

THE

CHAOS APOCRYPHER



SUMMER 2006



Features

.....

- 1 THE WILKO AWARDS BY DOCTOR GONZO
- 2 HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL BY CELIA NEUMAN
- 2 'ELLO GUV'NA BY DOCTOR GONZO
- 3 THE YETI CONFETTI BY STASH ZYKA
- 4 RED HORSES OF SPAIN BY ROBERT GOULET, JR.
- 5 WE NEED TO TALK BY KYLES THE KING OF PLASTIC
- 5 FEAR AND LOATHING AT THE WILKO AWARDS BY HST
- 6 TOP TEN PLACES TO DROP AN ATOMIC BOMB BY KUNG FU MIKE
- 6 THINGS I LEARNED AT SASQUATCH BY REVEREND WILD BILL
- 7 DREAM POLICE INSIDE OF MY HEAD BY MC MARS
- 8 THE WEDDING SPEECH BY SAM "THE CHOICE" CHAO
- 8 LIT RAG 20 BY DOCTOR GONZO
- 10 THE BLOOM FAMILY RANCH BY LATE BLOOMER
- 11 TOP TEN BY DOCTOR GONZO
- 11 COACHELLA ROCKAFELLA BY THE SAINT



Departments

.....

- 6 FACES
- 9 KUNGFUMUSICCORNER
- 10 NEWSBREAK
- 12 SNAPSHOTS
- 13 KHAOSCLASSIFIEDS





The Wilko Awards: June 10th, 2006

by Doctor Gonzo

The stars were out on June 10th. But it was still early evening. What were Dave Letterman and Uma Thurman doing at our wedding? Robert Goulet and the late Hunter S. Thompson showed up, both looking no worse for the wear. Bjork? Only the Wilko Awards could bring such a collection of big name stars to the edge of Seattle. But I digress...

After the vows were exchanged (thanks Phil), the red carpet was rolled out and the booze got flowing. Heather, Sylvia and hula girl KTB prowled the red carpet like a trio of pros. Flash bulbs were popping everywhere. Security was looking for Freddy, who forgot his identification and almost ended up downtown as SPD. A bomb the famous Midwestern physician was gowned like a Mideastern physician. A professional trumpet player was dressed like Garth Brooks. The cast of characters was out in full force. But where was George Clooney? Master of Ceremony, Andy Sweet opened the show and was uncanny with his solid delivery. He had more one-liners than Kate Moss's mirror.

The Man in Black came out with his two baneleros and banged out a version of Ring of Fire to the crowds appreciation. Booze kept flowing. The awards presentations started next. There is not enough space to list all the awards with categories ranging from the absurd, Most Likely to have Cocktail in Hand to the contrite, Sisterhood of the Year. A surprise retrospective award was given for the Man of the Year 1992 with a video acceptance speech sending the crowd into a frenzy. More booze. Hunter S.

mistakenly thought he was at the UW graduation, which was held on the other side of town. The Lady of the Event sexed it up with a gorgeous version of "Pardon My Southern Accent". George Clooney finally made his appearance via satellite on location on the set of Ocean's 13. Letterman gave us the night's Top Ten list. A performance by Sylvia and FM. The Husky-boy kept the meals in order with one hand on the microphone and the other on the bottle. The ceremony got political once Rondi Lou got the mic. The ceremony concluded with a duet of Walk the Line from the wedded couple. As with most awards ceremonies the event went over time and appearances by Marlon Brando and the Rolling Stones got nixed.

After the ceremony more booze was consumed, cake was eaten. Seattle band, Ricochet rawked the house. What a party.

Thanks to all those dear folks who traveled near and far to attend our little event. I'd called it a rousing success. We will never forget it. Thanks to all of you who helped us pull this thing off.

We'll hope to see all of you in five years when we present the Battle of the Network Stars anniversary party. Until then, my wife and I will enjoy the quiet.

Ed. You can find all the fun details of the nights event on our website. Videos will be added to the media section as they become available. If you have your own pix from the event send me the link. Click [HERE](#) to link to the site.

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 - Belltown**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
SUBSCRIBE: artificialkhaos.com
MAIL: AK Customer Service
P.O. Box 665-6667**High School Muscial** *by Celia Neuman*

I like High School Musical. It's on the Disney Channel all the time. My Dad tells me it's a soul-crushing experience (Dad says weird things when he thinks he's being funny) whenever he sees it, but I've heard him singing along to "We're All in this Together" in the car whenever we're listening to the CD. We don't get to listen to it in the car more than twice a day, but Dad says that's because he's "going to drive us all into oncoming traffic" if he hears "Get Your Head in the Game" again.

Zach is my favorite character in the movie because he's cute and I'm going to marry him. They also have London from "The Suite Life of Zack and Cody" in the movie but I don't like her because she's a brat in the movie.

In one of Dad's magazines, it says that this is the highest-selling CD of the year! For some reason, this makes Dad angry. I think it's because the bands he likes don't sell any CDs. He made us listen to the Sebastian Bells once and I didn't like it at all. They were stupid and sang funny. But then again he watches Gilmore Girls.

Thanks for letting me write for your magazine, Brad! How much are you paying me?

Ed. Celia is a first time writer for the KhAp. She will get paid nothing. Especially if her dad continues to cater to her TV tastes. At least get her some Saved By the Bell on DVD...

'ello Guv'na*by Doctor Gonzo*

We love to break stories here at the Apocrypher. Well, this one will make you itch with joy. A well known contractor named Rich Kosel from Fargo, ND has told a local correspondent that he will make a bid for governor of North Dakota in Fall 2006. Sure, the initial question is what does a contractor know about running the ND government. Apparently, more than you know. Check out his platform promises. 1) Raze South Dakota to the ground and make parking lot of it, except for the Badlands; huge ass skate park. 2) Ethanol for All. By 2008 corn will be our only source of energy. 3) Bring Grain Belt Premium to the West Coast by 2007. A bit ambitious but he's got my vote. So, get out there, shake some hands and kiss some babies. The march is on...



The Yeti Confetti

by Stash Zyka

Sasquatch, May 2006

Saturday: Arrived immediately after Rogue Wave -- screw 'em. Gomez: 2nd best band after The Hip. Sufjan: 50 states and cities, gimmicky for the freaks in the hizah, but still better than Death Cab for Cutie. Iron & Wine: Not April Wine. Started out slow, but then kicked it hard. Dan Fouts brings the rawk. Neko Case: 30 Minute Hail Storm Hit, Wild Bill was lost for seven hours, only lived because he found a discarded vinyl tarp to roll up and exist in, and she never sang her hit or saw the stage again, but what a doll.

The Hip: Brought the crowd back to life after the storm raged (except the missing WB), drG and I were adopted by a pack of Oiler rooting Canadians in galoshes and pirate hats, one of the best time I've ever had at a concert, even without WB. The Shins: Good, but looked like newborns after Gordie and Company. Still way better than Death Cab for Cupie. But caused us to miss the Sam Roberts Band. Ben Harper: drG said it was great. I left to find Bill before it got dark. It got dark, I was lost for two hours in a lightless field of replicated cars and tents and ankle deep mud. Finally found the site, and Bobby said Wild Bill was in his car. I opened the door. He was gone. Flaming Lips: Wild Bill said it was good. Everyone else left by then, but he had a seven hour nap under his belt, so he went back, alone.

Sunday: Nicer weather. Nada Surf: Caught a few of their hits before we headed over to Village Green. Nada sounded straight off the album. Village Green: Jezuz Kriztz those boy rawked. Loved it. Good gyros too. Arctic Monkeys: Just fantastic. Rawk, rawk, rawk. The Bizarro to Death Cab's Superman. Decemberists: Sounded okay from a distance. Ben Lee: Simon & Garfunkel. We are Scientist: Who's this Matisyaho guy? Matisyaho: Biggest surprise of the show. If a yiddish rapper can bring the rawk, why can't the homeboy punks Death Cab? Queens of the Stoneage: Michael Madsen on anabolic steroids. Scared most of us off to Clap Your Hands Say Yeah. Clap Your Hands Say Yeah: Best show with the worst sound since the Helen Keller Chior. I think they did mostly Talking Heads covers. The lead singer is nuts. It would have been great if us and the extra 3,000 people who flooded this little stage could have seen and heard them on the main, with the sun going down, but alas, the Death Cab got the main billing.

Death Cab for Cutie: When nearly everyone is talking during the show, it's a good sign that it sucks. They actually dedicated a song to Beck then proceeded to leave the rawk in the box. Stu, tell that Cobain-kid at the Fetus that his emo band nearly ruined my Sasquatch, a feat not even a hailstorm and the lost of Wild Bill could do. I have to stop thinking about it. Beck: What should have been therapeutic rawk after Death Cab's maladies was a godddammnn puppet show. Literally. In fact, before his "encore" he had the puppets sing and dance to a recording of Loser. Like I said, he doesn't even have the balls to lip sync, he has puppets do it for him. As

(cont page 4)



(Yeti continued)

he was saying good night and all was hush, drG screamed f*&k at the top of his lungs. That made the show for me.

Best Band: Hip

Worst Band: Death Cab

Biggest Surprise: Iron & Wine and Matisyaho.

Biggest Let Down: Beck

Best Memory: Seeing Wild Bill work the herb with some strangers under our tentsite's canopy.

Worst Memory: Telling the punk working the first aid booth that if my friend (WB) is dead, I'll have to raise his kids, so get on your walkie-talkie and find him.

Red Horses of Spain *by Robert Goulet, Jr.*



Hello, Johnny:

I really had a fine time in Burbank, thanks for inviting me down. I think I left a yellow turtle-neck in the guesthouse--if you run across it, send it to the Des Moines Kiwanis club C.O.D.—I have a score to settle with them.

It was great to swing the racket again—you've still got a wicked backhand! Remember how we used to fly the Bunny jet to play doubles with Hef and Kissinger in Buenos Aires? It was never easy playing squash with a martini in one hand and a Chesterfield in the other, but if we got too far ahead Henry would throw a fit and threaten to have a B-52 bomb the club, the little twit.

It's been over a month since my cameo appearance at the 2006 Wilko Awards. It was a pleasant drive to Seattle from Lake Tahoe -- just me, "Shirley" (my 1982 Chrysler LeBaron convertible), and my Engelbert Humperdinck collection on 8-track—just the Columbia years, mind you; the rest is monkey-piss, and Bert knows it... I was in town christening my nephew's Dodge Omni when the awards folks needed a helping hand. Musical crowd too--the younger generation is going to give us a run for our money, Johnny. I might coax you out of retirement yet....

I decided to stay for a bit since the investors for the Phoenix show got cold feet, so while I was there I thought I'd try my luck at the ponies with some of the cats I met there. Now that was a class act—it reminded me of hosting the ABC Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes with Dyan Cannon...she's got a shape to her!...

The Emerald state races the ponies at a place called Emerald Downs: a nice view of Mount Rainier in the background, which they named after the cherry, I believe. I didn't win anything, and I lost my program after eating twenty pounds of Oriental food and passing out. I do remember a few of the horses, Arabian Hoses, I believe, all of which let me down: Papa's Pistol, Ragin Nonno, and Dime a Dozen. I loved those horses, all of them, and one by one they let me down. Which is why Shirley is the only gal for me these days. Unless Dyan Cannon is free... now where did I put that cocktail napkin w/my phone numbers?

Take care Johnny and keep a pitcher of scotch on the kitchen table for me. I'm out!

Ed. We sincerely thank Mr. Goulet, Jr. for sharing his thought despite is extensive touring schedule. We look forward to the opening of his new Vegas show, Goulet in Space.

We Need to Talk *by Kyles the King of Plastic*

Conversation is dead and a language lost. Modern technology is to blame as the distance between us grows. Email was the beginning. It could replace seeing a friend in person or having to pick up the phone. Depth and breadth of discussions suffered. Experiences became less shared. Things became more impersonal at work as email washed away even the simple “how was your weekend?” included in direct conversation.

Next came instant messaging to put a knife into talking on the phone. How many teenagers sit home on the weekend silently typing away all night with their friends in an array of open windows? To facilitate, a maddening language of abbreviations developed with a series of punctuations replacing real emotions. In the workplace, meetings have become a talking head presiding over a sea of faces staring at laptop screens distracted by discussions taking place outside the room. Windows popping open and comments flying like machine gun fire. Text messaging on cell phones exacerbates the problem limiting all thoughts in life to 160 characters. Messages are compressed to the point that military grade decryption can't make sense of it.

Personally, I'm not too happy about this. I enjoy talking directly to people and exchanging ideas and thoughts. I want see their reactions and share their laughter instead of getting a colon, hyphen, close parenthesis. I want conversations that take hours (and are preferably fueled by beer), not 15 seconds of key-pushing. I want to speak the English I was forced to learn through many years of schooling. I don't want it to be lost the way of my wood and metal shop training. I want to make friends in person, not by putting a request in on their “myspace” page. But then again, I'm just an old man afraid of change.

Fear and Loathing at the Wilko Awards *by HST*

What was that craziness I stumbled upon that night? My lawyer said I had a speaking engagement at the University of Washington, an auditorium full of freshmen hormones, easy money, comped bar. It was nothing of the sort, and as much as I like the red carpet treatment, the night just got too gawddamn weird for me. It struck a fever pitch with this crazy blonde with a drink in her hand going on and on about the Clintons, patriotism, stem cell research, a wrinkle in her gown, the democratic liberations overseas, the death tax, on and on, the gawddamn Kennedys, global warming, Dean Blaise leaving the Sioux, and those gawddamn democratic liberations overseas.

I called my lawyer, Karl Lazlo, when do I take the gawddamn stage again? I was too milque-toast the first time around. I'm ready for the fight. There was no fight. The ruling class won again. So as I sit here pondering the erosion of American integrity, I'd like to leave you with my closing statement from the speech got scraped on “Awards Night.”

George Bush hates America, as it is, and he hates Americans. His cohorts are a pack of salvage thugs, who use our own constitution, our complacency, and our ignorance to wage a war on true democracy and to create a new feudal system right here, right now. If there is a war that needs to be fought against terror, its a war against Bush and his insidious regime. Bush is America's Antichrist. Thank you and good night.



Hunter S. Thompson "Raoul Duke" watches on at the Wilko Awards.



The Huskyboy or is it "Old Blue Eyes" looking dapper while announcing the nights menu. Only time of the evening when he wasn't holding a cocktail.

Top Ten Places to Drop an Atomic Bomb by Kung Fu Mike

- 1) Mos Eisley
- 2) Jerusalem
- 3) Salt Lake City
- 4) Revendell (those elves have been pacifists too long)
- 5) San Francisco (circa 1963)
- 6) Which ever city Pat Robertson is currently in
- 7) Martha's Vineyard (first I'll drop a few bottles of Glenfiddich to get all the Kennedy's together)
- 8) Paris (circa 1843, 1936, 1958, 1995, 2005...)
- 9) Salt Lake City (circa 2106)
- 10) Hanna , Alberta , Canada (circa 1996)

Things I Learned at Sasquatch

by Rev. Wild Bill (WB)

A two man tent can survive a hail storm and two nights of rock and roll camping but not 10 minutes of preschoolers and dogs.

The attractive young lady who leads you too the security line looks nothing like the 500 pound part time wrestler who will give you your strip search.

One should always travel with a valid drivers licence.

I should have picked up an app at Dicks because being gone for 5 days from a food service job apparently means you quit and the management should hire a replacement.

I had a great time.

Dream Police Inside of My Head *by MC Mars*

I'm in this building - commercial space being renovated - with these two guys who are apparently running for political office, and they are inside this waist-high box that used to hold something or be a display, but now its busted open and only a bunch of pipes are sticking up, and I guess I'm interviewing them for some kind of TV show - must be the whole 1st season of Ali G I watched yesterday - because they are clearly trying to get my support. So I look at a pipe sticking up next to the guy on my left, whom I already don't like for some reason and say "that's your pipeline for change right there, how is it any different from the pipe coming up right next to this guy over here?" The guy on my left stands up in his suit and starts telling me about how the guy on my right wants to bring that pipeline into town and make me pay for what it carries whenever I need it to deliver, and what he believes is we should find out where it will be able to bring the most in, center it there, and then make people pay for branches of supply to where they are every time...

And then all of the sudden there is a new person coming towards the pipe box, and I know him personally, and he is a doctor, and he reminds me of Jim, and I guess he is running for office too, because I get excited about how he doesn't need a prop like a pipe because he does this for real in everyday life, and his florescent light fixture that he carries around with him on the job everyday is a much better symbol for the people than their ad icons. So then I decide the viewing audience needs to meet all three side by side so that they can see for themselves how my friend the doctor is the best choice, and I ask everyone to introduce themselves in front of the camera, and the suit who didn't talk before starts and says who he is and that he is proud to be on the same team as the doctor. I clarify to everyone that this suit is a democrat, and the doctor is running as a democrat then ask the other suit to introduce

himself, at which point he proudly straightens up and centers in closer to the camera, giving a camera-ready grin, and states his name and the fact that he is indeed running for the republican party.

While this guy is introducing himself, though, my homie the doctor has started doing backspins and breakdancing in front of the box. I can't introduce him now, so I use it as my cue to editorialize about how this is a perfect microcosm of politics in America - how this republican had a chance to talk and he put words in the other guys mouth before telling a half-truth about his side of things, and the official democrat never said anything but just sided with the popularity when it showed up, and that my man the doctor was what America needed right now - not a different politician, but someone who wasn't a politician. Because, I preached, politics is like a car...and that car is supposed to be a vehicle to take us somewhere, but politicians have gotten behind the wheel and they just want to stay in the car!

They don't want to go anywhere anymore, they just want to keep upgrading to a fancier car because they like how it feels to drive around and have people look at them. Hell, in their eyes success is a stretch limo driving them around all day going from free buffet to free buffet! (can I get an amen!) But real people don't just get in the car because they want to drive the car, unless its new, and then the novelty wears off quick-like, once they get a couple bumps in the fender, they just want to get where they are going because they have something real they want to do. Its not that we all wouldn't love to upgrade to a nicer car and drive it around for a while, but it just isn't worth the effort, so we don't try anymore. We just let the politicians drive around while they drive us into the ground. I was still trying to come up with my solution - my savior answer at the end of my soapbox message - when the

(continued on page 8)

The Wedding Speech *by Sam "the Choice" Chao*

Wedding season has been action packed for me this year. I've endured countless wedding vows, renditions of Corinthians 13, and best man's speeches. The best man's speech has been something I've tuned out on in the past, but since my last attempt was lackluster at best, I decided to pay more attention this time. While I think it's a matter of personal style, I've noted some high level guidelines might be helpful if you have to give one.

1. Preparation - Spend a little more time on this than the duration of your Southwest flight or the hour before the wedding while having cocktails. You'll be happy you did. However, this rule doesn't apply if you're a natural talker. If you find yourself saying, "long story boring" thirty minutes into a story, skip this step. You know who you are!

2. Interesting Introduction - Avoid the temptation of saying how you're not good at speeches or how public speaking scares you. If you must, tell us who you are, why you're there, and move on!

3. Keep the inside jokes to a minimum - I took a public speaking class where the instructor started his lesson in Japanese to an English-only audience. His point, speak in a way where your audience can understand you, otherwise you're just talking to yourself. Same thing here: if you tell several stories involving the groom, a can of Lysol, a cheerleader named Bonnie, and a bag of quick dry cement, you might as well be speaking Japanese.

4. Keep it brief - When asked how long a paper should be, my high school English teacher responded, "The length should be like a woman's skirt. Long enough to cover the important parts but short enough to be interesting." For some reason, people feel compelled to share everything during their speech. Keep in mind: they're getting married, not leaving the planet. Save the details for later.

5. Finish strong - It is said that with any speech or talk, people generally remember the beginning and the end the most. So make it count! Make your audience laugh, cry, sentimental, happy, angry, or whatever. Just don't fade away.

(Dream Police continued from page 7)

crew started clearing out and everyone was gone and I realized that the show was over and I hadn't offered up anything for a solution either. But, I felt better because at least I had been honest and tried to get my friend the doctor in the spotlight so maybe people would have a choice. But he wasn't there anymore either, and I wondered if he was still interested anymore.

Then my dream cut to this girl who was trapped under the bleaches at Jack Williams Stadium, and she grew up under...but that is for another issue.

Lit Rag 20: Le' Finale' *by Doctor Gonzo*

The end is here. Lit Rag has close their covers for the last time. AJ Rathbun and Derrick "D-rock" Hachey closed a chapter on a fine literary endeavour. Issue number 20 brought a close to the ten year publication. But they went out in style with the last Lit Rag party ever(?). Poetry, music and beer. The occasion will be the captured in a documentary by ArtKhaos films. Look for it in theaters this fall. Thanks for all the good years boys. www.litrag.com

kungfumusiccorner

Midwest Music Editor
Kung Fu Mike

Minneapolis radio: Playlist circa 1996

SONG TITLE	ARTIST	ALBUM NAME	FM	DATE
Trigger Happy Jack	Poe	Hello	Edge	95/12/10
Ticking	Loud Lucy	-	Edge	95/12/11
Redheaded Stepchild	Golden Smog	Down by the Old Mainstream	Edge	95/12/11
Dive Bomb	Number One Cup	-	REV	95/12/13
House is Falling	Geraldine Fibbers	-	DMX	95/12/13
Men in Black	Frank Black	The Cult of Ray	REV	95/12/15
The Crush	Tribe of Millions	Pachyderm Sessions	Edge	95/12/15
Zero	Smashing Pumpkins	Melon Collie and the Infinite...	DMX	95/12/16
Waiting	The Rentals	-	DMX	95/12/16
Fanfare	Eric Matthews	It's Heavy in Here	REV	95/12/18
Aeroplane	Red Hot Chili Peppers	One Hot Minute	REV	95/12/20
Away	Toadies	Rubberneck	Edge	95/12/20
Tangerine	Buffalo Tom	Sleepy Eyed	REV	95/12/20
Black Soul Choir	16 Horsepower	Sack, Cloth, and Ashes	REV	96/01/02
High and Dry	Radiohead	The Bends	REV	96/01/02
Just A Girl	No Doubt	Tragic Kingdom	REV	96/01/02
Back Somewhere	Grant Hart	X E Homo	REV	96/01/03
Bridge	Delilahs	Trying to Build a Bridge	REV	96/01/03
Tiny Meat	Ruby	Salt Peter	Edge	96/01/03
Like Marvin Said	Speech	Speech	REV	96/01/03
Caught A Light Sneeze	Amos, Tori	Boys for Pele'	REV	96/01/03
Bluster	Salt	Ausculate	REV	96/01/03
Spider Webs	No Doubt	Tragic Kingdom	REV	96/01/04
Her Brand New Skin	Everclear	Sparkle and Fade	CD	96/01/04
Wonder Wall	Mike Flowers Pops	-	REV	96/01/05
Unsolved Child Murder	Autuers	-	REV	96/01/08
Tin Spam	Stubborn Allstars	-	REV	96/01/08
Top of Morning	Hang-ups, The	-	REV	96/01/08
The Long Road	Eddie Veddar and Alikan	Dead Man Walking Soundtrack	REV	96/01/09
When It All Comes Down	Jack Logan & Liquor Cabinet	Mood Elevator	REV	96/01/10
Not Today	Rust	-	Edge	96/01/10
Only Happy When It Rains	Garbage	Garbage	REV	96/01/10
Champagne Super Nova	Oasis	What's the Story Morning Glory	DMX	96/01/11
Flood	Jars of Clay	-	REV	96/01/11
Stress is Best	Menthol	Menthol	REV	96/01/12
Ocean Wide	Spinanes	Strand	REV	96/01/12
Mangos	Engine 88	Clean Your Room	DMX	96/01/15
Screwed it up	Lim Lifter	Lim Lifter	REV	96/01/15
This Heart	Nancy Griffith	-	City97	96/01/16
Emergencies About to End	Possum Dixon	Star Map	REV	96/01/16
You Leave Me No Choice	Aimee Mann	-	REV	96/01/17
Follow You Down	Gin Blossoms	Congratulations, I'm Sorry	Edge	96/01/17
Time of No Reply	Nick Drake	-	REV	96/01/17
Overgrown	Walt Mink	El Productio	REV	96/01/17
Skydiver	Schtum	Grow	REV	96/01/19
Heartspark Dollarsign	Everclear	Sparkle and Fade	REV	96/01/19
What Do I Have To Do	Stabbing Westward	Wither, Blister, Burn, and Peel	Edge	96/01/22
Charmless Man	Blur	The Great Escape	REV	96/01/23
Lady Killers	Lush	Love Life	REV	96/01/23
-	Civ	Set Your Goals	REV	96/01/24
Henry Lee	Nick Cave w/ PJ Harvey	Murder Ballads	REV	96/01/29
Unwind	Shoveljerk	-	Edge	96/01/29
Go All The Way (?)	Fastbacks	-	REV	96/01/30
Jealousy	Merchant, Natalie	-	City97	96/02/01
Impatient	9 Iron	The Makeout King	REV	96/02/01
Lay Lady Lay	Ministry	Pig Filth	DMX	96/02/01
Give Me One Good Reason	Tracy Chapman	New Beginning	REV	96/02/02
Guilty	Gravity Kills	-	Edge	96/02/05
From a Window	Northern Uproar	-	REV	96/02/05
Sunday Morning	No Doubt	Tragic Kingdom	REV	96/02/05
Dianna	3 lb. Thrill	Vulture	Edge	96/02/05
In The Entry	The Hang-Ups	-	Edge	96/02/05
Neon Tombstone	Jack Logan & Liquor Cabinet	Mood Elevator	REV	96/02/05
Chameleon	Colfax Abbey	Drop	REV	96/02/05
A Walk	Bad Religion	-	REV	96/02/06
Don't Look Back In Anger	Oasis	What's the Story Morning Glory	DMX	96/02/06
Give it to the Dog	Bandit Queen	Hormone Hotel	REV	96/02/06
-	Dick Dale	Foxhunt (sndtrk), Various Artists	REV	96/02/07
Skyline Bridge	Wonsers	You Never Knew Me When...	REV	96/02/07
New Beginning	Tracy Chapman	New Beginning	REV	96/02/07
Sixteen	Noise Attic	Meet the Real You	REV	96/02/07
Common People	Pulp	Different Class	REV	96/02/08
Game of Pricks	Guided By Voices	Alien Lanes	REV	96/02/08
-	Cast	All Change	REV	96/02/08
Mr. Love	Toadies	Rubberneck	REV	96/02/08
Dry Heaves	Menthol	Menthol	REV	96/02/08



The Bloom Family Ranch *by Late Bloomer*

Here are some pictures of summer vacation at the Bloom Family ranch. My Boy has now turned 5 so picture number 049 is him with his AR 15 (Not Fully Automatic Yet). It has a removable carry handle and a 30 shot clip. It shoots .223 shells. We got a case of full metal jackets, but need to get some for hunting deer as well. The other picture is of him 4 wheeling. Typically we require some things like long pants, helmet and no drinking leinies while driving, but you have to let him have fun during the summer. It isn't like I let him shoot while doing this. If you get near the Bloom Family ranch this summer please stop by, the pond has fish, the fridge has beer, the freezer has meat and the grill has gas so we would love to see ya. By the way we would disarm the boy when you come.

By the way... the Bloom Family ranch is taking orders for processed Hogs next year. We treat our pigs right. Other than the chemicals in the feed and the shots I give them you could say that they are organic. For the Vegans out there you can buy a Bloom Family ranch hog and eat it because we feed them no animal, dairy, or egg products. Only 100% vegetable feed goes into our hogs (Minus some antibiotics).



newsbreak

Senior News Correspondent - Henry Porter

Minnesota Methamphetamine Strikes the Stupid.

I read the official arrest report of a young man in the Melrose Beacon. I thought it was so crazy I followed up on it. Dave, 23 of Long Prairie Minnesota was a "meth" head. One particular day last fall he was very high and ran naked through some corn fields. The corn field ended at the yard of a Todd county deputy.

The deputy left the squad car in the driveway and the keys in the ignition. Dave jumped in, locked the doors, turned on the lights and drove away. Apparently the deputy did run out, half dressed, trying to stop Dave ala' Dukes of Hazzard and any other 80's TV show but I got two verifications on that and they were both deep in the drink. The deputy called in to dispatch to explain the story and the young lady at dispatch, Amy, Dave's girlfriend, radioed Dave in the squad car to tell him he was an

idiot and to drive the car to her brothers place, get some clothes, and hide out at her mothers down thestreet. Dave informed Amy she was a stupid bitch and he could make it to Mexico without anyone knowing or stopping him. Amy radioed back that all of Todd county and a few State Troopers were on their way to apprehend Dave and he should just hide out at her mothers.

The squad car was retrieved at Amy's brothers and Dave was found in Amy's mothers basement playing Xbox.

Dave is serving time. Amy has been replaced at dispatch.

Top Ten Reasons It Took Christi and Brad So Long to Get Married

by Doctor Gonzo

The top ten was presented at the Wilko Awards none other than David Letterman Himself. Video footage can viewed by clicking TOP TEN.

10. They had to wait for the other Brad and Jennifer to break-up, there can be only one.
9. The average time it takes a Kosel to make a major decision, seven years. So this was actually ahead of schedule.
8. They were waiting for those WMDs to show up.
7. Christi was still trying to start up her swing-dancing career and make it on "Dancing with the Stars" with George Hamilton.
6. It took Christi longer than expected to pick up the game of dominos.
5. Why buy the cow when you can get the...ah never mind.
4. Brad was trying to make enough money selling t-shirts off his web site to buy a decent ring. So far net profit = \$45.
3. It took this long to get over that fact they looked like brother and sister.
2. That damn Antonio Banderas. So good looking.
1. You think you can just throw something like this together, in say six years? That meatloaf didn't make itself.

Coachella Rockafella

by the Saint ?

This is my first real submission into the Khaos Apocrypher. I am usually too busy making baseballs out of socks and duct tape. Anyway, my review of Coachella Music Festival.

Best Band Name: Gnarlz Barkley

Most Self-Assessed: Kanye West

Best Crowd Costume: guy with nothing on but green-colored tighty-whities and a parasol

Biggest Planning Oops: Clap Your Hands Say Yeah not on the main stage;

largest tent still way too small. Oops.

Most Indicative of California: wine served in

beer tent from actual wine bottles

Biggest Surprise: 60,000 people, tons-o-substance, 94 degrees and no one died

Biggest Letdown: No booze outside of the beer garden

Band Most Likely to Take Their Shirts Off: Depeche Mode (no surprise)

Band Most Likely to Get in a Fight: Franz Ferdinand

Easiest Job For a "Musician" Ever: member of Daft Punk (press "play" and pretend to do stuff with helmet on)

snapshots



Brooze and John Daniels



Funk #49



Lock the liquor cabinet



Scully and Mulder?



Man in Black



Walkin' the Line



Beautiful Bride



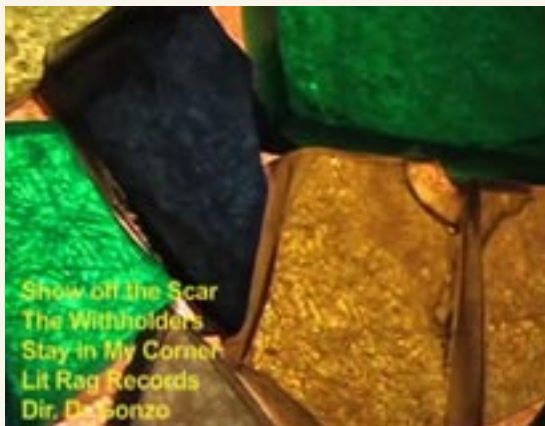
Faith Hill & Tim McGraw

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 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](#)



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?

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

The Khaos Apocrypher - Summer 2006 Newsletter

Andy Gobel's Again
by Duct Tape Todd
off Dime and A Penny

Joe was pretty f*^ked up
but he wanted to drive
so we gave him the keys
and started getting high
he took the township roads
and shut off the lights
we we're drinking old milwaukee
in the skylark that night
but when we saw the tar road
we all knew that sound
in andy gobel's driveway
we turned the f*^k around

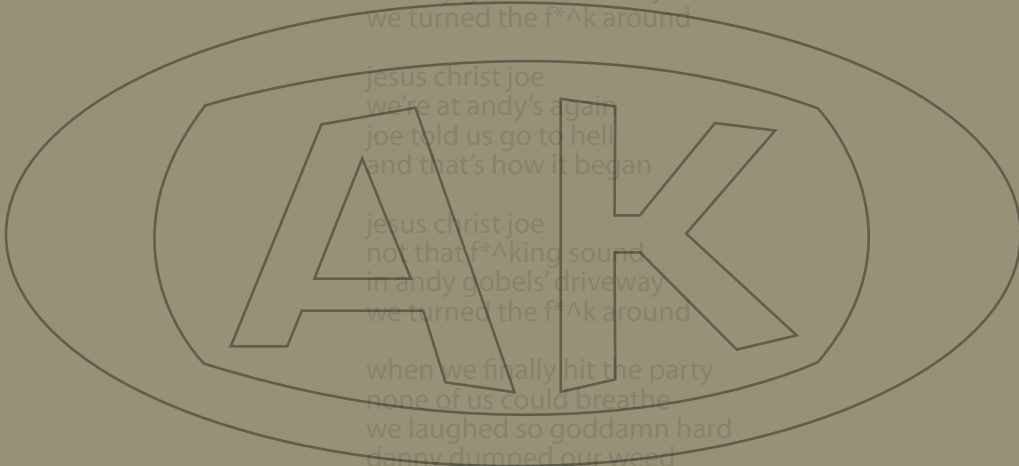
jesus christ joe
we're at andy's again
joe told us go to hell
and that's how it began

jesus christ joe
not that f*^king sound
in andy gobels' driveway
we turned the f*^k around

when we finally hit the party
none of us could breathe
we laughed so goddamn hard
danny dumped our weed
then guido jumped up
and started a fight
we got back in the skylark
and turned off the lights
we left the party loaded
but what was that sound
in andy gobel's driveway
we turned the f*^k around

jesus christ joe
we're at andy's again
joe told us go to hell
and that's how it began

jesus christ joe
not that f*^king sound
in andy gobels' driveway
we turned the f*^k around



Artificial Khaos Productions
Seattle, WA

www.artificialkhaos.com