

ARTIFICIAL KHAOS



WINTER 2004 NEWSLETTER

Artificial Khaos

Seattle | WA

Winter Newsletter

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Thanksgiving 2004: How to Dismantle an Atomic Tom by Dr Gonzo


The anticipation was killing us. The big day was just around the corner. One entire day dedicated to drinking and eating, usually we call this Saturday, but on this day there was no remorse. Again, we congregated in the spacious halls of Megan and Sherm's apartment to replay the 2003 Thanksgiving blowout. I can say without doubt my facsimile of the previous year's haze was perfect (but more on that later).

It's hard to know where to begin, having the first drink before noon or eating Seahogs (bacon wrapped shrimp) merely hours before the big meal. We had a special guest appearance from DJ Dan Deck all the way from the Bay Area and also went International this year with help from Double A's Deutsch gal-pal. We were a well-rounded group and have photos of the sweatpants to prove it. The regulars were all there: Andy, Deena Ray, Shane, Boobie, Brett, Taylor, Laura and Christi. The main course was su-



Hosts with the Mosts - Meg and the Huskyboy

per-tasty and ready before 9pm, which was a sharp contrast to last year's event. And Bob didn't sprain an ankle. Brett got the award for most food consumed, but he may have been blood doping beforehand so the award is under review.

As I mentioned before, I pretty much found status quo with little trouble. Fueled by my new cocktail the Black Jack (John Daniels and Black Cherry Soda), I was off to the races. I kept myself and very few others overly entertained the majority of the night. All this and I only played a couple hands of dominoes. The German took over the game and she didn't stand up for five hours. There were reports of my obnoxious behavior, which I assume was mistaken for charm. All I know is I had a blast. I was ushered out just before the midnight hour with a few other stragglers. A big thanks goes out to our hosts. The traditions rolls on... 



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P.O. Box 665-6667**Vacillation Street**

by Stu

Watch, as I Vacillate Between Humorous Anger and Angry Anger! You know, I was fully prepared to write a 10,000-word essay regarding the flaming wreck G.W. Bush and the Republicans are making of this country and the world, with the tacit approval of the Good Germans who voted for him. But the combo platter of bile, rage, disgust and shame I feel prevent me from getting beyond paragraph two, as I just start to sputter and shake like a fundamentalist Christian trying to explain dinosaurs. So, in the spirit of the season, I offer thanks to them.

Thank you, Bush voters, for being both smart enough to find your voting booth and dumb enough to vote for Bush. This both disproves the theory that you're complete, blithering idiots (Sean Hannity excepted; he's just an absolute tool), and lends credence to the theory that even simple beasts can be taught complex tasks. Way to go! Double plus good to those who drove gas-guzzling SUVs to the polls, making sure the madmen who fly planes into buildings and behead your fellow citizens continue to have the financial backing they so desperately need.

Thank you, Bush voters, for signing on for four more years of Don Rumsfeld. Granted, my cousins serving in Iraq would much rather have a competent SecDef who won't screw them over with backdoor drafts and insufficient-to-nonexistent body armor, but what do they know?

Thank you, Bush voters, for rewarding the Administration that looked at the Geneva Conventions and winked. I know that, if American lives are at stake, I, for one, want to make sure we have the capability to rape 14 year-old boys who have nothing to do with it. America rules, homeshake!

Thank you, non-creepy fundamentalist Bush voters, for somehow thinking Michael Moore is a greater danger to the Republic than the right-wing crazies who run your party. Yeah, you sure showed him, because it's not like he's going to make a mint complaining about Bush the next four years. Double plus good for showing Sean Penn that, just because the former was absolutely right about WMDs, and you were absolutely wrong, there were more of you than him, and that's all that mattered.

Thank you, Bush voters, for making sure that those yucky gays can finally be put back in the closet. Granted, you're

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already too late, and you'll never be able to turn the demographic tide or amend the Constitution to actually take away someone's rights, but you're combined show of ignorant strength was truly a sight to behold. I'd tell you what the Taliban and radical Islam thinks of gays, but I don't want you to get soft on the real enemy and invade the wrong country. Again.

Finally, thank you, Bush voters, for making sure the next four years of the Daily Show are going to be as good as TV gets. Having leaders that might have been competent, decent or both would have been really tough to satirize. Thankfully, that's something Jon Stewart no longer has to worry about.

Happy Holidays, meatheads! ak

CSI: Wasilla

by the Gooch

It is an interesting job being an assistant principal with a felony record. You never know what kind of shit you will get yourself into. Recently we had an incident in which two freshman girls were the recipients of a special kind of prank. It seems that they had left their three ring binder in the hallway during a passing period. A student thought it would be hilarious to take a crap in the binder. In fact, he did just that. He then placed the binder back in the appropriate place and waited for the reaction. As you can imagine, it wasn't pretty. The girls toted the excrement all over the school before they realized what had happened. Their parents were a bit put out. Since the girls' parents were quite the right wing wackos, I believe school vouchers even came up. They implored me to call the police so that DNA testing on the excrement could take place to find the guilty colon. I

promised them I would do my best to get to the bottom of the situation and assured them that this deposit would not be made for free. The police laughed hard about the DNA testing; said it would cost approximately \$5,000 and told the girls to wash their hands. I had to make sure justice was served.

I spent the next day chasing down leads until I finally found a rat to implicate the guilty party. He, of course, denied doing it. Using cutting edge detective techniques and methods gleaned from watching countless hours of Cinemax erotic thrillers, I cracked the case. The guilty did not go unpunished. He will be finishing up his high school career at a correspondence school near you. I called the victims parents, feeling quite proud of myself for solving the WHS version of the unsolvable crime. Agatha Christie, that hack, would have been proud. The parent responded by saying she knew that I would solve the case, because she had prayed about it the night before. She then said that it was imperative that I force the young man to undergo a blood test to check for any blood borne pathogens. I told her she better keep praying, and find a judge that also subscribed to her religion and had not read the constitution. Another case solved.

Authors note: All of the above is true, except for the part about telling the parent to keep praying. ak

First Avenue Facts & Figures

by Kung Fu Mike

0 - Number times the hanging dust stalactites were cleaned from the mainroom ceiling (1990 - 2000)

1 - The number of venues I have attended with better acoustics than First Avenue. (the Kimmel Center - Philly)

78 - Percentage of 90's sexual partners who I first met at First Avenue.

4 - Percentage of those women who will say, 'hi' to me at Rainbow on Lake Street if we run into each other.

4 - Numbers of times I saw Bob Mould (solo or with Sugar)

8 - db of permanent hearing loss after said Bob Mould shows

3 - Number of times I spent at least 7 consecutive nights in the main room or 7th. street entry.

73 - Percentage of shows I received comp. tickets to.

33 - Percentage of shows I purchased tickets to.

17 - Number of times I was pissed for getting comp. tickets the day after spending 4 Jack and Cokes worth of hard earned cash to purchase one.

5 - Number of pairs of shorts ruined by rust stains from leaning against the urinal trough in men's room.


1 - Number of rolls of toilet paper thrown out said bathroom window required to be forcibly removed from the premises.

3 - Number of times forcibly removed from the premises

3,389- Number of hard liquor drinks consumed between 1990 and 2000

2,105- Number of beer or Malt liquor drinks consumed between 1990 and 2000

2 - Number of drinks with paper umbrellas consumed during same period

2 - Number times I awoke the next day not realizing I had been at First Avenue the night before drinking girl drinks. 

The Fish that Saved Pittsburgh

by Kyles, the PhD of Plastic

Who would have thought that a simple gift from Daddy would have so set my path in life? It was the late 70's and the Pittsburgh Steelers were on top of the world. City of Champions they called it as they sat upon the thrones of both the football and baseball worlds. So when Pops decided to buy his strapping young lad a replica helmet, he chose the Steelers. Oh the fun of running up and down the field with friends (how shocked I was to grow up and realize the front yard was only about 10 feet by 40 feet, for it seemed like a field then). I knew then that I could only be happy being a part of Pittsburgh and near the Steelers (I can't back that up, but go with me).

Fifteen years later here I am watching the mighty "Stillers" (in Pittsburghese) treating the rest of the league like a \$500 car. New England... bitches! Philly...ass mon-

keys. The rebirth of Bettis (woo, hoo, riding the Bus) and the emergence of mighty Roethlisberger (Big Ben, but hey, I've never showered with him, so I'll take their word for it). Spoken of by local media as if he is the second coming (oh my God, he has a boo boo, we're all going to die! Ahaaa! Oh wait, he's O.K. Yes!). Immortalized on everything from t-shirts to horrible looking figures that are closer to a troll than a human (that's what China did with the extra figures from Lord of the Rings, cool). Now outsiders are continuously raining on his parade. In trouble for writing things on his uniform. I think anyone who would talk bad about memorializing Pat Tillman by having his number on your uniform should be caned, Singapore style. They also don't want him putting "PFJ" on his uni. It means "play for Jesus", you heathens. You have a lot of balls bad mouthing that, sinners! Back off, jagoffs! So once we cruise through the playoffs and return to where we belong, where will I go to in life. How about getting the baseball team back to the World Series. That could happen, right?

Now what I failed to mention earlier, is that I not only got a Pittsburgh helmet as a youth, but also a Miami helmet. If I would have chosen that path, I could have been smoking dope and studying holistic healing. Hmm, is it too late to change?

Ed. We fully endorse wearing "PFB" (Play for Boudj) anywhere on your person.

Burden of Proof

by Static X

How does one begin? The pressures of writing for such an acclaimed publication with the history and following of Artificial Khaos may be too much for such a simple

man as myself. Consider the company I am attempting to keep: Zyka, Stu, the Rev. WB, Gooch. The list goes on and on. It is an intimidating task, but one I am eager and willing to undertake.

Now that I have the ass kissing out of the way, here goes. I used to know the meaning of the word fun. There was a time in my life when I had a clear, unwavering purpose: getting drunk. I know many of you also subscribed to this particular goal in your youth (still some this past weekend) so the story that I am about to tell you will seem, dare I say, eerily familiar. Now, why a person would voluntarily choose to drive to Fargo, ND from anywhere in the civilized world is a mystery even today. Granted there was an infinite amount of alcohol to be consumed and the company was.....interesting, but come on, it was Fargo! I was a student at St. Cloud State. Last time I checked they had a couple of kegs lying around. Well, this story begins (finally!) one fateful weekend some spring in the early 1990's.

Stash and I arrived at the cornfield oasis thirsty and thoroughly bored. We proceeded to a place I had never actually been but had heard much about. The names are familiar: Gooch, Brad, Rose, Fuchs and of course Aaron. It didn't really matter to me, I was more interested in meeting up with Miller, Bud and Jack. Now I will be honest, the rest of the night (weekend) is a little.....fuzzy. I think I was charming and witty as usual, as much as one can be while playing Categories and President for hours at a time. I had been of course making new friends left and right, one in particular being Scott Fuchs. We hit it off immediately because of our mutual admiration of a certain artistic genius named Billy Squier. Well, I was a fan and Fuchs hated him. Details. Anyway, after pirating the stereo for

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the fifth time to remove Alan Jackson and replace him with Mr. Squire I was told, "It's not your damn house so leave the stereo alone!" Such anger. With a heavy heart I complied and decided to remove myself from the uncomfortable situation return to the safety and familiarity of my beer(s).

What happened next has been well chronicled over the years, though the details are sketchy and the accuracy of the reports should be questioned. Somehow I came to the conclusion that the house party I was currently attending had become somehow stale and perhaps by walking next door and drinking beer with utter strangers my experience may somehow improve. Don't ask. It should also be noted that when I drink I start to spend money frivolously. Do you suppose that may have something to do with my ability to make friends? Before all of you make a beeline to Lakeville MN with a case of beer in your trunk you should know that I quit drinking a few years ago. Why you ask? That will be a story for another time. Back to my misadventures. Now I am drinking next door after paying a cover charge for myself and at least one of my compatriots. Innocent enough, not? I thought so as well. I was wrong. Upon returning home it has been discovered that Mr. Fuchs cannot seem to locate his wallet. Terribly unfortunate, we all felt helpless. More beer helped that discomfort. I now come to what has become to be known as "the accusation". I am sitting, beer in hand having a terribly fascinating conversation about Gordon Lightfoot with one of the lovely ladies in attendance when I see a large finger attached to an even larger hand being leveled at me by an equally large Fuchs. "You stole my wallet!!"

Now I ask you kind readers, how does one respond to a drunk college football play-

er that could squash you with a harsh look accusing you of stealing his wallet? Simple, you say "get away from me, your cramping my style with the ladies". Needless to say this didn't go over very well. You've all heard the term "buzzkill" (amazingly it has nothing to do with Buzzy), well this was the mother of all buzzkills. It seems that my generosity in purchasing beer glasses for the party next door was the evidence needed to convict me of this heinous crime. Now I'm not a small guy, but in this house on this weekend the only two people I stood head above were Aaron and Stash. So again it was pick on the little guy whose only experience with fighting is biting his brother on the shoulder at age 10. Luckily I had Gooch on my side and was able to put him between myself and Fuchs before I lost control and went medieval on his ass. Or run away, whichever came first. I honestly cannot remember much of what happened after that. I'm pretty sure I kept drinking beer and it was eventually discovered that Brad took and hid his wallet and let me take the fall. Thanks buddy. I somehow managed to put the incident behind and have moved on to become an upstanding member of society. I'm not sure if Fuchs receives this newsletter, but if you are reading this bygones be bygones, water under the bridge and all of that crap. According to Stash it sounds like your male escort service is doing well and I couldn't be happier for you. ak

The Deer Hunter

by Rev. Wild Bill


Last Fall I went deer hunting with my brothers in law. They have a cozy cabin in the big woods far away from most people. They tell ghost stories around the camp fire of a school teacher at a one room school

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house back when logging was less politically incorrect. Some loggers, the story goes stumbled onto this school house and woman all alone. They drug her deep into the woods, raped her, and left her for dead. After that loggers, hunters and anyone out in the woods alone heard a woman screaming for help just off the trail. The potential victim heard these cries and left the trail to find and help the screamer. the cries for help were always just 10 feet away or on top of the ridge or down that hill. If the logger, hunter, hiker was lucky they would be found days later, lost deep in the woods, confused delierous and near dehydration. These guys love to tell these stories of walking back from deer stands after sundown hearing cries for help just off the path all the way back to the cabin.

Last year I went hunting with them. I got set up in a stand on the edge of a swamp about 20 feet away from a little dirt road. The stand looked like a kids tree house, and looked like a great place to take a nap in.

At about 4 o'clock I woke up and saw the sun getting low and decided I should try to hunt a little. I heard birds fluttering past. I saw squirrels collecting nuts. I saw some bushes moving along the swamp line. Something was moving along the swamp line towards me. I got ready. I made sure my gun was loaded, safety was off. It was difficult to see what was coming since it was getting darker by the minute. The movement stopped behind a large group of shrubs. If I had a rock I would have lobbed it over there to scare out whatever animal it could be. I didn't dare just shoot into the shrub because it could be one of the guys I was hunting with. When it got really dark I figured I better just head back to the cabin and started to climb out of the stand. I was on the ladder when I heard the first low moans coming from the shrub

where I saw the movement. I walked towards the moaning. When I was close enough to touch the bush there was some rustling and then I heard it further away. I asked if anyone was there because it sounded a lot like a person. I heard a faint, "help me." Visions of a hiker dressed in brown, mistaken for a deer and shoot through the arm or worse ran through my head. My blood really started pumping. I propped my gun against a tree and jogged over to the sound. "Stay put, don't move I know CPR. I'm coming to help you." I said as I lumbered over fallen trees in five layers of orange clothing. As I got closer to where I thought the cry for help originated I heard a scream and more rustling of bushes. "STAY STILL!" I yelled. "I'm coming to help you." It just screamed some more and moved further away. I stopped to catch my breath and looked around. I couldn't see my gun propped up against the tree. I turned around to go get it. I thought for sure I set on a big oak next to four small white birch but I couldn't find it anywhere. I heard more screams off in the distance and decided to leave the gun. I could come back in the morning for the gun, this person really needed my help. I tried my cell phone, and didn't have a signal. If I walked back to the cabin I could get some help to get this person to a hospital. I turned for the road. I knew the swamp was at my back and the road ran parallel to the swamp so if I just kept the swamp at my back I would hit the road. I walked a hundred yards and never saw a road. Now I knew I was lost. The woods are dark. There is no street lights, no lights from a near by town, no house lights, just dark.  to be continued...

Top 10 Things to Look Forward to With a New Baby

by Notorious VIG

10. Another competitor for the annual Vigesaa Eat, Sleep, and Crap Yourself contest. As of right now I am 3-0-1.
9. Finally, the answer to; "Who's Your Daddy" will be me. Instead of "Shut-up fat man..."
8. Someone in the house will be shorter than me.
7. Babies make great chick magnets.
6. Two words: Beer Coaster.
5. The world can always use another Vigesaa. God, we are special people...
4. In 18 years there will be someone else in the house with Voter Apathy.
3. Cheap labor down the road. No longer will I need to shovel, mow, clean, eat solid food, or leave the couch.
2. Here We Go Tax Deduction, Here We Go...
1. HMO special: Free bowl of soup with first family baby. ak

The 77th Academy Awards

by Dr Gonzo

Super great news on the film homefront. Despite releasing the TGMPA DVD before Oscar nominations, in addition to the fact we made no money on the DVD, we are eligible for 2005 Academy awards. We were nominated in the following categories. 1) Best Documentary to have zero influence on the 2004 Presidential Election (also nominated - Fahrenheit 911) and 2) Best Documentary to demonstrate complete gluttony for at least 21 consecutive days (also nominated - Super Size Me). We thank the Academy for recognizing our talents and giving us the support in the this momentous event. Of course none of the cast was invited to the event, which takes place the end of February. So we thought, "what the hell, Roadtrip...?" ak

Letters to the Editor

Dear AK,

Maybe you should do a profile on your contributors each edition, mostly Viggy. Is he hot? Is he single? Does he have a girlfriend? If he does, I hope she's fat.

Laura, Dallas, TX

Dear Laura,

We plan to do profiles for our writers starting in 2005. I will take your suggestion and profile Viggy in the next issue. Teaser - He is cute but hairy, married and scary, she's slim he's Big Bird's canary.

Dear AK Editor,

What ever happened to RJ? We didn't go to Algiers, because of the constant bedlam, but we thought we saw him on a ferry between the Canary Islands and mainland Africa. He was with two brunettes and a

bottle of Sapphire. It was either him or Tom Cruise.

Jonathan, Fayetteville, Ill

**Dear Johnathan,
It was Cruise.**

Dear Editors,

What Boudj up to?

Tammy, Shakopee, MN

Dear Tammy,

We haven't heard from him since Boudjapallooza went bankrupt. We assume he is still in Whiter Bear Lake waiting for Dukakis to run again.

AK Editors,

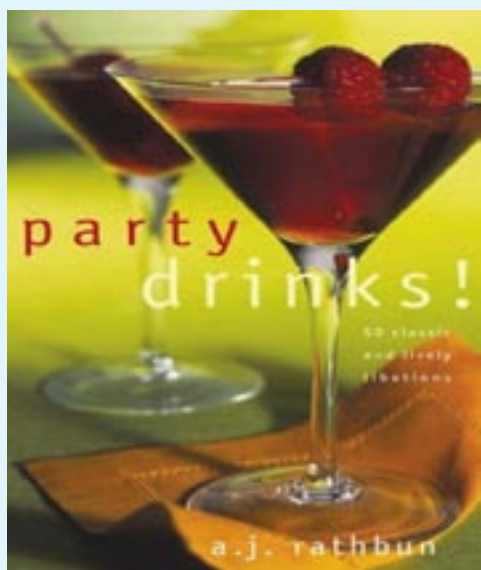
I am looking for a tall, blonde, handsome Nordic man to move in with. Also, his eyes have to match his ski jacket.

Anonymous, Minneapolis, MN

Dear Anonymous,

We are looking for the same thing sister. We may try our luck at the Monte Carlo. We've heard it's frequented by the MOY 1992.

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