

THE KHAOS
APOCRYPHER

FALL 2006

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The GOP Gave Me Psoriasis *by Doctor Gonzo*

Darkness is starting to take the majority of my day. The Fall has arrived again as planned. The sun sets earlier, the workday continues its unchanging hours and the smell of Fantasy Football fills the bars and toilets across America. But, the Summer went out with a bang or bangs as it were.

First. The annual Grayland camp out was another big success, from what I remember of it. The weather was miserable and the beer was cold, two things you can usually count on when you are 200 yards from the Pacific Ocean. We had the First Annual Slingblade-Off between Goulet Jr. and Red Marker doing their best Carl impressions. We ate more bacon than an entire Boy Scout Jamboree and lit more fires than Saint Elmo. Super fun.

Second. The Austin City Limits. Austin, Texas in September is where you want to be. Hot and Humid. Perfect weather to drink beer and listen to Rock & Roll. I stayed with my Aunts in the Temple, Texas area and ran into a constant parade of Kosel's of various shapes and sizes. I played dominos with the oldest living Kosel. She cheated. The festival itself was a blast. We stayed with a former Wilko Award winner (how can she say no, we gave her a plastic award). The cast of characters in Austin is extensive. We drank with a Clooney look-alike and stopped factory farming (for the time being). Music, Lone Star Beer and more music. The festival was a blast. I had in impromptu meeting with staff member Stu "Boogie" Neuman and his wife, Mandy. She incidentally, had Seattle's

own; Long Winters dedicate a song to her at the after party, when she showed up fashionably late. Overall the great city of Austin treated us well.

Third. The f*%king GOP. There are so many things to say and so few expletives to manage the duties. The big wind of change is coming soon. It will blow us off the terra firma in no time. How many more scandals and lies can the Grand Ole Opry sell us before we let them destroy the planet? The guy in "charge" still has a 30-40% approval rating. We need to seek out this minority and sell them our siphoned gasoline at \$4.50 a gallon. Even gun-toting, basement pub owing, ex-offensive linemen in rural Wisconsin should know better than to let these bastards run our great country into the ground. There is no reasonable argument putting these dinks in office. They make Nixon look like Jimmy Carter.

Digression. Our film company has a new docudrama coming out. The topic is the rise and fall of a local literary magazine. No release date has been set so keep your ears peeled. Beards On day started October 1st. If you ain't growing, you ain't showing. I'm off to Spain to search for the gold. Call my lawyer if you need to reach me.

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Start Paying Attention, Fool *by Stu*

This is for anyone voting in November '07, and even considering voting for a Republican: start paying attention, fool.

I cannot stress this enough, idiot: DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THE FRAK YOU ARE DOING? Clearly, no, otherwise we wouldn't be having this discussion.

If you voted Bush or a predominantly Republican ticket in 2004, consider this your last shot at redemption. Wash the blood off your hands (you may want to start on Monday the 6th; that's a lot of blood), head down to the polls, and either vote Democrat if the seat's in danger of going GOP, or vote third party if you have the luxury. I realize you're the moron who voted for these clowns because you thought John Kerry was a flip-flopper or the Democrat in your district wasn't sufficiently militant about dudes kissing or invading the wrong country or tapping your phones or sheltering pederasts or shredding habeas corpus or torturing innocents because you're scared of brown people who talk funny, but I'm giving you this out because I'm a decent human being. Unlike you.

Now, you may say to yourself, "Well, insulting me isn't the way to persuade me." You know what? Shut up right now. I've been called a traitor, a Defeatocrat, a coward, a cut-and-runner, a babykiller, and a terrorist. And I've been right. You're getting off light, jackhole.

Thanks again, and remember, if I have to do this again in 2008, I'm going to be even more upset. Fool.

Confessions *by the Editors*

Editors Note: Stash Zyka was arrested in the Target parking lot for kicking snow off of the underside of cars the way it builds up behind the tires -- who even knew that was a crime -- well, it ends up, his license was a fake. The police report said that the holograms and inlays were first rate, but that Wisconson was spelled wrong. Finger print identification revealed him to be Jim Miller from Cheboygan, WI. A 37 year-old man with a string of warrants in his wake for multiple DUIs, failure to pay child support on 5 kids in 3 states. It also listed him as the mastermind of the infamous Door County Cabin Robberies of 1997. He is being held in Madison awaiting his trial. Needless to say, he will no lon-

In Search of...The Pink Flabongo *by BA Marker*

Recently I had the opportunity to venture back to the Midwest with a friend to visit her native habitat. The goal, simply, was to experience the art of tailgating at a Big 10 football game while balancing visitation of family and friends along the way. Seems simple enough, right? Well, there are three sets of family in a two hour radius. Tailgating starts at 10:30am and the game is not until 7pm, not to mention this is no ordinary game it's against the number ONE team in the country. Finally, one must be on the look out for a rare near extinct creature that inhabits this area before home football games. Beware... the Pink Flabongo.



According to legend, this creature hibernates out of site in closets and/or cupboards the majority of the time. Occasionally, it can be seen hovering over the lawn inconspicuously surveying potential prey. A few times a year this beast comes out to hunt and feed on unsuspecting college students and their friends and families. While hunting, this rosie albatross can typically be found near large quantities of beer.

The Flabongo attracts its prey by seductively arranging its plumage, inviting onlookers to come taste the sweet poisonous venom of the Flabongo's bite. Once a crowd gathers the Flabongo takes its victims one by one. The wide-eyed onlookers cheer as one after another succumbs to the Flabongo's irresistible strike. Some victims are so hypnotized by the Flabongo that they are bitten several times. I found this to be true in my case.

Once the venom starts to course through your veins you initially feel inspired and euphoric making you want more. As time passes your nervous system starts to fail, making motors skills such as walking and speech more difficult. Eventually you become hungry and order food but loose consciousness before it arrives. Generally, one will loose consciousness for 4-14 hours. Upon re-awakening victims will be treated with an array of symptoms including but not limited to headache, nausea, vomiting, regret, amnesia, and a strong short-lived conviction to never do that again.

In conclusion, we did meet our goal of seeing family and friends while experiencing the joys of tailgating at a Big 10 football game. I have no idea what the final score of the football game was. All I know is our team lost; there was half a cold pizza on the coffee table in the morning when I opened my eyes and I could proudly say I'd survived my inaugural encounter with "The Pink Flabongo"

(Confession continued)

ger be an editor for AK, as we don't pay nearly enough for his arears. He will be replaced by JP. For those of you who don't know JP, you probably won't meet him, so less may be more in the way of introductions. Thank you.

A Confession of Depression by JP

I wish I hadn't fell
for the ambiance of it all
my clothes matching my attitude
matching what I'm drinking
matching the music I got in
matching the car I drive
every encounter is a well-planned
product-placed movie scene

without royalties or regret
just for the ambiance of it all
the analogies could go on and on
only to turn you off
but habits are like horseshoes
nailed to your feet
with life as out master
and not as our slave
we search for the next meme
that will lead to immortality
to entertain our brain
our friends hang from the trees
as we take that step off of here
and back to where we were

My Baby's Daddy by Doctor Gonzo

Who is sick of the Anna Nicole baby situation? Not us Khaos staffers. We eat it up like banana pudding. Which is why we are so glad to announce the findings of some down and dirty investigative reporting. We have uncovered Anna Nicole's baby's daddy and he lives right here in the Great Northwest. He is none other than The Baron "Toni" von Waffelbone (pictured). This quiet, unassuming, pipe fitter and circus apparel collector rang us up one day to let us in on his dirty secret. It seems old

Toni was up North in the great state of Canada, the Toronto suburbs to be exact, when he ran across a low budget Cinemax film crew at a coffee shop. They got acquainted and the next thing he knew he was on set as an extra in Anna Nicole's upcoming feature, *The Mighty Ducks IV*. Also starring Julio Estevez, Charlie and Emilio's cousin. Fate stepped in. During a shooting break Toni and Anna discovered they both had the circus apparel fetish. One thing led to another and nine months later a star is born. Thanks to the Baron for getting this load of his broad chest. We love to break the big stories.

College Football Preview? *by Kyles the King of Plastic*

I love college football. The excitement, tradition, raw emotion, team pride, the importance of each and every game and even the bands, I just can't get enough of it. I'm camped out nearly every Saturday watching games through the day and into the night. I'm there for everything from marquee match-ups to regional slop. There is no finer sport in my opinion, but I worry about its future as universities lose focus on what is really important.

College football is big money to universities. And when big money is involved, greed and problems are sure to follow. At its heart college football was meant to be young men playing either for the chance at a free education or often only for school pride. Universities are losing sight of this and the young men are become victims.

Large universities make huge amounts of money from each football game. Michigan stadium seats over 100,000 people. At a conservative guess of \$20-50 per ticket, plus parking and concessions, you can do the math. To fill the stadium and cash in, winning becomes critical. This becomes more important when you factor in the big money payouts for bowl games. A trip to a BCS bowl last year meant \$14-17 million dollars to the teams. Colleges become willing to do whatever it takes to win. This need to win has caused coaches salaries to spiral out of control and universities to care far less about the welfare of the athletes. Coach Ferentz at Iowa makes nearly \$3 million annually in salary and Coach Tressel at Ohio State, Coach Fulmer at Tennessee, Coach Meyer at Florida and Coach Stoops at Oklahoma all make over \$2 million. That is before the approximate \$1 million each earns per year on shoe contracts, television shows, endorsements, etc. This is for coaching at a school where the athletes are amateurs. When the young men are exposed to this big money and greed on a daily basis, who can blame them for wanting more for themselves? Under the current system, something as simple as a using a coach's phone to call home will get a player in trouble. The athletes are kept in a state of near poverty. The result, sad cases like Maurice Claret and scandals like the family of Reggie Bush taking money (oh, yeah, allegedly, of course). It is time for the hypocrisy to end.

When I was in graduate school, I was given a stipend of \$1000 a month (I'm sure this has gone up since) for contributions to projects I worked on as grants from companies or the government. Bring money into the university and you get to keep some of it was their approach. Do these athletes do any less for the university? They are responsible for bringing far more money into the school than my advisor ever did. I would argue that the players should be paid the same stipend available to the graduate students. The football players would then be able afford a reasonable living and purchase small things for themselves. I believe they would be far less susceptible to corruption.

But that is only part of the equation. Schools need to be held accountable for the athletes they bring in and be forced to help them get the education they desperately need to succeed in life as only a small fraction will ever be paid professionally to continue playing. Right now, these athletes are brought in only to help the team win. The schools care little for their past and even less for their future. Looking at the graduation rates of several of last years bowl teams shows 58% at USC, 34% at Texas, 49% at Florida State, 46% at West Virginia, 53% at Georgia, 52% at Ohio State, 56% at Wisconsin, 42% at Florida, etc. These sad values drop even lower when you look at just the African-American student athlete. Compare these to the overall student values at these same schools of 76%, 70%, 62%, 55%, 69%, 58%, 76% and 73% and the gap is apparent. There are a few exceptions with Penn State at 74% for their football team and Notre Dame at 77%, but

(continued on page 6)

(Preview cont.)

even these are well below the overall school graduation at 81 and 94%, respectively. It is time to force the teams to prove themselves even better than the general school at graduation rates. I believe scholarships should be given to the athlete with the intention of it being a contract between the student and the school. The school must help that athlete graduate within five years, or they lose the scholarship for another 4 years and during that time cannot give it to another athlete. That would give the school a great deal of incentive to help the athlete complete their education and no longer bring them in just to help win and then be thrown out like refuse.

I hope changes are made to make this game even stronger so with any luck, I will be sitting in my recliner many years from now, proudly watching the traditions continue.

My Date with the Stanley Cup *by Reverend Wild Bill*

I ditched my mother in law's 80th birthday party to see the Stanley Cup and maybe get a paddle signed. There were 200 people at my house, a keg of beer, multiple jugs of whiskey an ounce of weed and 2 ounces of meth. Very few things would tear me away from that, The Stanley Cup, the holy grail of hockey is one of them.

The paddle is my favorite boot hockey goalie stick. It's signed by Tom Hellerman, who must buy more paddles than the Coast Guard. So I ditched my lovely overbearing wife and all her

relatives and our neighbors. I grabbed a quarter of the ounce, a six pack for the road and made for the National Hockey Center in St. Cloud Minnesota.

People looked at me funny when I walked in with a Tom Hellerman paddle. More than a few cranned their necks to read the name, then puzzled on who the hell Tom Hellerman was. I was the last person in line to get my paddle signed. I let a bunch of Boy Scouts ahead of me only to hear them talk about the last time they were in line. Like most things on TV, The trophy itself is smaller in person. Matt Cullen and Brett Hedican seemed like average guys, people I'd drink with. Which is what we did all the way up to Brett's place on Gull Lake. I drove, Matt packed the pipe, and Brett sang Jane's Addiction.

It was pouring in St. Cloud when we left, and pouring when we go to the party. The people there were either wet, wearing towels or sheets or running around in their underwear. A beautiful combination of wet t-shirt contest and a toga party. I threw my clothes in the dryer with lots of other clothes, grabbed a tan sheet and found a bottle of Windsor on my way to the sunken living room. About two dozen partially nude women danced on floors couches and tables. One attractive asian woman kept yelling for whiskey. When she saw me or the Windsor in my hand she wrapped her arms and legs around me and chugged the bottle.

I woke up naked in the hot tub with the asian woman hissing at me, "Whhhiskey boy, you gotta go!" She put a set of keys in my hand and told me to take Brooke home to St. Cloud. She was passed out in the black Nissan. I grabbed my camo shorts and a Bubba's bar shirt out of the dryer, and my Tom Hellerman paddle. The sun just shone through the trees when we got to the National Hockey Center. I left the keys in the ignition of the Nissan and Brooke passed out in the back. My kids tied the dog to the wagon and used the paddle as a rudder, till I hung it in the garage from deer antlers. I wonder if Coach Dahl would sign it?



Faces

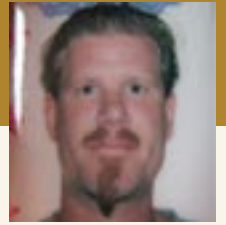


*"Green Arrow" by Alex Doerffler
Ink on napkin
Circa 1999*



*"Dr Gonzo" by Brian Ochs
Ink on paper (back of setlist)
June, 18 2006*

Do the Herky Jerky *by Kung Fu Mike*



Is anyone lulled into believing that what they are watching is 'real' when the camera does that jerky sway from side to side in detective / cop shows? I'm assuming this shot technique is purposeful as my sub-\$300 digital camera has optical image stabilization and I would assume a Hollywood video camera (which, if I owned and sold, could send my daughter full ride through Wesleyan) would have this feature. I'm convinced it's being done to feign reality and I'm not buying. And I don't think the majority of attentive viewers trying to solve a homicide case involving the C.E.O. of a big mean drug conglomerate are buying. I've got a few ideas for the producers of these drama shows.

Drop the documentary style cinematography and stick a few actors to play middle aged cops with smoking habits and bad hair in front of a stable camera lens. It's been a while since I've been in a police station but I don't recall seeing models for J.Jill or Neiman

Markus working behind the desks. The minimally lit rooms with a dozen 42" widescreen plasma displays lined up on the wall showing the exact satellite location of the murder with a stunning high definition close up of the suspect's nose hair follicle? C'MON!

If it's realism the producers are looking for, put a team of overweight cops under 50,000 watts of florescent lighting and behind 15" monochromatic monitors displaying green DOS prompts. While it's true, I don't want to watch a show about what really goes on in a typical police station, mounds of paper work being filled out amid the sounds of drunk vagrants vomiting. I don't want to see cops and detectives discussing their case in a swank French Bistro (insert your own donut shop joke here)\while implicitly being told by the cameraman that I'm watching unstaged reality.

They Call Me the Cruiser *by Kung Fu Mike*



Through the wonders of mathematics and an almost Insider Editionesque knowledge of Hollywood, I have determined who Tom Cruise will be with by the time the decade comes to a close. Tom's first wife, the well endowed Mimi Rogers was born in January of 1956. Tom's second wife, the moderately endowed Nicole Kidman was born 11 years 5 months later in June of '67. And finally, Katie Holmes (b. Dec '78), the adequately endowed mother of his alien offspring was born 11 years 6 months after the red-headed Ausie chick. It is my belief that Mr. Top Gun Scientologist will continue with this mathematical sequence and will marry (or least have thick-haired

kids with) an actor born 11 years 7 months after Katie - July 1990. Yes, that's right, Tom will be coming out of the closet and jumping on couch to profess his love for Dawson's Creek vanilla hero, James Van der Beek. Even though "Jimmy VD" is not really 16, his drivers license has a birthdate of July 25, 1990. This manifested avoidance of the aging process is truly Disneyian [sic] and is what will attract Tom to his new partner. Evidence will be forthcoming for the seemingly extraterrestrial lack of cellular degradation keeping his dimples ageless. The two will break-up in the Fall of 2007 due to James' dependency on Celexa.

Late Summer/Early Fall Top 25 2006

Kfu Rating	Artist	Song	Album
1	What Made Milwaukee Famous	Selling Yourself Short	<i>Trying to Never Catch Up</i>
2	TV on the Radio	Wolf Like Me	<i>Return to Cookie Mountain</i>
3	Hold Steady, The	Southtown Girls	<i>Boys and Girls in America</i>
4	Greg Laswell	I'm Hit	<i>Through Toledo</i>
5	Cordalene	Kissed Awake	<i>Star Ledger</i>
6	Snowden	Anti-Anti	<i>Anti-Anti</i>
7	Church, The	Easy	<i>Uninvited, Like the Clouds</i>
8	Lemonheads, The	No Backbone	<i>The Lemonheads</i>
9	Essex Green, The	Don't Know Why (You Stay)	<i>Cannibal Sea</i>
10	Loose Fur	The Ruling Class	<i>Born Again in the USA</i>
11	Radio 4	Enemies Like This	<i>Enemies Like This</i>
12	Cursive	Rise Up! Rise Up!	<i>Happy Hollow</i>
13	Ben Kweller	Sundress	<i>Ben Kweller</i>
14	Beck	Nausea	<i>The Information</i>
15	bird and the bee, the	I Hate Camera	<i>Again and Again and Again And</i>
16	Story of the Sea	Karma	<i>Enjoying Fire</i>
17	Mojave Three	Truck Driving Man	<i>Puzzles Like You</i>
18	Midlake	Roscoe	<i>Trials of Van Occupanther</i>
19	Boat	Lanterns And Laughing Ladies	<i>Songs That You Might Not Like</i>
20	Field Music	Got to Write a Letter	<i>Field Music</i>
21	Duke Spirit, The	Cuts Across the Land	<i>Cuts Across the Land</i>
22	World Party	Who Are You?	<i>Dumbing Up</i>
23	Vines, The	Anysound	<i>Vision Valley</i>
24	Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin	Oregon Girl	<i>Broom</i>
25	Melismatics, The	You're My Habit	<i>Turn it On</i>

The Reverend Wild Bill and His Pigeons Present:



Top Ten Reasons Fantasy Football is Better Than a Wife.

by Notorious B.I.G (the return of...)

10. A chance to win money instead of constantly losing it.
9. Able to freely yell "The Deuce is Loose" without getting slapped.
8. Guaranteed to score at least once a week.
7. Fantasy Cheerleaders.
6. A good weekly spanking will only increase my Power Ranking.
5. Fantasy Football will not call me a "Stupid Lazy Fat Ass" when I make a poor decision.
4. Only chance I'll get to score with a tight end while I'm playing from behind.
3. Fantasy post-game shower...
2. More sacks are actually a good thing.
1. Fantasy Football is able to last all day Sunday and even have a little left over for Monday night.

Five Man Acoustical Jam by Doctor Gonzo

Artificial Khaos Productions is now expanding in order to produce music promotion and establish ourselves as a force in the Northwest. We will be producing and promoting Rock & Roll shows. The first of these shows is set for the Day After (Thanksgiving). We will be covering the indie breakthrough of Tesla's, "Five Man Acoustical Jam". It will feature none of the original members. This post holiday show will feature the entire album live. The venue is TBA but hopes that the Swedish Cultural Society who have a known fondness for Nikola Tesla will provide space. Details to follow. Show time is tentative and based solely on post Huskygiving festivity hangovers.

JOE SAYS,



snapshots



Surrender?



Summertime Gals



Free World Rock



Notorious B.O.B.A



Tricky Dick



The Pope and The Poobah

khaosclassifieds

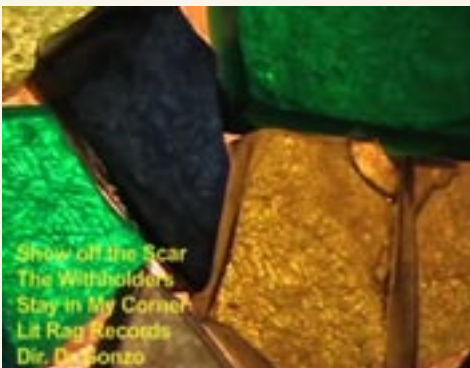
Sell Sell Sell



The first EP from Seattle band Ricochet Biscuit. Pick one up at their next gig. Soon available on iTunes and CD baby. Click on cover to listen.



The first music video from Ricochet Biscuit. "Wrong Side Out". Click image to link



The first music video from Artificial Khaos Film productions. Thanks to the Withholders. Click on image to view video

Hot Links

Ricochet Biscuit

<http://www.ricobiscuit.com/>

The Withholders

<http://www.withholders.com/main.shtml>

Retrofitted Designs

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Lit Rag

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Aj Rathbun

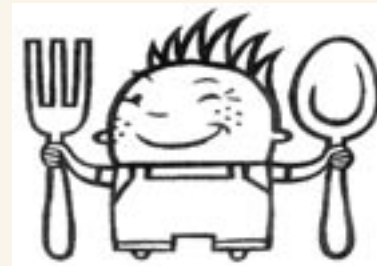
www.ajrathbun.com

Elemental Studio

www.elementalstudio.com

Alex Doerffler Photography

[link](#)



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...Still waiting....Maybe 2006?

WESTWARD HO!me by Ray Ray

A new piece that studies the changing facade of home design and the people and space that live within.....

Article 1: The Midwestern Migration

COMING WINTER 2006

Send Classified advertisements to the Editor. They will be run free of charge. There is a 25 word limit.

The Khaos Apocrypher - Fall 2006 Newsletter



**Artificial Khaos Productions
Seattle, WA**

www.artificialkhaos.com