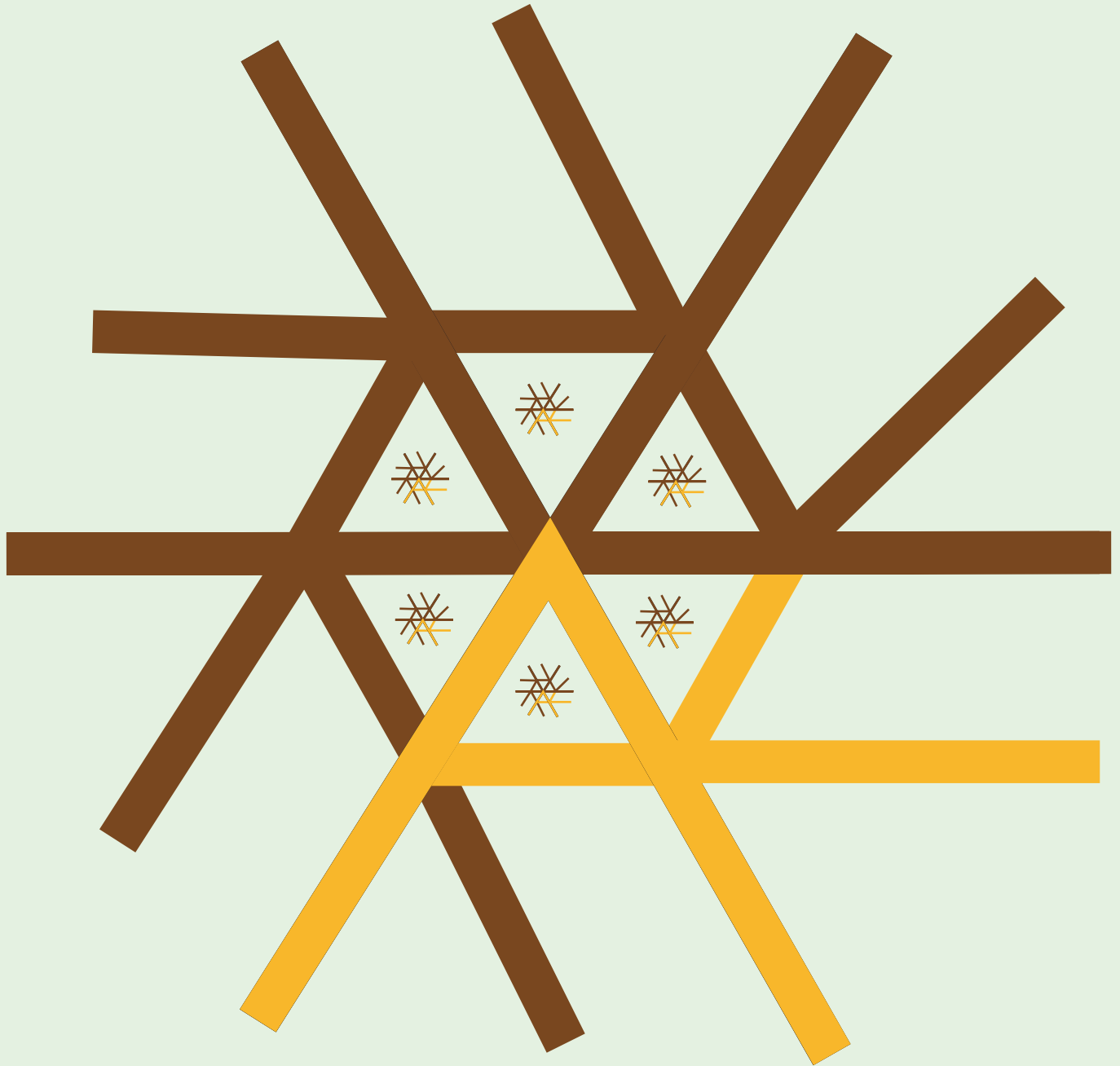


*SPRING ISSUE (VOL 5:1)*

*THE KHAOS APOCRYPHER*



*WWW.ARTIFICIALKHAOS.COM*

# THE KHAOS APOCRYPHER

free

Seattle | WA

Spring Newsletter


volume | 5 (1)



Brooze and new “freind” get close at the condo

## Brooze: Midnight Cowboy

by Dr Gonzo

A picture tells a thousand words. The annual Mammoth ski trip turned the Brooze into a local celebrity. The wholesome boy from Minnesota was an instant hit with the “locals”. Brooze was in California with his girlfriend Dee, whom recently was picked to play Avril Lavigne’s sister in the new WB sitcom, “Punk Grrl”. On a routine trip to the liquor store, the Brooze ran into a Mammoth Lakes gigolo (pictured) and made quick friends. The pair hit it off and partied well into the night with the Brooze’s posse at his condo. The gigolo could not be reached for comment. 

## Artificial Khaos: The next decade of deception

by Dr Gonzo

A new chapter in the saga in the life of Art Khaos is about to begin. The past decade has brought enormous amount of joy to those involved, however a large fiscal deficit for the founders. All that will start to change with the introduction of the brand new website. The site should be revealed simultaneously with the distribution of the Spring newsletter. The new site will be more user friendly and include a vast amount of content never before seen to our readers.


The apparel section will now include links to all the merchantile. All shirt designs will be for sale as well as other must have products. This does not exclude the future of more Khaos screenprinted shirts, but as I sated early, turning over our new leave involves making money

The print section will include all the newsletters in an easy to view format. Short stories will soon be added as well as reviews of most anything. If you have reviews of your favorite Duct Tape Todd shows, please send to [artificialkhaos@yahoo.com](mailto:artificialkhaos@yahoo.com). Also, our large collection of lyrics will finally be posted. As always, we accept all submission of

print and will try to get your stuff posted with immediacy. Contact the editor for questions.

The most exciting part of the new website will be the Film section. The Great Midwestern Pharm Accident will be posted in it’s entirety. Future film projects will be available as they near completion.

We hope to add more artwork as time permits. If you have something you want to display; photos, posters, designs, mug shots, please send.

The founders of Art Khaos would like to sincerely thank all of our devoted fans over the past decade. Confusion, joy, madness and fabrication have made us the fastest growing corporation of fictional production. We’ve had wonderful fun over the past decade bringing you the latest in music and print. Many of the thanks goes to the writing staff at the newly renamed, Khaos Apocrypher. Without your contributions the newsletters would be a lot shorter. But still funny. I also want to thank Al Gore for the interent and allowing us a medium to post our rantings. Gore 2008! 

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P.O. Box 665-6667**Hell and the Rockstar: Kurt and Elliot***by Stu*

“Twilight,” Elliott Smith, From a Basement on the Hill

Strolling around whatever ring of the Netherworld is reserved for the self-negating (my Dante is rusty), Smith runs into Kurt Cobain. “Hey, Kurt,” Smith mumbles. “sup?”

“Not much,” Cobain nods. “Same old, same old. Satan keeps making me and Layne Staley fight for a syringe full of junk, and I win every time. Everytime I try to tie off, though, I get a mental image of an SUV full of frat brothers singing along to Teen Spirit and throwing eggs at anyone who doesn’t look like them. I start to shake, the syringe drops and shatters on the ground, and I have to fight Staley again.”

“Yeah,” Smith nods back. “He’s pretty clever, but think how rough it’s gotta be on the Alice in Chains dude. You even overshadow him in hell!”

“I suppose. I hear that after he loses to me, he has to listen to the entire Candlebox catalog and the Temple of the Dog record before fighting again.”

“I guess that’s why they call it Hell, huh?”

“Pretty much.” Cobain looks at his watch. “Hey, look, I’ve gotta get to New Arrivals. Some guy who says my lyrics made him kill his dog and himself is showing up, and I’m supposed to point at him and laugh while Hitler makes out with his dad. Satan hates guys who kill dogs.”

“Wow. I always figured the Dark Prince for a cat person, but to each their own. See ya.”

“You, too. Hey, ‘Twilight’ off your last record, that was a real heart-breaker, man.”

“Thanks.” **ak****Last Atom to Leave (lyrics)***by Dr Gonzo*I was sitting at a bar on a Thursday night,  
only it was a Wednesday afternoon.The TV hanging in the corner played  
an old show from before I was born.

This may be my last drunk, the spaceships just landed outside the door. I crept to the front and put my ear solemnly to the floor, maybe that was an explosion; a smattering of atoms, a brief vacuum core. Everyone on the outside has been vaporized, dispersed to the atmosphere with no eulogy in form.

Only me left in an empty bar waiting for Prefect to transport me aboard. I’ll be the last atom to leave (this place), the earth is no more. **ak***Ed. - the second verst and other fabulous lyrics can be found on the new website.*

## I Am a Jelly Doughnut [sic]: Teutonic Travels

by Herr Kung Fu Mike

JFK's alleged flub was one of Urban Legend. C'mom! You're pretty naive if you think Kennedy wasn't coached, like a slow witted boxer learning a tag line for a commercial, with at least three foreign language coaches specializing in German and various Bavarian dialects. The man had only one line at the end of his speech to deliver in German to Berliners on that spring day in 1963 - just one f#@king line to dis the commie sons-a-bitches and tell the East Germans he was "one with them". There was no way he was going to blow that one line, no way "Ich bin eine Berliner" would not be uttered with the best possibly dialect, intonation and cadence. True, native Berliners would have said, "Ich bin Berliner" (dropping the 'eine') and had they said, "Ich bin eine Berliner" they would have received funny stares, but JFK was not a native Berliner and in the context of the situation, he said it perfectly. The people were elated he spoke to them in their native tongue and, contrary to the legend, did not walk away with a mental image of a large fruit filled pastry with a New England accent and a pretty haircut.

It's for this reason that, despite my non-pacifist leanings, I don't think I'm the focus of many European's animosity towards Americans. No, I think it has more to do with the four asses from Detroit in their high-tops and Lions jerseys, drunk at 11 in the morning and the impression they left on early morning commuters with their boisterous reading of a sign on the wall at Langwasser U-Bahn station on the outskirts of Nuremberg. "FRAGEN SIE EN-FAK DIE AUS FAHRTER!" "ASS FARTER... that's funny! Did you read that Joe?!" (pee-inducing laughter follows).

Christ, I was hoping the train would jump the tracks and crush them into an indiscernible pulp of Budweiser, Nike logos and CK1.

Although I was wearing a long black wool coat, black pants and a grey sweater - blending in and not giving off the slightest Amerikaner vibe - one of the guys walked right up to me and asked, "What time is it?" Not, "Excuse me please, I don't


speak German, do you speak English? Can you please tell me what time it is?"

And certainly not, "Wie Spat es ist, bitte?"

You'd think between the four of them, they could have cobbled together a few simple phrases. One could have taken a semester at a community college and matriculated with, 'What time is it, please?' in German and another, "Wo sind die Toiletten?"

My German is pretty rudimentary and I'm sure that on more than one occasion, "May I see the menu?" was interpreted as, "May I see your pregnant daughter?" But I know just trying to speak the native language was very much appreciated (it certainly had a Berlin crowd fawning over JFK). Even with only a simple greeting and a "how are you?" in German I was treated very warmly.

My answer to the dink? "Ich spreche keine English."

I could be wrong though, perhaps the animosity is not directed at the small minority of ego-centric Americans who think we invented fire, food and f#@king, perhaps it's directed at the Hollywood producers who decided it was a good idea to release the last three Tommy Lee Jones movies?? 

## Ramblings of a Redneck

by Bloomer

Fuch's wedding

Hotel rooms on the way down \$200

Gas for trip \$150

Being able to prove that Fuchs really got married to

a willing participant..... Priceless

Top three things overheard at the Fuchs Wedding.


3. The discussion as to why the Ford Minivan is better than the Chevy Minivan

2. My 3 year olds conversation with a man whose ultimate goal in life used to be to step on a DT's chest after he pancake blocked him into the end zone.

(Redneck cont page 4, top)

1. Two guys that used to be most worried about “Going to the Basement” discussing the effects of breast feeding on a new born baby’s digestive system. (this is a true story)

Thank goodness they are going to allow Oil Drilling in ANWR. We have to do something with Alaska. If we don’t get some resources out of it what good is it. Hey Gooch anything you can do to speed up the pipelines will be a help to me. The cost of gas is killing me down here.

The most recent brew to be tapped at O’Flanagan’s Pub is a Honey Wheat that is amazing. If you are in the area stop by for a pint. 

## Trapped in Munchkinland


by Kyles, the PhD of Plastic

One of the more difficult adjustments I’ve been making over the last few years has been interacting with the children of friends. They are springing up like fat men at a buffet grand opening. I suppose that is one of the side effects of the disease staring me from around the corner: middle age. I am now certain that this is something you never get used to until you start making mini versions of yourself. Forget logic, for Munchkins can not be reasoned with. They only stare back blankly like a teenager trying to make change sans cash register. Munchkins never seem to slow down. What the hell are they on? A sick mixture of sugar, nicotine, caffeine and crack, or something? You never know what will happen next. Just what an adult obsessed with structure to the edge of OCD needs.

This summer I went on a weekend outing with friends who now have three young daughters. Truckin’ along with everything cool until surprise, their eldest starts throwing up all over herself and the back seat. Luckily my height had delegated me to the front seat or I would have been wearing it. Oh, the smell! I was gagging and retching from it. Was this some sort of sick justice for all the times I drank myself into a bulimic state? Damn you, karma! Visions of jumping out the window or even throwing her out the window to end the suffering danced through my head. Her

parents? Unfazed, of course. Their mucus membranes have long since been burned out from the chemical warfare exuding from their children.

In a recent visit to see friends in Milwaukee, I faced the horror again. When I first arrived, their daughters were hiding and shy for about 30 minutes. I would have treasured the time so much more if I knew what lay in store for me. I quickly became their jungle gym/reading-guinea-pig/play-toy much to the humor of my friends. In the most humiliating act to date, their eldest enlisted me into both “dress-up Barbie” and “getting the hair done”. To a single guy without kids, these are code words for “remove testicles and place in jar”. Sliding a ballerina outfit onto a naked, yet apparently still androgynous, Barbie with fingers far too large for the job left me with a macabre blend of feelings somewhere between that of a pervert and a stalker. Then apparently “having your hair done” means agreeing to have your hair ripped out by the roots as they “comb” your hair. I’ll admit to anything, just please stop the hurting!


All I’m asking for is some mercy should I or anyone without kiddies ever visit you and your wee ones. Degrading me to get even for all the sh#t we did when we were younger is not fair. I have not matured yet, so no more play time; feed me and take me drinking! 

## WB and the Bear

by Rev. Wild Bill

So last night Bear, the dog, barked for half an hour straight. I got the kids to bed and grabbed the 22, a flashlight and went out to hunt coyotes. There’s a lot around lately. Bear led me down the driveway. I turned on the flashlight to see lots of eyes looking at me from the end of the driveway. I put a shell in and called Bear back, He was going crazy and growling. I aimed down the driveway and heard a click as I pulled the trigger. So that dud got ejected. I got my shaking fingers to load another shell and shot. they just moved around some and snorted at me. I thought what animal snorts? Cows maybe, I walked closer with another shell loaded and saw big animals not coyotes. The neighbors had put cows and horses in the pasture

*(Bear cont page 5, top)*

at the end of the driveway. I looked the animals over and didn't see any holes or blood on the horses. Thank God I'm not a very good shot. 

## Product Review: Apple iPod Shuffle

by Sam "Tech-boy" Chao with G. Knoll

I've been told I am a marketer's dream. I've had the Gordita, the Chalupa, and every other tortilla/cheese/ground beef variant Taco Bell has cooked up because of their television advertising. It's no mystery, then, that I decided to look into the Apple iPod Shuffle. Besides, they used the song "Jerk it Out" in their ad. It's like Apple is doing 1:1 advertising—that is, they were completely in tune to my needs and hobbies.

A few days after I saw the ad, I strolled into the Apple Store. Going to the Apple Store is a great experience. I have always felt the biggest gift you can ever give your children is to be stinking, monkeyf@#king rich, and going into the Apple store makes me feel like one of these privileged kids because I was now shopping where they do.

The store was only lightly peppered with Mac users that day. Mac users are generally easy to ID. To stereotype, I would say their typical upbringing is upper middle on up. They attended college and majored in humanities. They live beyond the means of those with their typical income thanks to mom and dad, even at age 32. They typically brag about how fast their G-something Mac is and how ugly PCs are. One exception to this was the guy who helped me, because, well, he's in retail. Anyway, the dialogue went something like this:

"Can I help you?"

"Yeah, I'm interested in the iPod Shuffle."

"Okay, here it is."

"Do you know if I have to use iTunes with it? I am a PC user."

"They have iTunes for the PC."

"I know, but I don't like it."

"Why?" <sneer>

"Because my music is not well tagged, and I can't find anything in iTunes."

"Oh...I don't know."

"Thanks (for nothing)."

iTunes notwithstanding, I was impressed with

the Shuffle. It is very light, compact, and straight forward. There is no display, but why would I care if this is for music I'd listen to while running? Aside from the usual buttons (play, stop, forward, back, volume) there is a button you push to display battery life, in the form of green, amber, and red. The capacity is 512MB (it also comes in a 1GB model) which may not be good as a primary music player, but nice as a compact "sports" model. Of course, it is called a "Shuffle" because of the shuffle mode switch, which can be adjusted to play the songs in order if desired. Charging the built-in battery and loading music is all done using the USB connector so no other cables or chargers are needed. The Shuffle also comes with a white lanyard and signature white Apple headphones. The headphones are compulsory if you want to "look the part" at the gym. It was nice of Apple to introduce an entry-level product so that poor folks can fit in as well.

The Shuffle has so many things going for it, but will it work without iTunes? To Google (Nasdaq:GOOG) I went and found a posting about how you can copy music directly because Windows will just recognize the Shuffle as a drive. Perfect, I thought, and went ahead and bought one. My mistake.

I eagerly tore the package open and plugged the Shuffle into my Dell. XP immediately found a driver and iTunes popped up. "When the hell did I install iTunes?!" I thought. It turns out that when you install Quicktime, you've agreed to iTunes as well. That's fine, I pondered, I'll just tell iTunes not to launch. After scanning a bunch of option screens, I found the right one and now I was ready to put music onto my Shuffle. I opened the XP "My Music" folder and dragged a couple of songs into the Shuffle folder structure. I plugged in my headphones: no music. I then tried putting the song files in various places, still no music. Finally I downloaded EphPod, a lighter program to use in place of iTunes, still nada. I went back to Google and found the posting saying it was possible, but then scrolled down and found other postings saying this wasn't true. Okay, back to iTunes. Great.

Oh iTunes, how do I hate thee? Let me count

*(Shuffle cont page 6, top)*

the ways:

- I can't find or use music through the directory structure.
- It is heavy and memory intensive, constantly doing "stuff",
- It attempts to take over all multimedia functions.

But mainly, I hate it because it is part of the Apple machine. It constantly steers you into the Apple Music store, where you can buy music you can't share with anyone or use on any other device other than an iPod. If only Mac lovers understood how evil this scheme is. To be fair, Microsoft offers the WMA format which is similar, but I don't see an "MSPod" dominating the market. Apple is effectively creating a monopoly around computer-based music. I always view Mac users as elitist underdogs. They hate the corporate machine (Microsoft) yet they unknowingly rage for another.

Okay, back to the Shuffle. I've now had it for about a month. I still dislike iTunes but the benefits of the Shuffle outweigh the annoyance. One aggravating aspect is how much the add-ons are for the Shuffle. I looked into getting an armband for it but gave up after discovering it is roughly \$27. At almost 1/3 of the cost, this seems unreasonable. I also worry a little about the durability of the Shuffle. Unlike the original iPod, which is very solid, the Shuffle seems flimsy. It appears unlikely that it will last very long, but most electronic items are throw-aways after a year or two anyway. Overall, I'd say if someone were to trade me a Creative MuVo with rechargeable batteries, I would probably do it. But until someone steps forward, I'm fairly pleased with my Shuffle (use with black headphones only please).

Summary:

iPod Shuffle 512MB \$99

Highs:

- Reasonable price
- Built-in rechargeable battery
- Ultra-compact and light weight

Lows:

- Forces you to use iTunes ak

*Ed. - We did not make Sam Chao the Tech Writer just because he's Asian. We do not support most stereotypes. We did it because he's a geek.*

## Top 10 Reasons I Hate Saint Patrick's Day.

by the Notorious V.I.G.



"Hand" Solo after St. Patty's in Mos Eisley

10. Nobody knows what the hell we are suppose to be celebrating, especially those of us from Scandinavian descent.
9. Green beer causes my crap to look like goose poop the next day.
8. Crowded bar kills my nightly buzz.
7. People keep mistaking me for a leprechaun.
6. Green Jell-O shots being passed around like it's my 15th Birthday.
5. Not being able to find my pants the next day.
4. Bar fights breaking out like it's Christmas at the Kosel's.
3. My "Kiss Me I'm Fat" t-shirt not yielding the same results as the Kiss Me I'm Irish shirts.
2. Corned Beef and Cabbage about as refreshing as a kick to the bean bag.
1. Too many drunks taking dumps on my lawn...wait that was just me. ak

## Doing My Bit (in the war on terror)

by Stash Zyka

I was screwed. I mean royally. I was tucked in between some old Euro wreck (probably an Isetta) and a brick wall dating back to Charlemagne. But the bullets shredding the windshield and hood weren't circa 800 A.D. They were probably G3A3s, so there's no taking a peek, not with the 10x scope, or I'm frontal-lobe-less, and out of the game. Now it's just a matter of time before some of the goons in the orange Hawaiian shirts rush me. I'll blow their Magnum PIs right off their greasy faces, but it's only a matter of time before they break me, grind me down, and make me do something in stupid as a last ditch attempt to stay alive.

But hark, what be'it that'it. I'll be damned. DarkCloud, ShockedStraight and everyone's favorite eleven year-old Ottawaian, RikiTikiTavi have just joined the session. All I need to do is hold out a bit longer, just a few minutes and it'll be smoke bombs, flash-bang grenades, and lead, lots of lead. I bet DarkCloud brought his AK-47. He don't leave home without it. So I radio across four counties, six states and one national border:

StashZyka: "Guys, help, I'm behind the white car past the old church. There are three or four across the alley from me, and maybe two on the roof of the warehouse. My M-one-six-A is nearly out of bullets."

DarkCloud: "Dude, M16. Like they used in Nam. Stop f\*@king calling it that."

Shocked Straight: "Well what's new, bailing your ass out again bitch."

RikiTikiTavi: "You guys swear a lot."

All: "Yeah, so?"

RikiTikiTavi: "Did you smoke them on that one room?"

StashZyka: "Yes."

RikiTikiTavi: "Did you..."

StashZyka: "Yes, I threw grenades in the downstairs window."

DarkCloud: "Lay off Tavi. He's new to the game."


StashZyka "yob tvoyu"

All: "Stash? ...You alright? ...We're almost there!"

DarkCloud: "Tavi, quit going ahead."

I didn't have a chance to sign off properly before the Saffron goons arrived. The first one went to crouch-shoot on me, but I was already crouched, so he ate the rest of my M16 clip, then empty, I switched to my Desert Eagle and rushed the next goon, point blank to the face, saving my few shots remaining. I could feel the bullets hitting me from behind, my bars were down to three red, but there was no swiveling, I had to make the corner to riposte. But who knows what's on the other side? I made the corner, two red bars left, a clip and a half in the DE, and maybe a grenade or two. The corner was clear, but I was useless. My only hope was to circle and flank these Euro Trash Thugs.

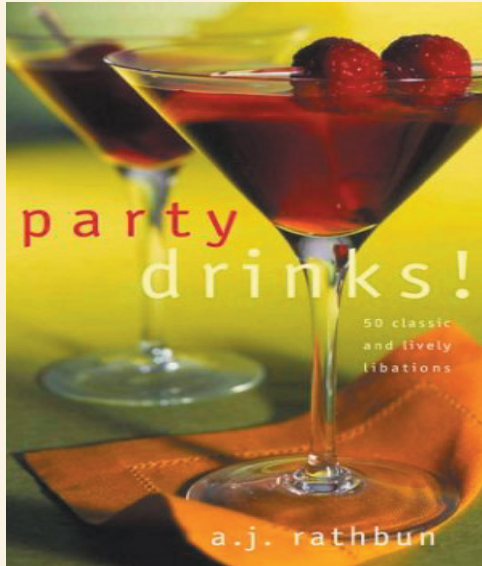
I made my way up the street and neared the corner when I heard the chaos erupt. My crew had arrived and they bought hell and the souls of demons with them. I could hear the screams that mean only one thing in this game: incendiary grenades. I regretted not being there to see the thug's roman-candle dancing. I was so happy, so excited that I forgot myself. I turned the corner and ran right into the greasy leather jacket and cheap-ass sunglasses that are the trademark of these Croatian Goons. In the ensuing panic I switched weapons. Now I'm hosed. I brought a flash-bang grenade to a gun fight. The goon opened fire, but I was in to close, I was around behind him, the AI didn't know what to do with that, it was beyond the program. But I'd never be able to our run the contents of those cartridges, so I chanced it. I tossed my grenade, banking it off the wall back toward us, and stayed in tight for about three seconds, then ran. Once again I took flack, but when the grenade went off, I was out of its blast range, and I knew I was clear when the thug's body flew past me.

The rest is a bit of a blur. I remember Tavi asking me if I could walk, how many bullets I had left, but I was done. Alive? Sure, one red bar. I'd have to rely on my crew to finish the job, and I knew they would. I got up, and walked slowly behind my crew, holding my DE as well as I could, admiring the carnage left in their wake. Until finally, it flashed across the screen: Mission Successful! 

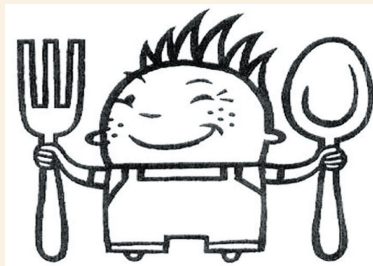
*Ed. - We fully realize Stash has spent the remainder of last year on Planet Xbox. He is the new spokesperson for the Redmond, WA based company.*



Artificial Classifieds



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