



a r t i f i c i a l
k h a o s

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Seven Weddings and a Numeral

by Dr Gonzo

I wanted to start off this issue with a recap of the last six months in the terms of matrimony and all its components. The tally for weddings was approximately six with another upcoming event in the next few weeks. I say approximate because any number over two starts to blur the lines of reality. These ceremonies started in May and will end in November. All the weddings were wonderful of course, but the more significant parts included the bachelor parties. Granted, at our age the process of a bachelor party is daunting but apparently still a necessity. Previous such events were characterized in recent past issues of this publication (Summer 2005). Casualties remained low during that out-of-state

event. However, we were close to losing a few men during Sherm's mid-September booze cruise. The photo evidence has been sealed, so what transpired may only remain hearsay for future generations. It started with extremely nice Italian themed lunch and ended with Booby rolling a 150 plus on an early Sunday morning at some unnamed bowling alley. The events in-between those bookends will remain confined to the foggy recesses of the attendee's brains. I do remember some devastating billiard games with myself and poet laureate partner reeking havoc on our opponents. Jukeboxes were worn out in every bar we inhabited. Cigarettes were smoked. Indecent photos of George Clooney were snapped. Some locals under appreciated us. At one point late in the night we were over served. Conversations that night remain jumbled and incomplete. Which is for the better. Everyone made it back Sunday in time for worship services.

Needless to say the following wedding went off without a hitch. This brings us to the end of October and Halloween. Just around the corner is the 4th Thanksgiving Extravaganza hosted by Sherm and Meg. This day long event will likely be described in the upcoming Winter 2005 issue baring any unforeseen incarcerations. Until next issue, farewell.

Oh yeah, I completely forgot to mention an AK favorite, the Brooze in this issue. Not much news to report. Although, I did hear he couldn't go to the USC-Notre Dame football game because he had to attend a baby shower... 



IN THIS ISSUE:



SEVEN BY DRGONZO.....	PAGE 1
ACL BY STU	PAGE 2
REDNECK BY BLOOMER	PAGE 4
REBIRTH BY KYLES	PAGE 5
DARKWATCH BY STATIC X	PAGE 6
JESUS BY REV. WILD BILL	PAGE 6
THE FOG BY STASH ZYKA	PAGE 8
ANATOMY BY STASH ZYKA	PAGE 8
BRIAN WILSON BY M. LIM	PAGE 9
TOP TEN BY V.I.G	PAGE 11
PHOTO OP	PAGE 11
AK CLASSIFIED	PAGE 12

*The Khaos Apocrypher***Austin City Limits - 2005***by Stu*EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: **Dr Gonzo**MANAGING EDITOR: **the saint**GENERAL SALES: **the saint**ESQUIRE: **DR GONZO**ART DIRECTOR: **Dr Gonzo**ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: **Stash Z**ART DEPARTMENT: **Forty 11****MAIN CONTRIBUTORS:****Stash Zyka - Omahaski****the saint - City of Angels****Stu - Saint Cloud (East)****Rev. Wild Bill - New Munich****Kung Fu Mike - Minneapolis****Notorious V.I.G. - Osseo****Bloomer - Hudson****the Gooch - Wasilla****Kyles - Pittsburgh****Sam Chao - Palo Alto**AK ONLINE: **Dr Gonzo**CIRCULATION: **Dr Gonzo**

MAIN OFFICES:

4011 2nd Avenue NW**Seattle, WA 98107**>>>> **Contact Us**WRITE TO LETTERS: Artificial Khaos,
4011 2nd Avenue NW, Seattle,
WA 98107.EMAIL: artificialkhaos@yahoo.comSUBSCRIBE: artificialkhaos.com

MAIL: AK Customer Service

P.O. Box 665-6667

Thursday:

The Ginger Man is the finest bar in the United States of America. I realize that all the other bars I go to are either in Minneapolis or St. Cloud, and the visits are infrequent at best, but it really is fantastic. They have the Big Lebowski soundtrack on the jukebox, empanadas, and 80 beers on tap. It was the first and longest stop after our arrival, and the place where we found out the Festival was still a go, thanks to Rita tracking just east. After celebrating the announcement, we went to some other bars in the area, as featured on MTV's the Real World. Despite way too many fraternity types, the Library was okay (\$1 Shiner Bocks, free cigarettes), Maggie Mae's so-so, and the B-Side Lounge pretty great, from what I remember (please see the \$1 Shiner Bocks mentioned previously).

Friday:

Bobby Bare, Jr. No Krazee Kovers, just his rock solid originals. "Flat-Chested Girl from Maynardville" was particularly inspired. Had his guitar effects mounted on a folding chair, and used duct tape to hold down a switch. Probably not the same set-up Coldplay will use on Sunday.

Left the grounds for lunch at Chuy's. Ice water and deep fried green chiles.

Steve Earle and the Dukes. Angry, ugly old man, loud guitar, dedicated song to Cindy Sheehan. Loudest cheer I heard all day. I guess nobody got the RNC's talking points about how she was hurting America and endangering our troops. Earle's wife is smoking hot and sings backup. Best song: "The Revolution Starts...Now." Would that other Bush-bashers used loud guitars to such good effect.

Nic Armstrong & the Thieves. The heat is getting the best of the bands and the fans. I wish I liked them live as much as I do the stuff Kung Fu sent my way. I'll give them a mulligan, as they seemed flat out exhausted.

Lucinda Williams. Too mellow. Her new stuff was fine and all, but did I mention it was too mellow, particularly when it's a thousand degrees outside. Not fair to judge her based on that, I know, but a few more up tempo numbers would have helped. Highlight: "Pineola"

Spoon. Left Lucinda early to get up front for the Spoon. They didn't disappoint. The best American band in all the

ak

(ACL cont. from page 2)

land. Didn't hurt that it was overcast, finally, thanks to Rita. Highlight, song: "Fitted Shirt" Highlight, other: stood next to Bobby Bare, Jr. during "Small Stakes" and "My Mathematical Mind." Shook hands with him, told him how awesome he was, etc. I'm sure he was impressed.

Dinner break. chicken and slaw in a tortilla from Hudson's on the Bend, gallons of ice water, and a coffee from Starbucks. Missed Blues Traveler and Keane. Okay, avoided Blues Traveler and Keane.

Lyle Lovett. Wife loves him, I can abide. Writes some fantastic lyrics. Best part of the show was when he brought out the two African-American guys from Was (Not Was) to sing on a couple numbers. I remember "Walk the Dinosaur" more fondly than anyone I know. Highlight: "If I Had a Boat"

Saturday:

Tegan and Sara and Kathleen Edwards both cancelled, so we slept in. Ate lunch at the Shady Grove before the Festival. The Hippie Sandwich with Chicken is a treat.

M. Doughty's Band. Highlight of the Festival so far. In 45 minutes, we get some Soul Coughing, some solo, and a killer medley of "Paradise City" and "The Gambler." Worked the crowd like he was born to play Vegas. The band is locked in. Highlight: "St. Louise is Listening"

Built to Spill. One epic guitar solo after another. An acquired taste to be sure (I was the only one in our group who liked them). Doug Martsch looks like he should be delivering my mail, but damn can he play. Highlight: "You Were Right"

Martin Sexton. An acquired taste to be sure (everyone but me liked him). Talented no doubt, but I'd like some songs, thanks. Meanwhile, everyone I spoke with who was there said the Frames absolutely killed at the show they played at the same time. Drat. Highlight, such as it was: a verse of "Stairway

to Heaven" during one of his originals.

Rita's overcast is nowhere to be found. We're all dragging badly, so we call it a day at the Festival. Apologies to Death Cab, the Walkmen, and the Drive-By Truckers.

Wilco at Stubb's. The beef brisket plate was very good. I'm complimented four times on my Minnesota Gophers ballcap, as the football-crazed Austinites all saw the double-overtime win over Purdue. The show itself: wow. Not as memorable as last year, which remains Best Show Ever. But still. Nels Cline slaps Yngwie Malmsteen down. Highlight, original: "Misunderstood" with Tweedy putting his hand to his ear and getting the assembled to yell "NOTHING!" 20-odd times at the song's close. Claims it's the first time he's ever tried that move on a crowd, and it wasn't as embarrassing as he thought it was going to be. Highlight, cover: "I Shall Be Released" to close the show. Tweedy falsetto, doing right by Dylan and then some. Whoever body snatched the lad last year still hasn't given him back. Thank you, aliens and/or robots!

Went back down to 6th Street. A sea of humanity. Someone from the Festival asked why we would skip Widespread Panic to go see Wilco. I'm not making that up. Ended up at BD Riley's Pub watching a not-bad blues-rock band who I can't remember. Nice cover of "Train, Train" although Warrant's was better. Seriously.

Sunday:

Unbeeeeeeeelievably hot. 108 degrees. Hottest day of the year in Austin. Apologies to Ambulance, LTD, but you're playing at noon, and I'm a mere mortal.

Find a sports bar to watch the first half of the Vikings game. Thanks for showing up, Daunte. The season started two weeks ago.

Rilo Kiley. Hott. Jenny Lewis can sing more than a little bit, and the tunes stand up live. They admit to being "California a-holes," but you know, they were child actors. That

(AGL cont page 3)

they didn't cook meth on stage is an accomplishment. Highlight: "Does He Love You?"


Kaiser Chiefs. Leeds, England's finest. I don't think they expected it to be this hot, as they complain about it after every song. However: the lead singer has more energy than anyone else I've seen there, and sells every single note. Even does the Eddie Vedder climbing-the-scaffold thing. Highlight: "Every Day I Love You Less and Less"

The Arcade Fire. Entire band dressed for a funeral. Have I mentioned the heat yet? Despite that, very well done. The strings were a nice touch. Highlight: "Neighborhood #2 (Lai-ka)"

Bob Mould Band. Show of the Festival. As more than a couple indie kids tell me, "it's the drummer for Fugazi!!!!" I could care less, but the band is tight, and Bob reaches into the archives, dusts off the first three tracks of Copper Blue to start, then gifts us with some Husker Du. So good and louder than hell. Highlights: "I Apologize", "Celebrated Summer", and "Makes No Sense At All" I'm told by a couple other Minnesotans after the show that he hasn't played the Du tunes since they broke up. I haven't verified this, but if it's the case, consider this my "you shoulda been there" moment.

Franz Ferdinand. Too hot to dance, but they do their best to get the massive crowd going. I'm exhausted from Mould, so I just kind of sit back and listen. Highlight: "Do You Want To?"

Black Keys. The sun is finally down. Good Lord, are these guys good. Gets a little same-y after a while, but it's a good same. Highlight: "The Moan"

Goldplay. Just kidding. We skip the closers and head to the Ginger Man to drink some more Live Ale Coffee Porters, eat some more empanadas, and play "Just Dropped In (To See What Condition My Condition Was In)" one more time. I love this town. 

The Redneck Perspective

by *(Late) Bloomer*

In my poor little rural area Wal-Mart is coming to town. This is an interesting deal because it adds to the complexities of my simple world.

Here are some interesting complexities that someone needs to help a redneck understand.

Why do people like low prices but hate companies that bring them to us.

Why are people afraid of what Wal-Mart will do to the other grocery chain stores when no one cared what the chain store did to the local grocer.

Why did the last energy bill have subsidies for the oil companies to explore for more oil while the oil price is high, not 5 years ago when the oil price was low.

Why do we give money to rebuild New Orleans when it will only happen again and worse because by the time the next Hurricane happens the city will have sunk lower.

How come the people who are complaining that the federal government didn't prop up the levies in New Orleans are same people who were complaining that the effort to prop up the levies in New Orleans would hurt some snail or something.

Why is the name the Fighting Irish OK but the name the Fighting Sioux bad (other than because the Sioux Suck!).

Why do people dislike large companies only because they are large companies.

Why do people hate big tobacco but not small tobacco or the tobacco farmer.

How can the same person who thinks farm subsidies cause overproduction and lower prices think food costs too much.

Why do people blame health insurance companies for high costs and not "Big Doctors".

Why don't dying smokers sue the federal government for allowing smoking if they know it is bad enough that we have to put labels on the packs.

(Redneck cont. from page 4)

Why do the people that distrust businesses trust the government.

Why do the people that distrust the government trust businesses.

Why do people like the small farmer but dislike that same farmer who took a risk and became a big farmer.

Why do people trust that organic is better when it always looks worse than normal.

Why do people say things are man made when man makes nothing he just changes things around.

How can an oil company get in trouble for an oil spill when oil is just something they pumped out of the ground, if they were transporting fresh water would they get in as much trouble.

Why do people in the mid west complain about global warming when it would only make it nicer here


If global warming wasn't happening for a long time where did the glaciers that covered most of North America go.

How come no one is protesting 3M's, IBM's or Target's Dress code as being racist.

If worm holes don't exist who can explain how I can leave the bar and wake up the next morning not remembering the trip home (could be the beer scooter).

Why do people dislike the pharmaceutical companies for drug costs when the only high priced drugs are the ones that were just invented to save their life, aspirin is cheap.

Why is the woman the only one who gets to be pro choice or anti choice, the man doesn't get to be pro child support or anti child support.

How come the NFL is racist for not having the same percentage of coaches that are black as the population, but the NBA isn't racist for not having the same percentage of players that are white as the population. 

The views expressed by Mr. Wisconsin are solely those of the author, although we fully agree with The Beer Scooter Postulate. This explains many things. Ed.

Rebirth

by Kyles, the PhD of Plastics

David McClurg, thank you for teaching me to live again.

I spent five years lost. A failed marriage that left me searching for answers to why. A job that left me empty, unappreciated and unchallenged. I had lost my joy. I had lost purpose. I had lost hope. Self destruction and constant depression lying just below the mask of smiles I wore for all those around me. Few were the wiser and none new the grim reality.

I worked with David when I first arrived in Pittsburgh. A sharp mind, a sharper wit and always fun to be around. A kindred spirit. He happened to leave the group at the start of my downhill slide. Coincidental. We lost contact for the most part for several years until the day he called and asked if I was interested in a job in his group. He knew my fear of change and promised the move would be good for me, that I needed the change. A block was attempted by my former group, but he forced it through. They demanded no promotion if I moved, but he forced that through as well. I felt humbled. I felt wanted. There was no organized training, no list of tasks. Find your own ideas, find your own solutions. I was challenged. I found the joy of work I remembered from so many years ago. The seed was planted.

We worked together again for only three months before David went to the hospital with stomach pains. Cancer. Everywhere. Only 36 with two small children and now no future. I watched him wither away. I knew he was in pain. He never let anyone feel sorry for him. He never gave up hope. He continued to enjoy everyday the same way he always had. He was still more concerned about everyone else than he was about himself. We had many talks during these last six months, but the way he led his life during this time taught me so much more than words could convey.

For David I have stopped asking why and let my past go. For David I live everyday with

(Rebirth cont. from page 5)

the joy he should have had. For David I have found purpose in helping those I care about whenever I can and making the effort to spend time with them sharing the fun of living. For David I have learned to hope again that anything is possible.

David left the group around the start of my uphill climb. Coincidental.

I will never forget you, my friend, or what you did for me. 🍀

Darkwatch

by Static X

Xbox - Game Review

Rating: A (as in Delay's ass is indicted)

A very entertaining first person shooter. You are a hunter of the things that live in the night. Namely the king of vampires and his horde of undead minions. The game is linear told through a series of cinematic cut scenes that divide up the chaotic battle sequences. This is not your RS3 tactical shooter. You shoot, a lot. Ammo and weapons are plentiful. You can choose to dispose of your enemies in a number of entertaining and imaginative ways. Carbines, marksman rifles (sniper), dual pistols, shotguns, a crossbow that fires exploding arrows, TNT (grenades) and more.

The graphics are very nice. It's a dark game (hey, you're a Blade type vampire) but not so much that things are muddled. It also matters where you shoot your enemies. Hit them in the arm, it falls off. Other arm. Same. Head - done. I had intended on just playing a bit over the last couple of days to get a feel and write a review. So far I've put about three hours on it. So much for just giving it a test run. Multiplayer? No coop. Single player? Fun. 🍀

Jesus Son of God

by The Reverend Wild Bill

"I want you to find that Jesus Son of God character and beat the shit out of him! He made promises that he has to keep. My brother Joe is in Hell. The Almighty promised all you have to do is believe and you'll be saved. No one was a bigger Jesus freak than Joe. All his girlfriends were named Mary. But somehow now he's in Hell So you find Jesus, bring him here, and I'll take care of the rest."

That's what I heard in David's office. Big Dave is some sort of Troll and so is his brother, Diplodocus. Yeah, I would've changed my name too if someone named me after a dinosaur. I don't know that Jesus and the gang made promises and preached to trolls. I think they just meant humans. But I'm not arguing theology with Big Dave. Plucking Joe out of Hell might be easier than Getting Jesus to see Big Dave

My name is Vinculum Soldis. I'm a soldate (think shylock). Sometimes I do hits, collections, but usually Big Dave sends me on special missions kind of like this one. Like the time I had to get his daughter a pony. Most people just call me Vin. I'm a daemon. Most people want to know what sort of special powers I have, or if I hate sunlight or crucifixes. No, I don't really have powers or need to hide from things. I'm 346 years old. I guess is middle aged for a daemon. My Dad lived to 1,498. He got whacked last year for skimming off Big Dave. The dope bought four new Mercedes and didn't think anyone would notice. Mom died in childbirth with me her only son. I guess that happens a lot with daemon mothers, hell of a way to propagate a species.

So how do I find Jesus? I walked down to St. Mary's, not the church, the bar and tattoo parlor. Lucile might some good ideas. Lucille ran this place when I could just see over the bar. That was 300 years ago. I thought the place was old then. Dad used to bring me in to show off to all his friends. That and if he let Lucille have a pull off of my vein she let

(JC cont. from page 6)

him drink for free all night. Demon blood for vamps is like cocaine for people. I'd have to slit my wrist if I was to get any answers out of her. I found a bum in an alley on the way over and offered to buy him a drink. It'd be better if she drained him and just took a taste of me. Me being undead doesn't get Joe out of Hell.

How did Big Dave know Joe was in Hell anyway? I wondered as Lucille tossed the bum down the elevator shaft. I laid the Brooks Brothers coat on the leather sofa in her office and rolled up the sleeve of my Egyptian cotton shirt. Again I put the question to Lucille. "If I had a plan to kidnap the Big J and smuggle him out, how would I even get in?"

Her teeth sinking into my arm reminded me of selling plasma when I was a kid. She mumbled, "Why don't you just meep shim down there?" The blood was rushing to my arm to try to heal the wound she caused. Oh yeah, under the category, special powers, I do heal pretty, fast sort of like the Wolverine.

She had a good point, but what would lure The Son of God down to earth? I'd be like luring the Queen out from behind pawns. Again, maybe it'd be easier to spring Joe. If I started killing priests they'd just send a few angels and I'd be a pile of dust. Maybe I could offer a sacrifice. Lucille pulled out and my head was spinning. "What would lure Jesus here?" I asked. Lucille was feeling the double shot of booze and demon blood.

"Baby you open a vein for his almightiness and He'll shimmy right down." She sputtered, "Drinks on me." She tossed a hand full of drink tokens at me and passed out in her high back leather office chair, bare feet up on the desk. I sat at the bar and thought through a plan. I drank Bloody Marys, the house specialty, and heavy on the A1, light on everything else. Maybe Lucille had the right idea, but would JC take the bait?

In a couple of hours I had my legs again and headed over to the other Saint Mary's. I walked into the confessional and told the

priest I wanted to convert, but first I had to get a few things off my chest. I started to list my sins. Before I got to my 32nd year I noticed a change in young brother what's-his-name. I sensed His presence. He had a strong smell, like someone used essence of roses to rinse your brain. Suddenly, there was a ringing in my ears like a starter pistol was fired over my head. Everything started to spin and I threw up, my head bounced off both confessional walls.

I woke up strapped to a chair ankle deep in sewage, with thousands of little bells calling my name. "Vin, good you're awake." His holiness said. "I thought putting you in a sewer might even out my Presence. It gets a bit overwhelming sometimes." He was behind me somewhere but I could feel his glance upon me.

"I want to convert." I said again. "I want to convert and bring Big Dave down at the same time."

"I met his brother Dip, I mean Joe," JC said. "I can hear his screams in Hell now." He leaned in and cupped his hand to my ear. I heard the most awful wailing from millions then siphoned out to one person singing 'La La la la' in monotone unending. Yep that was Joe alright, happiest I've ever heard him. By now I'd rubbed my skin off my right hand so it just slipped out to the cuff. I grabbed His Holiness by the long mane and put a one armed sleeper on Him. I learned that from Baron von Raske. No not some Nazi, the pro wrestler from Minnesota. His patented "claw" works all sorts of wonders. Anyway I freed my other hand, climbed out of the sewer with JC over my shoulder. I surfaced in an alleyway, hot-wired a Buick behind a Chinese restaurant, dropped JC in the trunk and drove to Big Dave's.

The lump was sitting at his desk when I kicked the door open and bumped JC's head on the door jamb going in with the Son of God on my shoulder.

(JC cont. from page 7)

“What the Hel...” Big Dave said as I dropped the load on the desk. Dave reached for the phone. “Marcus, Augustus brings the chains. Vin got JC.” Mark and Aggie came running down the hall pulling The Chains of Hell.

Jesus sat up when the wonder twins walked in and said, “You’ll be taking those down with you.” A hole in the floor opened under them and the chains came behind them for almost a minute. In the meantime Dave grabbed the hogleg he kept under the desk. The brushed steel melted around Dave’s big meaty claws, “You son of a,” Dave said.

JC interrupted, “Vin didn’t know. I used him like a Trojan horse. You’ll meet your dear brother very soon David Gayle Zipinski.” Then Big Dave was gone. I suppose he fell through a portal too. “And you, Vin, let this be a lesson to you. Straighten out fly right or this will be your fate as well.” The voice was booming like a hurricane and died down to a single bumble bee.

So who knew Big Dave’s middle name was Gayle? As far as flying right, done. I took over the operations right on the spot, legitimized most of them, eliminated the illegal ones like human trafficking and we donate 50% of the profits to the church. **ak**

The Fog

by Stash Zyka

We could have made a low budget film out of this one, but we weren’t going to White Castle®, we were trying to get from his old man’s place on Ann Lake to this 24 hour greasy spoon in Mora called The Sportsman’s Cafe. It was about 3 am and we were both very scooby-done, but not enough to be scoobied-straight. Anyway, it should have been easy, since it’s just one highway. But somehow a 6 mile drive turned into an hour, as I navigated the Skylark through some of the densest fog this side of the pond. The fog was not in the car. We’re sure of it. And when we exited the fog into a clearing, we had no idea where we were, based on landmarks.

There were times we weren’t sure we were on the right highway, and in the fog I never went below 35 and out of it probably not a mile per hour over 56, but it still took us an hour. In retrospect, I wish I had counted the songs, at least then I could do rough math and feel like it all made sense, but I didn’t, so we had to rely on a clock, and our memories. I’d swear the live version of Tom Petty’s, Breakdown was 45 minutes long, but they have been another car trip. Anyway, a bad situation, all for some omelets and cheesy-hash. **ak**

(The names in this story have been changed to protect the identities of the involved individuals, one of them is a principal for chrissake. - Ed.)

Anatomy of a Song

by Stash Zyka

It’s no secret that fans of Artificial Khaos are music lovers - do bears die in the woods? This column intends to assist the average AK reader* understand the nuances of our modern day rock poets. The first selection in this series is an oldie, but a goodie and MPLS-bred.

(intelligent, witty, sarcastic, sensual, maybe a bit deviant and definitely holding)*

Left of the Dial

by The Replacements

VERSE ONE

Read about your band in some local page
(irony, actually snubbing The Rolling Stone)

Didn’t mention your name, didn’t mention your name
(also irony, name was on cover in bold)

Sweet Georgia breezes, safe, cool and warm
(mocking REM front man Mike Stipe for being a dandy)

(Anatomy cont. from page 8)

I headed up north, you headed north
(north to the MPLS motherf* *kers - whoa!)

REFRAIN

On and on and on and on
What side are you on?
On and on and on and on
What side are you on?
(reference to Mike Stipe's internship with the
1972 Pat Buchanan campaign)

VERSE TWO

Weary voice that's laughin', on the radio once
(more irony, song was played not once, but
about every fifth song)

We sounded drunk, never made it on
(under-statement, they were drunk, The
Replacements that is)

Passin' through and it's late, the station start-
ed to fade
(leaving bars in Stillwater, trying to light a
roach - used to call them fades)

Picked another one up in the very next state
(heading to bars in Hudson WI, joint is lit)

REFRAIN

On and on and on and on
What side are you on?
On and on and on and on and...
(same reference to Mike Stipe's internship
with the 1972 Pat Buchanan campaign)

VERSE THREE

Pretty girl keep growin' up, playin' make-up,
wearin' guitar
(Paul later admitted that he forgot the lyr-
ics and totally made this line up, hence the
swapped verbs)

Growin' old in a bar, ya grow old in a bar
(now he was sort of committed to the girl
thing, so he took a jab at some 45 year-old fe-
male divorcee libidos)

Headed out to San Francisco, definitely not
L.A.
(he actually did this, but later moved to LA)

Didn't mention your name, didn't mention
your name
(now he's bringing it back to Stipe with
over-the-top irony)

And if I don't see ya, in a long, long while
(hopefully, he meant)

I'll try to find you, Left of the dial
(meaning that eventually Stipe would become
a liberal, although, not a very good one) **ak**

Brian Wilson Calling

by M. Night Lim

So there I was on a Wednesday night, just
lounging on the couch alone after returning
from a rough day at work, Jessica is out on
her volunteer night, and I am tired and trying
to figure out what to eat when my cell phone
rings...no caller ID info...I contemplated not
picking up for a second, but lucky for me, I
picked it up this time...
(paraphrased from memory, as I am still in a
dreamlike state now)

Me: Hello?

BW: Is Mike Lim there?

Me: Yes, this is he (waiting for the sales pitch,
ready to tell them to add me to do-not-call
list)

BW: This is Brian Wilson calling.

Me: ...(pause)...(not registering really yet
what he said...it is a common name after all)

BW: This is Brian Wilson calling on behalf of
Nancy, to thank you for your donation.

Me:....uhhh....(looking for the hidden camera,

(Anatomy cont. from page 9)

cautious that the phone must be tapped)

BW: This is Brian Wilson calling. Thanking you for your donation, from Nancy.

Me: ...uhhh...OK...(starting to *possibly* believe him, it definitely sounded like it could be him, but actually sounded more articulate than I would have imagined...)

BW: I wanted to thank you for your donation. From Nancy.

Me: ...uhhh...yes, hi there...(I didn't want to say, "what donation?" as I have made donations to charities over the past few months... but he wasn't specific at all what he was referring to...I'm starting to go into a daze now...)

BW: I wanted to thank you for your donation, from Nancy.

Me: Uh, yes...Nancy who? (of course I guessed Nancy Inomata must have been up to something, but then again, my sister's name is Nancy too...I was still not convinced this was really happening)

BW: (somebody whispers to him off phone)... Nancy Inomata...I really thank you for your donation

Me: Oh...yes, sure...where are you right now (slowly dawning on me that this might actually be him...)...are you in LA?

BW: I'm calling from Los Angeles.

Me: Uhh...ok...how are you...Is Nancy with you?

BW: No. Anyways, just calling to thank you for your donation from Nancy.

Me: uhh, yeah...thanks for calling.

BW: Do you want to ask me a trivia question?

Me: uhhh...OK...(thinking of what I could ask him that would rule-out an imposter...I suppose at this point I was starting to believe him and the utter-shock had fully set-in...my synapses weren't firing rapidly)...what street did you grow up on?

BW: 119th Street (correct answer, but this might be too easy I thought...its well known he's from Hawthorne)

Me: What is there now?

BW: A Freeway (correct answer again!)

Me: (now I finally realize I have Brian Wilson

on the phone and am in a complete state of panic...do I breakdown and tell him his music has had more positive impact on me than anything else, do I begin worshiping him in hopes of providing him with the emotional support to know that he is loved by so many, do I ask him to sing a song,...no, of course, I stay in a state of shock and perhaps still fearful this is a cruel prank, and Ashton will come out of the closet at any second).

BW: Anything else you want to ask?

Me: (the only PATHETIC thing I could come up with)...are you coming to North Carolina any time soon?

BW: No, we won't be touring for a while...anyways, just wanted to thank you for your donation.

Me: uhh, sure...uh...thank you Brian for calling.

BW: OK. Thanks again Mike for your donation.


<click>

It took me a minute after the call ended to realize what probably seems obvious to you -- I just got a f&e\$#ing phone call from Brian Wilson!! You can all rag on me all you want and tell me what a fool I was and how I passed up an amazing opportunity. You're right of course. Perhaps if I knew what hard-core fans may have known already (see links below), that Brian is calling up Katrina donors (in this case, on behalf of Nancy's donation) to thank them personally, I would have reacted differently. But what a moment, and what an incredible man Brian Wilson is. And THANK YOU NANCY for however you devilishly set this up...an unforgettable moment and the biggest surprise I've ever had. I should never have doubted the man when he name-dropped you....!! 🙌

My Top Ten Halloween Costumes

by the Notorious V.I.G.

Well folks, it's that time a year again. Time for me to dress up, get the reindeer out and deliver the man-goods to all he unsuspecting boys and girls. So, I've listed my top ten Halloween costumes I've worn over the years.

1. **Drunk Sasquatch** - me with my shirt off, a Bud can hat and those hairy big feet slippers; carrying a sixer of Pabst.
2. **Drunk Lady Sasquatch** - me with my shirt off, a Bud can hat on, those hairy big feet slippers and wearing lipstick; carrying a sixer of Bartel's and James.
3. **Janet Jackson** - me with half of a leather bra on, hot pants, black wig. Nipple jewelry was hard to keep on.
4. **Midget Burt Reynolds Chewbacca** - me with my shirt and pants off, a belt across my chest and a mustache; carrying a sixer of Pabst while driving a Trans-Am.
5. **Scottish Ghost** - me with my plaid flannel sheet draped over me with holes for eyes; carrying a half empty bottle of Glenlivet and wearing wet socks.
6. **Gimili (LOTR)** - Me with a pair of Cuban heeled boots, a ZZ-Top beard and a flask of malt liquor.
7. **NASCAR Yoda** - Me talking gibberish after a night of speedballs and a liter of Maker's and ginger-ale (called the Dagobah Ditch); wearing a #8 cap and chewing Skoal. Height requirements met for this costume.
8. **Man-Candy** - Me in nothing but a ribbon and a smile. Ladies I'll melt in your mouth...
9. **Kool-Aid Man** - Me with a smiley face painted on my belly...and a grape mustache.
10. **Slip Cover** - Me laying on the couch all night passed out from eating a 10-pound turkey and chasing it with a bottle of Sambuca. This costume requires staying at home. 



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HAPPY HALLOWEEN

Artificial Classifieds



Huskyboy Magazine

Where the hell is the Huskyboy.? Seriously. An issue every two years. Someone please call HB. And get him a cocktail and an ink ribbon...

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