

**ARTIFICIAL KHAOS NEWSLETTER**



***Spring 2003***

## The Board of the Rings : Big Top Whistler

by Dr. Gonzo

A wondrous tale begins this issue of the Khaos Newsletter. It follows a Fellowship of Six through an arduous journey north in search of a ring of great powder. They were minus a few companions; one of them, whom in spite of his small stature, would have been great help in hauling all our crap up to the Great White North. The hirsute footed Boudjo Baggins dared not leave the Shire for fear of getting his brand new gas grill stolen in the dead of winter. Another, the largely overrated Purple Bruise, would not make this journey for reasons unbeknownst to the Six. Most importantly, his absence left us wondering about his new ski jacket of beautifully matching (eye) colors.

Alas, members of this intrepid group ventured from far and wide. Two hailed from the City of Angels, one, mistakenly named the saint brought his trusty accomplice Captain B. It took great courage for these two to leave the peaceful and plastic city of smog and journey up to the lands of hideously disfigure and pale non-Californians. Their bravery will be

legendary for eons to come. The other two fled from the frigid lands of Minnesota barely escaping another Friday night happy hour at Brothers. The infamous terrible lizard A-bomb was able to use 5 of his 173 annual paid days off to journey to the Emerald City. And finally, the most educated of our group, the Crapper, with 18 plus years of undergraduate and graduate erudition found time to flee the confines of her rat infested condo. They congregated in the small bunker on Francis Avenue with Christi the Clown and yours truly.

The mystical six slipped through customs without incidence and became immediately lost on the vast and unmarked highways of Canada. Two words for the fine department of transportation (DOT) up north, f\*&^ing signage. A few wrong turns later we passed through Vancouver the city of water and glass onto the winding passage that lead to Whistler.

Age is one thing the Fellowship of Six cannot escape and naps were in great need after the arrival. We had

the horrible tales of dismal snowfall and miserable mountain conditions but were awakened to the sight of snowfall which vanquished our fears. However, no amount of snow could keep us from acting like idiots all the way down the mountain, all day long. Armaments of snowballs were littered about the hundreds of acres of groomed runs. A six grade pitcher couldn't throw that many balls. Amazingly all body parts remained in tact and another day of riding would be waiting. 25 centimeters of snow would fall that day and night. The quest for the ring of powder did not fail. Since no one remembered to ice their throwing arm the risk of getting smacked in the back of the head by an ice ball was greatly reduced.

The trek back home was uneventful and no lives were lost. The weary travelers parted company and went their separate ways, to rest their bodies and regenerate their livers. <sup>ak</sup>

## Ike Reilly at the Turf Club, or How Stu Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Rock by Stu

---

Things are bleak. We'll be at war soon. The economy is in the tank. The Space Shuttle blew up, and you just know that it took all the effort he could muster for George Bush not to blame it on Saddam Hussein. Joe Strummer's dead, Vince Neil is on the WB. Worse still, Kangaroo Jack.

In other words, I needed the Rock more than I normally do. Thank Jeebus, then, for Ike Reilly, and for the ridiculous fact that he's only popular enough to fill the Turf Club and not the State Theatre or the Target Center. He's stuck playing dive bars when he should be inspiring Springsteen-like (at the very least, Tweedy-like) adulation and embarrassing yearbook quotes. Bad for him, good for the Hipsters.

Earlier in the evening, Wife and I had the grand idea to hit a couple of the finer establishments in NE Minneapolis before heading to St. Paul. Along for the ride was our lawyer friend, Poster.

We briefly stopped in to the Gasthaus, where the servers all dress like Bavarian maids and shoot peppermint snoos up your nose with a Snuff Catapult (none of this is exaggerated).

We briefly stopped in to the Gasthaus, where the servers all dress like Bavarian maids and shoot peppermint snoos up your nose with a Snuff Catapult (none of this is exaggerated). Unfortunately, there was a private party, so we weren't even able to stay for a shot of apple schnapps or St. Pauli Girl in a 32 oz. glass boot (again, no hyperbole).

This led us to Nye's Polonaise Room, which was practically empty as the Nye's house band, The World's Most Dangerous Polka Band, wasn't scheduled to play for a couple more hours. We settled into a glitter vinyl booth with some tap Bass Ales and bemoaned the state of the world, which gave me the lead paragraph for the review.

Beers finished and grievances aired, sober Wife drove us back to Poster's loft, and we cabbied it to the Turf Club. The opening band, the Rakes, seemed okay, but we swiftly adjourned to the basement's Clown Lounge for a little more space and eazy bar access. Once the bartender informed us that Ike would be on in 15 minutes, we scurried upstairs to get a decent spot. Right on time, Ike came out wearing a khaki shirt, blue jeans, mirrored aviator shades and a good haircut.

He led off with a new one titled, I'm guessing, "We're the Ex-Americans," a pretty neat, angry, working-class liberal rant. He followed that up with "We're Getting Loaded" off his new EP and "Commie Drives a Nova," which maintains its status as a Perfect Song in a live setting.

Ike was now soaking wet, the crowd was insane, and rather than slow it down for some ballads, he insisted on the Rock. So, we get "Cash is King," "Hip Hop Thighs," and "Angels & Whores" in short order. The place is Vietnam at this point. Ike then announced that he's gonnaplay a new one on acoustic guitar. The intensity level flagged a bit, Ike got through the first verse, and realized he's too drunk to remember the next chord change. So, we get "Put a Little Love in It" acoustic and the singalong was of "'Piano Man' at a crap college bar" proportions. In other words, loud. He did finally slow it down with a couple of the slower ones off of Salesmen and Racists, but he kept the shades on. Totally Rock.

I should mention that at this point, I was guzzling Hamm's & Morgan/Cokes simultaneously, and I turned to Poster and said,

Ike Reilly

continued from page 2

"You know, if there's any justice in this world, we're seeing Springsteen at the Stone Pony in 1972 right now." He nodded. There being no justice, it's probably more like seeing the Replacements at the Entry in 1982, but genius is genius.

Other pre-encore selections: "Last Time" (filthy), "I Don't Want What You Got Going On" (radio-ready), and a new one that I really liked at the time and remember nothing about right now. Like I said, Hamm's and Morgan. The encore: "Duty Free" and "My Wasted Friends."

More group singalongs, more fist-pumping, more more more until we had to go, fat and happy with the Rock.

If I had any faith in people getting what they deserved, I'd say, "Go see Ike Reilly, while it only costs \$8." Since that's not the reality we live in, I'll just say, "Go see Ike Reilly, before he has to get a day job." ak

## NASCAR Fires Up the Emerald City

by Dr. Gonzo

Famous NASCAR driver and 4 time Brick Yard champ, Dill Trickle and his cross-dressing pit crew members:

## Top 10 Things I've Learned while Unemployed

by the Notorious V.I.G.

10. Government pays well for a fat kid to sit around in his underwear playing Xbox all day.
9. The more free time I have the less exercise I do.
8. It is easier to refill empty beer bottles with water and recap them, then listen to incessant nagging about drinking too much.
7. The job market sucks more than a Tijuana Crack Whore at a Japanese Business Convention.
6. Always resting beer bottles on top of stomach will cause ring stains on t-shirts.
5. kklklklklkiioiklkllooioioikk (ignore that, an M&M was logged in the keyboard.
4. Underwear functions fine after 3 continuous days of wear and tear.
3. Toughest decision to make in a day is whether to shower or not.
2. Muumuu's are practical and affordable.
1. Unemployed + fat + hairy = 100% man candy... ak

Snuggles the Clown (aka Chuckles) and Kiki Rodriguez raced into town for a brief but exciting weekend.

NASCAR

continued from below

This was the first time Kiki stepped one of his size 14 pumps into the Great Northwest and he loved every minute. Since the race wasn't until Sunday the "boys" spent their time frequenting some of Seattle's most famous liquor establishments. The gang also got to hang out with various players of Seattle's underground domino scene. I was also amazed at how many kinds of meat these ladies can eat at one sitting. Pig, fowl, nor fish were safe from the jaws of these large fiends. The events concluded on Sunday with Dill Trickle's crew landing a nice Second place finish in the race and a First place finish in "Best evening gown wear by a pit crew". ak

*(ed. Chris Dill's name was changed in this article to protect his anonymity)*

## March 1st, 2003-Day of the Bean

by Dr. Gonzo

Jellybean celebrated his 29th birthday at the gloriously rustic Rimrock Steakhouse and Lounge in Lake City, WA. He was treated to some of the best gristled beef and cheap beer anyone his age could want. Your gift is in the mail. ak

## New Khaos Newsletter design wows the judges at Sundance

by Dr. Gonzo

The judges panel at the Sundance Film Festival in Utah awarded Artificial Khaos the Grand Jury prize for their innovative new newsletter format. This was the first time in the history of the festival that a film didn't win the award. Close runners up were the documentary, "A Greek Tragedy: The unfortunate making of My Big Fat Greek Wedding" and the new independent film, "Rise and Fall of the Man of the Year: The Peter Theirl Story". The members of Art

Khaos partied it up with the likes of Johnny Depp and Richard Grieco, who were there promoting their new feature length film, "Return to Jump Street". As suspected, members of Duct Tape Todd were also on hand to play Tom Cruise's party. They closed the night with 17 minute jam cover of Sundown. There wasn't a dry eye in the house. Cruise was there promoting his new film, "The Life and Times of Jimmy Wilkinson". Cruise directs and stars in the biopic. The

soundtrack of which will be out on Salty Pear Records this summer. The movie is due in limited release in late August 2003. The success at this years festival has prompted Art Khaos to start work on their first feature film which will be out sometime after the screenplay is written and the movie is actually filmed. ak

## The Last 5 Things I've Seen

by RJ Duke

Reviewing movies is a complicated art and science. Too much art and folks might think you're a axe-to-grind groundling. Too much science and you come across a pretentious twirp. Example? Okay, for instance, if I say that the last movie I saw should have been called Big Fat Inspid Tripe because it's one of the most unoriginal films I've seen in my life, where I cared less for the characters and their stereotypically contrived little lives than I do the people who pick up my garbage on Thursdays, a movie that only tepidly appeals to listless middle-age women on a run of damn hard luck, I run the risk of offending people, and coming across as negative and possibly uncouth. Conversely, if I say the plot  
(cont. page 5)

## Riding in the Crown Vic

by Dr. Gonzo

The day of infamy has been set. June 28, 2003 the artist formerly known as Drix, Chim Chim, Drizzle the Schnizzle, the Terror of Tiny Town will be getting married on the shores of Lake Gitchegumme. The usual suspects are likely to show up and help Drix and his new wife ring in the new marriage. One question on everybodies mind, "where has Dark Tim been lurking?" Keep your fingers crossed that he's a no show. ak  
(ed. The actual date of the wedding may be the 27th, I haven't received an invite yet)

## Buy Artificial Khaos apparel: It's the right thing to do.

by Dr. Gonzo

One thing that is guaranteed to get the economy out of this slump is to buy Khaos products. The entire revenue generated by Khaos Productions this year has been from yours truly. Not even my mom has bought anything from me in months. Look for our new promotional emails to flood your inboxes next to the penis and breast enhancement spam. I'd hate to start laying off staff, so go to the web site right now and buy something. ak

## 5 Things

continued from page 4

was your typical post-My Fair Lady flimflam, and that the characters were flat and banally obtuse, or that the direction and editing was mussed like \$5 hair cut on a windy day, and if I even pretend to know what the producers were thinking, I may sound like the Grey Eagle from the Muppet Show reviewing a Tori Amos album for Rolling Stone, and I completely run the risk of forgetting what the hell I was even talking about. So what I'd like is simply list the last 5 things I've seen in the order


that I appreciated them -- sort of a relative, but weighted index -- from best to worst: (one being the best)

**One:** That IBM commercial where they steal the servers.

**Two:** When a woman in my office nailed her funny bone on a door knob.

**Three:** Star Trek: The Next Generation episode where Data learns poetry.

**Four:** An old Mark Trail comic strip where absolutely nothing happens.

**Five:** My Big Fat Greek Wedding 

## Call for Articles

Send your stories, reviews, anecdotes, or jibberish to us at Artificial Khaos. Print, design and photography will be evaluated for publication. We will be accepting submission for the Summer newsletter immediately.

## Artificial Classifieds

### KUNG FU MUSIC CLUB

Join the Music Club now and get...Unlimited CDs FREE plus shipping and processing! Customer Service Department at [kungfumike@msn.com](mailto:kungfumike@msn.com) for more online specials and other ways to maximize your CD membership.

*Send classified advertisements to the editor. They will be run free of charge.*

*There will be a 75 word limit.*

**HAPPY 30th BIRTHDAY GRACE!**

### DRUMMER WANTED

Rock and Roll. Band is local Super group with former member of the Lids, Complicity, and Styx. Those prone to spontaneous combustion need not apply. Vocals a plus.

### Coming Soon

The new edition of HUSKYBOY!

### DRGONZO PRESENTS

-Summer of Rock and Roll  
-Fall from Disgrace  
-Winter of Discontent  
-Spring for the Masses (*coming soon*)  
Mucic compilations for the extremely astute listener.

### Artificial Khaos Productions

Editor: Dr Gonzo

Sales: the saint

Circulation: Dr Gonzo

Marketing: RJ Duke