

The Khaos Apocrypher



Fall 2011

Volume 11: 3

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Dogs are Everywhere

by Doctor Gonzo/Seattle



The reason the Fall 2011 issue is just finally being published is due to many factors. Most importantly, the articles kept trickling in like Herman Cain's lady friends (slow and steady) and just like old Herman, the Apocrypher won't go down without a fight. The Winter 2011 issue will be our last and I can already feel the buzz of my staff getting set to write their final words for the most loved editor in fake news history. Sure, most of them ignore my emails and pretend they have lives to attend to, but in reality, I know each and every one of these dedicated individuals are probably sitting on the couch watching TV. Luckily for me the Vikes took a crap this year and we are officially boycotting the NBA, for obvious reasons. It's been some time since I felt this good about a boycott. If they decide to keep Gruden on Monday nights, it will be an easy decision to boycott the NFL next year. As an announcer, he's almost as bad as E. Magic Johnson was back in the 90's. So, the show goes on, for two more issues.

Music. Gold on the Ceiling? What does this mean and why can't I stop signing it? Cash Kosel has outdone his

father. He already has a fake band, Rock and Roll Airplane, beating me by 20 years and has mass-produced t-shirts for sale (see page 18). You may have beaten me kid, but instead of only 15 years of lost profits and disappointing apparel sales, you have an extra 20 years of this. Movies. I've heard some recent rumors of PJ20 bashing on Facebook. So, I conducted a scientific poll. It turns out 96% of people bashing the Pearl Jam documentary have never actually seen it. Thanks for my staffers who did the research. The Pony Man has reached the Final Cut. Picture lock is imminent. Stay tuned for more information about a Spring 2012 release date.

Local News. Holts outdid themselves in another wonderful Thanksgiving feast. A.J. Rathbun and AK Television have started Season Two of Cocktail to Cocktail Hour. Check it out on the web. News of the basketball lockout, confused Shane Farmer, who mistook the NBA lockout for our league (Big Top Circus) and he went to play in China. Hopefully, he'll realize his error before spring, when the BTC resumes it's fourth season. Enjoy the last Fall issue of the Apocrypher. Peace.

The Khaos Apocrypher

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The Two Powers

by Stu/East Saint Cloud

I was reminded by Artificial Khaos' new Tucson Bureau Chief Stash Zyka (congrats on the promotion, enjoy the shit out of Jan Brewer!) that I had mouthed off years ago that Super Furry Animals' Phantom Power was a better album than the Tragically Hip's album of the same name. SZ, a diehard Gordhead, found and continues to find this notion comical. It had been awhile since I'd listened to either album or either band, for that matter. After getting the same "All y'all's late again, dicks" email from the Editor-in-Chief that everyone else did, it gave me something to write about for the penultimate AK newsletter. Here we go:

Phantom Power, the Tragically Hip: this is one of their best collections of singles. Poets, Bobcaygeon (Juno Award winner for Single of the Year in 2000), the trophy for which is a framed photo of Gordon Lightfoot fingerblasting Joni Mitchell) and especially Fireworks are high points in their catalog. However, lots of filler, in my opinion. I don't think Vapor Trails or Save the Planet are on anyone's Ultimate Hip iTunes playlist. It is way better than Trouble in the Henhouse and worse than Day for Night (because it doesn't have Grace, Too; otherwise, it would be a little bit better).

Phantom Power, Super Furry Animals: not as many standout singles as TTH's PP, but flows better as an album, which is such a subjective, non-provable assertion that I'm already embarrassed for having written it. That said, I'm totally right about that. Hello Sunshine slays, The Piccolo Snare sounds like a Christmas song that isn't about Christmas, and Slow Life is KISS's I Was Made for Loving You for Welsh people. Nothing quite reaches the astounding heights of The Man Don't Give a F**k or Blerwytirhwng, but if you're going to throw a Phantom Power on your headphones and just get lost, man, this is that Phantom Power.

Verdict: I still like SFA's Phantom Power better. I realize this is the wrong opinion. To compensate for this, please enjoy this photo of Wicked Lester (page 3), the pre-KISS band featuring Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley and Peter Criss, from December of 1972. It is the best picture on the entire internet. YOU'RE WELCOME.



Wicked Lester

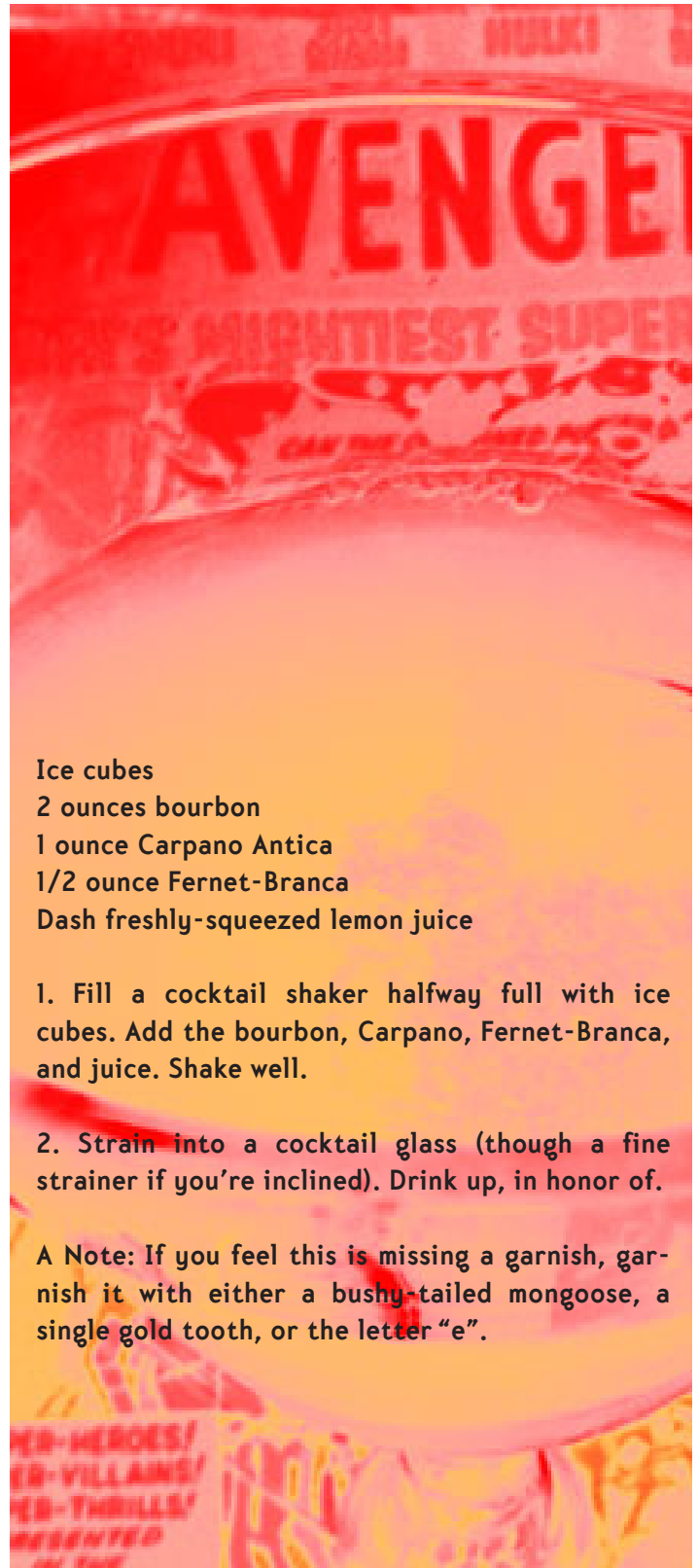
KHAOS COCKTAILS


A.J.
Rathbun

Fall cocktail from my new book, *Drinks for Superheroes*. (See last page to purchase)

The Artificial Khaos Kickstarter

As the poet, bacchanalian, and sepak takraw player Ed Skoog wrote, “This morning on the municipal fishing pier/the homeless are filming a movie on the stairs.” He may not have known he was writing about the magazine we’ve all (and by “we” I mean the fine citizens of the Euro zone and the ten patriotic Americans reading this now) come to depend upon, this Artificial Khaos, but he was. In quite a different way, I am now drinking poetically the below cocktail named after said magazine. The cocktail, like the quote, mingles the magazine’s two polarities: sexual pride and poverty. In the drink, they take the form of bourbon (official drink of the poor) and the world’s sexiest vermouth, Carpano Antica Formula, once dribbled down the throat of Sophia Loren as she wore nothing but a napkin. Of course, Artificial Khaos didn’t live on sex and a lack of spare change alone. There was also a devotion to wearing those baggy knickerbockers made popular by Washington Irving in the 1800s and to the operas, especially *La Clemenza di Tito*, by Leonardo Leo. These twin affectations are shown in the below imbibable by the inclusion of ice and of Fernet-Branca. Finally, as the pièce de résistance (as Peggy the chimp who played Bonzo in the 1951 tragedy *Bedtime for Bonzo* might say) is the addition of a smidge of lemon juice, representing the magazine’s most devoted fan, Ant Man. Does anyone, by the way, have a very small cocktail glass?



Ice cubes
2 ounces bourbon
1 ounce Carpano Antica
1/2 ounce Fernet-Branca
Dash freshly-squeezed lemon juice

1. Fill a cocktail shaker halfway full with ice cubes. Add the bourbon, Carpano, Fernet-Branca, and juice. Shake well.
2. Strain into a cocktail glass (though a fine strainer if you’re inclined). Drink up, in honor of.

A Note: If you feel this is missing a garnish, garnish it with either a bushy-tailed mongoose, a single gold tooth, or the letter “e”.

What's Wrong with Texas?

by Lazlo/Sand Point

The KA's Lazlo caught up with the infamous founder of the Flatlanders, Jimmie Dale Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore was calling from his private jet somewhere over Texas.

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Lazlo: Thanks for taking the time to talk with us tonight, Mr. Gilmore. Can I call you Jimmie?

JDG: No.

Laz: Okay then. Let's get right to it. What's wrong with Texas?

JDG: Did you ever see Dallas from a DC-9 at night?

Laz: Uh ... no, sir. No, I don't believe so.

JDG: Well, Dallas is a jewel, oh yeah, Dallas is a beautiful sight.

Laz: But I wanted to know what's wrong with ...

JDG: And Dallas is a jungle but Dallas gives a beautiful light.

Laz: There seems to be a dichotomy here. Can you tell me a little more about that?

JDG: Well, Dallas is a woman who will walk on you when you're down. But when you are up, she's the kind you want to take around. (audible sniggering)

But Dallas ain't a woman to help you get your feet on the ground. Yes, Dallas is a woman who will walk on you when you're down.

Laz: Can you tell me a little about the first time you went to Dallas?

JDG: Well, I came into Dallas with the bright lights on my mind. But I came into Dallas with a dollar and a dime.

Laz: Let's see ... that's about \$1.10. 1972 dollars? Better than nothing, I'd say.

JDG: Well, Dallas is a rich man with a death wish in his eye — a steel and concrete soul with a warm-hearted-love disguise.

Laz: So you're saying that Dallas is ...

JDG: (sternly) ... a rich man who tends to believe in his own lies ... (long pause) ... Dallas is a rich man with a death wish in his eyes.

Laz: I see. Well, with all due respect, Mr. Gilmore, I don't think you've answered my question: What's wrong with Texas?

(click)

Balls of Confusion

by Robert Goulet, Jr./Reno

Hey sports fans: I've been missing-in-inaction from the National Affairs Desk for some time, but the national script has been writing itself it seems--poorly. Part of my own problem was due to my previous employer, but I finally cut the apron strings in September and after 14 years of servitude I dumped them like a load of carp. Eventually, you realize that you can't put a price on sanity, not in this insane world. Part of the national problem is that pepper spray belongs in vodka, not on the faces of kids (even misguided ones) sitting down. Time to start pricing real estate in Saskatchewan if this madness goes on.

It's a bad trip we're on, and the giant kicker is that it's not Nixon in the WH, but one of the nice guys, and we know which order they finish in. I predicted early on that Obama would be the Jimmy Carter of the 21st century, and I've got good odds on collecting that bet less than 12 months from now.



I hope to hell I'm wrong, but ultimately The People don't want a philosopher king, they just want the king part, and the only thing the Big O seems to be able to do royally is f**k up. It's not his fault entirely—the financial meltdown landing in his lap was bad timing, but he doesn't seem to get that The People want to be led, not managed. We need a

benevolent dictator, which is why I'm going to write in Joe Biden in 2012. He dresses a little too sharp at work to play well in the sticks, but he grew up in Scranton, PA for chrissake. Get him in an untucked work shirt and grind some motor oil under his fingernails, and he can slam a shot and a brew with the best of them. Besides, anyone who's banned from Dave & Buster's is AOK in my book. Justin, for that very reason I think I've just found Joe's running mate. And as far as the 99% goes: getting 99 of anything to agree on anything important is a fool's errand. Democracy has never worked like that, and for that matter socialism hasn't either. Everyone gets f**ked over at some point—some more continuously than others—but that's not a reason to give up, unless you're a sucker. Or a pussy. Nature has always had room for f**king some species over—in fact, deception is a desirable trait for short-term survival. Though in the long term, less so (ask Adolf how double-crossing Stalin worked out for him). Maybe that's it--I'm a patriot of the WWII kind, an age as old as the good old days where you could really sink your teeth into hating Nixon and all he stood for. I don't really know where I'm going with all that, just that yes it sucks but that's not a reason to stop. But maybe it is. Jesus I sound old.

So much for National Affairs for this byline. Turning to the Foreign Desk, which I've also been staffing since Manuel was deported for being a mule—a literal mule it turns out, it was no wonder his stuff was completely illegible. I've spent a fair amount of time overseas lately posing as a Swiss cheesemaking baron in an attempt to gauge the foreign take on our current domestic madness. If we don't know what the problem is, maybe the rest of the world has a better

Balls continued.

perspective. This work involved intense research regimen of drinking, tanning, reading up on US space policy, sampling exotic plants to gauge their “edifying” properties, and improving my surfing technique. I’m proud to report I can shoot through a 30-foot curl at speeds in excess of 50 mph, and I swam from Cuba to Cancun and was back in time to pull one of Captain Ron’s famous Tequila Towers, which used chilled tequila instead of water; local custom is to consume the tequila afterward, which requires a shitload of lime, but it comes with a garnish of Tums on the side.



Mornings are hell, but his mushroom omelets start the day right, and more often than not I wake up there anyway. Nobody said the rock and roll life was easy. Ultimately I’m still assessing foreign opinions. It’s a complex subject, and maybe the most important subject out there, but the international mood is difficult to distill, my language skills are feeble at best, and I’ve racked up some incidental expenses in various locales that make travelling back to those locals problematic. I’ll be needing another advance to finish, but it’s got Pulitzer written all over it. [Ed: fat chance, on both]

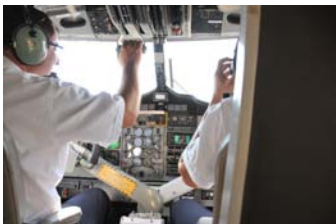
Here are a few pictures of me on assignment, just to let you know your subscription money was well spent. And as far as the future holds—when was the last time it was this bad? Well, pretty much every year—you just don’t remember it.

Keep your heads on straight and stay thirsty, my friends.

ON ASSIGNMENT SOUTH OF THE BORDER



1. RGjr reacts to learning that the Apocrypher credit line has been exceeded at this particular establishment.



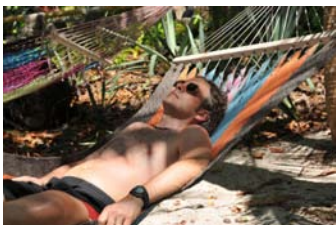
2. Adios Airlines, nonstop to Costa Rica. Fly the friendly skies.



3. This is at breakfast. For reals.



4. Taking a mid-morning break from research.



5. Being a nihilist *is* exhausting.



6. Translation: "That is a crayon, Dennis, not a watermelon. Why do you engage in capitalist sloganeering? Do you long for the yoke of Mr Wilson's oppression?"



7. Trying to buy cheese undercover in Amsterdam.



8. Breakfast on the beach after parachuting in from the strip club.



9. The Apocrypher Foreign Office in Puerto Vallarta.



10. Zed's Dead baby



11. Tools of the trade for a working journalist. Time: 9:48 a.m.



12. An actual photo of me writing something down—that is actual pen and paper in my hand.



13. Home away from home.



14. Trying to buy coke undercover in Puerto Vallarta.



15. 2nd home away from home.

AK Films - Behind the Scenes

Part One: an Explosive Talent Search

by McCauliflower/Fremont

A.K. Films' latest production, "The Pony Man," began like many motion pictures do: with a talent search. We were looking for a female lead with a certain savoir-faire. We wanted a natural beauty who could work long hours and take direction well.

Our search began on Vashon Island, at a farm called 14 Hands Clapping, where we were introduced to Oreo. Oreo was beautiful and she seemed to know it. She had a thick, lustrous blond mane; a lean, muscular body; and the kind of mouth you could feed carrots to all day long.

Unfortunately, contract negotiations went south in a hurry. Oreo's handler wanted \$150 for every day that Oreo was on set. A fee like that would have bankrupted the production, so we took a pass and moved on.

The second farm, Bridle Falls, was a veritable showcase of would-be film stars who were literally champing at the bit to be cast. But the handler who showed us around the place was making us feel uneasy. Trouble started when one of the older girls (whom we'd passed up in our talent search) started acting all agitated, whinnying and snorting. The handler wanted to make an example of her.

"Here's a little lesson in discipline," she said. "Never—and I mean never—

let 'em forget who's in charge."

And then the handler walked right up and slugged the old girl. It was a tough thing to watch, and we left Bridle Falls wishing we'd never come.

We had one last stop to make on the island: The Muzzled Snout. The farm was run by an old-timer named Gary. Being the competitive type, he demanded to know who his girls were up against. We confessed we'd scouted talent at both Bridle Falls and 14 Hands Clapping.

Gary balked at this. "Those places are run by idiots," he said. "Let me ask you something: you know anything about shipping bales of hay?"

All of us KA staffers shook our heads. We were novices, as far as hay was concerned.

"They got these compressors that take a bale of hay and make it more compact so you can get more on the truck," Gary explained. "Well, those idiots over at 14 Hands Clapping were selling compressed hay to folks. Except they didn't tell 'em it was compressed. And you know what happens if you feed that to your girls, don't you?"

Again, we shook our heads. "The girls explode," he said.

We were dumbstruck. Could this be true? Was it possible that some of the very actresses we'd visited earlier that day were in danger of... exploding?

Having thus killed our confidence in the other talent farms we'd visited that morning, Gary showed us his best girl. Her name was Gypsy, a rust-colored Dartmoor with a spot of white on her nose. At 34 years of age, Gypsy was clearly past her prime. But she was undoubtedly the deferential, submissive type we were looking for. Within minutes of meeting her, we had her eating out of our hands.

"She's got good teeth and good feet," Gary assured us.

We were worried about the price tag, but Gary said he figured whatever price we came up would be fair. It was an offer we couldn't refuse. We cast Gypsy right then and there.

You can see Gypsy's performance in A.K. Film's feature-length film "The Pony Man," which is scheduled for release in early 2012.

APOCYPHER IMAGES

Halloween 2011



Officer Dangle (front)



Officer Dangle (back)



Me, Jack Burton

The Final Threat to America



Saddam



Osama



Bieber

Ruffed Grouse Party

by Stash Zyka/Outside of Tuscon

I had a vision as an altar boy. It didn't occur between the smell of chloroform and that disoriented awakening in the rectory. No, I always made him consent. Now his house keeper, well she was fair game. Anyway, I was serving mass, sitting at the right hand of the father, staring at all the sheep-folk, watching them day dream, and I had vision, a moment of clarity, it was all laid out and made sense. My mind said, hey, this is serious shit, and it could work, but you need to be all in or all out, no half-assing it, no mailing it in, you want to live right, you have to live like Jesus did. I love Jesus. Really, who doesn't? Whether you take him as an accurate historical figure, or a moderately embellished (nearly fictional) character in a classic story, or god's son on earth, it really doesn't matter. The dude was righteous, and if you can't get behind that, then go covet your neighbor's Lexus.

So I tried to live a straight-up religious life. I failed. At 10 years-old, I couldn't make it even a week. I wasn't discouraged. Hell, I thought, I can't be a priest,

but I can still contribute. So I tried. The more involved I got, the more driven away I felt. A pattern began to form. The more devote and resolute people were about religion, the more defensive and passive aggressive they appeared. Meanwhile, the middlingers seemed to miss the point entirely. And the majority apparently had no real idea why they were there. So one day I skipped church. I went for a walk in the woods. At the time it didn't seem cliché, our house was surrounded by a corn field, two swamps and a massive woods with a river. Out in the woods, feeling a bit guilty for faking ill, I thought about why anyone would go to church instead of sleeping in, or hunting. I knew nothing at the time of business connections, posturing, politics, or fear of the unknown.

Under extreme child interrogation, most people said that they went to church either to raise their children with values, to meet other like-minded people, or because they did when they were kids. All good points. The obvious question is this, are values exclusively linked to an active religious lay-life? I could not understand how they could be. I fell

ill when I was screwing someone over, and then forever guilty. I observed that some people appeared to derive pleasure from the same instances because they felt they were winning. Where does this come from, and how come going to church wasn't helping them? There appeared to be three camps, the serious folks who went to church and disapproved of anyone who didn't. Those who showed up for the community aspect of it, but never really discussed or questioned the underlying principles (as if they molded it to make it their own), and finally, those who didn't go, like drunk uncles who refuse to be reformed, as if anyone would want to try.

Of course, the whole thing is on a spectrum, and people fit at all places along normal curve. Where did I fit? Did I believe that Jesus was the son of god? Did I believe that one had to have faith and be active in church to plant and grow good values? What would I say to those extreme to both ends, many of whom I liked and agreed with at least part of the time? Say what you want about Communism, at least it is an

Lost continued.

ethos. Therefore, what would I say to the middlingers who loved softball, bake sales and bad singing, but had no intellectual grounding in their luke-warm, quasi-convictions? I liked these people to, they just weren't very interesting. Well, the only satisfactory answer to any of these questions that I was every able to arrive at was: I don't care. At 10 years-old I decided that I didn't want anything to do with any aspect of church. I could easily follow my instincts and live a moral life. Sure I'd make mistakes, but with a little reflection and some luck, perhaps I could learn from them. After all, I wasn't named after a saint (or a sinner, as far as I am aware), I was named after an emperor, and emperors make up their own minds. As Hank said, nice customs curtesy to great kings, Hank V, not Hank Williams.

So now I sit at 40 wondering if I made the right decision. No I don't. I don't think about it at all unless someone asks. And they always ask? Are you Christian? Are you a Catholic? Which brand of Protestantism do you prefer? Oh, are you atheist? No, oh, then agnostic. I don't think I am any of them. Am I a Christian? Answer: Jesus was a righteous dude. Are you Catholic? Answer: I was baptized, communionized and confirmed, but have not attended a service since. Which brand of Protestantism do you prefer? Answer: The one that lets you walk in the woods on Sunday mornings.

Are you an atheist? Answer: I don't actively promote or deny anything except well-counseled forethought and quiet reflection. You are agnostic then? Answer: It's not that I don't know, or feel uncertain. I have made the decision not to decide, and according to Geddy Lee, that qualifies as a choice. I want to live my life with no part of it.

So why do you f**k with so many people? Answer: This stems from something else I learned when I was 10. If you get angry about your

views, then you are insecure, not the other person. And as a Vikings fan, this knowledge was lived. So it appears we need another category, since atheists believe there is no god, and agnostics believe we can't know. Allow me to propose the Ruffed Grouse Party (bull moose and honey badger were already taken). We choose to live without it, and thereby never needing to encumber our thoughts, emotions or actions with any part of it. Well, except f**king with anyone foolish enough to take the bait; call it gamesmanship.

Features

Rose.

by Johan Martin/Beacon Hill

Right now I'm in a play called Cocktails at the Center of the Earth. There are five acts & each one takes place at a different club. I play the managers of these five clubs (all brothers).

I had rehearsal for Act Two Saturday afternoon, during which I played Maxwell, the most successful of the five brothers. His ever-moving nightclub sits high atop normal human troubles on a blimp in the sky. Saturday evening I went to work.

Sunday morning, after work, I couldn't sleep so I went to the Five Point, a nice authentic dive, I

always hope plays CBGBs era punk rock on the jukebox.

Kat was there. She's always there on Sunday mornings. Her hair is stark red like Jean Grey's in an X-Men comic & she's the bartender there.

I had the Steak & Eggs with three Bloody Mary's (best damn Steak & Egg / Bloody Mary combo at 6am in the whole state of Washington).

Kat was as amazingly polite as always despite the drunk lunatic a couple stools away from me who kept constantly banging on the bar whenever this drunk lunatic ass be-

Rose continued.

came excited.

Eventually a couple Finnish boys showed up & seated themselves beside me. I wish I could mimic their accents. They were a riot.

They had no smokes so we three exited the bar to burn down mine. And then She showed up. Rose.

She was the prettiest young thing I'd seen this Side of the Rockies. She approached us to bum a smoke. I gave her one.

She was badly addicted to heroin.

Rose had a scrape on the left side of her face just under her bleached blond hair, which looked to be caused by hitting the sidewalk. She said it was other women who did it to her, women at the shelter where she stayed. These women were jealous of how pretty she was, Rose explained, so they threw her out on her face.

Rose had a jittery, though measured, jangly way of speaking.

I found that charming.

She was on methadone, she explained, & someone had stolen her methadone card. Being robbed was as bad as being raped, she said. I remember that distinctly.

The redder of the two Finns suddenly (in front of everyone) confessed to having been snorting coke all night. Not that we didn't

already know that. He'd been sniffling & snorting, with wide eyes bulging out of his big red face, since hours before I shook his hand & told him my name.

I nervously, awkwardly & as badly as possible, asked Rose if she was from here, if there was anyone she needed to call, if she needed to use my phone, if she had family here.

There was someone she needed to call. Ryan. "A Friend."

I told her she could use my phone. Rose stated that Ryan's number was in her phone, which was dead at the moment & needed to be recharged inside the Five Point, which we were standing right outside of. We got her in there (on the restaurant side), then waddled back over to our bar stools & endless whining. I felt sad. I felt worried.

I told the redder of the two Finnish boys this, the one who was trying his best to wind down from a coke jag, the one who was seated right beside me.

He kindly, in so many words, let me know, Rose was "a junky, mate. She seems sweet, but you know. . ."

No.

No, my Bloody Mary did taste sour now. I didn't want to be here anymore. I wanted Rose to be okay. I didn't care if people thought I was a sucker for caring about her. I never liked other people anyway. I closed

my tab, bid Kat a fond farewell (explicitly stating I hoped to see her next week), walked out the bar, slapping each Finn squarely & harshly on the belly, & I found Rose.

KHAOS EDITORIAL



Brett

Markle



Well I was gonna do an article for this issue of the Apocrypher titled, "The Soaker". Basically the "soaker", often mistakenly confused for a superhero because of the name, is a person that puts his or her dishes or other food items in the sink and runs some water on the mess rather than throwing them away or rinsing them off.

They then walk away and come back later to find a homogenized mess of watery film covered flotsam and jetsam that probably houses the cure for herpes. I guess we'll never know.

Since this is the second to last issue of the Apocrypher and my "editorial" was starting to sound like a bad Seinfeld joke and the deadline is tonight. I decided to take a moment and give props to the man himself, Dr. Gonzo. Thanks for putting this rag together and giving some of us something to read on our iPhone while we're pooping at work, and a creative outlet that so many of us need so we don't drink ourselves to death. Besides, anything is better than doing dishes, right? Dr. Gonzo this soak is for you.

Common Sense

by T-Pain/Maple Leaf

One of the most missed quotes of the day, year, and possibly decade from today's paper.

"The contrast between Bush's handling of Iraq and Afghanistan and Obama's handling of Libya is breathtaking. No ground footprint, no U.S. casualties and no responsibility for the day after."

Former CIA officer

By the way, we will finally be out of Iraq at the end of the year.

By the way, he also had the biggest deficit deal in history basically signed with John Boehner but was ambushed by the tea party. I thought the tea party wanted deficit reduction but apparently just want to oppose anything Obama wants and mainly want him out of office. They want change but are unable to meet in the middle. The middle is where deals are made and most of American's live and believe in.

By the way, give him 4 more years and we will be out of Afghanistan and he'll probably fix a lot more things OR vote for Romney/Bachmann/Perry/Cain and lower the taxes for the rich even lower (already at the lowest in the last 60 years) and have divisive social issues thrown in your face. If the rich are the job creators...then why hasn't their vast increase in wealth the last 10 years driven unemployment down?

If you are interested in deficit reduction then re-examine health care. If you ask people in the profession there is only one way to control costs but the boogey man(healthcare giants and pharmaceutical companies) made the phrase unsayable. I will only put it's initials here. U. H. C.

Maybe one day we will actually get a sensible energy plan that does not center on oil, coal, and natural gas. Yes we will need these in the immediate future but we need to invest heavily in alternative energy and create those jobs here or China will create them. By the way if natural gas is so popular, and I have it in my house, then why do all those people who cannot drink from their own wells and are able to light their faucets on fire have to sign a non-disclosure agreement with the natural gas companies when they settle in court? Also per well drilled... they pump over 600,000,000 gallons of water and chemicals, which they do not have to tell anyone what they are, into the well. Only 300,000,000 are pumped back out and treated. Where does the rest go? The locals know.

Gas costs around \$3 to \$4/gallon depending upon where you live. Including all the subsidies, army bases in countries we saddle up to, etc...the cost per gallon of gas is more like \$8/gallon. If you don't like welfare or want welfare reform...think about that every time you fill up your tank. The

taxpayers subsidize another \$4 on top of EACH GALLON OF GAS YOU BUY. Think electric. Think bikes. Think skateboards. Think sailboats (that one is for my father-in-law).

I don't agree with everything Obama does and I don't disagree with all Republican's ideas...anyone who is honest should say the same, but looking at the other side currently and their platform....I don't even find my choice hard to make. It's embarrassing when maybe their best candidate... Jon Huntsman...can only muster 2.5% of the ratings when he is the most down the middle of all their candidates. It is a shame our choices have turned into a popularity contest fueled by radicals and chosen by people who would rather watch Dancing with the Stars rather than really looking at what people pay on their taxes, etc. By the way the highest tax bracket in the U.S. is 35% currently but the average taxes they pay is around 18%. Don't let them fool you. Also Obama was willing to lower corporate tax rates down from ~35% to 23-24% in the deficit reduction deal but that was kabooshed also.

Take your time and learn these things and then vote. Without knowing the issues you're voting for a Dancing with the Stars candidate.

KHAOS TOP TEN LIST



Notorious

V.I.G.

All good things must end and it is almost the Apocrypher's turn. What next, they develop a gel to remove body hair permanently? Mmmm, gel.

TOP TEN REASONS KA IS COMING TO AND END

10. DOC G HEADING TO BARSTOW TO WAIT FOR THE DRUGS TO TAKE HOLD.
9. THE ONION CALLED, THEY WANT THEIR PREMISE BACK.
8. STAFFERS FINALLY REALIZING SOMEDAY THEIR KIDS MIGHT READ THIS CRAP.
7. STAFFERS FINALLY REALIZING NOBODY IS READING THIS CRAP.
6. ITS OBAMA'S FAULT.
5. GOING TO SPEND MOST OF MY TIME AT THE MALL SHOWING OFF MY SUGAR LUMPS. THEY LOOK SO GOOD THAT'S WHY I KEEP THEM IN THE FRONT.
4. KA JUMPED THE SHARK A LONG, LONG TIME AGO. I'M SURPRISED SCOTT BAIO WASN'T HIRED TO WRITE TOP 10'S. I'M SURE THE SALARY IS RIGHT UP HIS ALLEY.
3. ALL THE GOOD WRITERS ARE LEAVING FOR NBC TO WORK ON A NEW GAME SHOW STAR RING CHARLIE SHEEN AND SARAH PALIN, CALLED "MENTAL MIDGETS". CONTESTANTS HAVE TO ASK QUESTIONS, THEN GUESS IF SHEEN AND PALIN ARE ON DRUGS, ACTING OR JUST STUPID.
2. MUCH LIKE INCEPTION, KA JUST KEEPS GOING AND GOING AND GETTING MORE AND MORE CONFUSING...
1. DR. GONZO AND DA BEAN ARE FINALLY GETTING THE BAND BACK TOGETHER.

KHAOS POETRY



R.J.

Duke

Random Haikus

five minutes of work
 for seventeen syllables
 ancient ruled verse
 ----/-----/-----
 cougar paws her drink
 she weighs the heat of her prey
 cigarettes tonight
 ----/-----/-----
 yeoman chickadees
 fending off December gales
 need seeds every day
 ----/-----/-----
 in halcyon youth
 abundant white tailed deer
 were majestic stags
 ----/-----/-----
 a five seven five
 sounds like a fly dragon fly
 not honey bee hive
 ----/-----/-----
 mommy cardinal
 lipstick and eye shadow on
 slumps on a thin branch
 ----/-----/-----
 don't say cicada
 their cyclic cycles create
 daily tree top shrills
 ----/-----/-----

Another Autumn

So much has been written about Fall
 So little by those who hate it
 rampant dormancy and death
 our Savior's ignominious retreat
 frigid, teary winds
 sickness on the wing
 Providence's betrayal
 Winter's aborted Spring
 the bastard child of Kerberos
 a venom spitting cur
 grey on grey
 a banished childhood
 the proverbial beginning
 of the interminable end
 F**k Fall

KHAOS APPAREL

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Gravity Gun (reissue)



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Form of the Hammer



Taco Punchy's

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KHAOS KLASIFIEDS



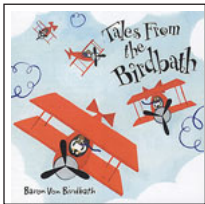
Artificial Khaos Productions presents the new face of Khaos. Check out the newly designed web site. A new media section collects most of our film and video projects in one convenient place. Enjoy. Click on graphic teleport.



Retrofitted Designs



Elemental Studio



Birdbath Radio



MIKE WILKINSON WOOD



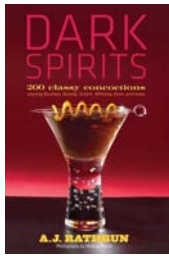
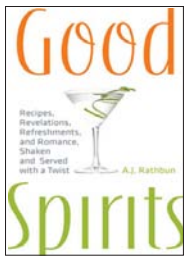
A.J. Rathbun



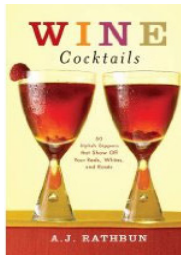
Alex Doerffler Photography



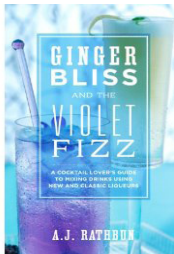
McCauliflower



Bruno Press



The TOC



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