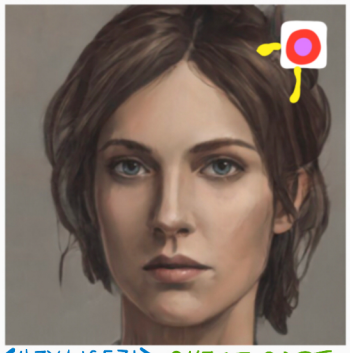
A zine by Joe Chiappetta

mighty
COMICS
-ish
SILLY
daddy
CONTACT
ABOUT
FAITH
EARNEST
STORIES
MA
FUNNY
EAGER
ZINERY
LONGING
CONCERN
INDIGNANT
ALARM
READY TO SEE JUSTICE DONE
Prove Your INNOCENCE
RARE BOOKS
Wonderful
SCI-FI
RARE DIGITAL ART
DREAMER
ART
-ish
PEOPLE > PRICE
SILLY DADDY
ZINE
BLOG
EXPERIMENTAL
JOE
Chiappetto
Increasing in amazement


ON
OFF



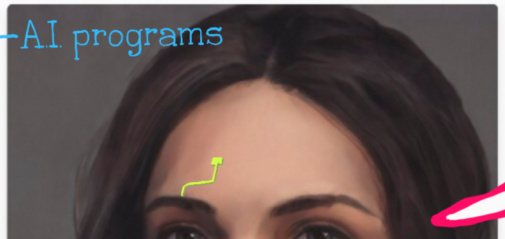




SOME IMAGES MADE USING GANBREEDER OR ARTBREEDER.

Save ME

AI programs



SOME IMAGES MADE THE OLD FASHIONED WAY: HUMANS DRAWING ON COMPUTERS.

IN ALL MY MANY YEARS, I'VE GROWN A LOT.
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN JUST AS MUCH TOO.
JOE Chiappetta

MACHINE LEARNING WILL FIX EVERYTHING
(EVEN YOUR FACE!)
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY FACE?
UH... NOTHING?
JOE
Chuppetta

WHEN PEOPLE PRESS THIS BUTTON ON MY FOREHEAD, IT REVEALS THE HIDDEN DEPTHS OF MY ETERNAL SOUL.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL PEOPLE YOUR HIDDEN DEPTHS?
THIS WAY IS MORE FUN.
FROSTI-BREW
Chiappetta

University of Randozinizine Graduate

Sometimes I draw or create things and dutifully bring the artwork to completion, yet I have absolutely nothing to say about the art, neither good nor bad. I believe it has to do with art being a whole different language.

After all, some things do tend to get lost in translation.

ONLY 3RD LINE IS LEGIBLE.
J E
Chiappetta

The words "Computer Storage" were written in the 1970s by ALDO Allori on a computer program punch CARD.

He is my wife's Grand-father, who recently PASSED AWAY.

He was Dearly LOVED.

01234
L
JOE
Chiappetta

THE TRIBE
JOE
Chiappetta

I THANK GOD FOR MY TINY HOME.
MY WIFE HAS READ A GREAT DEAL ABOUT TINY HOMES. I BELIEVE THAT SOMEDAY WE WILL LIVE IN ONE. SO I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE GOOD TO DEPICT HER THANKING GOD IN ADVANCE FOR SUCH A COSY GIFT.
JOE Chiappetta

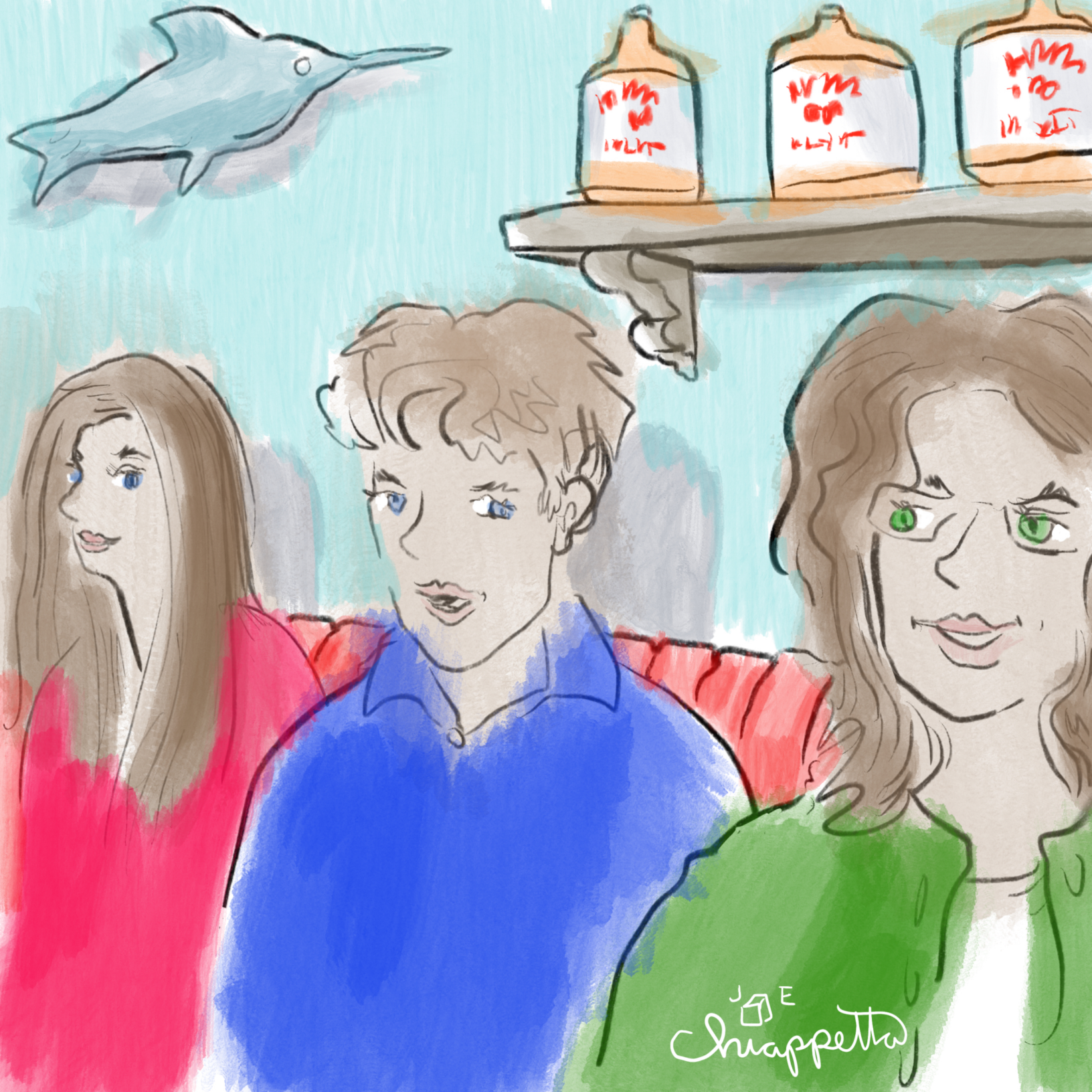
ANIME
WIFE
JOE
Chiappetta

Testimony

PRICELESS
MEMORIES IN THE
JUNK DRAWER
Joe
Chiappetta

DON'T BE AFRAID:
IT'S JUST A WINE BOTTLE OPENER.
Joe Chiappetta

Blossoming


J E
Chiappetta

J E
Chiappetta

FAMILY

WHEN I WAS A KID, MY DAD WOULD OFTEN WEAR A T-SHIRT WITH A SUPERHERO CALLED THE PHANTOM ON IT.
THE PHANTOM
BUT REALLY, IT'S MY DAD WHO'S THE SUPERHERO.
JOE Chiappetta

1
2
01
02
FAMILY IS WHAT
YOU MAKE OF IT
Chiappetta

TOGETHER
Chiappetta

Some things are WORTH the pain it takes

to hold on to.

SILLY DADDY
VALUE STAMP
Chiappetta

WATER
BEACH
EDITION

Time with God
FAITH
VS
FEAR
Joe
Chiappetta

JOE
Chiappetta

One Too Many Children in the Family

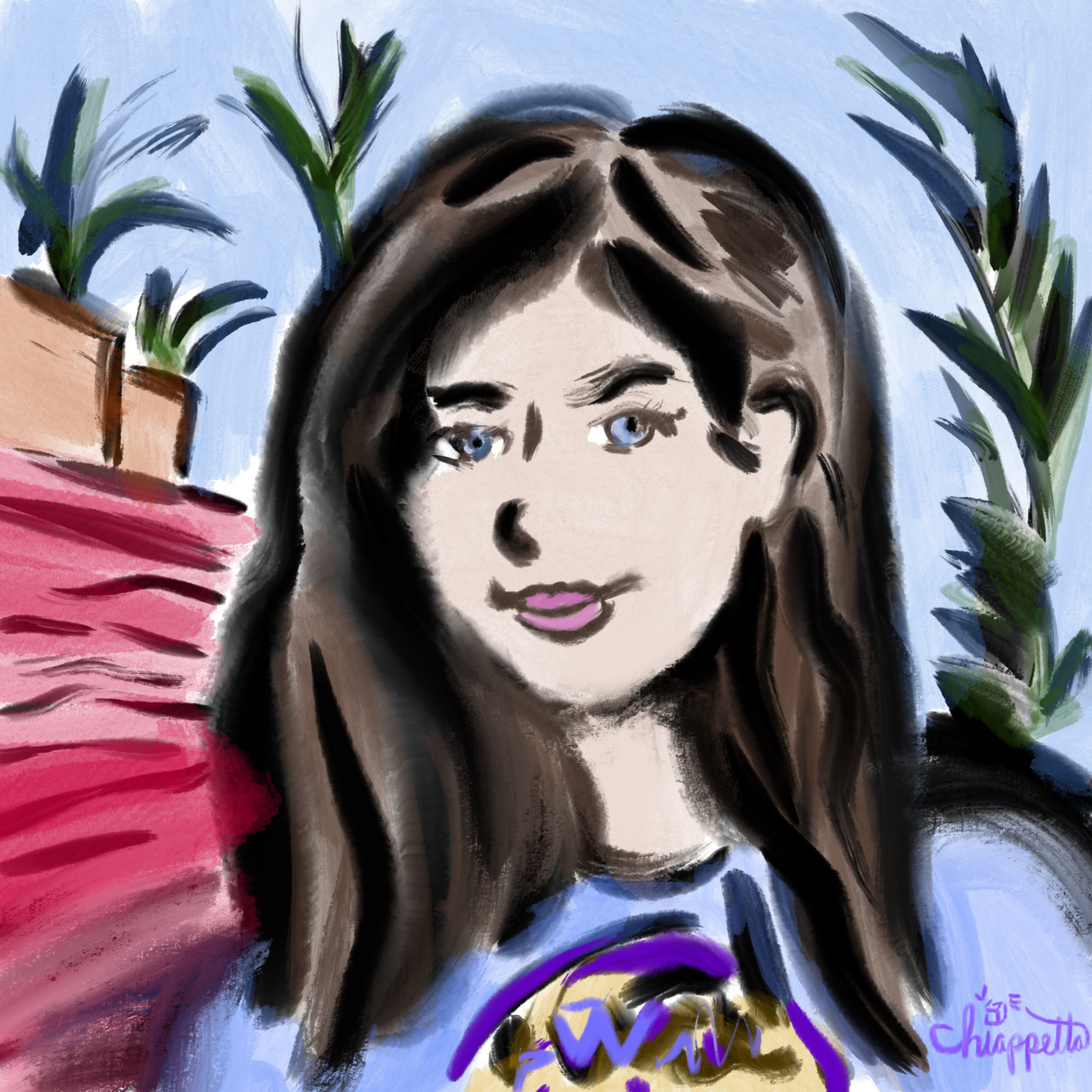
Joe Chiappetta

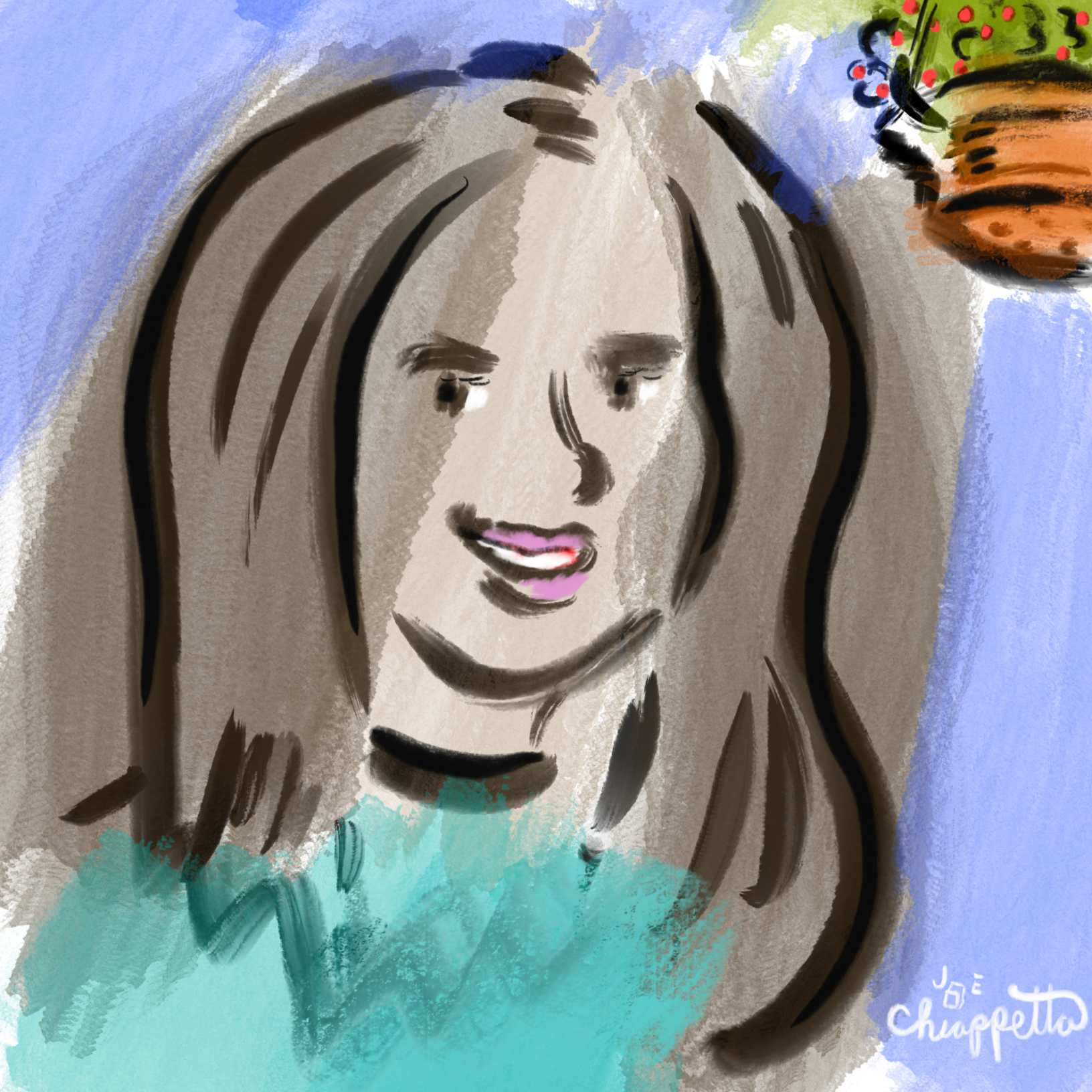
When they were dating everything seemed perfect,
That girl and boy looked right out of a magazine.
Everybody said that couple's a good match,
Pretty and handsome just stepped out of a dream.

But now...
Mama's taking care of the baby,
Daddy's pretending he don't have to help.
Mama's highly overwhelmed; oh dear,
Daddy's acting like a kid himself.

There's one too many children in the family,
When Daddy grows up this might end happily.
There should be two adults at least in every household,
And when there's not, a sad story will be told.

Joe
Chiappetta


Chiappetta


Joe
Chiappetta

SOME THINGS WE MUST KNOW
GOD'S EARS KEEP OTHER THINGS PRIVATE
WISDOM DICTATES ALL
Joe Chiappetta

MARVEL-ISH
HOT
COLD
ANGRY ARUGULA MAN
MUSTARD
KETCHUP
NUFF SAID!
SMOOTHIE
LEMON
LIME
GRAPE
JOE Chiappetta

AMY'S FARM
JOE
Chiappetta

Chiappetta

Chiaretto

Chiappetto

THE HANDS OF MY ONLY FRIEND

A Star Chosen Short Story by Joe Chiappetta

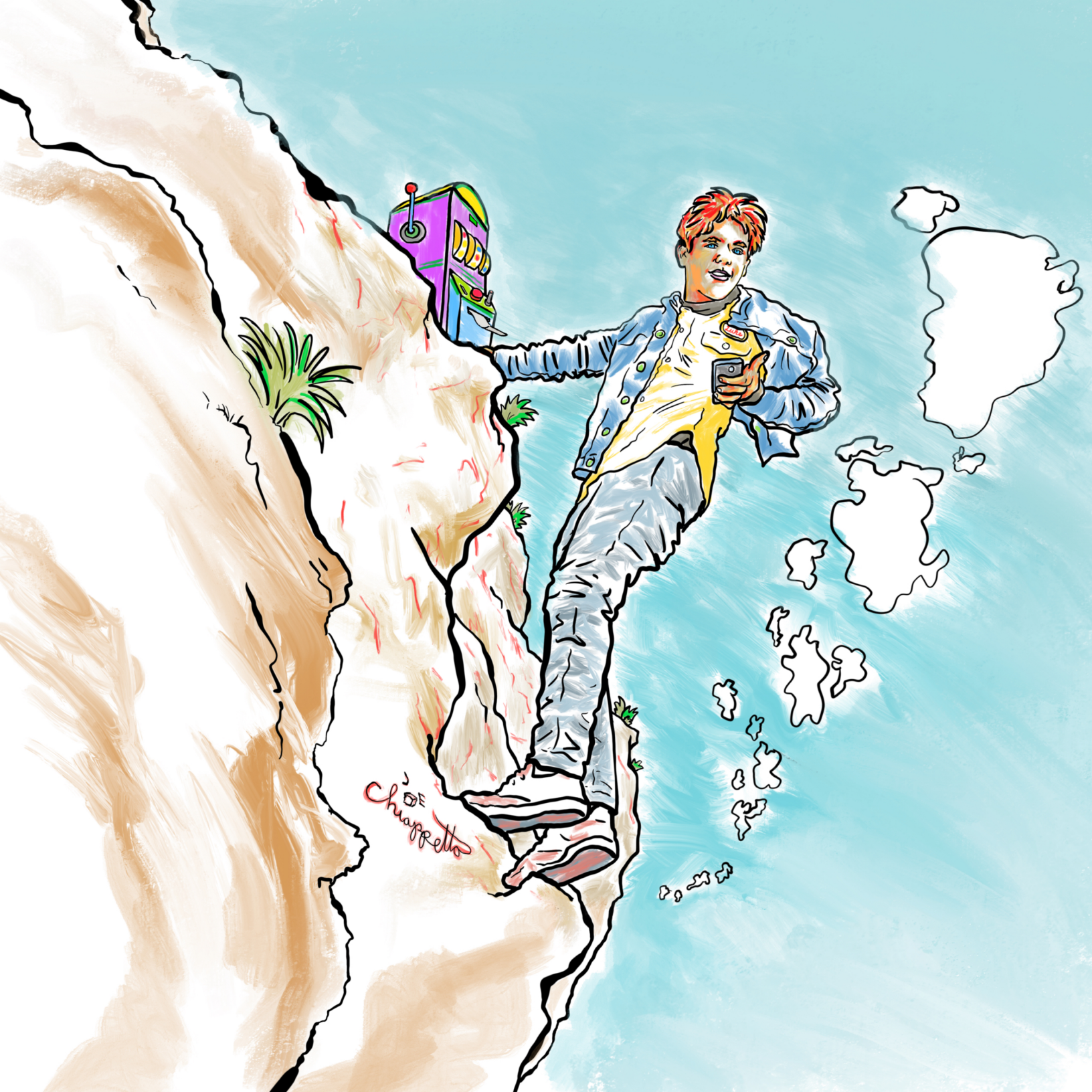
A long time ago, I had a peculiar and dear friend. He was my only friend--or at least that's how he described it. In fact, that is precisely what he would call out to me every time I visited his spacious cave dwelling. With absolute sincerity and warmth, he would ask, *"Hey buddy, how's my only friend?"*

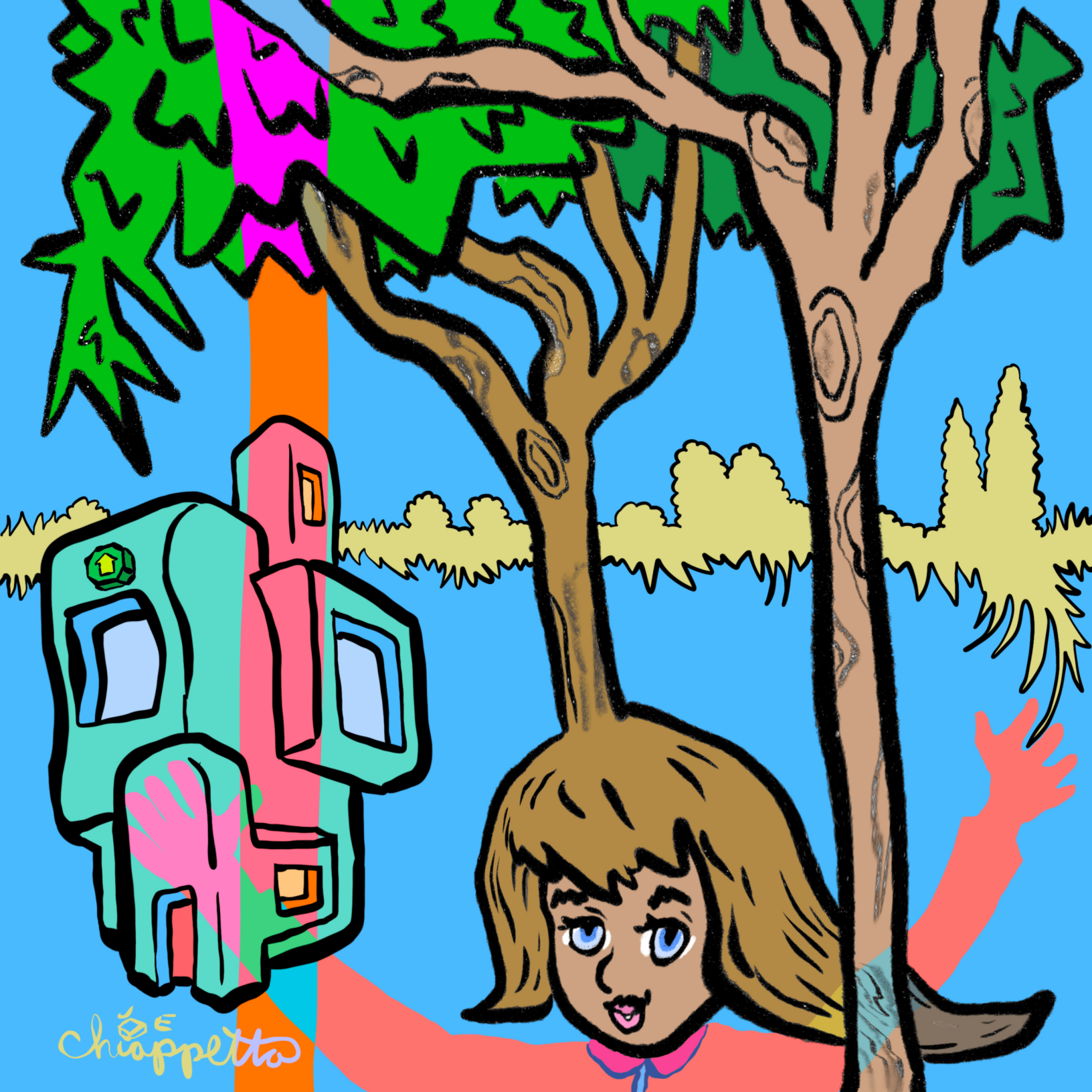
His cave was the best in all the land. He had inherited it when his mentor died in the Faith War. Cool and sparse, the cave overlooked Lake Besto, and it was a spectacular view. Truth be told, the view had much to do with how I became closer to my friend in the first place. He had such a fantastic view that I would enjoy climbing up there to watch the landscape below and listen to my "only friend" talk, while he would let me draw on the walls with charcoal.

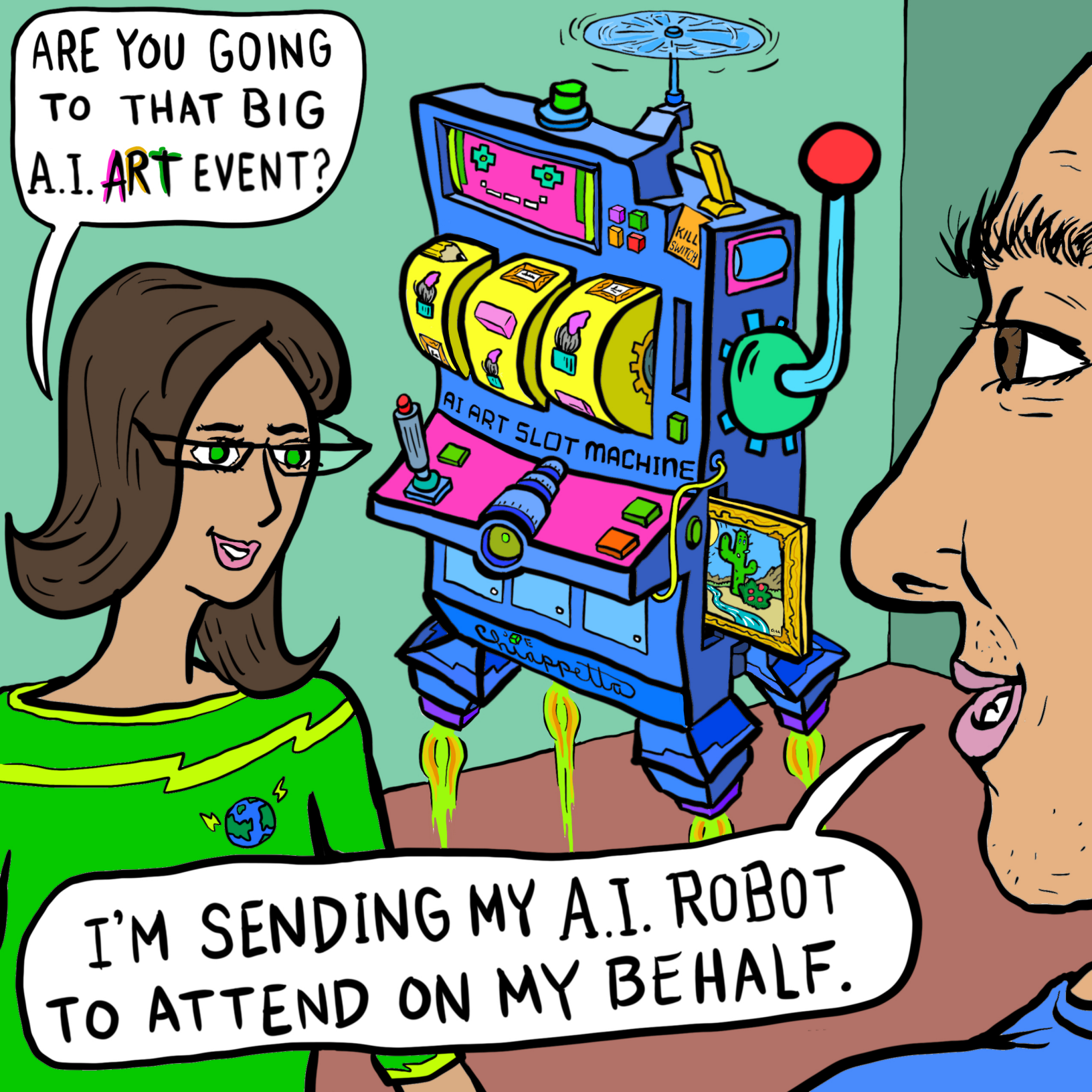
After I while he gained an appreciation for my drawings. He even said I could draw on any wall in the cave, which amounted to quite a lot of wall space. I got used to his odd sense of humor, and soon I'd even laugh at his corny jokes. They sort of grew on me, in the same way that living without virtual reality grows on a person; it's a self-disciplined and acquired taste.

Once we were both in his cave when prosthetic robot hands and arms started raining down from the sky. This went on for about 5 minutes. We never did find out why it started. Of course, such a thing grew to be a legendary mystery that would make for hours of speculative conversations. I used the event as new subject matter to make sketches on my friend's rock walls. Not surprisingly, it also inspired my friend to come up with fresh "joke" material.

"Why did so many hands fall from the sky?" he would ask people every now and then. No one in the world had any reasonable explanation so they would typically shrug an "I don't know" expression. That's when my friend would declare with one raised eyebrow and a squint of serious, yet gentle authority, *"Because you need a hand; God knows you need a big hand!"*


Joe Chiappetta


Chiappetta


ARE YOU GOING TO THAT BIG A.I. ART EVENT?
KILL SWITCH
AI ART SLOT MACHINE
I'M SENDING MY A.I. ROBOT TO ATTEND ON MY BEHALF.

THE TREASURE OF THE LISTENER

BY JOE CHIAPPETTA

The Builder made a delicate, slow moving robot named Tina.

Over time Tina learned the beneficial ways of the Builder, and imitated the Builder to the best of her ability. The Builder considered Tina as one of his most treasured possessions, even despite her many frailties.

Sent out from the workshop, the Builder gave Tina a special errand to accomplish. It should have taken only a few days to accomplish. Yet years had gone by.

Still, her errand was not completed. She was to fully deliver certain messages to 100 recipients. Yet Tina's accent and robot skin plating were so foreign to the fast-moving and stronger-bodied population. So most despised her uniqueness. Anyone could have taken the time to understand what Tina was saying, but that took great patience.

And patience was nowhere to be found... except for in one robot named Rob, who had giant, ugly ears. To Rob's delight, upon receiving Tina's full message, a side compartment in Tina's arm opened up to pour out so much gold, diamonds, and other riches that Rob couldn't carry it all. Rob's bizarre ears, often the blunt of ridicule, had now become a blessing.

HAVE FLOATING CITY, WILL TRAVEL

I'll take loyalty over talent

ALL DAY LONG

ARE WE SHARING A MOMENT?
AREN'T WE ALWAYS?
Joe Chiappetta

SILLY DADDY ZINE
THE END?
THIS IS NOT WHAT I ORDERED.
SORRY. SOMETHING WENT WRONG: INTERNAL SERVER ERROR!
I FORGIVE YOU!
500
404
JOE Chiappetta

END
1

SILLY DADDY
maga Zine
STAMP OF VALUE POSSIBLE
#1
JOE chiappetta