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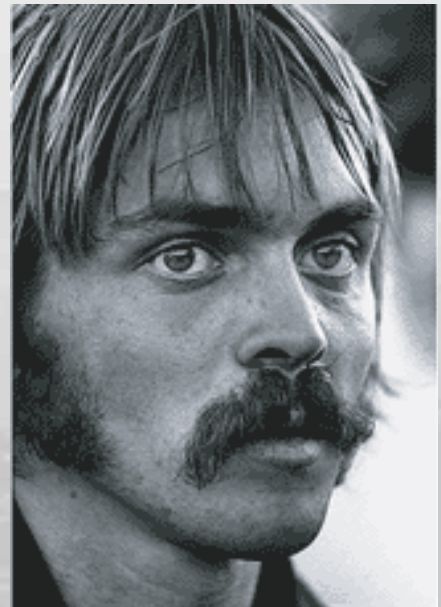
THE KHAOS APOCRYPHER

present

BATTLE OF THE CHAMPIONS

featuring

The Abomb



Prefontaine

This marathon will not be shown on live TV for 6 months

volume 5(2)

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SUMMER 2005

THE KHAOS APOCRYPHER

free

Seattle | WA

Summer Newsletter

volume | 5 (2)

Sin City Winnipeg

by Dr Gonzo

This old town, filled with sin, it will swallow you in... Famous last words. Las Vegas, to Midwesterners is tantamount to the Pit of Sarlacc to Boba Fett. You get there full of cockiness looking for a fight and as soon as your jet-pack fails you get slowly digested for 1,000 years.

Well, for the group of us who went to celebrate the saint's bachelor party, we also found out that there are two types of people in Vegas, those with guns and those who dig; we dug. Some of the shorter boys were pretty big talkers but found out that the taller humans had little problem dispatching them to the sharks (i.e. Diamond Dave [aka Boudj-lite] & Pauly Walnuts). Some of the starting five also ran into trouble (i.e. PK). After years of pulling out two and three night in a row, old PK's horse barely made it three furlongs. One glimmer of hope was The Booze (err, ma'am that's the Brooze) whom had enough integrity to get back on the horse after a fairly lame first night showing with a 9 pm bedtime. Luckily we didn't have to put him down. He's a big animal folks. They say "what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas". I'd add, what you most likely forget in Vegas stays in Vegas. I am piecing most of this story together through articles pulled from the Las Vegas Review Journal.


A few highlights remain. PK the doctor with Tommy Lee the rocker; a couple of Jedi Masters taking control of Caesar's Palace without anyone knowing; the Brooze doing 60 minutes of stand-up in the hotel room with PK getting the brunt of the roast.

You may find this difficult to believe, but this whole Circus was moved north to Winnipeg, Canada a mere six days later. There are many variables in this equation but the con-



The rock star is on the left

stants remain. Why the gate-keepers of the Great White North would allow passage into their country is beyond me. But, I'm getting ahead of myself. The trip started in Minneapolis for a night, on to Fargo to get fed (thanks R & R) and finally into Canada with the sounds of Journey and Cinderella blasting from our SUV. The occasion - The Big Ticket got hitched to a Canadian. In attendance, were seven of the most overrated North High Basketball stars in the history of Fargo athletics. Sure, we never made it to State, but we all managed to stay in great shape. The total weight gain for the Magnificent Seven was only 800lbs (363kg).

Some people would think that a recent weekend in Vegas would attenuate the rampant goonery. Those same people would be dead wrong. Winnipeg got a taste of some fine karaoke, a live gorilla and a large U.S.A. soccer player in attendance at the reception. All in all it was a pretty decent two-week run. Just keep in mind the Circus pulls into the City of Angels in two weeks. Paramount has the film rights. 

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P.O. Box 665-6667**WE Fest: 2005 Preview***by Stu*

For those of you unaware, WE Fest is an Upper Midwest music festival similar to Seattle's Bumbershoot, England's Reading & Leeds Festivals, or Minneapolis' Rockin' Awesome Taste of Aquatennial Ribfest Fireworks Hot Wing Supertacular, Featuring Foghat!!! The difference is that WE Fest is in the middle of nowhere, and it caters to people who can tell you the first names of Brooks & Dunn (hint: one of them is named Kix. This is not a joke.)

What are you missing, then? We're glad you asked. Here-with is an artist preview for those of you interested in attending. NOTE: THE CAMPGROUND WHERE YOU WILL BE STAYING IS DARWIN'S PLAYGROUND. COMBINE MARDI GRAS, A GUN SHOW, A STATE SCHOOL KEG PARTY, AND THE CREEPING SENSE OF DREAD IN THE "GOING UPRIVER" SCENES IN APO-COLYPSE NOW, AND YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH THERE. MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A TRUCKER'S HAT, AND WEAR IT UNIRONI-CALLY. WE CANNOT STRESS THIS ENOUGH.

Thursday

4:00 p.m., SHeDAISY. That's how they spell it. Pronounced shuh-DAY-zee. We can't begin to tell you how funny this is to us. As for the music: the Dixie Chicks, but without the death threats.

5:45 p.m., Charlie Daniels Band. We love "Uneasy Rider," which should be as popular, if not more, than "Devil Went Down to Georgia." In the intervening decades, however, his most well-known song is "This Ain't No Rag, It's a Flag." If you haven't guessed by now, this event is a little more Red Statey than Coachella.

8:15 p.m., Big & Rich. Their band includes an African-American country singer and a midget, and feature lyrics that endorse tolerance and open-mindedness. Their biggest hit promoting a philosophy that, if one were to be interested in protecting a horse, one should consider a cowboy as a means of conveyence. We admit that we might be reading the song the wrong way. If you haven't guessed by now, the Red States are deeply weird.

10:00 p.m., Toby Keith. Think of the biggest jerk in your high school. Think of the sense of entitlement as he slammed band nerds into lockers, knowing that he'll never be called on it.

(We Fest cont. from page 2)

Think of how certain Presidents use their love of country as a bludgeon to divide “us” from “them.” Think of a ridiculous perm and a huge belt buckle. Ladies & Gentlemen, Toby Keith!

Friday

NOTE: THE COMBINATION OF HEAT EXHAUSTION, UNDERCOOKED CORN KING HOT DOGS, BUSCH LIGHT DRAFT AND HOT 100 SCHNAPPS WILL PREVENT YOU FROM SEEING ANY BANDS TODAY. YOU’LL SPEND IT RUNNING FROM YOUR TENT TO THE FILTHY CAMPGROUND TOILET AND BACK. AROUND 6-7:00 THAT EVENING, YOU’LL ROUSE YOURSELF TO GET UP, SIT AT THE PICNIC TABLE, AND SMOKE UNFILTERED CAMELS UNTIL YOU PASS OUT ON THE GROUND A COUPLE HOURS LATER. YOU WILL BE PEED ON BY YOUR FELLOW CAMPERS. CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY.

Saturday

2:45 p.m., Shelly Fairchild. We’re not going to even pretend we know who she is.

4:30 p.m., Trick Pony. Wouldn’t it be great if, instead of another generic country group, they put Queens of the Stone Age, Slipknot, or System of a Down right here? Just 75 minutes of pure aggression, and a maximum of two songs with melodies. One of them would have to be “Rawhide.” That would be awesome.

6:15 p.m., Dierks Bentley. “Dierks”? Okay, just make sure you play a lot of Wyllee and Jhonny covers. (Yes, we have no idea who this is, either, and are making fun of his ridiculous first name. Typical elitist liberals. Note the royal “we.” We suck.)

8:15 p.m., Gretchen Wilson. Has a song called “Redneck Woman.” It is the national anthem of Hector, Minnesota. We’re not being snarky here, we mean that that last three times we’ve

been home, this song has been heard pumping out of truck speakers, in the Legion, and at a street dance. Since it doesn’t once praise willful ignorance, the “good old days,” or women as dutiful babymakers, we’re encouraged.

10:45 p.m., Tim McGraw. Tug McGraw’s kid. Great, great, GREAT as a washed-up jock/terrible father in Friday Night Lights. Was once arrested for stealing a police officer’s horse. Duetted with Nelly on a song that was both unlistenable and a huge hit. Now, try imagining, say, Thom Yorke being that interesting. **ak**

Art of the Dipnet

by Gooch

Five years of dipnetting

Author’s note: Salmon were actually harmed in the making of this story. My Sierra Club membership has been revoked.

Year one- We drive 7 hours, tie off on a cliff, stick our dip nets in the water. We are up for 36 hours straight, get 90 salmon, clean and package them, and start for home. I decide to take a nap while driving and almost kill us both. Net result: One totaled truck, one surgery, one very strained friendship, and zero edible salmon.

Year two- Two new partners and a boat. Fresh off pacemaker surgery, all I can do is pilot. We have to be in the only Lund in all of Alaska. I am pretty sure because damn near every other boat in the state must be in this river. From the encouragement I am getting from the two guys with nets behind me it is obvious that I am somewhere between the captains of the Exxon Valdez and the Edmund Fitzgerald in seamanship (or is it semanship). We get 90 salmon in about 10.5 hours.

(Dipnet cont page 4, top)

Year three- No real highlights. I am back on the dipnet where I belong. 105 salmon in about 16 hours and one real good drunk and we are back on our way to Wasilla.

Year four- Have you ever cleaned 55 salmon in a hotel room? It really is not as much fun as it sounds. The next day we get 95 fish in 2 hours. It takes us longer to load the boat than it does to get our fish. This year will be the one by which all others will be measured and not just because I did not have to buy the rum.

Year five- We find a new place to clean fish that does not involve dodging hotel security. The boat doesn't work the first day so what else can be done but head to a dumpy Mexican restaurant to drink XX. We get 90 fish including what turns out to be a 43 lb. king. While waiting in line the author mentally prepares

ak

Three Sheets to the Wind

by Stach Zyka

Okay, so I'm still drunk and still drinking. Have been since 5:30 a.m. when I heard the news reports that the War on Terror was over. Then I smoked a joint so I could feel good about driving into work. But now that I'm here at work, and now having read the news reports in detail, I realized that my celebration was premature. We've only substituted an enemy.

Let me take this opportunity to trademark "Bushwellian," although I'm sure someone's beat me to the punch. And I believe that Donald himself trademarked Rumsfeldian even before his appointment, crafty prick. He gets all the talent, he has all the cash. My guess is that willingness won't claim us, because we got three wars to name us.

So, despite my elevated blood-alcohol level, what else is there? Is our new enemy any better or any worse? Let's explore. War on Terror. Hmmm...I always thought that was

a bit ambitious, a bit broad. Maybe even a bit vague. But a "Global Struggle Against Violent Extremism," now there is something I can get my arms around. Like I've always said, I'd rather look for a needle in a 1500-pound round bale than a haystack any day. I wonder what constitutional exemptions the President is granted under The Struggletime Act. We better have the scholars - and the lawyers examine the fine print before we declare worldwide Marshall Law.

Nevermind. Although it's all true, it's all only in jest. I'm against Terror as much as the next guy. I hate it, I hate it, I hate. It's bad, bad, bad. And cleaning it up, as we well know, is hard work. Now violent extremism, well, that's not so clear cut for me. I will definitely need my President's council and leadership with this one. It's out of my league Donnie. ak

Ask Dr. Sam

by Sam "The Choice: Chao, BCSC"

Sam is not a doctor. He is not a licensed practitioner in any way. However, he does like to assume things, stereotype, and apply common sense to all situations. Unsolicited advice is his specialty, but here are the letters he wishes he had received this month:

My boyfriend is on the internet surfing porn all the time. I think he's a sex addict or some kind of a deviant freak. Should I leave him?

Signed,
Ms. Concerned

Ms. Concerned: It's okay. Men are wired differently than women, so the desire to be visually stimulated by a variety of women is normal. That said, it might be helpful if you made yourself more appealing to him. I recommend a brazilian wax followed by some harmless make believe. For instance, pretend you are

(Ask Chao cont. from page 4)

an open-minded college girl that will try everything and anything in the back seat of a minivan. I guarantee you will get more attention than his Dell.

My stock portfolio is a mess. In the year 2000, I had over a quarter million in my eTrade account. Now I'm down to a mere \$60k. I know being 26 years old I have time to make it back, but what is your recommendation?

Signed,
eBroke

eBroke: You are not alone. At the turn-of-the-millennium there were many like you: young, well-educated yet vastly untalented that amassed large sums of money from doing sales or biz dev for internet startups. And just like you, they invested in stocks that doubled every 6 months. And, just like you, their greed prevented them to sell, leaving them with a portfolio that's now pennies on the dollar. My advice to you is to re-visit how you got your money and how it turned into what it is today, and thank your lucky stars that you still have enough to carry you through these "rough" times. The dot com days are dot gone, so maybe the 2.5% return of a money market account isn't so bad.

I just turned 30 last month but I still practice the tradition of "wake and bake" 4 to 5 times a week. I can hold a job and a relationship so it doesn't seem to be a problem. My uptight friends look down on me but I think they're just unable to have fun. What do you think?

Signed,
High & Mighty

High & Mighty: To start with, if you can get baked and function at a job, you are either a pro or work at a place that requires you to wear a nametag on your uniform. Anyway, I

have nothing against marijuana except that it promotes laziness, apathy, and a shortage of Cherry Garcia at my local supermarket. Since you are 30, I don't think anything will change unless you want it to. As for maryjane being a gateway drug, if you can make it to 30, I think you're just fine. So light up and vote democrat, and I'll see you at the drum circle at the next Phish concert. **ak**

Send your questions to Dr. Sam Chao, BCSC to the Khaos Apochrypher. We'll make sure he gets it...

Top Ten Reasons Michael Jackson is More Fun than Disney World

by *The Notorious V.I.G.*

10. All kids all the time.
9. Whack the monkey ride is open 24 - 7.
8. Mike gives a new meaning to "It's a Small World".
7. More porn.
6. Jacko's famous disappearing thumb trick..."Tah-Dah"
5. Balloon animals all in the shape of a sea cucumber.
4. Michael and LaToya are funnier to look at than Goofy and Pluto.
3. Mike's face has more interchangeable parts than a Mr. Potato Head.
2. He's crazier than a Pat O'brien in a room full of hookers.
1. The Jacko Petting Zoo (If you know what I mean...) **ak**

TGMPA

by *Dr. Gonzo*

The Great Midwestern Pharm Accident is now up in it's entirety at www.artificialkhaos.com. Just click on Film and the movie can be viewed with Quicktime. Of, course if you'd rather have the DVD drop me an email. **ak**

It's Official: I'm Old

by Kyles, the PhD of Plastics

I don't think I ever really saw it coming. I still giggle like a 3rd grader whenever I hear mention of sexual organs. I still play my video games and want to see movies with car chases and explosions and possibly a chance to see a booby (hee-hee), but there is no stopping time, experience and maturity at least on some level. You think it hasn't happened to you my fellow thirty-something? Start spending some serious time with someone who is only 21 and you will face the backhand of reality soon enough.

My reality bomb comes in the form of Luis, a summer intern working in the labs. Sure, it started off rather gently with comments like, "Hey, isn't this song from your day?" whenever an 80's hair band is on the radio. You may like some modern bands and think you are on top of things, but when someone puts a gun to your head, you will have to admit that nothing gives you that warm fuzzy feeling like when you are out and start to hear a good old Def Leppard song being played. Sing along with me, "Pour some sugar on me..." Yikes!

Then things start to hurt a little more when he moves onto "What was (insert subject) like when you were young?" What the hell! I'm not your frickin' grandpa! But face it, much has changed. He can't wrap his mind around things like Pong and collecting returnable Coke bottles from your parents to take back to the store for some penny candies. I could go on and on, but you know where I'm coming from. When the experiences of your youth are unknown to someone of adult age, you are old. The fact that you miss the way things were back then just confirms it.

When we go out after work for some drinks, the confirmations of my oldness just keep rolling in. Luis keeps things simple and pure. If a woman is good looking, then he is interested. No thoughts about her habits, her conversational skills, her career, her goals for the

future or overall chemistry. No willingness to overlook appearance if all of these other factors are met. Holy shit! When did I start thinking like this? When did thoughts from above the waistline enter the equation?

Yup, there's no denying it anymore. I've been slowly and steadily maturing and changing. The interesting thing is I guess I don't mind. I don't have the energy or the will to live life like him anymore. That doesn't mean you have to go completely and willingly to your retirement home. Keep pulling that craziness out once and a while. Just get plenty of rest afterwards. Let the child in you out sometimes and stay up all night with your buddies playing video games. Giggle when a co-worker says something that includes or sounds like a body part (my company makes caulk and I laugh every time!). You have plenty of time to fade into being a grumpy old man so don't let it happen too soon. **ak**

Me v. Rock and Roll

by Kung Fu Mike, Esq.

The Khaos staff recently acquired the court documents to an upcoming civil trial taking place somewhere in Minnesota. The case will be tried by our very own staff lawyer, Kung Fu Mike. His ability to reason in fourteen different forms of communication as well as his proficiency in Black Palm Kung Fu have rocketed him to the top of must have lawyers.

Despite any unseen ethical dilemmas we have produce the document for our faithful readers. See page 7 for real truth.

We wish K.F. Mike all the best in his upcoming case. Better get her done before another Supreme justice is appointed...

Kfu, Esquire, on behalf of those parties capable of the faculty of hearing

Plaintiffs,

60's and 70's Rock stars who don't know when to quit

Defendants,

SUPERIOR COURT OF MINNESOTA
LAW DIVISION: HENNIPIN COUNTY

CIVIL ACTION

DOCKET NO. D-8106-02

NOTICE OF PENDENCY OF CLASS ACTION, PROPOSED CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT AND SETTLEMENT HEARING

All Defendants are "artists" as that term is very loosely defined in 18 U.S. C. § 1961.

Whereas, certain artists have refused to stop writing songs although they scraped the bottom of their creative barrels several decades ago.

Whereas, it has been agreed by and among parties to this Action, through their respective counsel, that a protective order preserving quality and at the least, listenable music in all media forms (not limited to internet radio, AM/FM radio or Satellite radio), should be entered by the SUPERIOR COURT OF MINNESOTA;

IT IS HEREBY STIPULATED AND AGREED THAT:

1. It is the contention of the plaintiffs that Elton John hasn't written a decent song (with or without Bernie Taupin) since "Little Jeanie" in May of 1980.
2. It is the contention of the plaintiffs that Jagger/Richards have not gotten off their respective asses to write a memorable song since "Waiting on a Friend" in 1981.
3. It is the contention of the plaintiffs that Paul McCartney has not penned a decent tune, worthy of airplay since "Take It Away" in April of 1982. The reduction in Marijuana intake due to Nancy Regan's mid-80s "Just Say No" campaign is not to be considered in the scope of this action.
4. It is the contention of the plaintiffs that Phil Collins has NOT EVEN FUCKING COME CLOSE to writing a listenable song since "Man on the Corner" in September of 1981 with the A.O.R. (Album oriented rock) band Genesis. Later released, but still highly questionable songs co-written with Genesis members Tony Banks and Mike "& the Mechanics" Rutherford are not within the scope of this action.
5. It is the contention of the plaintiffs that David Bowie has been in discreet collaboration with the now talentless Phil Collins since after the release of "China Girl" in 1983 but possibly as far back as the Ziggy Stardust era. "The Heart's Filthy Lesson" was Brian Eno's work, so is therefore not within the scope of this lawsuit. A separate lawsuit is pending over the concerns of Mr. Bowie's other questionable musical endeavors. -- see THE PEOPLE vs. TIN MACHINE

At all times relevant hereto, Defendants were aware of acceptable songwriting skills in duration of no less than twenty eight (28) years and contiguous to no less than four (4) decades - see Declan Patrick Aloysius McManus

Done this 11th. day of July, 2005

Respectfully submitted,
Kfu, Esquire
Pa. I.D. No. 79230-22

Klebcade

by Static X


I'm sure most of you know the story of Peter Pan. That old boy just didn't want to grow up. Well, for most of us that is not an option (Stash Zyka the obvious exception). However there are ways that all of us try to recapture those youthful experiences, most involving large quantities of alcohol. Well, since I found out a few years ago that alcohol and I just didn't get along very well, I needed to find another way to re-live my youth. But how? That is my friends is where the true tragedy lies. I built an arcade. What? How? Why? All questions I fielded early and often from anyone willing to hear my ranting. To answer simply: A fvc&eing arcade! Like Pac Man! With help, patients and money. Because I can and my wife is going to let me. Once I saw exactly what can be done and how well it works, I was sucked in like Dan Michael to a Godfather Pizza buffet. I didn't want to know how much it would cost. It didn't matter. I had to have one. I really don't know if anyone else out in Khaos land was addicted to video games like I was when I was a kid (or am today, damn Xbox), but if anyone was then you know my obsession. Here was the kicker, the system plays over 7500 games. Yep, 7500. How could you not want one in your basement? Exactly. So, I thought I would quickly share the construction experience and show you the final results. And let me say this with confidence, if I can build one then so can you.

Damn I get wordy. I'll try to keep this simple. Here is what you need to build your own arcade:

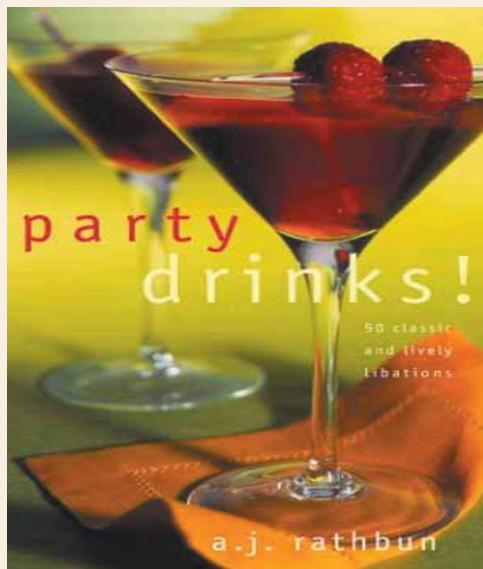
- 3 pieces 4'X8'X?" MDF
- A TV (mine is 27") with an S video in
- A PC with a video card that has an S video out
- Some buttons, joysticks and a trachball, which can be purchased online.
- Paint, plexi-glass, some wheels, hinges and the like to make it look pretty.
- There was more, but it's like making



a huge meal for your entire family. You end up running to the grocery store ten times to get everything you need. The guy at Home Depot was greeting me like Woody greeted Norm on "Cheers" once I was finishing up.

- Oh yeah, the games. They are really nothing more than computer programs with some software to run them. Honestly, they were the cheapest part of the endeavor. \$18 bucks for seven DVD's full of the Roms (games, just over 7,000) and free application software downloaded off of the Internet. Just about every game you can think of. Galaga, Asteroids, Frogger, Pac Man (and the Ms.), the list is endless. I don't know how to describe the labor involved. You just keep going. "What? I need to cut this again? Okay". I didn't care to look at a jigsaw for a long time. And to this day my garage has a layer of MDF dust covering pretty much everything. It definitely turned into a labor of love. It has not become a clothesline..... yet. I do so love bringing unsuspecting game lovers into my basement (insert tasteless homosexual joke here) and watching their jaw hit the ground when they realize what the machine can do. So in closing, what did I learn? I'm a D@mn geek. 

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