

winter '03

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Artificial Khaos

Seattle | WA

Winter Newsletter

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Tales from the Underground by RJ Duke

For reasons I can't yet reveal, I'm going underground. One of the first rules about going underground is that it be stealth, so by letting you all know, I'm breaking such a basic rule that no one would ever really believe that I am, in fact, going underground. However, my orders did NOT prohibit notice, so I'm not being such a maverick as much as I am being courteous, but I will use that rational as a cover, do I find myself in need of one.

If you need to contact me during these desperate times, please route all forms of correspondence through my trusted associate, moral backslash and spiritual guide, the Rev. Will Bill. You may also know him as Henry Porter in more temporal settings. Please route all inquires regarding movies, music and popular culture to Boogie-With-Stu, who knows more about our repressed souls than the GAP or FOX will ever suss out. Stu sold the Emperor his clothes. And finally, do send all cashier's checks and palimony subpoenas to my lawyer, Gonzo, to cash and shred, respectively.

With more luck than skill my assignment will be done soon, so I can get back to the good life that we, as hot-blooded, stomp-

your-throat American capitalists, enjoy beyond our years in dogs. Wish me luck and I'll wish you well. Until then, give in to temptation, yours not theirs. ^{ak}

Great Alaskan Golf Klassik by the Gooch

As the February sun struggles to cast its bleak rays over the Chugach range, golfers and other fools look ahead to the upcoming Palmer Elks' Finger Lake Ice Golf Classic. This tournament of liars, drunks, and cabin-fever addled sportsmen is an annual event up here in the sub arctic that sees many other pursuits of dubious merit dot the sporting landscape. There is, of course, snowshoe softball. A game better watched than played. There is the Arctic Man Snowmachine and Ski Race. This event draws thousands to watch imbeciles towed down a mountain on skis by what you Lower 48ers call a snowmobile at speeds that exceed triple digits. This race is usually good for at least a couple of casualties per winter. There are also various dogsled races including the famous Iditarod which starts for real right here in Wasilla. The only people that care about those races are the racers themselves and a few PETA activists.

THE EVENT for those 20 odd people that have tried it is the PEFLIGC.

It was a couple of years ago that I was introduced to this tournament. I had been asked by an individual that we will call Goob to fill out a foursome for this event. I asked if it was a best ball tournament and he laughed and said that all my questions would be answered imminently. He told me to bring a seven iron, a putter, and as many yellow and orange range balls as I could get my hands on. He also told me that it would probably be a good idea to try and be intoxicated at the First tee box. I figured that I could handle that.

I arrived at the Elks' Lodge just after daybreak at 10:30 am. I assumed that the organizers (if you can call them that) of the PEFLIGC would probably postpone the event due to winds gusting to 70 mph and a wind-chill that would make Fargo look balmy. It was definitely in the interest of public safety to abort any sort of outdoor activity. I quickly realized that there would be no abortion, other than perhaps my golf swing. All of the organizers and part of my foursome were already smashed. My

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BACK ISSUES: on website.**Stu in Review Two Thousand Three: One Man's Uniformed, Possibly Wrong Opinion.****by Stu****BEST ALBUMS 2003:**

1. White Stripes-Elephant. Obvious, but undeniable. I can't wait until the next one so I can pile on them for selling out.
2. Nada Surf-Let Go. If Coldplay was good.
3. The Weakerthans-Reconstruction Site. I love Canada.
4. Ted Leo & the Pharmacists-Hearts of Oak. Good politics, better songs.
5. LongWinters-When I Pretend to Fall. You've gotta see them live, maaaaan.
6. Fountains of Wayne-Welcome Interstate Managers.
7. Josh Rouse-1972.
8. Yeah Yeah Yeahs-Fever to Tell. Courtney Love w/talent and a guitarist.
9. The Shins-Chutes Too Narrow.
10. Led Zeppelin-How the West Was Won
11. The Strokes-Room On Fire.
12. The New Pornographers-Electric Version. Neko Case is a national treasure.
13. Pernice Brothers-Yours, Mine & Ours. He likes hockey, just like Gord!
14. Belle & Sebastian-Dear Catastrophe Waitress. Latest entrant into the list. Wuss rock at its absolute peak.
15. The Darkness-Permission to Land.
16. The Jayhawks-Rainy Day Music
17. Guster-Keep It Together
18. Super Furry Animals - Phantom Power

BEST SONGS 2003:

1. "Hardest Button to Button"---White Stripes
2. "Danger! High Voltage!"---Electric Six
3. "Hi-Speed Soul"---Nada Surf
4. "Ballad of the Sin Eater"---Ted Leo & the Pharmacists
5. "Cinnamon"---the Long Winters
6. "House of Jealous Lovers"---the Rapture
7. "Black Tongue"---Yeah Yeah Yeahs
8. "Reconstruction Site"---Weakerthans
9. "Love Vibration"---Josh Rouse
10. "Have Love Will Travel"---the Black Keys
11. "From Blown Speakers"---the New Pornographers
12. "Birth, School, Work, Death"---Local H
13. "If She Wants Me"---Belle & Sebastian
14. "I Hope Tomorrow Is Like Today"---Guster
15. "One Man's Problem"---Jayhawks
16. "Gone for Good"---the Shins
17. "Hackensack"---Fountains of Wayne
18. "12:51"---the Strokes
19. "Piccolo Snare"---Super Furry Animals
20. "Ventura"---Lucinda Williams
21. "Love is Only a Feeling"---the Darkness
22. "No One Knows"---Queens of the Stone Age
23. "Hey 21"---the Malinks
30. "My Side of the City"---Beulah^{ak}

William H. Macy Style

by Kung Fu Mike

I figure I've got about 5,436 sq. inches of pure evil, in it's metaphysical form as ice covered windows, parked right outside my house. That's right, and with a quarter inch build up that calculates to a little over 1,200 cubic inches.

I can't speak for the rest of Minnesotan's, but scrapping the volumetric size of a small microwave oven in ice off my car in 40° below wind-chill weather rates right up there with reading Hillary's 'It takes a Village' for excruciating tasks I wouldn't wish upon my worst enemies. Paul Douglass, the local weatherman's epiphany over the fact that the temperature was 'the same in Celsius as it was in Fahrenheit!' was only the tip of this moron's iceberg of incompetence.

Unless Paul would like my red Wal-Mart ice scrapper shoved up his colon William H. Macy style, I'd suggest he shut the f&*k up about the Fahrenheit to Celsius conversion and refrain from telling me to 'drive safe and at a safe distance'. I figured this out my first year of driving on the first snowfall when my 1978 Mercury Capri declared, 'stop sign, shmop sign, I'm bustin' that intersection whether you like it or not'. In fact, I probably formed the concept (at an even earlier date, riding with pops) that you're just not going to get home from basketball practice in time to catch 'Magnum P.I. in it's entirety

when it's snowing out. It's not the drive down I494 behind the soccer mom from Woodbury in her Chevy Astro van that delays my arrival to work on a snowy day - it's the fact that, at 7am, I couldn't find an old priest and a young priest to compel pure evil off my windshield. It's the fact that no amount of training at Bally's can put you in the physical condition necessary to scrap that harder-than-a-diamond-up-an-IRS-agent's-ass substance off in less time than it takes Richard Gerhardt to drop out of a presidential race.

"Warming your car up for 20 minutes, the ice might come off quicker"; you might say. Well, dangling modifiers aside, that plan used to work well on those days when the ice on my windshield was thicker than the mucus surrounding President Bush's cerebellum, but not today. Two factors recently came to my attention that preclude me from taking the easy way out in this fight against this semi-opaque pure evil: 1) insurance companies will not pay claims for stolen vehicles in which the keys were in the ignition. 2) If your car is on public property and you're warming it up, like your frost bitten brethren who came before you, you can be ticketed and towed.

What brain dead, helmet-wearing, metro transit riding city council ass-pile thought up this brilliant plan? ak

A Little Late, But Long Overdue - Vig's Top 10 (12) Johnny Cash Songs. by Notorious VIG

Picking the top Johnny Cash songs is a little like picking your favorite child. Which is actually me in the Kosel household. Little do people realize, but I am the bastard son of Rich and Connie. That helps explain my short stature and drunken alcoholic rages.

It was just too difficult for me to narrow this down to 10. So as a special Holiday treat you get the top 12 Johnny Cash songs. I apologize if your favorite did not make the cut.

12. I'm Gonna Sit on the Porch and Pick on my Old Guitar
11. Unchained
10. Jackson
9. Hurt
8. Man in Black
7. Boy Named Sue
6. Southern Accents
5. I Walk the Line
4. Ring of Fire
3. Sunday Morning Coming Down
2. Cocaine Blues
1. Folsom Prison Blues

One Decade

by Dr Gonzo

July 4th, 1994 in a pure form of self realization, Duct Tape Todd came to be. I think it was on the way to Chub's. This summer we celebrate our 10th year of contrived confusion. Send your favorite stories about DTT/AK for the Spring 2004 issue. ak

Fall 2003 Deadline Challenge

by RJ

Top Five ideals the Bush Campaign will have to champion for us to vote for him next year.

1. Murder his cabinet.
2. Publicly commit suicide by overdosing on cocaine.
3. Scrap Star Wars and start re-directing comets to rogue nations, including Vatican City.
4. Admit to the hit on Wellstone.
5. Admit to the hit on Ron Brown.

Top five movies we want to see next year, including leads and story lines.

1. The Messier Story starring William Dafoe. About a guy who plays hockey for all 24 NHL teams.
2. The Nick Faldo Story starring Harrison Ford. About a guy who loses his game but gains a 20 year-old Arizona State wife.
3. Hannibal does the Oval Office starring Anthony Hopkins and Dana Carvey. I don't want to give the ending away.
4. F*@king Shameless starring Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson. A docu-drama about the making of Meet the Sakliks, the family Stiller's character marries into after the divorce in Meet the Fockers, due to the senseless charades that take place in the plot.
5. Fierce Invalids in Hot Climates starring Tom Sellek. Based on the Novel by Tom Robbins. ak

One Man's Problem

by The Reverend Wild Bill

When I got my first DUI I was forced to take the bus to and from work. The last time I rode a bus besides high school was backpacking in Europe, so I was a little unfamiliar with the stops and starts of the Metropolitan Transit Commission. One of the first days of my new sobriety waiting for the bus I lit a big cigar to hide the smell of the joint I just finished. A black woman asked for a light. I used my last match on the cigar so I offered her my cherry. She took it. She started talking about who she was and what she did. She was going to the store to get milk for the baby and smokes for the old man. I didn't want to know why she was taking a bus when there was a store two blocks away. She said she was a stripper at the Gay 90's and sometimes she would do more than dance. Why a gay bar would want a female stripper turning tricks was beyond me. We rode the bus and she introduced me around. One rider offered to sell me a bag. I didn't really need any so he offered to buy some off me, and I didn't really want to sell. In all this excitement I missed my stop but didn't really care. The ride was more exciting than most I had taken in Europe, high school, and most amusement parks. Finally I was one of the only people on the bus, so I got off at a mall and got on a bus headed back to my stop. What's the point to this? White people should take the bus

more. It's fun and we have too many cars on the road anyway. If more white people rode the bus it wouldn't be as exciting, but I'm not worried. Have you noticed any increases in funding to public transportation? How about public highways? ak

(Ed. This story may be fictional)

The Redneck Perspective

by Bloomer

From the red neck perspective:

The stupidity of the current gun laws.

I don't care if you want to ban guns or if you think everyone should be armed to the hilt, what everyone should realize is that some of our current gun laws are idiotic. There is a panic that the Clinton assault weapons ban is going to expire. Here is the stupidity. If the ban goes away, the gun companies will be able to sell AK-47's with a bayonet lug on it. Oh my god. Do you know how scary that is? Without the ban someone will be able to point a gun at you and it might have a knife attached to it. Now that would be dangerous! This guy is pointing an AK-47 at you and you are worried that it has a pointy thing on the end. I don't know why you need a bayonet but it sure as hell doesn't make the AK-47 more dangerous. ak

Golf Klassic cont.
(from page 1)

supremely logical mind at that point had to make a decision. What should I do? It was readily apparent that this was a time for heavy doses of Captain Morgan.

After about two hours of basically daring each other to play, we headed out. There were seven teams of four. It was a nine-hole course. There was barely a flake of snow on the entire lake. It had all blown off. When I saw the course lay out I had to laugh. This course was not designed by Jack Nicklaus. Basically you played over the entire lake. An auger had been used to create the holes and spray paint to create the greens. Our golf cart was my Chevy pick up, which none of us had any business driving.


I figured that my group had as good a chance as any of winning the event. What we lacked in savvy we made up for in youth, determination, and blood alcohol content. There was Goob, Blake, Booger, and myself. Goob was definitely the drunkest, with me a very drunk but distant second. Booger was a master of the short game, as he only had one good arm to work with and Blake was, as you will see, the brains and conscience of the group.

Our struggles began early on. If you have ever tried to set a golf ball down on glare ice with gale force winds you realize that there is a problem. The ball will not stay. And don't even try to push

a tee into that surface. We realized that we would have to deal with a moving target. We adapted quickly. Striking the ball would not be a problem. Accuracy and control would be. You see, inertia in the absence of friction is a powerful force. If you could get that ball moving, no matter how slowly, there was pretty much nothing to stop it other than shoreline, penguin, or nine strategically placed auger holes. Par on this course was infinity and we had a 17 handicap.

Luckily, the organizers had prepared for the biggest concern going into the tournament. There were two women in a short box Ford that delivered all participants beer and other necessary "aiming fluids". That task conquered, we now had to figure a way to spend the least time possible outside of the truck. Blake, the brains of the outfit, decided that it might be best rather than using our clubs, to simply throw the ball out the window of the pick-up. While this did not necessarily help our score, it saved on windburn and frostbite. It also allowed us to focus on drinking and making cell phone calls to our friends in the lower 48 (a frequent drinking activity in Alaska). Blake allowed me to keep score. I am not sure if we ever actually put a ball in a hole, but if I remember correctly, we scored a lot of fives. All too soon the game was over.

We headed back to the clubhouse with no real damage having been done and sat down for the complimentary meal. Over the courses of chili, corn bread, and chips, Blake's conscience kicked in and he convinced us that we could not turn in the score we had posted. He said we would all feel guilty if we won any money with the rampant Cheating that occurred. We withdrew our card and then laughed when the results were read. Even with our fabricated score of 47 we would have come in dead last. We then realized that Alaskans, at least these Alaskans, had less desire to be truthful than George W. at a Hussein family reunion.

We could leave with our heads held high (except; have you ever tried to walk like that in a really strong wind, it does not work) as we had done the honorable thing. We had completed the stupidest golf tournament ever. There was only one thought running through all of our heads. Could we make this an 18 hole course and, if so, should we play it in true PGA format and go for four rounds? That may seem like a stretch, but as anyone up here knows, if you are going to do something stupid, you might as well make it really stupid. 

Fun with Photos

by Dr Gonzo

5. The Pinball Wizard
4. I had kidney stones removed an all I got was this lousy t-shirt.
3. Shut the f&*k up Donny
2. I had better tell my boyfriend to get that shot of penicillin.
1. This is why you don't want to ride on a scooter with the Brooze. Wie geht's?



AP Photo

Artificial Classifieds

Web Sites You Should Visit

The Malinks

www.wide00eyed.com/malinks

Department of Homeboy Security

www.thedepartmentofhomeboysecurity.com

Lit Rag

www.litrag.com

Elemental Studio

www.elementalstudio.com

Kung Fu Music Club

Join for fun, stay for life.

Contact the AK music department for details.

Purple People Eater

I still have yet to see the Brooze's purple ski jacket. Please send any photos to the AK art department.

WWBD

What Would Boudj Do bracelets will be for sale before Summer. Order yours fast. To learn more about the infamous Boudjatola get to Brother's around 8pm (or what we like to call 8 cocktails later) for a roundtable discussion with the man himself.

Huskyboy Magazine

If it's PORK you'll find it here.

Catholics

Congratulations to all my friends who had babies in the Winter months. Get your asses outside once and awhile and away from the bedroom.

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