

The **Κησδ Αροσπυρηλ**



"The Wilko Awards"

SPRING 2006

Volume 6 (1)

THE KHAOS ⚡ APOCRYPHER

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Spring 2006 Newsletter

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Mammoth 2006: Don't Pet the Wampa

by Dr Gonzo

Prince once said, "it's the sign o the times". That was before Jehovah took his booze and women. We did it again. Every year now it's a race against time. Our bodies get older but our minds seem to have about a ten-year lag. It's a sign o the times when you get sore from walking up steps at work. But that doesn't stop us from hurtling ourselves down a mountain during a white out in eastern California. No matter how much wisdom you've amassed over the years, once you get the Group together, the wisdom departs. It's a sign o the times when

you get a hangover from three cocktails. But that doesn't stop us from staying out all night at 9,000 feet eating sushi and drinking sake. Granted only one of us had to pay for the evening, thanks to the merciless Wheel of credit card roulette (thanks Captain B).

There is question to whether this was the third or fourth Mammoth Invitational sponsored by Angry Penguin, Inc. We'll leave the math to the experts and the history to the scholars. Los Angeles was as welcoming as always, the Wilkinson's finally had a bed for me to sleep on, the streets of Santa Monica were glad to see me and the ever present smog was a warm blanket of toxic comfort. Since we had wireless (obviously) Internet access the entire way from LA to Mammoth, the trip seemed a lot shorter. Man, there is some good stuff on the web...The Brooze, as always, did not disappoint. The high altitude and thin blood did wonders for his BAC. He did about an hour of stand up material reading from the 90's edition of Trivial Pursuit. It just didn't get old. I don't know how long we can keep doing it. Hopefully it's not a sign o the times. Here's to next year and keeping your hands off the Wampa.

⚡ IN THIS ISSUE: ⚡

WAMPA BY DOCTOR GONZO	PAGE 1
RAMBLE BY STU	PAGE 2
EAST BY KYLES, PHD	PAGE 3
SCHOOL BY SAM	PAGE 3
MUNICH BY REV. WILD BILL	PAGE 4
IRISH BY KUNG FU MIKE	PAGE 5
OP/ED BY STASH	PAGE 5
TOP 10 BY V.I.G.	PAGE 6
DREAM BY CM MARS	PAGE 7
K12 BY DOCTOR GONZO	PAGE 7
NEWSBREAK BY CHEDDAR	PAGE 8
MUSIC CORNER	PAGE 9
POETRY CORNER	PAGE 10
SNAPSHOTS	PAGE 11

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P.O. Box 665-6667**Ramble On***by Stu*

I've Been Totally Right About Exactly Two Things in my Entire Life: the 2000 NCAA Champion Michigan State Spartans, and the War in Iraq. The former because they had experience at point guard and just a deadly back court, when the other 63 teams in the tournament had zero (I submitted three boards with them as the winner and won money on two); the latter because incompetent liars tend to get exposed as such when the chips are down. Three years in, and this "Clown Show" expect the rubes to believe our main obstacle in Iraq is a negative media? Good Sweet Jeebus, what a predictable, predictable mess.

Stephon Marbury, NBA Superstar who's never won Jack and will be traded to his fifth team this summer: "I've gotta get back to being Starbury." Referring to yourself in the third person with your nickname is something that needs to happen more often. "Gonzo needs to fix another Ambien-and-Stoli cocktail." "Nobody throws down at Rainbow Six like Stash."

In retrospect, I'm disliking Crash even more now that its won an Oscar. And I'm a liberal! Matt Dillon was better in My Bodyguard acting opposite Jayne from Serenity.

Best song on Gonzo's last non-classic rock mix: "When U Love Somebody," the Fruitbats.

Best song on Kung Fu Mike's last mix: "I Want It All," Dios Malos.

Most recent song that Stash has listened to in the last 24 hours: "Carey," Joni Mitchell.

Best song that will be on my next mix, tentatively titled Walnut Stock, Cobalt Blue Steel and a Hair Trigger: "Hey Chicken," Loose Fur.

If the clerics in South Dakota are able to get their Women are Just Too Emotional to Make Decisions Like This, So Let's Put the Government in Charge of Their Uteri Law to stand, the penalty for violating said law is five years. The penalty for flattening a dude on a Harley while speeding in the same state: 100 days. The moral: Motorcyclists need to get better lobbyists.

"I will bet you the best dinner in the gaslight district of San Diego that military action will not last more than a week. Are you willing to take that wager?"---Bill O'Reilly, 1/29/03

Ed note. We whole heartedly believe "Crash" is a piece of crap, rip-off of Short Cuts by Robert Altman. We also agree that the nominations of both Brokeback and Crash had nothing to do with filmmaking. You want to see some real "acting" check out Project Grizzly.

View from the East

by Kyles, *the PhD of Plastic*

Top o' the world, ma! The Steelers (or Stillers for those of you with the local accent) are World Champs again. A storybook ending that begs to become a sappy Sunday night movie of the week. The Bus will become this generation's version of Mean Joe Green. "You want my Full Throttle drink, Bus? Go ahead. You can have it." "Thanks, kid." I feel the tears welling up already.

While I have embraced the steel city as home, I have learned there will always be some differences that keep me from truly fitting in. I find the different beliefs and behaviors of locals fascinating, funny and occasionally frustrating. Believe me, 'burghers feel the same way about me. Midwest "nice" drives many here crazy. Anyone who has spent some time far from their childhood home can relate. That is why experiencing my first world championship here has been ripe with interest.

Pittsburghers seem to have grown so accustomed to defeat that they are braced and prepared for it every time the team takes the field. I have never been around such defeatists before. Sure, this may be common with fans who have never won before, but we had, numerous times. Even worse than expecting defeat is that locals feel the world is out to get them and would never let winning take place. Polamalu's overturned interception against Indy, and then the Bus's fumble both signs of the inevitable. Only they weren't. Let me say, this makes watching games with my friends here painful. As soon as anything goes wrong, it's all over in their eyes. The first field goal by Seattle led to over an hour of complaints that we didn't stand a chance. Painful. You think winning would have led to some improvement in this attitude right? Wrong. Pittsburgh luckily got to hold on to "the world hates us" due to all the talk of how lucky they were to win. Life as usual I guess.

Even more interesting to me was the behav-

ior after the win. Only a couple of months earlier I was witness to more than one example of the holiday "spirit" as people angrily shopped for Christmas. No patience, no happiness, no humor. After a Steeler win, it's all hugs and love your brother. Hit someone's car. No problem. A "Yo Steelers" and all is forgiven. Like some sick version of living in the Dr. Scholl's gel commercials. Bizarre. I never realized football had moved over the birth of Christ in this town, but maybe I should have. It is the topic of conversation year round and always the hottest ticket. I have been made fun of numerous times because I hadn't purchased any Steeler apparel since moving here (I broke down and did now). I believe a record was set for most gear sold after this Super Bowl than ever before. Well done Pittsburgh fans. I thought they must have been dropping off X-Box 360's at the mall one night with all the craziness, but found out it was just another shipment of Championship t-shirts.

Don't get me wrong. It has been a fun and really means a great deal to this city. I prefer people this way and hope the feeling lasts as long as possible. It's the closest I will ever get to Midwest "nice" here. 🍷

My First Day of School

by Sam *"the Choice" Chao*

I now realize that I take for granted how aware (for the most part) people are of other cultures. I'm not referring the demise of people asking me if I know Karate, but rather how the general public has a clue about other races. Asians, for instance come in many flavors. Ask anyone who has attended a UC (University of California) school and there is a good chance that he or she could identify the flavor without even a taste. My story is a bit different.

In the fall of 1980, my parents decided to dive head-first into the melting pot by immigrating. Except for my father, everyone else in my family only knew how to say, "hi," "okay," and "yes." I really don't think we knew how to

(School cont page 4)

(School continued)

say 'no,' which could have spelled trouble for my sisters. I had just turned eight, and I still remember my mother taking me to school. The concept of going somewhere and not being able to speak the language should be horrifying, but luckily when you're eight being horrified doesn't happen until you are actually *in* the horrifying situation. In looking back, the experience of dropping her only son off with a bunch of strange white people was probably much more horrifying to my mother.

I still remember the walk on that cold, overcast day. Walking around was still fun because it was very different from Taiwan. I think we managed to temporarily lose our way but we finally arrived at Sequoia Elementary School. From arrival, to when I sat down in Ms. Ansell's class is a blur and will forever remain a mystery. Credit really should be given to my mother, who probably used a combination of "hi," "okay," and "yes" plus a series of body language to let them know that I was the new kid in school.

Miss Ansell's class was typical for a Palo Alto elementary school. The racial breakdown was mostly white but peppered by a few asian kids. I don't recall seeing any other colors of the rainbow. My image was that the class coming to a standstill because of the new kid. Everyone was trying to figure out what I was, and the teachers were struggling to communicate with me. The typical tactics of speaking English louder and slower were probably used, but Miss Ansell knew it was hopeless. She had to bring in the big guns.

A little while later they pulled me aside. Three moms had volunteered and were placed before me. The first said something, which to me sounded like Japanese. It obviously didn't register with me. The second said in using Mandarin, "Do you understand me?" I happily responded and I think this was the point when they figured out that I was Chinese. I can't imagine teachers having to go through this just to figure out what to do with a kid today.

The rest of my story is both long and boring, but mostly typical. I'm thankful for my mother's courage and the generosity of Shirley Lee,

who not only discovered my race but also tutored me for the rest of the school year. ak

Revelations in New Munich

by Rev. Wilde Bill Porter

Your tabby, my black lab and millions of others are falling on the frogs and crickets which came down yesterday.

Yeah my neighbor is building a big boat. The guy down the street is melting his golden idols.

Dick Cheyne wiped the lawyer blood and quail feathers off his over and under. He took a swig and threw me a roll of duct tape.

Your buddy Pat and his horde of 700 called you out yesterday. Benny the Nazi came looking with a luger in one hand and a Papal Order in the other.

I know you didn't care you sent your boys to get some communion wine and lit up a bowl of my best.

I went down to the crossroads not like you cared with your sticks and skins. A hundred guitarists and not one could keep a beat.

Mt. Vesuvius is erupting. The virgin just blocked herself in the bomb shelter. Laughs on her we emptied it after 9/11.

The saints are outside weeping. The pregnant woman on the weather channel says everything will be fine.

I got my duct tape.

I got my duct tape.

3 guys on horses stopped by. They were looking for you. One had the sniffles I offered him my hanky.

One looked a little thin. I offered him my fries.

Masquitos wouldn't leave the last fellow alone I hosed him down with Deep Woods Off. They left me their digits.

The 4th horseman just came up the road. I told him you weren't here.

On a steel horse he rides. Loud pipes save Lives.

He wondered where the other three were at. With my rosary in one hand and prayer flags flying, I pointed to town. ak

Luck O' the Irish

by Kung Fu Mike


- You say 'Potato' I say 'Shut up and drink your green beer'

The Tully name is Irish and I have red hair, so I guess I'm Irish and I guess I need to recite an ejaculatory prayer to St. Patrick for whatever it was this 5th. Century Christian missionary did.

Did he really bring about sweeping social change deserving a world wide observance of his death? Did he snub his nose at 'the man' and refuse to sit in the back of the cart? Did he invent a better blue tooth enabled device? Or, was he simply the one who extolled the virtues of the potato and in the process got the Irish peasants so hooked on these dirt dwelling Solanaceae that they became their one and only agriculture commodity which in turn nearly caused their extinction due to starvation when drought and bugs disseminated their crops -all while the rest of the industrializing world was busy figuring out the best way to make crinkle-cut French Fries? No, I think we can blame 16th century Spanish conquerors and the Incas for that one...or the fact that a government agency had yet to be created to hand out 1500 page studies on the benefits of a sustainable diversified crop rotation.

Whatever the history behind this (once again) made up holiday, I'm glad the Irish have a sense of humor and a high tolerance for stereotypes - I presume, as I haven't seen or heard Cindy Sheehan protesting the day.

I certainly have no connection to a group of people just because they too burn easily in the sun and drinking green beer does have a certain appeal, but aren't the day's celebratory events analogous to designating December 12th 'Lady of Guadalupe Day' and honoring this Mexican Saint by wearing sombreros and taking a few long afternoon siestas in a welfare line.

While we're at it, let's designate March 21st as St. Anthony Day. To honor this way dead Italian we could book reservations at the Olive Garden and shout obscenities with the raised-fist-other-hand-hitting-the-inside-of-the-bent-elbow gesture with our best Tony Soprano accent. 

OP/ED

Stash Zyka

Author's Note:

When Dr. G asked me if I would write an op/ed piece on evolution, I said no way. When he insisted that it bash conservative jackasses, I said how many words?

OP/ED: You say you want an evolution: How to intelligently design a strategy...

IF, conservatives were smart -- and as you can see by the font size, this is a very big if - they would embrace evolution and gay marriage as a means of eliminating the latter, and not looking like pre-Copernican jackasses on the former.

So first, embrace evolution. It's not hard to do. If you can read the bible with an open enough mind to accept that crap, reading any of the thousands of empirical books on the consequences of evolution ought not be a stretch. And in fact, it may preclude my next part.

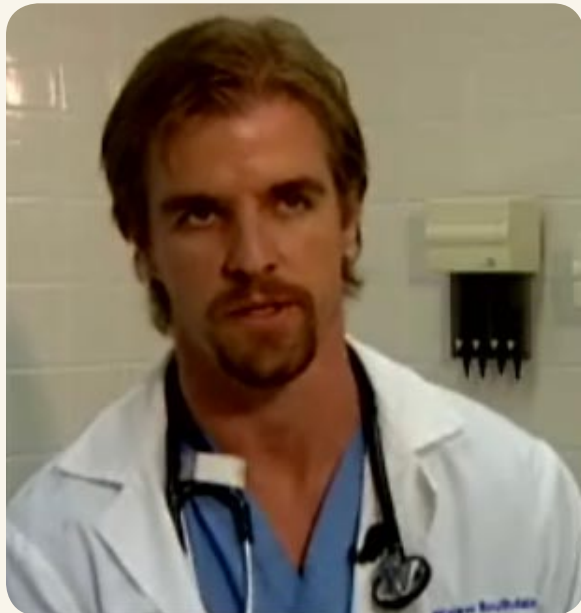
Embrace gay marriage. Accept that it is a genetic trait, just a difference, like eye color or hair texture. However, the big difference here is that this trait could, in all probability, eliminate itself, and wouldn't that make your self-righteous asses happy, you sick judgmental pricks? One of the tenets of evolution is that it favors sexual reproduction. And homosexuals can't procreate, at least in theory. Bolts and bolts and nuts and nuts are surely fun, but not fecund. Repeat that mantra - call it a prayer. The proof is in the meiotic pudding, also fun.

So if the neo-cons would make gay marriage legal and adoption easier for these couples,

(OP/ED cont page 8)




Local Omaha boy, Hank the Tank (shown here with round head) finishes his first "Case Day" with the help of his dad.



Local Minnesota Physician Alex "Abomb" Dorerffler describes the sequelae of a stroke on NBC Kare 11. Click on photo to access full clip.

Top Ten Reasons I Love March Madness

by the Notorius V.I.G.

1. Couch meet my ass, ass meet the couch.
2. Wearing my Toby Keith Halloween costume for 3 weeks straight.
3. Bud sixer, Miller sixer, Keystone sixer, Milwaukee's Best sixer.
4. Jagermeister shots every time Jim Nantz rubs Billy Packer's bald head and asks him what time the discothèque opens.
5. The wife lets me put a TV in front of the "stool" for those long halftimes.
6. It's on CBS, huge possibility of seeing Janet Jackson's nipple.
7. Allows me to double my normal exercise per month. It's exactly 1/1000th of a mile to my fridge from the couch. Multiple that by 500.
8. Filling my bracket out in Arabic and picking Al Azhar University to the Final Four, knowing damn well they had an easy non-conference schedule.
9. Calling Dominos Pizza and trying to get the delivery dude to pick me up some Lucky Charms cereal and some Original Udder Balm for the couch sores on me bottom.
10. Saying "Et tu Brute" every time my wife takes one of my half empty beer cans. 

Requiem for a Dream

by C.M. Mars

I had a long dream last night that you died -and Jim was gay, but then you came back to talk to me and weren't dead, but no one else knew it. And your sister was a star softball player at NDSU and lived in the house you guys used to live in, but then it was a farmhouse in the middle of nowhere.

In the house there was this big glass display case with an autographed softball rotating on a pedestal, with a 14x20 framed picture of Kris in her SU uniform with a helmet and bat in an "at the plate" pose. And then I tried to throw this chair to you out on the front lawn, but you missed it and it went into the street, and this guy in an orange porsche drove by and swerved so that he could hit it on purpose and broke it. It must have been your sister's chair, because we got pissed and followed the guy, found his car in a strip mall parking lot, and went into this little office where there were a bunch of Hindus sitting in a waiting room, and I asked who drove the orange car, and no one answered, so I asked again really loudly, and then this guy from behind a cubicle divider asked me not to make a scene and said he hit the chair, so I told him he needed to give us money to fix it or I would get very angry and he pulled out a few bucks and change from his pocket. I looked at him like he was crazy if he thought that would be enough so then he took off his necklace and gold bracelet and got really scared and asked us not to hurt him. Then I felt bad, and tried to give him the jewelry back so we could leave, but his bracelet got caught in my sweater, so his wife had to help me get it out and then we left.

Then one of your buddies called and was crying to me about how much he missed you and I asked him why he missed you and then gave you the phone so you could listen, and then you started to talk back to him and we thought it was so funny cause he thought you were dead.

But then I dreamt that my brother lived in

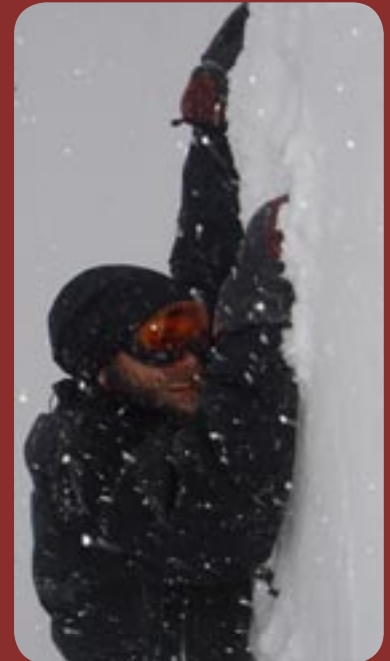
the ghetto and sold baseball caps from his apt. He had like 500 hats that he kept in a closet and covered with bedsheets, and my dad told me that if you saw one you liked, you couldn't just buy it, you had to buy all four colors of that same hat. So I was looking at the different styles, and then we heard police sirens and Chad got all freaked out and threw the sheets over the caps and closed the closet really dramatically, but the cops were going to his neighbors. ak

K12- The Widowmaker

by Dr. Gonzo

You can't tell from the photo but the height of the peak this intrepid climber faced was 11,676 feet above sea level. The local legend says no one can climb it. The horrendous weather conditions and sheerness of the ice face make it almost impossible for even the most experienced climbers. They

say the sun can shine one minute and in the next a vertigo inducing white out. The climb has been vacant for some years due to the mounting death toll. We however, got the first photos of an unknown climber a few hundred yards from the top. When asked how the climber could make it without any ice scaling equipment he just shrugged and said, "I'd do anything for my two dollars." ak



(OP/ED continued)

there is a good chance that in several million years - evolutionally speaking, a fortnight -- their population in our species would be small, possibly they would be extinct.

The one caveat to this is that homosexuals could retaliate with a pernicious agenda of their own. Stereotypically, they don't do stuff like this. But in theory, they could start having sex with homosexual copies of the opposite sex, and split the offspring. This is highly unlikely. In roughly 10 years of Must See TV, Will could not get his bolt in Grace's nut, and she's a looker.

So, until science can get two male or two female chromosomes to recombine in a synthetic ovum, the Red States are safe with this strategy, but still a-holes.

Next Issue: The big-boobs phenotype problem, and why it's not going away. **ak**



Your OP/ED writer Stash Zyka on the set of 1998 comedy blockbuster, "There's Something About Mary". He was a stunt double for Mary's brother, Warren.

newsbreak

Senior News Correspondent
Cheddar Brokaw

United Airlines Flight Delayed Due to Passenger Disturbance

United Airlines flight 99 was delayed out of MLSP today due to a passenger refusing to put away his pornographic magazines prior to take off. After arguing with the flight attendants for over 25 minutes, Randy Johnson, finally succumbed to the pressures of the other passengers and stowed his magazine collection safely in the the overhead bins. However, by the time he did, the flight had missed its assigned take-off time and was delayed over 90 minutes until it was able obtain the next flight window. Additionally, a riot almost ensued when Johnson tried to retrieve his porn from the overhead bins after the original flight window was missed.

After interviewing several passengers that were furious with Johnson, this reporter did find one passenger that was sympathetic to Johnson.

"I have no problem with that guy looking at porn on the plane. Hell, I have always wondered why they sold those magazines in airports, anyways. I thought it was just for some lonely salesmen or pilots or something. I never imagined seeing a guy busting out a Hustler on the plane itself. But now that he has, sh*t, I might do it sometime. I mean, if a guy sittin' next to me takes off his shoes and I have to smell is ass awful feet for three hours, a guy should have the right to look at some nudie magazines. I can see bustin' out the centerfold being a bit much, but what if he was just looking at the little pictures and reading the stories...what's wrong with that?" said Tom Anderson, fellow passenger.

When asked about the airline's handling of this matter, Anderson had the following comment while shaking his head, "All wrong, all wrong." When asked to elaborate, "I mean,

(cont page 10)

kungfumusiccorner

Midwest Music Editor
Kung Fu Mike

Kfu Rating	Artist	Song	Album
10.00	Luke Doucet	Vladivostok	<i>Broken (And Other Rogue States)</i>
9.95	Minus 5, The	With a Gun	<i>(The Gun Album)</i>
9.90	We Are Scientists	This Scene is Dead	<i>With Love and Squalor</i>
9.85	Flaming Lips, The	The Wand	<i>At War With the Mystics</i>
9.80	Neko Case	Hold On, Hold On	<i>Fox Confessor Brings the Flood</i>
9.80	Gomez	Hamo Beach	<i>How We Operate</i>
9.80	Strokes, The	You only Live Once	<i>First Impressions of Earth</i>
9.80	Rhett Miller	Delicate	<i>The Believer</i>
9.80	Jason Collett	I'll Bring the Sun	<i>Idols of Exile</i>
9.75	Withholders	Rollercoast	<i>Stay in My Corner</i>
9.75	White Light Riot	Out of Sight	<i>The Dark is Light Enough (ep)</i>
9.75	The Glad Version	Beautiful Skeleton	<i>Lights Out North Star</i>
9.70	M. Ward	Green River	<i>(internet only release)</i>
9.70	Headlights	Centuries	<i>Enimies (ep)</i>
9.70	Subways, The	Oh Yeah	<i>Young for Eternity</i>
9.70	Robert Pollard	I Surround You Naked	<i>From a Compound Eye</i>
9.70	Chin Up Chin Up	Collide the Tide	<i>Chin Up Chin Up</i>
9.70	Drive By Truckers	Feb 14	<i>A Blessing and a Curse</i>
9.65	Portastatic	Through with People	<i>Bright Ideas</i>
9.65	Subways, The	Mary	<i>Young for Eternity</i>
9.60	We Are Scientists	Lousy Reputation	<i>With Love and Squalor</i>
9.60	Strokes, The	Red Light	<i>First Impressions of Earth</i>
9.60	Belle & Sebastian	White Collar Boy	<i>Life Pursuit</i>
9.60	The Daredevil Christopher Wright	Parade of Tigers	<i>The Daredevil Christopher Wright (ep)</i>
9.55	A Band of Bees	These are the Ghosts	<i>Free the Bees</i>
9.55	Rhett Miller	Singular Girl	<i>The Believer</i>
9.55	Mark Ronson feat. Alex Greenwald	Just	<i>Exit Music</i>
9.50	Colonial Vipers Attack	Service Secret	<i>Colonial Vipers Attack</i>
9.50	Rhett Miller	I Believe She's Lying	<i>The Believer</i>
9.45	Editors, The	Blood	<i>Back Room</i>
9.40	Rogue Wave	10:1	<i>Descended Like Vultures</i>
9.40	Girls from Hawaii	Short Song for a Short Mind	<i>From Here to There</i>
9.40	Arctic Monkey	When the Sun Goes Down	<i>Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I Am Not</i>
9.40	Joggers	Wicked Light Sleeper	<i>With a Cape and a Cane</i>
9.40	Sondre Lerche & The Faces Down Quartet	I Wanna Call it Love	<i>Minor Detail</i>
9.40	Gravenhurst	The Velvet Cell	<i>Fires in Distant Buildings</i>
9.35	Russian Futurists, The	Paul Simon	<i>Our Thickness</i>
9.35	Subways, The	I Want To Hear What You Have Got to Say	<i>Young for Eternity</i>
9.35	We Are Scientists	Cash Cow	<i>With Love and Squalor</i>
9.30	Eagles of Death Metal	I Want You So Hard (Boys Bad News)	<i>Death by Sexy</i>
9.30	Yeah Yeah Yeahs	Gold Lion	<i>Show Your Bones</i>
9.25	New Vintage, The	History	<i>New Vintage, The</i>
9.25	Jenny Lewis & The Watson Twins	The Big Guns	<i>Rabbit Fur Coat</i>
9.20	Robert Pollard	I'm a Widdow	<i>From a Compound Eye</i>
9.20	Oranges Band, The	White Ride	<i>The World & Everything in It</i>
9.10	Athlete	Half Life	<i>Tourist</i>
9.10	Morrisey	You Have Killed Me (pt. 1)	<i>Ringleader Of The Tormentors</i>

(newsbreak cont.)

they just made a big deal about nothing. They should have taken off and then told him to put it away. Hell, I even asked the flight attendants if I could change seats with the person making the stink sitting next to him and they said no. I guess it was his wife or something and she didn't want to sit by herself. She must of been pissed or jealous or something that he was looking at them and not her. Figures, eh?"

This reporter contacted the airline about today's events and they refused to comment.

Fictitious Press International ©

poetrycorner

Various

A Quandary by Cheddar Brokaw

I hate intolerance

-I hate homophobics

-I hate racists

-I hate those that feel that their religion is mutually exclusive and superior to those that do not practice the same sect

-I hate those that treat women or men as inferiors

-I hate those that need to feel good about themselves by hurting others

-I hate those that feel that they do not even need to acknowledge that there are other views on matters other than their own

-I hate Oprah

Yet, by hating all these practices of intolerance, I practice intolerance.

A Quandary

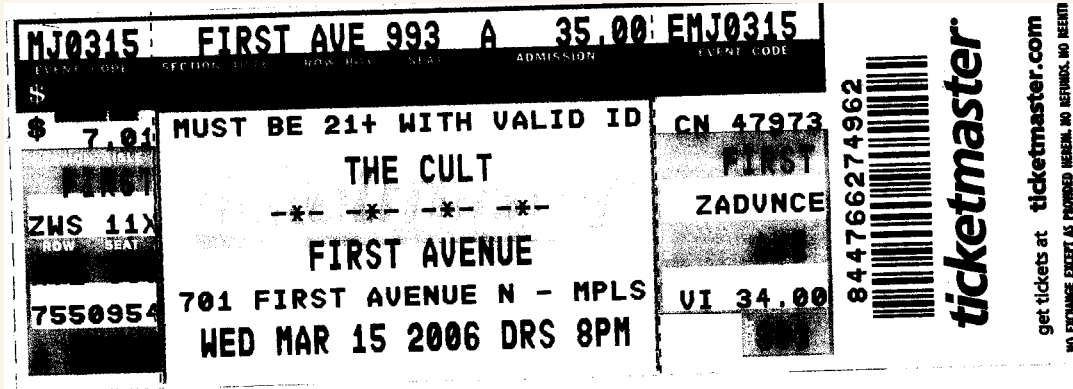
The Moon is Out by Stash Zyka

her eyes are wide
pupils like coffee cups
ears up and backward
receiving sinister signals
she's frozen it time
but ready to ignite
held
twisted sideways on tip toes
by an invisible torque
explode
racing on her hind legs
down the hallway
paws paddling
like spiked mittens
the moon is out
our cat is crazy



The new 2006 South Dakota License Plates

snapshots



Compliments of Chuckles the Clown



Man of the Year 2006?



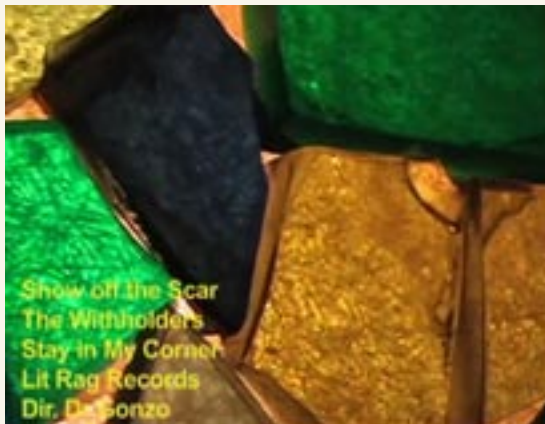
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khaosclassifieds

Sell Sell Sell



The new album from the Withholders - Stay in My Corner. Click cover to buy. Mention Doctor Gonzo and free 3-song EP.



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

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

Lit Rag

www.litrag.com

Aj Rathbun

www.ajrathbun.com

Elemental Studio

www.elementalstudio.com

Alex Doerffler Photography

[link](#)

Wanted: The Wilko Awards

For a very special event in June 2006. We need musicians, comedians, artists, photographers, actors, skits, fake commercials, short films, singers, dancers, domino players, eaters and drinkers. No puppets please.



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?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Gracie

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

The Khaos Apocrypher - Spring 2006 Newsletter



**Artificial Khaos Productions
Seattle, WA**

www.artificialkhaos.com