

THE KHAOS APOCRYPHER



PHOTO BY C. SCHAPIRO

WINTER 2006

Features

.....

- 1 **Well, I've Never Been To Spain** *by Doctor Gonzo*
- 2 **We Are Irrelevant** *by Stu*
- 3 **A Plead to the HB** *by Jason Porter*
- 4 **Friends of Dead Superheroes Support Group** *by Conrad Danger*
- 5 **Country Bob's Bunker** *by Robert Goulet, Jr.*
- 6 **It's 100% Off, if You Don't Buy It** *by JP*
- 8 **Eastbound and Down** *by Kyles the King of Plastic*
- 9 **Does the Right Have it Right** *by Sloe Chao*
- 10 **When They Finally Came** *by JP*
- 11 **Top Ten Reasons To Stay In Alaska for the Holidays** *by the Gooch*
- 11 **Top Ten Funniest Things about Testicular Pain** *by the Rev. Wild Bill Sinner*



Departments

.....

- 3 **SONG OF THE WEEK:**
- 7 **BY THE NUMBERS**
- 7 **NOTEWORTHY**
- 11 **YEAR END TOP TENS**
- 12 **SNAPSHOTS**
- 13 **KHAOSCLASSIFIEDS**



Well, I've Never Been To Spain *by Doctor Gonzo*

But I kinda like the music and the ladies are insane. The year in review has come again, faster than last year it seems. You may be thinking, how hard it must be to keep cranking out these seemingly useful online literary diamonds four times a year. Well, I owe a lot to my crack staff of researchers and reporters whom contribute to the issues each publication. If you ever run into one of my staff, please give them a hug and then buy them a beer.

The Apocrypher is looking to the future for inspiration this year. The past year found the Earth spinning off its axis. A few things we, at Artificial Khaos Productions, were thankful for in 2006: my wife, my family, my friends, my continued financial success with my fictional production company, Idiot Wind, Congress and the Senate back in helpful hands, Walk the Line, well controlled cholesterol, finishing our next feature length film, the North Dakota quarter and beer.

The events of Winter 2006 included the ever-popular Holt-Noller Thanksgiving Spectacular, which culminated in a marathon karaoke session. I had pictures but accidentally deleted them from my camera (for which I am not thankful). They had the largest crowd on record and seemingly the most food ever consumed in 12 hours. Thanks to everyone who participated, even if you left early.

The things we may or may not be looking forward to in 2007: Mel Gibson's next movie about how Scientologists masterminded the Holo-

caust, the third Season of Deadwood on DVD, Michael Jackson in Las Vegas, the opening of our first bar, Mullets, in Austin, TX, another year employed by the Harborview Pharmacy Department, collaborating with Quentin Tarantino on an original screenplay from AK Films, the next issue of Huskyboy magazine, the end of the "war" in Iraq and beginning of the "war" in Iran, more religious (political) leaders coming out of the closet, my new widescreen TV, the screening of Le' Finale' in January, paying our taxes, starting pre-production on our next short film - Battleship! Battleship! Battleship!, keeping the Earth spinning for another year.

We anticipate continued success and publication at the Khaos Apocrypher in the upcoming year. I'll continue to suggest story ideas to my friends while they are drunk so they'll think the ideas are great. These stories will never come to fruition but I have to keep this machine running. As always, your article submissions are welcomed and will be read and kept on file for future issues of the magazine.

Finally, I have been to Spain. It was a blast. Hung out with some Germans and their Kinder, walked La Rambla repeatedly without incident, saw some wild architecture and some wilder humans, drank lots of wine and ate a ton of food. Thanks to my wife for getting me out of America.

See you all next year.

The Khaos Apocrypher**EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Dr Gonzo****ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR: Stash Z.
GENERAL SALES: the saint
ESQUIRE: DR GONZO****ART DIRECTOR: Dr Gonzo
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Stash Z
ART DEPARTMENT: Forty 11****MAIN CONTRIBUTORS:
Stash Zyka - Omahaski
the saint - City of Angels
Stu - Saint Cloud (East)
Rev. Wild Bill - New Munich
Kung Fu Mike - Minneapolis
Notorious V.I.G. - Osseo
Bloomer - Hudson
the Gooch - Wasilla
Kyles - Pittsburgh
Sam Chao - Queen Anne****AK ONLINE: Dr Gonzo
CIRCULATION: Dr Gonzo
MAIN OFFICES:
4011 2nd Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98107****>>>> Contact Us**WRITE TO LETTERS: Artificial Khaos,
4011 2nd Avenue NW, Seattle,
WA 98107.EMAIL: artificialkhaos@yahoo.comSUBSCRIBE: artificialkhaos.com

MAIL: AK Customer Service

P.O. Box 665-6667

We Are Irrelevant *by Stu*

The AK newsletter is, without doubt, one of life's simple pleasures. I get to find out what music I should be listening to, I get to read amusing critiques and eviscerations of our shared culture, and, most importantly, I get to write my own column every three months and call Republicans names. Beat that, organized religion!

However, an interweb publication has come to my attention that makes clear that our little Ma-and-Pa rag is facing Schaivoesque odds: World Net Daily. Type www.wnd.com into your web browser, and prepare to have your mind blown.

Afraid to type in the address, lest you think I'm punking you into accessing a hott Asian teen porn site? OK. Imagine the drunk guy at the end of the bar in Duffy's in Fargo, ND, multiplied by the dumbest guy in your graduating class, added to the guy down the block with the "Hitlery Klinton" bumper stickers. Got the mental picture? Good. Now, imagine that guy with his own website. OK, I agree, that does sound a lot like the Wall Street Journal Op-Ed Page (Where Rational Thought Goes to Die[®]), but does the Journal employ...Chuck Norris? That's right, baby. Walker's got his own column!

Now, you might think, a weekly column by the Legend Himself? What more could there possibly be? Much more, stupid! Just this week, they actually had an article entitled, "A Devil Food Is Turning Our Kids into Homosexuals." Not Devil's Food Cake, which is delicious and as American as not claiming your fantasy football winnings on your taxes, but soy. Yes, soy. I quote: "Soy is feminizing, and commonly leads to a decrease in the size of the penis, sexual confusion and homosexuality. That's why most of the medical (not socio-spiritual) blame for today's rise in homosexuality must fall upon the rise in soy formula and other soy products."

Here's a link, for those brave enough to read on: http://www.worldnetdaily.com/news/article.asp?ARTICLE_ID=53327

Now that you've spit your non-fat soy latte all over your keyboard, sissy, you'll also be glad to know that World Net Daily also has outstanding political coverage. Did you know that we've found WMDs in Iraq? Only if you read World Net Daily! Did you

continued page 3

know that the terrorists were rooting for the Democrats to win in November? Only if you read World Net Daily! (Now, you may say to yourself, “Nuh-uh! Hannity and O’Reilly said the same thing! Dudes kissing done scares me!” Well, you see, you’re stupid, as we covered in the Fall Newsletter. The lickspittles on Fox did say the same thing, but only World Net Daily tracked down an actual terrorist and quoted him, whereas Fox just assumed you knew that already, being a moron and all.)

As you may gather from the publication’s name, World Net Daily comes out every day. The Newsletter is quarterly. Sadly, I don’t think any of us has the time or mescaline necessary to produce such high quality copy on an everyday basis. So, it is with great sorrow that I say, Brad, you did good, but you can’t fight the future. The future is here. And it answers to “Chuck.”

(House lights dim. Lone spotlight shines on Stu as he slowly pours a bottle of Camo on a printed-out copy of the Summer 2004 Newsletter. Curtains close.)

FIN

A Plead to the HB by Jason Porter

Dear Husky Boy,
Now that I’m exposed to the wonders of the Husky Boy lifestyle and I got a great Husky Boy Hat! people won’t leave me alone. People always want me to try this delicious fish sauce or get my opinion of a red wine. Can I ever go back to the Happy meal eating, Boones Farm drinking guy I used to be?

Oh and when will the next issue come out?

Salivating in Stearns County

Song of the Week: Junk by The Lids

(Lyrics - Stash Zyka)

paper’s on the rise
josie’s in disguise
and the meter-readings way too high

poisoning the bees
breeding new disease
and a hole is burning in the sky

spiking up my vein
just to save my brain
and love is just her alibi

trading up our god
sold him on a blog
and money’s not the reason why

Junk is in our heads
Junk’s sleeping in our beds
Junk’s our new modus operandi

Friends of Dead Superheroes Support Group

by Conrad Danger

On the south side of one of the smallest mountains in Glacier National Park there is a rock outcropping with a fissure. Out of this fissure spews sulfuric steam, and to most people this steam simply smells like a hobo's ass, but some of us know that there's more to it than that. Some of us have witnessed friends go in to Delphic-like trances for hours, only to come out with bizarre stories and a superhuman powers that quickly lead to their death or disappearance.



My friend Jamie was out for three hours -- we even put a cigarette out on his ass to try to wake him. When he did rouse, he said that he had to convince a pack of demons in the House of Commons that the "ph" in pheasant sounds the same as the "f" in fire. He ended up having to make up a charades-like game with the Right Honorable Demons to convince them, after which time they offered him one super power. He wanted to have Jedi-like powers of suggestion, so basically whatever he told people to do they did. This was fun for a while, and did cause Microsoft's stock to plummet, but Jamie talked in his sleep, and apparently he told his sixth-grade teacher to come over to his house, tie him up with her nightgown and choke him while she fed him pork.

The same has happened to everyone in our support group, although the manner of death is always different and seldom has to do with S&M fantasies. But the cause of death is hinged by some hidden catch-22 of the granted power. We reported it to a park ranger we could trust, a friend who showed us where the mushrooms grew. He thought it was hysterical until he went into a trance, and now we think he was eaten by a bear and still resides, somehow, in the bear, because the bear now ranges about the outcropping, scaring hikers away, but allows our group to enter the area.

None of us understand why the steam doesn't affect us, but because it doesn't, and because our friends are dead, we feel obligated to stop it, or at least understand it. We want to enlist the help of a scientist, but that has its own bag of issues. Not many Universities offer PhD programs in Super Power Rock Steam. Furthermore, if the scientist goes into a trance and dies, they we're back to the beginning. All this ignoring our major obstacle, convincing a scientist that sulfuric granite steam can endow people with super hero powers, only to kill them in a few days.

to be continued...

Country Bob's Bunker *by Robert Goulet, Jr.*



Hey kids: Robert G coming at you again, and this time, it's personal.
A raft of bad news lately, but a light at the end of the tunnel:

It started out well enough: an ongoing engagement at Vicki's Brown Bottle in Victoria, B.C. A nice little piano bar, they paid me in Canadian, and I was singing standards three nights a week: Frank, Tony, sometimes a little softshoe thrown in. Some rum-crazed Canuck kept pestering me to sing some Radioshed, whatever that is. Anyway, things were going well enough, given the exchange rate I didn't mind, until some gothic punk rockers vandalized my beloved 82 Chrysler LeBaron, Shirley. That really worked me up into a lather—I mean, who would attack a defenseless convertible?

They took the faux wood paneling from her, and then had the gall to drop a chocolate hot dog right on the hood. And you might think I park in a marginal neighborhood, but I assure you that local QuikStopp serves nothing but the finest fortified beverages in all of British Columbia.

And, insult to injury, they bent the antenna, backwards, so it looks like I'm driving in reverse at 90 miles an hour. The kicker is I can no longer get in my favorite Phoenix talk radio show, "Yak-kin', with Dave McKraken", 95.3 WJIZ's silver-tongued devil. Listening to Dave's voice is like pouring molten caramel in your ear from a gold martini glass. I'd give anything for a Marathon bar right now.

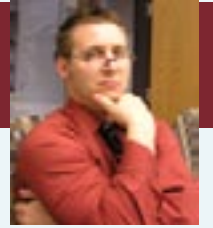
Thanks to that anonymous Canadian jackass, now all I can hear when I'm back in town is Dave's cross-town rival, "Drummin" Kevin Drummond, a weasel of a dilettante who's been thrown out of every neighborhood theater group in Mesa, Scottsdale, and suburban Tempe, and I should know. *And* he still owes me \$30 for getting peanut butter all over a rare one-of-a-kind tape, a reel-to-reel recording of an improvised rap duet I had with George Harrison backstage at the Concert for Bangladesh in '71. I tell you, you can't trust anyone in broadcasting, especially in the Phoenix metro area. They take and they take...

I'm not even going to get in to how difficult it was to get him to mention my revival of "Red Ships of Spain" in suburban Mesa at the Karpel Klub, with Erik Estrada replacing my lout of a brother Carl as Captain Escobar. Carl, if you're reading this, I want to state publicly and for the record that I don't believe you are sincere when you say it was spoilt prunes that made you say those things. I simply don't believe you and I think you should take a nap for about 3 weeks before you call me again.

But that silver lining I spoke about: I did manage to acquire some old movie projectors lying in the basement of the Klub and was able to review original footage of me performing with Dyan Cannon, Gene Rayburn, and Ann-Margret at the 1977 Circus of the Stars rehearsal. I was dropped from the actual show at the last minute, but even now, thirty years later, you can still sense the electricity in the air.

I had it then, and I'll get it back, I swear on my car's grave, Carl. I'll be back!!!! Carl, Kevin—you'll all see!!!

It's 100% Off, if You Don't Buy It *by JP*



Let me say it again: It's 100% Off, if you don't buy it.

Some may argue the logic of this statement, saying that its only 100% Off, if you are given it and don't have to pay. But that's not true either because then you have to transport it, you have to house it, you probably need to purchase add-ons or accessories for it, it probably takes some form of energy, you have to clean it and care for it and eventually you'll have to dispose of it, and if the attachment has sunk in, you'll have to replace it. So I like my statement better, it's 100% Off, with no interest, no annual fee and no payments until Armageddon, if you don't buy it.

I'm ruining Christmas, so I've been told. Ruining Christmas, what it has become, would be like a mole growing on Saddam Hussein's ass, the part where it starts to get vertical. The ubiquitous "They" have already ruined Christmas. They've turned the baby Jesus into a pimp for everything from Harrods to Wal-Mart. This little boy wanted to save souls, instead he sells everything from garish house lights and fake plastic trees to another air popper or bread maker to more Andy Williams CDs, TVs and computers, and apparently -- for a few lucky ones -- a new Lexus with a Paul Bunyan bow.

I'm not buying a thing for Christmas, not one single thing (that means no t-shirt Bradley). And with me, as you might already know, it has nothing to do with the baby Jesus or ole Saint Nick. The reason why is that I don't love my wife, my family, friends or their children. And if any of these groups of people feel that way about it, then I'm richer for having lost their company.

When was the last time you did something without thinking or wondering or contriving the best way to do it so that you garner maxi-

mum satisfaction, or look real swell in case Wally and the Beaver stop by unannounced?

Marketing is so transparent, so pervasive and so insidious, most of us don't have selves anymore, just shadow images we'd like to project to others, or ambiances we'd like to entertain in our spare time, try one for size, taste. You can say no. You can say, I don't buy Pepsi because Richard Gere's old whore drinks it, but I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about the things you do that you aren't even aware of because it looked cool somewhere else or because your cohorts do it. Most of us can handle car salesmen, we understand their game, but how many of us understand product placement, or worse yet, lifestyle placement. I can't say I fully understand it, and that's what worries me. Everything happens in a social context, consumption happens in a social context. It is not an original thought. If I'm being persuaded, I want to be aware of the attempt.

What's the answer then? What's the response? I suppose it's proportional to how much of yourself you want to reclaim and then fully manage. I haven't been to a movie in over a year. I've switched to only reading non-fiction. Next week we move to Lincoln, we're not getting cable or a land line, not subscribing to the paper, okay so that last one's not really a sacrifice if you've seen the Lincoln Journal Star. I've relinquished my leased VW and bought a bus pass. I try to buy as much food, clothing and other products locally as I can. I try to buy as little as possible, reuse, recycle and repair. The result: I probably won't have any friends, but I hope to have my wife and more time together to do things that we really want to do, genuinely, sans stealth persuasion.

Have a great few days off come the end of December.

63 Number of times, in Italy, the Brooze asked for a Jack and Diet when the waiter asked if he wanted the red or white.



38,000 Number of complaints sent in to McDonald's when the new McGoat sandwich cause intractible diahrrea.

1.2 Million Number of complaints sent in to the McDonald's when the new McGoat sandwich cause intractible diahrrea.

77 Percentage of songs in the Brooze's music catalog that can currently be heard on XM Radio's new 80's show entitled: A Journey to Boston by a Motley Crue All Carrying .38 Specials.

4 Number of cocktails the Brooze needed to drink before he proposed to Avril Lavigne's older sister.

1,023 Number of days Avril's older sister had to wait for the Brooze to get the courage to ask her to marry him.

31 Number of months since the Huskyboy last put out his food and beverage magazine.

Noteworthy

LE FINALE: LITRAG 20



Coming soon to theaters. The next feature length movie from Artificial Khaos Films. Shot over the Summer and edited at Forty11 Studios, the film will soon have it's first screening in January 2007. Check out the link on the last page to view the trailer.

NEW MOGUL



Future CEO of Death Row Records.
The Notorious OPK.

Eastbound and Down *by Kyles the King of Plastic*

Recently, I had the opportunity to take a trip to Washington D.C. Oddly, even though I only live 5 hours away, it is just my second visit there in the last 11 years and very little beyond the blooming cherry blossoms was seen on the first trip. There are an overwhelming number of sights and museums to see, but should be visited by all at some point in their life. The Mecca of the U.S. in some ways. The biggest thing to remember is that to get the full experience, so early planning is necessary.

After arrival in D.C. to pick up my fellow tourist from Washington Dulles, we hit one of the many Smithsonian museums, the Udvar-Hazy wing of the National Aeronautics museum where the larger aircraft are housed. This was the first reminder that nearly all of the sights and museums of D.C. are free to all. Your tax dollars at work. This was also a reminder of the awesome history behind much that would be seen on the trip as the museum was home to the space shuttle Enterprise and the Enola Gay. It latter gave an especially ominous feeling to look upon it, knowing its amazing place in history.

We then checked into our hotel at what I consider to be a fantastic location for seeing the city. There are a number of hotels just across the Francis Scott Key Bridge on the Arlington side. What makes this location so ideal is that you are only two blocks from a stop on the Metro and on the other side of said bridge is the main drag of Georgetown. The Metro is by far the best way to get around the city as parking is expensive and tricky to find, while stops on the Metro are conveniently located near most important sights and is extremely inexpensive to use. The main drag of Georgetown has many wonderful restaurants and pubs, along with shopping and other activities. So much to do in the evenings, all within an easy walk of the hotels.

Day two started with a tour of Congress. This

is one of the stops that require some advance planning to take full advantage. A personal tour needs to be arranged several months in advance with your Senator or Congressional representative. These guided tours include many interesting facts and sights that are not available on the general public tours, including things such as a ride on the underground train used by Senators between their office building and Congress. This was followed by a trip to the top of the Washington monument. You need to pick up tickets to do so first thing in the morning as they are given out on a first come first serve basis for the day. In a busier time of the year, you are better off calling the day ahead to reserve tickets for a nominal charge. Not something most people are aware you can do. Then off to another of the Smithsonian museums, the American Indian museum. Perhaps the most interesting attraction there was the cafeteria where foods from the representative native cultures were served. The remainder of the day was spent seeing all of the monuments up and down the mall and along the tidal basin. All are beautiful and touching in their own way. My personal favorite was the Jefferson memorial. Architecturally beautiful from its style including white marble, as is the case for most of the memorials, to the incredible view in all directions. While there, I was lucky enough to have the Presidential helicopter flew right by me across the tidal basin on its way to the south lawn of the White House. Very cool.

Day three started with a self-guided tour of the White House. It is critical that you apply 5-6 months in advance for this as a background check is needed. Many visitors unaware of this policy were turned away at the visitor's gate, unaware of this. Again, this can be done through your Senator or Congressional representative. A little intimidating getting in and inside as many Secret Service and police stationed throughout with all manner of machine guns and assault rifles. Not a time for jok-

continued page 9

eastbound cont.

ing around! Next was one of the buildings of the National Gallery of Art. The west building houses works of many of the masters and was of more interest to me than the east building housing modern art. Like all museums around D.C., its size was daunting. Moving through the museum at a pretty good pace, we still spent about 5 hours inside to see most things.

Day four started with a morning trip to Arlington National Cemetery. I highly recommend going first thing in the morning as a visit during the rising sun is most touching and you can see awe inspiring things like the changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier without the distraction of large crowds and annoy-

ing picture takers. Something I find to be very disrespectful on hallowed ground. Be warned, you will have a hard time keeping dry eyes as you see everything and hear stories about the people resting there and of the site itself. After this sobering morning, the final stop of the trip involved going to the National Zoo to end things on a much lighter note. It was my first experience seeing Pandas and we were lucky enough that this included a recently born baby. They really are most cute.

There are so many things to see in D.C., far more than can be done in a few days. I'll leave those exploits up to your imaginations

Does the Right Have it Right *by Sloe Chao*



Does the right have it right? I was thinking about three different platforms that they've been pretty vocal about. To this writer, the right may have left their brains at church.

Family Values

Wikipedia says that "family values" vary from household to household, from country to country, and from generation to generation. So while many may share family values and possess a right to believe what they do, they need to realize that not everyone's family is their family. The idea of enforcing a single view is so...un-American. They should think about the word "freedom" on the bumper sticker attached to their Lincoln Navigator and start living the idea.

School Prayer

So long as there continues to be exams in school, there will be school prayer. Those blessed enough to have their prayers heard will end up wealthy and healthy while all the other sinners will flunk out and end up ditch diggers.

This seems like a perfect system. Why mess it up by mandating school prayer?

Gay Marriage

The bible is very clear in defining marriage as "a committed sexual union of a man and a woman, involving their families, their future children, society at large and God." So by definition, these whacky, Prada-wearin', upper-middle mofos aren't really married. Should we stop them because they're flaunting this lie in our face? I'm not sure. If someone wants to rebel over false representation, I think they should start with the University of Phoenix, where you can "earn" a degree in criminal justice, business, or computer networking in just 20 months. It isn't even in Phoenix.

So is the right right and should they fight to be right? My recommendation for the people up in arms after Sunday school over these things is to just c-h-i-l-l. The next NASCAR season is just around the corner (Viva Juan Pablo Montoya!). And if you have to hate, direct your hate towards Dale Jr., who I understand is just a real dick.

When They Finally Came *by JP*



Bob, answer the question Bob. That's what I imagine they'd say if they spoke with us, if they knew our names. But they hardly speak with each other. They communicate though, constantly we suspect, but they only get verbal for special occasions, big break-through.

We thought it was telepathy, but a doctor who was in our ward - we call it a ward - he said that it was probably through chemical emissions or electromagnetic radiation of a variety that our eyes can't see, but theirs have receptors for. Regardless, they never talk to us, which probably makes it easier for them to do the things they do. This must be especially conflicting for them since they look like us in certain ways, unless they don't feel guilt.

I've been here six months. That's my estimate. There may be a few of us who keep official records, but they keep it to themselves. It's obvious that we're never leaving, or that if we were, we'd be the last to know. If killing us was what they desired, they'd have done it by now. They can do nearly anything they like. They have a technologically sophisticated tool for everything, and unaccounted for energy sources.

I have no idea what they want us to do. It would be so much easier if they just asked. Especially since I know they can tell what we are saying. They understand us, so they must know our language, and they can make sounds to one another, so why not just speak.

Instead, we guess what they want us to do with the items we are provided. Some of it seems like art, other tasks appear to games or puzzles, but without knowing the rules or the intentions, we have no idea what to do. But we have to do something or they shut the lights off and turn the temperature down. The key is just doing something with their stuff -- but what? Oh, and don't mess with the little helmets they put on us, which we can only assume are measuring brain waves.

The doctor also said he believes we have it easy, that we are the lucky ones. He said that he had heard that many others were subjected to manipulations and torture, all of it psychological. None of the treatments were physically taxing. None that we know of anyway, which may account for all the missing people.

So I pick up their objects, their items and I create rules of operation for them, assemble, disassemble, order, un-order and re-order. I just keep busy until they remove the objects and release me back to my ward. Keep the lights on, that's what I say to myself, sing to myself. I've tried to daydream and mindlessly manipulate the objects, but they're on to that. The lights go off right away, and then come back on in a few minutes. I quit that behavior immediately. I make projects with whatever I'm given.

to be continued...

Year End Top Tens

2006

Top Ten Reasons To Stay In Alaska for the Holidays.

by the Gooch

10. You can sing the song “12 days of Registered Sex Offenders.”
9. Walmart is open for 24 hours for easy access to meth supplies.
8. Matanuska Thunder F&*k.
7. 18+ hours of darkness equals excellent drinking opportunities.
6. Bowl games start at 8 am...again excellent drinking opportunities.
5. Eskimos don't celebrate Quanza.
4. You are allowed to kill burglars, hard to do if on vacation in Hawaii.
3. Domestic violence rate is the highest in the nation.
2. Periods of dark, cold, and snowy balanced by periods of dark, cold, and windy.
1. It is fairly likely that someone you don't like will off themselves...again excellent drinking opportunities.

Top Ten Funniest Things about Testicular Pain.

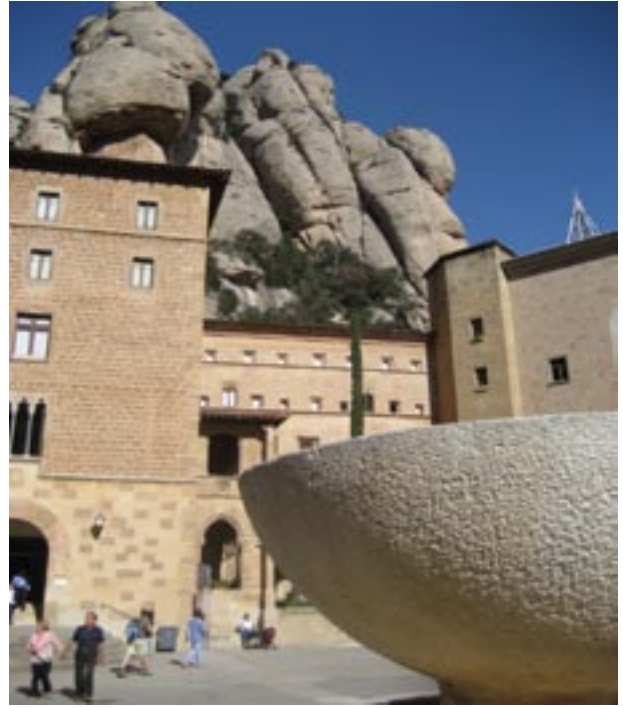
by the Rev. Wild Bill Sinner

10. When the inlaws ask, “What’s wrong?” as you drop the kids off on the way to the clinic.
9. Explaining to the Holy Roller in laws that God has a plan for everything and you really don't want them to pray for your testicles.
8. Explaining to the wife you possibly have gonereaha induced testicular pain.
7. Explaining how everythnig is fine to the inlaws at the Christmas party
6. Telling the kids how your naseau and vomiting wasn't caused by them jumping in your lap.
5. Explaining how children's literacy is more important than your searing testicular pain.
4. Gettin' your Christmass spirit on with crippling testicular pain.
3. Assuring your sobbing wife you didn't sleep with anyone at Sasquatch.
2. Assuring your deranged mother in law, your wife didn't cheat on you.
1. Assuring your sister in law that you have not cheated on your wife.

snapshots



Spain's Twin Towers



Montserrat



Sitges, Spain

khaosclassifieds

Sell Sell Sell



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



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



The second feature length film from Artificial Khaos Films. Le' Finale': LitRag 20. Click image to view trailer.

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](#)



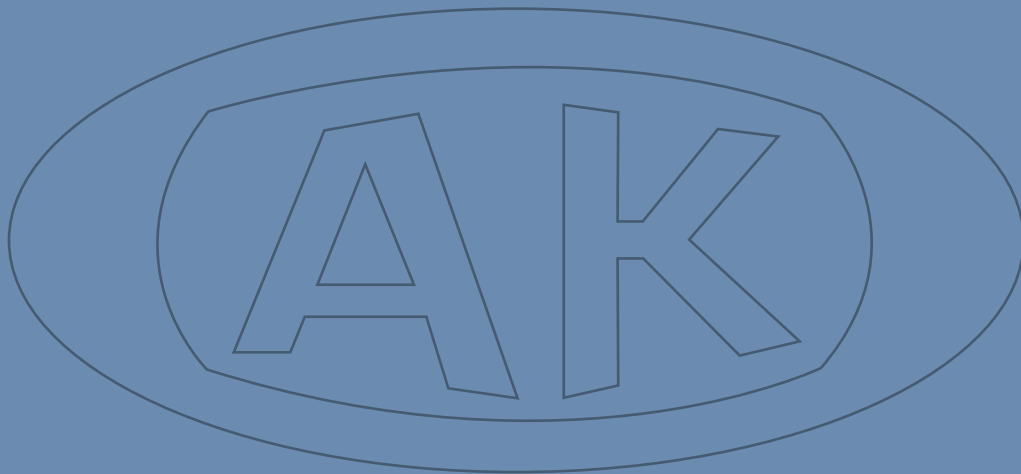
Huskyboy Magazine

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 2007?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY: ROSIE, SOFIE, KAREN, JESUS

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

The Khaos Apocrypher - Winter 2006 Newsletter



**Artificial Khaos Productions
Seattle, WA**

www.artificialkhaos.com