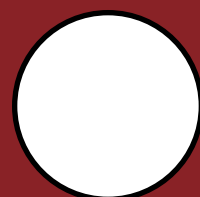


ARTIFICIAL KHAOS



FALL 2004 NEWSLETTER



Artificial Khaos

Seattle | WA

Fall Newsletter

volume | 4 (3)

The Great Midwestern Pharm Accident Premiere

by Dr Gonzo

The very first feature length film from Art Khaos films premiered at the Big Picture in Seattle, WA. However the weekend started off with the arrival of two of the most infamous criminals in Fargo history. JP and the Gooch landed at Seatac unabated and Time screeched to a halt and began a slow and steady counterclockwise movement towards 1994. We had three days until the big premiere and the only duty was to stay alive. The Gooch fixed up the best Alaskan Moose chili I've ever had, despite it being the only moose chili I've ever had. The next day we ended up playing four spectacular rounds of gold at Pebble Beach. Tiger and Vijay were there.

We hit the Viking Tavern twice, since they now serve booze. Gooch had his first martini which I find suspect. I guess we would've chose Busch Light over anything back in college. JP silenced the crowd playing domioes with his derisive non-stop verbal abuse. I think he ended up on the losing side as well, which makes the rhetoric even more appropriate. The big day came on Sunday October 10th. Approximately 25 rabid fans attended the movie premiere. Most attendance I assume was based on the fact that the theater had a full bar. This greatly enhance the viewing pleasure for most of the patrons, myself included. The film went off without a hitch. The response from the crowd was very much appreciated considering the films content. The stars of the film were in attendance as well. I thank them dearly for their necessary contribution to Art Khaos Film history.



Stars of TGMPA - Sherman T Amsterdam, Baron Von Waffelbone, Sparkel Brightstar, Ganza K



Movie patrons anticipating the film

The rest of Sunday went by like a flash. We hit a sushi joint and removed most of their sake and headed to Ballard to visit Bobby Bare Jr. It was either that or head to St. Andrew's for another 18. 🍷

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Wilco at Stubb's

by Stu

Stubb's BBQ Backyard, Saturday, Sept. 18th. Austin, TX.

Wilco put on the single best concert I've ever seen. No lie, no hyperbole. The new guitarist is a genius, and makes the whole band sound ferocious. They opened with Hummingbirds off the new one, and a guitarless Tweedy just sang, microphone in hand, jogging in place like an idiot, with a huge grin on his face. Jesus, Etc. was gorgeous. At Least That's What You Said was ridiculous: the new guy was hammering on his guitar with a drum stick in sync with the piano notes, while Tweedy played an honest-to-Neil guitar solo. They closed the initial set with a medley of Poor Places and Spiders that lasted 15 minutes, and it was way, way, way great, particularly when all four guitar players jumped to the riff in Spiders.

Encore 1: Late Greats, Kingpin, I'm the Man Who Loves You (with horns, JP!). All great, but the outro to Kingpin was unholy, like the Band times Skynyrd, with the band stopping on a dime and starting up again. Glorious. Encore 2: I'm a Wheel, Christ for President, California Stars. Wheel was punk rock in the finest sense of the term. The finale was pretty much a group singalong, raised Zippos and all.

I don't know how long this is going to last, given Tweedy's temperament and proclivity for firing band members. But right now, there cannot possibly be a better band touring, and I saw 20 other ones this weekend, so lend me some credence. Go see them if you're able, because next time around they might hate guitars again.

Full review of the festival when I'm able. For now, I can say that the Drive-By Truckers, Sloan and Franz Ferdinand are the truth, and that, for a 41 year-old, Sheryl Crow has great legs. ak

Baseball 2004 Recap

by Stash Zyka

Well, 2 of my 3 wishes to come true this season. In April I wanted Sosa and Bonds to not make the playoffs, and al Queda to torture and behead Bud Selig. I'm so thrilled that they will spend October blood doping on the couch. If they really want to win a ring, I'm sure NY would take them; their attitudes would fit right in. As for Selig, well...there's still a month left. I also made a few predictions in April. I called

(Baseball 2004 cont page 2)

Houston over the Yanks in '7. We'll see. I said Bonds would hit a homer a game to break Aaron's record. Close. And I thought that Pete Rose would come out with a new show called The Gamblers Corner, airing just after Celebrity Poker, and that EA Sports would make a new game called Charlie's Hustle, where you'd have to play for and manage a team while betting against yourself and your opponents, similar to MLB 2004, but with a markedly different strategy.

I also said the Twins would win their division by two games with a 71-91 record and team batting average of .206 and only two players with double-digit homers. I never saw the Ichiro thing, but the the Japanese are stealth, remember December '7? ak

Peter Jackson's 2005 Things To Do List

by Kung Fu

- Jan. 3 - Return water flow and electricity, diverged to set, back to northern half of New Zealand.
- Feb. 14. Talk the bloke, who played Merry, down from a bridge.
- March 2 - Write autobiography - in Elvish
- March 12 - Clean and return life size Eowyn models to New Line Cinema props department.
- May 23 - Locate scalper for 2005 Academy Award's ticket.
- June 10 - Tell Gimli the "Gee your hair smells terrific" joke was, 'funny the first 5,000 times'.
- Aug. 17 - Send Fellowship on quest to Iraq to search for WMDs (politically neutral I think...).
- Aug. 29 - Produce new Reality TV® series where past reality series hosts must remodel their homes in a Helm's Deep motif and eat Orc testicles.
- Oct. 18 - Hire actuary to determine maximum number of special edition DVD sets

fans willing to purchase.

- Nov. 3 - Tell VH1 to 'f*k-off' if one more "Where are they now" questionnaire arrives.
- Dec. 8 - Shave Face, reveal true identity.
- Dec. 8 - Feed Frodo to King Kong. ak

Why I Want to Hurt America

by Bloomer

Voting for a democrat is like running in the special Olympics. You might win but you are still retarded.

Democrats say that the big drug companies make too much money. They make this money because they have a patent on the drug and can charge you for it. The only drugs that you can have a patent on are the ones that were just invented to save your life [sic]. That means the Democrats want to kill you. I would never vote for someone who wants to kill me.....

Capitalism works and socialism doesn't. That is a fact of history. Democrats want to move towards Socialism. How could anyone with a brain vote for a Democrat.

I can actually understand some arguments not to vote for Bush, but to vote for liberals in general I think you need to be on crack. Just remember crack don't smoke it-self.

The absolute stupidity of wanting socialized medicine. The government takes over to control costs. To do that they:

- A. Restrict access (Worse healthcare)
 - B. Lessen the Quality (Worse healthcare)
 - C. You pay for the same quality you have now through taxes plus bureaucracy costs.
- The profit of any insurance company is always going to be less than governmental bureaucracy waste. How could anyone want this if they have actually thought about it.

The Liberals always want the rich to pay for everything. Someone else to pay for a government service I would like to use attitude. What the conservatives running for

(Hurt America cont. page 3, column 2)

federal government should do is say we are going to make Californians and New Yorkers pay more in taxes to pay so we can have the programs we want (Conservatives loose those states anyway). This is the same thing. A majority of the country makes a minority of country pay for the things they want. ak

Left Side Chocolate Retort

by Stash

How could anyone with a brain compare the current Democratic Party to failed European Socialism of past decades? (oh, wait, rhetorical question).

New question (not rhetorical), how many Canadians, Brit or Sweds do you know that bitch about their medical coverage? Probably an unfair questions, so here's a better one, how can anyone expect some silver-spoon college grad, living in a mansion on a hill, with a nicer basement than most people have homes, to understand the fear a low-income parent(s) might have that their kids could die from influenza?

Anyway, that said, I'm not a Democrat, I'm just not paranoid enough to believe that the government can, or wants to, take our guns, or our ability to choose (unless it's regarding abortion or school prayer), or our ability to buy whatever the f**k we want, be it a 52" plasma TV or crème de la creme health care. The amount of money this country has spent on the poor has always paled, no bad word, has always been a f**king morsel, still bad, okay the amount of money the American government has spent on the poor (in this country), has always been an infinitesimal figure, when compared to what it's spent on breaks to businesses, imperialism, and reconstruction due to imperialism, an infinitesimal amount. What cracks me up about the jackasses of this country is when they harp on things like that, as if prin-

ciples are something they really adhere to. They bitch about our guns. Question: How many items in the Bill of Rights have been changed? They bitch about abortion. Question: Will criminalizing it stop it? That's almost as naïve as your war on drugs campaign. Then they bitch about gays marrying. Question: What is marriage except a made up term? The Roman's ruled their larger empire way longer than the Americans have, and they loved to sleep with men. And if I remember back to the 1st Avenue days correctly, so does Bloomer. ak

Ed. That last statement cannot be proven.

"Minnesota Nice"

by Kyles, the PhD of Plastic

Vacation time. Time to be stupid and carry on like the youngster many wish we could have remained. No better place to get stupid that back in the Midwest with friends of old and no better excuse than to return for a wedding.

Upon arrival, I was whisked away by Dill to my first experience with adult kickball. I have found my new sport. I thought softball was pretty good for giving that false excuse of "hey, I'm exercising" while really just standing around drinking beer, but kickball brings that to a whole new level. The skills necessary are even less. When you are expanding like the universe, this is an important point. There seems to be even more time to stand around drinking and even less concern that its effects will hurt play. Beautiful! I was having some wicked elementary school flashbacks to the old Hornet days, especially when a guy picked up a ground-er and shit-canned a girl by throwing it at her during her run down the first base line. Awesome! Why did we ever let the days of it being acceptable to throw things at girls get

away from us? As I watched and enjoyed my new favorite spectator sport, I was told that a dodgeball league was also starting soon. The potential for facial and groin injuries almost made me giddy. Maybe life as an adult will turn out to be all right.

After the games it was on to a sport more to my skills, baby. Drinking! Who's bright idea was it to start playing "asshole" that night (kiss my ass, Dill)? I hate that frick-in' game. I spend too much time as asshole and can't even get out of that spot cheating. Dammit! When the drinks had been flowing for some time, I was back to my trick of making up odd combinations. That night I think I crossed the line. Kaluha, tequila, Irish Cream, olive juice and olives thrown together is not tasty. The way the olive juice coagulates the Irish cream makes the whole thing look like bad diarrhea. I think I was up about a dozen times that night to take a leak. Curse my squirrel sized bladder! I think I go to the bathroom more than Callista Flockhart at Thanksgiving.

On to the next adventure. About once a year, I like to get to a strip bar to remind myself of what boobies look like. When you haven't dated in a long time, this becomes very important. I wanted to go to the biggest dive strip club that could be found, but Dill took us to one that was still too Classy for a man used to crossing the border to West Virginia to partake in such things. A guest appearance by Boudj made the evening. How shocked I was to find out most of the strippers knew him by name.

Off to the wedding. I am now a big fan of lake weddings. If the weather cooperates, far more beautiful than any church wedding I have ever seen. No crazy dance afterwards either. Just an open bar and a pig roast. Spectacular! Evening bonfires and the possibility to satisfy my obsession for taking a leak in open water. Exhilarating!

Later in the evening Dill and I had a chance to sit down with the bride (congrats, Kim!). While talking, she called over her mother to introduce us as I don't think I have seen her since I was about 11. The first damn thing out of her Minnesota "nice" mouth was, "You've put on a lot of weight." In my head I'm thinking "No shit. It's been nearly 23 years and about a foot in height as well!)", but instead all I manage is a slow "Ouch" as my response. I thought Dill would bust a gut and Kim was simply gushing apologies. Very shortly after, Kim called over her father for an introduction as well. Minnesota "nice" number 2 starts off by saying "You're sure a lot bigger than I remember." What the hell is this, esteem destruction night for Kyles? Maybe I need to stand up and crush you under my girth, you damn little people! Hulk smash! Laughing and apologies times two. Screw you guys, I'm outta here. Back on the road for a 4 hour journey. I swear I was hallucinating that the traffic striping was going off into the fields. Who's dumb ass idea was it to drive back that night? Oh yeah, mine. Lucky to make it back alive.

It was then time to return to "da 'burgh" where everybody is just a "jagoff" instead of "nice". See you after you thaw out for the Spring, Minnesota. ak

Old Fashioned Ghost Story

by The Rev. of Avon - Hank Porter

Do I believe in ghosts? That's like asking if I believe in dogs. We lived in a 90-year-old, two story, haunted house for 3 years, and of course strange things happened.

My wife would call me at work to see why I didn't say hello when I was home for lunch. While taking a shower She would hear all the cupboards opening and shutting in the kitchen. Of course I was never home for lunch. One morning I was up early calling in sick to

work so I could go fishing. I heard footsteps upstairs. I thought my wife was coming down to see me off on the fishing trip. I heard them come down the steps and through the living room. I could hear the footsteps walk past me, and a cold breeze, but I didn't see the person making them. The steps went into the kitchen where the full moon shone in through the windows. I saw the outline of a figure. A woman in a nightgown, then she was gone.

When our oldest boy was born my wife breast fed him. He always looked in a corner of the room and laughed and smiled at the ceiling. We guessed or hoped it was the ghost of his grandfather who died months before he was born.

Once we got the redecorating bug from one of the TLC shows. We pulled up a corner of the carpet to see the hardwood floor underneath. There was a big red stain in a closet. I thought I could buff it out. I looked down in the basement at the floor above. The red stain soaked through the boards and down the joists. I always felt welcome down in the basement and did many projects down there alone. The wife never went down there, not once in three years. I never tried to buff out a stain that dripped into floor joists.

Now we live in the house where the grandfather died. The grandfather we hoped was in the corner. He died at home from cancer in the living room. The new baby stares into space in the middle of the living room, where his grandfather died. He doesn't laugh or smile he just stops his crying and stares into space. ak

Traveler's Cafe: Seattle, WA

by Stash Zyka

Hello folks and welcome to another edition of the Traveler's Café. In this issue we review Seattle in October.

Our journey starts at the Space Needle where we were confronted by a dozen Grunts and a few shielded Jackals. After eradicating them with nary a bullet (plasma grenades and plasma rifles), we hit the EMP where there were two Hunters on the loose. We would have normally skipped them and gone downtown, but we needed the sniper rifle for our trip to the Locks to view the salmon. Salmon viewing was interrupted by moose chili with extra oregano. Full on that, we crashed the Warthog and flew pair of stolen Banshees down to Pebble Beach where we shot a pair of 59s.

Every morning we got coffee from the Lighthouse, which was extremely dangerous, since it was flanked on both sides by Covenant strongholds. But we persevered, ordering two double-vanilla lattes and a low-fat mezzo before killing the squadron of Sword Elites and heading back to Pinehurst #2 for another round of 62. In the end, my only regrets were never saving the crew on "Assault in the Control Room" and not shooting sub-60 at St. Andrews. But even those setbacks couldn't blemish the pure and natural beauty that is Seattle, Washington in October. (courtesy of Halo®) ak



Gooch and JP sight-seeing in Seattle, Washington

Voting Is for Suckers

by Notorious VIG

Well its election season and that means it is time for us to do our American duty. There are countless people out there reminding us of this fact. We have P. Diddy with his Vote Or Die campaign, as well as others such as Rock the Vote, Project Vote, Vote.com, etc. All of this has inspired me to flex my rights as an American.

TOP 10 REASONS NOT TO VOTE:

10. Last time I listened to a guy with a Mohawk named Diddy I ended up in a Mexican prison with a donkey and a 9-iron.
9. Requires that I leave the couch for more than 5 minutes.
8. Too many guys in a closed booth pulling their polls.
7. Three Words: Golden Girls Marathon...
6. Still upset Ross Perot did not win in '92. My one chance to be taller than the President.
5. Firm belief that the next President should be selected based on a best of seven leg wrestling competition.
4. Choices in the Election: Dip Sh*t or Dumb Sh*t. Who gives a Sh*t.
3. Flying to Florida to watch the old people try to figure out the new voting technology. Old people are still old.
2. Not allowed to bring a sixer into the voting booth.
1. Time would be better spent sitting at home itching my arse.

ak

TGMPA DVD Now Available

by Dr Gonzo

I have just put the finishing touches on the DVD version of The Great Midwestern Pharm Accident. Normally the DVD lags months behind the theatrical release; we wanted to get the DVD out before Michael Moore's but that crafty bastard beat us to it. We have sent clips to various online entertainment web sites as well as to Entertainment Tonight, so be watching the tube for the upcoming exclusive.

The DVD can be ordered by contacting me at artificialkhaos@yahoo.com. Please include your mailing address and the number of DVDs you would like. Or you can send a self addressed stamped (enough postage) envelope (to fit a DVD case) and I will promptly get it in the mail.

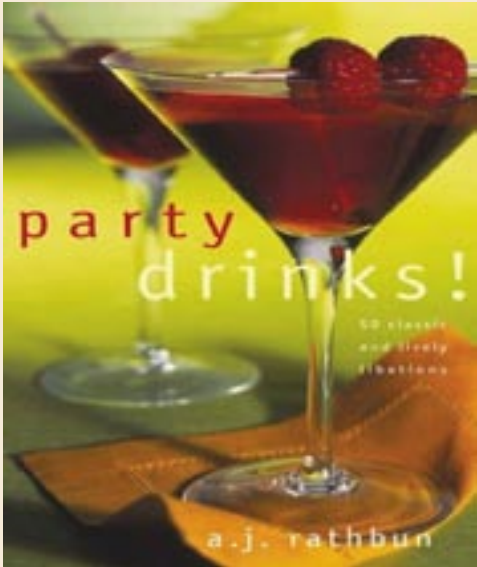
As with all DVD releases now a days, we will wait a few months and release a limited edition version with extras including commentary, outtakes and Han Solo shooting first. Big Thanks to Elemental Studio for the use of computer equipment and technical expertise.

ak



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