

# THE KHAOS APOCYPHER



**VOLUME 7 (1)**

**SPRING 2007**

## Features

.....

- 1 **MAMMOTH 2007: THE TWO HOUR HAPPY HOUR** BY *DOCTOR GONZO*
- 2 **ON NOT LIKING HOCKEY** BY *STU*
- 3 **LE' FINALE': LITRAG - THE MOVIE**
- 3 **THE SEA-TAC SCOUNDREL** BY *JP*
- 4 **COUNTRY DAVE'S PSYCHEDELIC MUSHROOM BREAKFAST** BY *D. McCAULIFLOWER*
- 5 **SOUTH TO THE FLOOR** BY *ROBERT GOULET, JR.*
- 6 **A RECIPE FOR SAINT PADDY'S DAY** BY *BURKITA NORTH*
- 8 **FUN PLACES TO VISIT IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA** BY *REV. WILD BILL*
- 9 **FEDERERERRR** BY *STATIC X*
- 10 **MAN LOSES 58 GIGS OF PORN** BY *KUNG FU MIKE*
- 11 **SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE ROUND UP** BY *SGT. ROCKO MCBAIN*
- 12 **SONGS OF THE SOUTH** BY *S.V. FARMER*
- 13 **TOP TEN KIDS SONGS THAT SOUND DIRTY** BY *NOTORIOUS VIG*
- 14 **TOP THIRTY SONGS OF SPRING 2007** KUNG FU MUSIC CORNER

## Departments

.....

- 7 **BY THE NUMBERS**
- 7 **NOTEWORTHY**
- 14 **SNAPSHOTS**
- 15 **KHAOSCLASSIFIEDS**



Sof & Bob

## Mammoth 2007: The Two Hour Happy Hour

by Doctor Gonzo

Sometimes you find yourself in a situation which neither makes you proud nor dismayed. On this particular occasion at 10,000 feet above sea level a rip in the space time continuum occurred and four individuals spent two hours of prime travel in throws of an alcohol fueled anomaly. It seems as though the trip through this worm-hole allowed reversion of our 30-something bodies to our former 20-something bodies, including brain and liver. Definitely brain reversion, because individuals of our age and professions should know better.

We spent the morning and afternoon wildly rocketing down a mildly snowy mountain strapped to oversized skateboards. Around 4pm it was decided to visit the local Irish pub to watch the NFL and relax for Happy Hour. The next two hours can be catalogued in the diagram at the right (Fig. 1). Who knows which one of us ordered the Jager Blasters, my guess it was the Brooze. The Buffalo wings seem out of place with the rest of the list but may be the only thing to keep us from spinning off into the nearest Red Dwarf.

Sure, you may think it's stupid, but when you see a large dinosaur giggle like a little girl for two hours it's all worth it. Did the Brooze and I need double 7/7's? In the words, of a famous poet from northwestern N. Dakota, "it was weaker than fairy piss".

I'm still waiting for Spring. Hard to get the Spring edition out when the sun has yet to appear, but as I write this, the sun popped it head out, if just for an instance. We have a ton of projects cooking at the Art Khaos home office. We hope to start production on our next feature film, Battleship! Battleship! Battleship! We are currently casting so if you want to itch your acting bug, drop me a line. Already, The Handlebar has become famous even before the first drink has been served, fiction into reality, we'll see. Our staff will soon expand by one as **the saint** finally procreates. Word is the kid already has a Hollywood agent. Two of the more notorious members of the AK crew, the Brooze and Abomb will finally take the plunge with their gals, let's see if this straightens them out. Odds are poor. I hope to have a new AK web site up by the end of summer, in addition to persuading the Husky Boy to write and publish the next installment of his food and beverage zine. A task tantamount to keeping two dogs in a bathtub. I hope everyone out there enjoys the forthcoming Spring and Summer, except of course Ann Coulter and my dermatologist (I'll get a second opinion). Salute!

|  |               |
|--|---------------|
| Murphy's Tavern<br>Mammoth Lakes<br>100 Canyon Blvd<br>Mammoth Lakes, Ca 93546 |               |
| Server: emily B  | 01/14/2007    |
| Table 101/1  | 6:02 PM       |
| Guests: 1  | 50073         |
| Reprint #: 2   |               |
| Stoli  | 7.00          |
| w/bldy mary  |               |
| Coors Light  | 4.50          |
| Buffalo Wings  | 9.50          |
| Stella Draft (3 @5.75)   | 17.25         |
| White Russian (7 @7.50)  | 52.50         |
| Seagrans 7 (10 @6.75)  | 67.50         |
| Seagrans 7 (4 @13.50)  | 54.00         |
| double   |               |
| Jager Blaster (4 @6.75)  | 35.00         |
| Irish Car Bomb (4 @9.00)   | 36.00         |
| Sub Total  | 283.25        |
| Tax  | 22.66         |
| Total  | 305.91        |
| <b>Balance Due</b>   | <b>305.91</b> |

May the luck o' the Irish  
be with you !

(Figure 1)

**The Khaos Apocrypher**EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: **Dr Gonzo**ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR: **Stash Z.**  
GENERAL SALES: **the saint**  
ESQUIRE: **DR GONZO**ART DIRECTOR: **Dr Gonzo**  
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: **Stash Z**  
ART DEPARTMENT: **Forty 11**MAIN CONTRIBUTORS:  
**Stash Zyka - Omahaski**  
**the saint - City of Angels**  
**Stu - Saint Cloud (East)**  
**Rev. Wild Bill - New Munich**  
**Kung Fu Mike - Minneapolis**  
**Notorious V.I.G. - Osseo**  
**Bloomer - Hudson**  
**the Gooch - Wasilla**  
**Kyles - Pittsburgh**  
**Sam Chao - Queen Anne**AK ONLINE: **Dr Gonzo**  
CIRCULATION: **Dr Gonzo**  
MAIN OFFICES:  
**4011 2nd Avenue NW**  
**Seattle, WA 98107**>>>> **Contact Us**WRITE TO LETTERS: Artificial Khaos,  
4011 2nd Avenue NW, Seattle,  
WA 98107.  
EMAIL: [artificialkhaos@yahoo.com](mailto:artificialkhaos@yahoo.com)  
SUBSCRIBE: [artificialkhaos.com](http://artificialkhaos.com)  
MAIL: AK Customer Service  
P.O. Box 665-6667**On Not Liking Hockey** by *Stu*

I'm from southwest Minnesota. In a hockey-mad state, southwest Minnesota is an oasis of not-hockey. I think the closest high school team is in Hutchinson. It's also where the closest McDonald's is. I'm from a small town. We just got an ATM four years ago. There was a parade, I think.

But I digress. In the State of Hockey, I am profoundly indifferent to the sport. I'm not hostile to it, as I reserve that emotion for NASCAR. I just don't care.

I remember when the North Stars made it to Cup Finals (against the Islanders? The Whalers? The Globetrotters?) back in the day, and I tried to get worked up for it. I tuned in to KSTP-AM for Al Shaver's play-by-play, and...I fell asleep.

I remember how my friend Darren would get out of school and go to the State Hockey Tournaments with his family. I thought that was a neat trick, but why wouldn't he go to Boys' State Basketball instead? Randy Breuer and Barry Wohler are in their prime, stupid!

I remember how my hockey-loving friends would get worked up about the Chicago Blackhawks' Al Secord. According to them, Secord sucked, a condition that he was frequently reminded of in chant form every time the Blackhawks played at the Met Center. I'd play along and agree that, yes, Secord does, in fact, suck. I apologize to Mr. Secord for any defamation of his character that I may have caused. I was just trying to fit in.

I remember going to St. Cloud State, and how frenzied my fellow Huskies would get at the brand new National Hockey Center because the Gophers were in town. I found that if I drank enough Natty Lights, I, too, could become frenzied. The frenzy didn't last nearly as long as the hangover.

I remember Minnesota getting professional hockey back, and the palace that was built in St. Paul to host it. I thought, good, a better place to see R.E.M. than the Target Center.

So, here I am, a lifelong Minnesotan who follows sports more than he should. The Twins are more than fine, but I don't see enough pitching for them to make a push this year. Gophers football is an unknown quantity. The Vikings are in a rut. At the very bottom of this rut, there's a sub-rut that contains the Timberwolves and Gopher hoops. However, a glance at the papers will tell you that both the U and SCSU are in the NCAAs, and the Wild are on a serious roll heading into the playoffs.

continued page 3

And...I just don't care. It's not because of the fighting, or the lack of scoring, or the neutral zone trap, or Barry Melrose's hair, or the fact that the NHL's next TV contract will be with Minneapolis Public Access (okay, that last one may be partly true). It just has never appealed to me. I apologize to Darren, JP, and everyone I know from the Range or the 'burbs. It's not you. It's me.

## Apocrypher Movie Review

reprinted from the New York Times,  
January 25th issue

### Le' Finale': LitRag - The Movie

It's too long, unnecessarily complicated and often silly, but Brad Kosel's "LitRag: The Movie" is still the purest popcorn entertainment of the season.

Time flies when you're having a good time, and it's hard not to when the action is as spirited, the sets as glorious, the characters as inventive, and the performances--especially those of A.J. Rathbun and Derrick Hachey--as much fun as they are here.

Rathbun, deservedly Oscar-nominated for his creation of the mumbling publisher Derrick Hachey, is equally captivating in a new adventure pitting him against A.J. Rathbun (played by Hachey), the fabled dark lord of the seas.

It seems that A.J. promised his soul to Derrick for a past favor and the debt is due. Jack's best hope for salvation is finding Ed Skoog's Chest, where Derrick's mortal--and still beating--heart is stored. Whoever controls Derrick's heart controls him and the sea.

Caught up in A.J.'s latest predicament are the blacksmith Will Turner (A. Gorilla) and his now-fiancé, Elizabeth (Mick Jagger).

But the main character attractions are A.J., with his beaded beard, dreadlocks, gold teeth, and eye shadow, and Derrick, whose eyes stare out from an olive-green face that has sprouted dozens of wriggling octopus tentacles.

Kosel owes much of his inspiration to Steven Spielberg's "Indiana Jones" movies and, for one key scene, "Jaws." But he doesn't have Spielberg's timing. Some scenes drag on so long, your fast-forward finger begins to itch.

A couple of warnings. Parents should take the rating to heart. The action is broad, but

small kids may find the violence too realistic. And "Le' Finale'" ends with a setup for the next sequel. It's not exactly a cliffhanger, but it does leave you hanging.

Le' Finale: LitRag: The Movie: Action-adventure about a publisher trying to break a pact that he made with the Devil. With A.J. Rathbun, Derrick Hachey, A. Gorilla. Directed by Doctor Gonzo. (1:18) PG-13: violence. Area theaters, starting at midnight tonight.

### The Sea-Tac Scoundrel by JP

at the instant the tires smoke  
the runway I change  
a dormant virus explodes in my brain  
its craving emerges  
and demands respect  
I scare people who don't know me  
and those not afraid  
are wont not to trust me

then I awake  
ignorant of all my actions  
but the tales resurrect the sleeping truth  
brad takes me to breakfast  
jeremy to lunch  
and now bob's out  
so we do it all again

who is that man  
that scoundrel  
possessed by the carbon witch  
and how does he maintain  
such nice friends

## Country Dave's Psychedelic Mushroom Breakfast

by D. McCauliflower

This morning I sat on the edge of my bed and slid both my legs into my pants at precisely the same time. I told myself there was no good reason why today couldn't be special. I needed only to be self-conscious about my consciousness, and to own up to the idea that all of reality- or most of it, anyway- was mine for the making. Breakfast might inevitably follow the growl of my stomach, but breakfast could be whatever I wanted it to be. It could consist of me hanging upside down from a trapeze and licking a grain of salt balanced atop a crust of rye bread, for example.

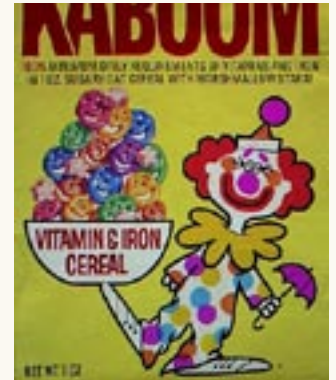
What is breakfast? Breakfast is when we take a break from the fasting that we've done while asleep. But hold on! Some of us have got it backwards. Especially in recent times, people seem to place an increasing emphasis on speed, and are therefore taking fast- i.e. brief- breaks. What's the rush? Leisure time ought to be leisurely. I for one would much rather eat breakslow.

So this morning I wanted my breakfast to satisfy my hunger, initiate metabolic processes, provide leisure, and more... Inspired by the dreadful disorganization of my kitchen pantry, I decided to put all my neglected foodstuffs to use. Mysterious boxes and cans lurked in corner shadows, overhung by cobwebs. A trail of mouse droppings led me to a candy cane from a Christmas long past. I would recycle everything that time had forgotten. My breakfast would be a celebration of good economy.

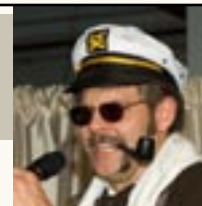
However, of all the items I dusted off for consideration, I had to settle on a precious few. Thus, my psychedelic breakfast would consist of the following: two rice cakes, spread with a lump of apple butter; \_ bowl of Quaker Oats, enriched with brown sugar and a pinch of Mama Leon's Horchata Mix; three Macadamian nuts; one length of black licorice; and lastly, one ginseng root, boiled for tea.

This meal had the distinction of being the oldest I had ever eaten and, in order to commemorate the occasion, I took pictures. I set the rice cakes on end like two wheels and placed my mug of ginseng tea in between them for symmetry. Then I made a canopy of two interlacing forks overhead. The black licorice reclined like a sun-bather upon my plate. I took shots from above and from behind. I double exposed pictures of the food and the wall in order to simulate the food fight I would never have. Then I sat down to ingest my creation.

It is a wonderful fact of life on this planet that nothing lasts. Time's illusory nature does not presuppose any physical constancy. Clouds burst, buildings topple, and great works of art- the greatest- are taken up by strong currents and washed into the profundity of our oceans. So it was with my breakfast. A mere half an hour after its consumption, I bid it goodbye, then watched it swirl clockwise in the toilet bowl. I could not imagine a more suitable end to my psychedelic breakfast.



## South to the Floor *by Robert Goulet, Jr.*



Hellooo Johnny:

Sorry for not writing in a while--I've been resting my leg the past few months and resting the old typewriter as well. You will remember that I was booked in Puerto Vallarta over New Years. I thought it would be a relaxing gig after the craziness of the Swedish Pancake Marathon—honestly, I'd never even heard of ABBA before I took the stage.

So a weekend of crooning standards was just what the doctor ordered. My agent Vera booked me at an all-night dance bar called Captain Ron's in Old Town. One minute I'm singing "Love Will Tear Us Apart" backed by Ernesto and his amigos on top of the bar, ringing in the New Year at midnight, and the next minute I'm on the floor writing in pain.



I must've slipped on a tequila-soaked thong (if I had a nickel for every time that's happened), and it took a few minutes for them to find me, because Thursday is Foam Nite, and there was four feet of it on the floor. I don't speak a lick of Esperanto, so they mistook my cries of "Help!" for "Yelapa" a local beach south of town popular with the nuns. Eventually they tracked me down and carried me out to the back alley where Ernesto the elderly cook, who is also the district's doctor, administered first aid with a bottle of Mexican cough syrup and a cold side of raw skirt steak for the swelling. His English was excellent, and as I rested, he filled me in on the scene.

Puerto Vallarta is a great place, Johnny, you've got to visit. It's where Richard Burton and Liz Taylor filmed *Batman*—what a great love story. As the cough syrup started to do its

work, Ernesto put my leg in a splint and started regaling me with tales of the old days. Turns out he's seen it all. He cooked the first peanut butter and banana sandwich for Elvis there in 1962, and scored the Beatles with their cilantro on their visits. After a few minutes, he lit up a Cubano and asked me if I'd ever met Paul McCartney. I told him of course, I'd rehearsed with

them and was supposed to open for them at what turned out to be their last live gig at Candlestick Park but got lost under the stadium and ended up finding a tunnel that led to the Grateful Dead's house, missing the entire concert. He laughed and started spinning the most incredible tale:

Esteban began "Ah, Pablo es muerte, ha ha. Everybody knows that Paul McCartney

died in a car accident outside of Bristol in 1966 and was replaced with a Canadian, uh, how you say, stooge? What everyone doesn't know is that the Soviets were behind it. Si, es verdad-- they were trying to demoralize the West, and since John Lennon was a communist sympathizer, Khrushchev wouldn't let KGB whack him, not at least until he had mastered Help! on ukulele."

I noticed a man in a white linen suit smoking a cigarette down the alley about 20 feet or so, standing in the shadows, lingering. I thought him peculiar and out of place, but my leg was throbbing from the pain. Ernesto noticed my discomfort and whipped up a bowl of Patrón and carrot juice on his hibachi for me continued:

"So a KGB agent named Lubner cut the brake lines on McCartney's Austin Healey

**continued page 6**

while Mac was inside a pub making out in a corner with the heir to the Guinness fortune. She later met her demise at the hands of the East Germans, who were trying to corner the market on stout via clandestine investments in a small Bavarian brewery, but I'm getting ahead of myself. So Mac stumbles out of the bar, completely pissed out of his head, and gets into the car. The bird he's been mashing with begs him not to go but he says he's got band practice in the morning, getting ready for the Rubber Soul sessions."

At that point the Patron had done its work and I had to relieve myself, so I limped one-legged to the baño, and when I got back the man in the white suit was gone, and so was Esteban. I thought, well, it's late, so I finished my bowl of tequila when Esteban came rushing back, closing up shop in rush, apologizing in Swiss, and getting me a pre-paid cab.

I've not been back since but I've got to know now, Johnny—was it the real Mac who stymied my efforts to cover the White Album a cappella as "The Goulet Album" in 1977, or some Canadian imposter? You'll know more when I know more. By the way, do you think you could see your way to front me a few thousand pesos for the next month or two? I need to find the rest of the story, and I figured I'd try to book some studio time down here and I'm a little light, as the cough syrup gets expensive. You know I'm good for it, and you have my car and my 8-track collection as collateral.

But if I see my Seals and Crofts cassettes on eBay before I get back to the States, there'll be hell to pay, amigo.

Hasta la vista,  
"Roberto" Goulet, junior.

## A Recipe for Saint Paddy's Day by Burkita North

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to watch a drunken suit staggering in the streets picking fights with five different men in a period of 20 minutes because he thought they were ugly? Or have you ever felt like your night was incomplete because you didn't see someone taken from the bar in an ambulance? Well, if you're jumping up and down shrieking "YES!", then head to Boston this St. Paddy's Day (or follow my recipe below). You won't be sorry and better yet you may even get into a fight too....ahhhh the brutal behaviour of drunken Bostonians who can hardly contain their enthusiasm for talking with their fists. That's Boston, drinking and fighting.....two of the most important skills I learned growing up in that town. Lately I've actually been missing the \*energetic\* Boston behaviour and wondered how I would celebrate St. Paddy's Day here in Vancouver, BC. There seems to be a lack of attention for this coveted Irish holiday in Vancouver and I wanted to do something about it. I've decided to prepare a "recipe for fun" for St. Paddy's Day with the guarantee "it will feel like you are in Boston!" slogan attached to it.

### **St. Paddy's Day Recipe for Fun - "It Will Feel like You Are in Boston!"**

1. Research bar options, try to find one that smells of beer and has things you can throw.
2. Go to the bar as soon as it opens, hopefully 9 or 10am.
3. Drink non-stop, act jolly, try Riverdance moves, makeout with hotties near the dumpsta.
4. Order wings, helps with the puke factor later, especially extra hot and spicy.
5. At around 3pm scan the crowd and think about who you don't like.
6. By 5pm, say to someone "Ya motha's got a fat ass." (boston accent of course).
7. Start fighting anyone who wants to fight you, remember to smile because this is fun.
8. When you get kicked out of the bar, go to the closest bar and repeat 6 and 7.
9. When you've gotten kicked out of all the bars, go to the streets and repeat 6 and 7.
10. When the police intervene, you will have officially celebrated a Boston St. Paddy's Day.



**78%** Likelihood that the Brooze already has a date for his bachelor party planned before his wedding.



**1/1000** Chance the saint would ever win a NCAA basketball pool.

**16** Amount of Natty Lights Stash Zyka can drink in a weekend when his wife is out of town.

**9** Trips to the bathroom Stash Zyka takes after drinking 16 Natty Lights while his wife is out of town.

**2** Number of times the Gooch has seen the Governor of Alaska do some blow.

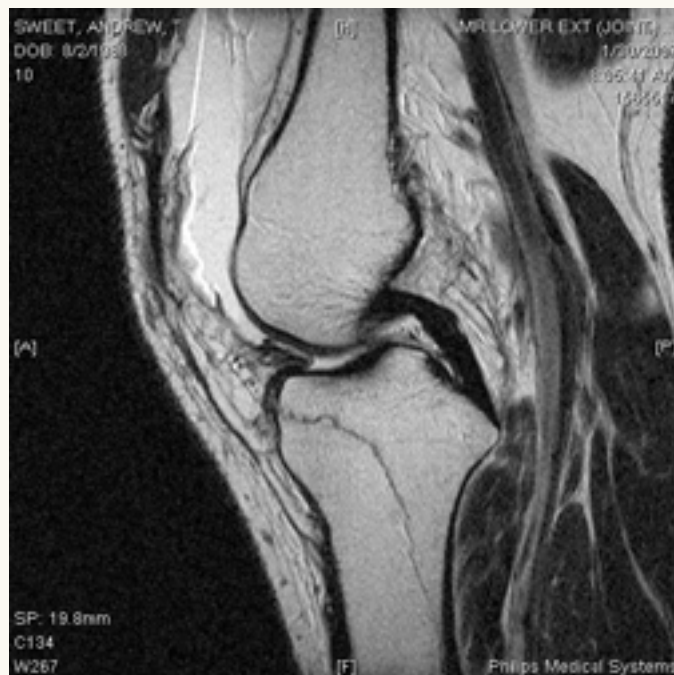
**34** Number of drinks in the last two months I had to get Robert Goulet, Jr. while his leg healed from his skiing mishap.

**0** Number of times I trimmed my beard from October 1st to March 1st.

## Noteworthy



Rene Zelwigger recently attended a party at Jeremy and Megan's. She was spotted in the seafood section at the Ballard Market by Mr. Holt, whom instantly applied the HB charm and hours later had her drunk on his couch. She was later sent home in a taxi after leaving one short. She has not returned our calls for comment.



The result of R. Goulet Junior's slippery thong accident.

## Fun Places to Visit in Lincoln, Nebraska *by Rev. Wild Bill*

If you find yourself traveling down I 29 from Fargo to Lake of the Ozarks to visit relatives that you thought were dead, here are some fun places to stop.

Kansas City, we stopped no where near this place but everything looked great, from the Royals Ball park to the Cave for trucks. It was like driving 80 through a red light district.

If you're in the south make sure to point out to kids that there are poisonous snakes and spiders around. Kids love that shit. It worked this way for us.

Dad / me: Kids stay ou the woods there's poisonous snakes and spiders in there.

Kids: (eyes widen, equate poisonous with magical, run to woods) I'm gonna find one first!

Dad/me: (recall all stories you've ever heard of people almost dying from recluse spiders and copperheads, cottonmouths, rattlesnakes etc... get more beer)

We went through Nebraska City and stopped at a Restaurant named Grand Avenue, which sounded and looked like a KKK club, but they advertised espresso. I'd sell my soul cheep, must be why Satan never comes around with a contract.

The service was slow, but they had lots of toys to keep the kids entertained. The food was good, and family priced. The BBQ sauce was spicy. Unless I miss my guess the building was a renovated movie theatre. I love old movie theatres and I get sad when they shut down, but it could've become a parking lot instead of a restaurant. They had lots of paintings and memorabilia like a do it yourself Fridays.

All AK readers must hit up Justin in Lincoln for a shot of whisky. Be a sport and have a pint of the beer he's brewing, I'm sure it'll be fine. But, don't let him hold out on you, like an addict with the shakes who gets calm the second he walks into a liquor store, you know he's holding.

You must visit the roller skating museum in Lincoln. Apparently it's the only one in the nation. It gave me a sense of walking into a spy movie. It's a nice brick building in a posh neighborhood. Aren't all safe houses nice places next door where the Peterson's live?

You walk through an office full of cubicles to get to the one room museum. If you go, give a big HI HOW to Igor in cube 3. It's the one with the fichus. Oh Igor, that plant will be the death of you some day, really Igor the plant is wired, throw it out.

My kids got a kick out of the roller skating wheels mounted on the wall. You can actually spin them. That's all they liked. They spent the rest of the brief moment we were there running around and trying to break George Washington's roller skates.

Other fun things to see and do:

1. The penis Capitol Building
2. Slap a "Baby Killa" bumper sticker on and honk at the abortion protesters gathered on the bridge.
3. Stay at the Economy Lodge. They stole all their stuff from the Econo Lodge across the street. The ambulance only came twice while we were there.
4. Get a King Kong burger

Next time I go I'm gonna dig mammoths out of a swamp north of town. Pack the car it'll be swell.

**Federererrr** by *Static X*

**T**hat's really how you say his name, though the correct spelling is Federer. It just doesn't roll off the tongue. Perhaps his manager should pull a Mellencamp to Cougar switcharoo on Roger's ass? See, I'm a tennis fan so strange names don't bother me much. Some of my favorite players of all time have names that would make your mother wash your mouth out with soap (Wilander, Lendl, Ivani\_evi\_, etc...) But Federer, this one is different. Line him up with the names that most of you would recognize, like Sampras, Agassi, McEnroe and Connors and they pale in comparison. I won't go into the numbers, they're even boring for me. But this guy is doing things on the court that no one has ever done. I've been playing tennis since the 6th grade. I need to be careful here, for what I call playing tennis would be considered blasphemy by many. But I enjoy the sport, and have an appreciation for the talents of others. That is why it is hard not to admire Roger.

There are people that can spend a beautiful Sunday afternoon watching 4 hours of golf or NASCAR. Nothing wrong with that, not a bit. But mention to these individuals that I watched the 3 hour Wimbledon final and they look at me like I'm growing another ass on the side of my head. To each his own, but I thought that if nothing else I'd try to enlighten the tennis ignorant as to what the world is currently being treated to. Before I get going, let me say that the Federer Vs. Woods comparisons have been beaten to death. From P.T.I. to Good Morning America. I'm not interested in that debate. It's comparing apples to oranges. Does anyone compare Babe Ruth to Jim Brown? Or Bill Russell to Wayne Gretzky? It's not a fair comparison and it doesn't make sense. Tiger is still being compared to Jack Nicklaus, and will be until he passes all of his records. There isn't a tennis player alive or dead that did what Federer is currently doing, and doing with ease. His game is nearly flawless in all of the necessary aspects. Serve, volley, groundstrokes. He's got them all. The tennis circuit is a grind. A tournament typically take two weeks, and the toll on your body and mind can be immense. Every had tennis elbow? I have. It hurts like an SOB and keeps you off the court, course, rink and field for months. But his greatest weapon isn't any of his polished physical tools, but his incredible mental toughness.

If you play golf you may understand better what I'm talking about. In tennis you don't have any teammates to lean on. Heck your coach can't even sit on the sidelines. You can't talk to them. Not even hand signals are allowed. You are alone (unless we're talking about doubles, which we're not). The only person that can keep you on your game is you. Watch a tennis match. You'll hear the announcers talk about how a player is making too many metal errors. That's how most

**continue page 10**

of them lose. How many times have you heard it about Phil Mickelson collapses? Great skills, but makes dumb decisions. Same thing in tennis. Except golfers have to concentrate maybe 4 or five times per hole. Tennis players have to concentrate that many times per point. The level of necessary concentration is immense. It took Andre Agassi 10 years and a shaved head to figure it out. Before that, he was the male version of Anna Kournikova.

Not Federer. He gets it. He's prepared every day, every match, every set, every point. And he wins. A lot. At his current pace he'll eclipse every major tournament record by the time he's 27 (currently 25). What were we doing at 25? Pete Sampras is the current all time leader in grand slam wins. He won his last US Open championship at 32.

So what's my point? Watch him. He will someday be called the greatest tennis player that ever lived (is already being called that by many) and you'll have a chance to experience it live.

## Apocrypher Investigation

Reported by Kung Fu Mike

### Man Loses 58 Gigs of Porn

Investigators combed through an apartment complex early Saturday, trying to determine what caused a hard drive failure that obliterated over 58 GBs of porn and forced rescuers to pull the sobbing owner away from the damaged Seagate hard drive.

Geek Squad employee, Clark Palabino, was first on the scene. "Utter devastation...just utter devastation. It's hard to talk about." "We're going to find out just what happened. But it doesn't look good, I think it's a complete loss"

Gary Watson, who is self employed, had no hard drive recovery insurance and couldn't afford a \$50 DVD burner which could have been employed to back up his large collection of erotic photos and videos onto a dozen or so cheap DVD-R disks.

"I asked him what he wanted for Christmas a hundred times", his mother Emily Creighton said when reached for comment. "I bet he's wishin' he hadn't asked for them WWE Smack-down tickets."

Seagate spokesperson Miles Kennedy, denied the possibility that faulty wiring of the IDE cable could be to blame.

"It's hard when something like this happens", Mark Jensen, an upstairs neighbor said, "he can sleep on my couch for a couple days until he's back on his feet...er, his butt"

"We're pulling for him" said 58 year neigh-

bor Steve Wiegel, whose own 250GB hard drive contains at least 30GB of porn. "I know he's a proud man, and doesn't believe in charity, but he can access my hard drive anytime he wants through my wi-fi connection"

Palabino says that of the 64,600 sectors on Watson's hard drive all but two were destroyed. Recoverable data included a Microsoft Word document with a recipe for Beer Can Turkey and a half finished Christmas letter from 2002. Damage, estimated in the tens of dollars occurred around 3:15 c.s.t. The cause was not immediately known but an overclocked CPU or spilled two liter bottle of Mountain Dew may be to blame.

Officials with the Red Cross helped Watson find a place to stay for a few nights along with providing vouchers for food, clothing and a two month subscription to clubonline.com.

## Sports Utility Vehicle Round Up *by Sgt. Rocko McBain*

Ahh, SUVs.... I'm only mildly ashamed to say I love them. It's their "utility" that gets me. I used quotes on the word utility, but I meant them literally. Many of my readers probably don't realize that the middle, or lynch-pin, letter of SUV stands for utility, the other glyphs remaining shrouded by the ancient-ness of this acronym's Latin origins.

Etymology aside, the Al Gores, Ralph Naders, and Charles Darwins of our time – bless their little hearts, the blasphemers – would have you believe that SUVs are a consumptive, irresponsible, and evolutionarily unviable indulgence of the rich. These points would all be valid, were they not so stupid. These and other idealistic proponents of the "Flexcar" would go on to suggest that, if we must have our own personal vehicle, our "precious" you might say, it should be a small hybrid, a small diesel, or just a very, very small car (such as the new breed of subcompacts, or "microvans" as I refer to them).

I consider these options just as reasonable as going without my customary one to four camping and/or skiing trips per year...just as reasonable as going without one or two gargantuan trips to Ikea or Costco...just as reasonable as not being able to see my beautiful, shiny SUV towering over its small, drab neighbors in the mall's parking garage. If this run-on has confused and befuddled you the way it has me, I think I'm trying to say that I consider not owning a glorious SUV not an option. I think that much is clear.

So, on to the SUV reviews. I won't bore you with the details, but I've done my research: I read reviews from Consumer Reports, MSN's auto reviewers, Edmunds, etc. I go on test drives a couple of times a month, because for some reason I find it fun (and my wife indulges me and feigns interest, which I'm sure she'll ultimately regret). I look at cars on the street in a way that would make them uncomfortable if they only knew, I talk to people about them behind their backs, and I spend a lot of time walking around in a daze thinking about them.

Summarized. Due to problems with reliability, safety, handling/performance, overall ownership costs, and/or (but probably and) resale value, avoid everything but Honda, Toyota, or the occasional Nissan. (But do your research with Nissans – they're not always better than the domestics and the lesser imports.) You can save some money upfront with products from the less reliable automakers, but it's a definite gamble, since you're considerably more likely to spend time with the car in the shop, even early on, but especially after a few years. You're also more likely to have a hard time getting a decent price when it comes time to sell. When you factor in higher yearly ownership costs and faster depreciation, the cheaper brands aren't a savings anymore.

How about the fancy versions of Hondas, Toyotas, and Nissans you say? That would be Acura, Lexus, and Infinity, respectively. With the style and sophistication (ie, extensive standard features) on every Honda, Toyota, or Nissan coming out these days, their vanity brands should only be appealing if you consider their weird names (eg, RDX, RX330L, or FX45, respectively) and the million-dollar meetings and focus groups that produced them to be worth \$5000 to \$10,000 extra. Otherwise, in most cases, they're almost as good as the basic Honda, Toyota, or Nissan from which they're (slightly) modified.

## Songs of the South by S.V. Farmer

*We are proud to introduce a new ongoing column from Mr. S.V. Farmer. We have sent him to the armpits of Florida to do some hard hitting investigative reporting. Nothing Carl Hiasen could touch. Although, we miss him dearly up here in the far reaches of the Upper NW, especially the requisite twelver of High Life that always accompanies him, it's good to see he's found his calling. We hope for his speedy return, but are damn glad to have him on the AK retainer. - Ed.*

*First Installment:*

### "Tabby and the Duck"

Across the street from my aunt's house (sort of--corner lots confuse me) live two school teachers who are "on the disability." The husband seems to actually be disabled in an obese sort of way and rarely leaves the house, but I can't figure out what's wrong with the wife other than she's bug-nuts crazy.

The wife (I never can remember her name) is a short, buxom gal with long white hair and her uniform seems to consist of tank tops, short shorts, and high-heeled sandals. If she hasn't appeared on Springer's "My Grandma Dresses Like a Hoochie," I suspect she's scheduled for the next installment. When she isn't sitting on the porch or tending to her "more yard-art per square foot than Fountains of Wayne" plot, she's screeching in a Minnie Mouse/Red-tailed Hawk voice at some kin or pet.

Kin-wise, there's a daughter who seems to be a dark-haired, quieter version of her mother, another daughter who roars in her Mustang to drop off her kids, and a husky boy who is some sort of relation and spends most of his time skateboarding (poorly) or practicing his casting in the front yard. He looks to be school-age and my aunt theorizes that he's home schooled by the husband due to disruptive behavior problems. They all communicate by two-way (or "beep beep" as the boy refers to it) even when they can see each other. The rest of the time they screech. Today I heard the



Mr. Farmer (right) and companion

Mustang girl yell "Boo Boo, get out of that ash-tray!" at her toddler daughter.

Pet-wise, they have a dog tied to a tree in the back yard. He's on a long rope with a tire hanging from the middle and seems to be mostly ignored. Their indoor dog is a dachshund with dalmation spots named Tabby. Tabby bears the brunt of the screeching (with the granddaughter second). One of the first days I was here I heard the mincing clip-clop of Miss Minnie Hawk's high-heeled sandals as she raced down the street screaming the dog's name at the top of her lungs. My imitation still busts my aunt up.

They also have an indoor duck named Aflac. Not long ago my aunt came into the house with laughter tears streaming down her face because she'd been watching Tabby chase Aflac while the duck was chasing Miss Minnie Hawk around the yard and nipping at her ankles.

Damned sorry I missed it.

## Notorios V.I.G Top Ten

From the home office in Osseo, Mn

### Top Ten Kids Songs that Sound Dirty

10. Make Friends with my Beanbag
9. Captain Feathersword
8. The Funny Little Pony from Enumclaw
7. Joannie Works with One Hammer
6. The Body Part Game
5. Long Tall Texan
4. My Little Magic Balls Trick
3. Everything Grows
2. Let's Make Some Noise
1. Clean Up Your Mess

### HOLD STEADY VIDEO CONTEST

Artificial Khaos Films in collaboration with The Central District Players have entered themselves into Brooklyn band, The Hold Steady's video contest. The judgment will happen April 15th. Watch the completed video at Boys and Girls in America.

### MARCH MADNESS - LUCK WINS

Doctor Gonzo hosted his annual NCAA Men's Basketball extravaganza. To the disappointment of many the top honor was taken by a SoCal transplant who played way out of his league. His best finish in the last six years was a meager 8th place. Despite Doctor Gonzo himself picking 51 out of 63 games he fell to the saint with a hopeful 44 out of 63 games. Winner seems a relative term in this case. Regardless, it's good to have the founders of Artificial Khaos in the top two. JP made a run, but picking the Gophers left a hole in his bracket. On another note, GO SIOUX!

### This is a Paid Advertisement

Purchase your carbon footprint offsets from Bloom Excavation.

Do you live in a 50,000 sqft house and want to preach to others not to create greenhouse gasses..... NO PROBLEM!!!!!! Bloom Excavation is selling carbon offsets.

Do you want to drive your Yukon this year instead of a Prius, purchase the carbon offset and Bloom Excavation will not burn 2 tires in its tire fire. Do you want to set your AC to 70 instead of 85, purchase a carbon offset and Bloom Excavation will plant 3 trees. You name it and we can support it.

Carbon Offsets, we are here for you..... Think Bloom Excavation..... Think Green. [kgb@bloomengineers.com](mailto:kgb@bloomengineers.com)

## Top Thirty Songs of Spring 2007

Kung Fu Music Corner

KFM Music - Minneapolis, MN.

| #  | Song                    | Artist              | Album   |
|----|-------------------------|---------------------|---|
| 1  | Yeah, I Love You        | Earl Greyhound      | <i>Soft Targets</i>                           |
| 2  | Australia               | The Shins           | <i>Whincing the Night Away</i>                |
| 3  | Underground             | SSM                 | <i>SSM</i>                                    |
| 4  | Skyway                  | Apples in Stereo    | <i>New Magnetic Wonder</i>                    |
| 5  | Phantom Punch           | Sondre Lerche and   | <i>Phantom Punch</i>                          |
| 6  | Please Remain Calm      | Cloud Cult          | <i>The Meaning of 8</i>                       |
| 7  | Bloodhounds on My Trail | Black Angels, The   | <i>Passover</i>                               |
| 8  | Dashboard               | Modest Mouse        | <i>We Were Dead Before the Ship Even Sank</i> |
| 9  | Henrietta               | Fratellis, The      | <i>Costello Music</i>                         |
| 10 | This Mess               | Wolf & Cub          | <i>Vessels</i>                                |
| 11 | Suffer for Fashion      | Of Montreal         | <i>Hissing Fauna, Are You the Destroyer?</i>  |
| 12 | Heart Made of Sound     | Softlightes         | <i>Say No to Being Cool - Say</i>             |
| 13 | Skag Trendy             | View, The           | <i>Hats off to the Buskers</i>                |
| 14 | In Transit              | Albert Hammond, Jr. | <i>Yours to Keep</i>                          |
| 15 | Catching and Killing    | Youth Group         | <i>Casino Twilight Dogs</i>                   |
| 16 | Not A Problem           | Black Lips          | <i>Los Valientes del Mundo Nuevo</i>          |
| 17 | Supernatural Car Lover  | Robert Pollard      | <i>Normal Happiness</i>                       |
| 18 | Morris Brown            | Outcast             | <i>Idlewild</i>                               |
| 19 | The Decision            | Young Knives, The   | <i>Voices of Animals and Men</i>              |
| 20 | Breaxxbaxx              | Land of Talk        | <i>Applause Cheer Boo Hiss</i>                |
| 21 | This Sentence Will      | Born Ruffians       | <i>Born Ruffians</i>                          |
| 22 | False Protections       | Rotary Downs        | <i>Chained To The Chariot</i>                 |
| 23 | Days of Grace           | Tonya Donnelly      | <i>This Hungry Life</i>                       |
| 24 | Our Hell                | Emily Haines & the  | <i>Knives Don't Have Your Back</i>            |
| 25 | Islands Sink            | Chin Up Chin Up     | <i>This Harness Can't Ride Anything</i>       |
| 26 | Don't Tell Me           | The View            | <i>Hats off to the Buskers</i>                |
| 27 | Flathead                | Fratellis, The      | <i>Costello Music</i>                         |
| 28 | Dark Light Daybreak     | Now It's Overhead   | <i>Dark Light Daybreak</i>                    |
| 29 | Rip it Up               | Jet                 | <i>Shine On</i>                               |
| 30 | North American Scum     | LCD Soundsystem     | <i>Sound of Silver</i>                        |



# snapshots



Static X - Old School



KT and the Giant Keg

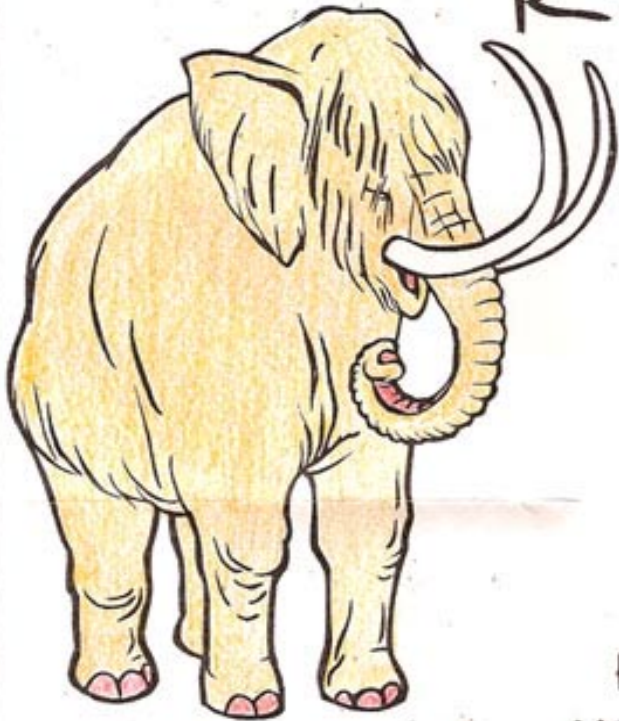


Newly Engaged?

ORIGINAL ARTWORK BY PETE THEIRL

*Pete Theirl*

# HENNESSEY'S KID'S MENU



- KID'S MINI BURGERS (2) \$6.95
- MINI CHEESE BURGERS (2) \$6.95
- KID'S CHICKEN SANDWICH \$6.95
- KID'S FISH 'N' CHIPS \$6.95
- GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICH \$6.95
- KID-SIZE HOT DOG \$6.95
- KID'S CHICKEN TENDERS \$6.25

One Kid's Beverage is included in each

## khaosclassifieds

Sell Sell Sell



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



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



The second feature length film from Artificial Khaos Films. Le' Finale': LitRag 20. Click image to view trailer. DVDs can be had by contacting AJ Rathbun at detonator36@hotmail.com

## 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](http://www.litrag.com)

**Aj Rathbun**

[www.ajrathbun.com](http://www.ajrathbun.com)

**Elemental Studio**

[www.elementalstudio.com](http://www.elementalstudio.com)

**Alex Doerffler Photography**

[link](#)

**Huskyboy Magazine**

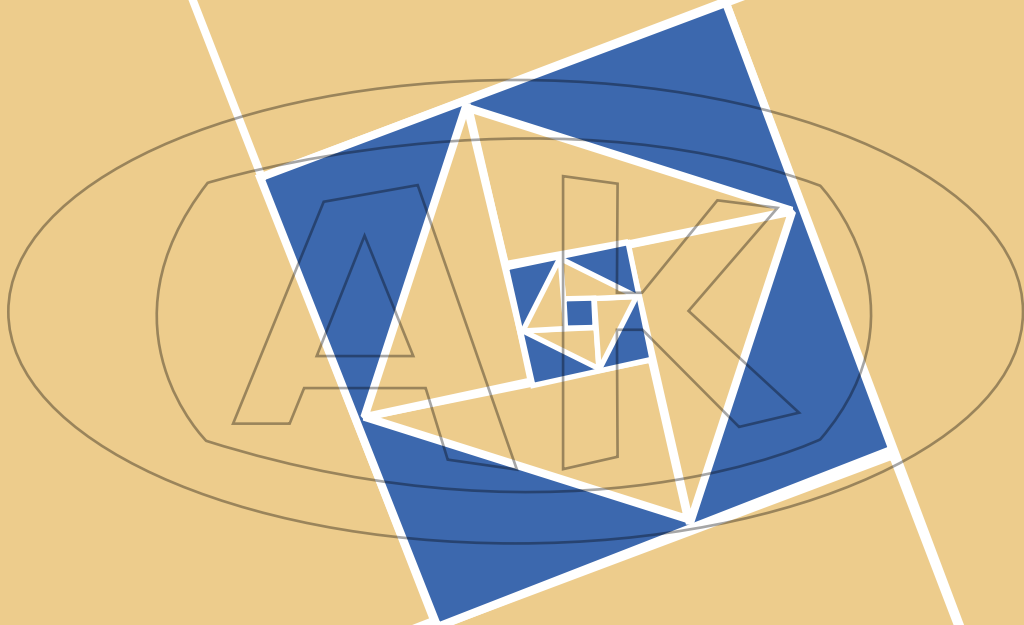
Where the hell is the Huskyboy.? Seriously. An issue every two years. Someone please call HB. And get him a cocktail and an ink ribbon...Still waiting....Maybe 2007?

**BATTLESHIP!BATTLESHIP!BATTLESHIP!**

**VIEW TEASER**

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

# The Khaos Apocrypher - Spring 2007 Newsletter



**Artificial Khaos Productions  
Seattle, WA**

**[www.artificialkhaos.com](http://www.artificialkhaos.com)**