

The Khaos Apocrypher

A large, dense evergreen tree, possibly a spruce or fir, is the central focus of the image. It is heavily laden with snow, which clings to its branches and needles, creating a soft, white texture. The tree's dark brown trunk and branches are visible through the snow. The background is a clear, bright blue sky, which provides a sharp contrast to the white snow. The overall scene is peaceful and wintry.

WINTER 2010

Volume 10 (4)

The *Khaos* Apocrypher

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“as I get older
the drinks just get stronger”

- the saint



You Don't Want no Part of this Dewey

by Doctor Gonzo/Seattle

I have come to understand this is the last day of the year. The Winter issue always seems to sneak up on the Apocrypher staff. I'll be the first to admit this issue is spare and cold just like our current winter. But please, don't let me dissuade you from reading further. The Apocrypher is a great time killer at work, whether you are writing an article or reading the issue. We complete our tenth year at the KA and I'm not sure how much longer we can last. Our writer contribution is down 63% this issue and who knows how diminished our subscribers have gotten. I mean to persevere and I leave it to the staff to come through for the Spring 2011 issue. That being said, nothing out there is stopping anyone who reads this issue from sitting down with pen and paper and writing an article for the next issue (I'd prefer you type it on your computer, but I'll take what you got).

The year-end news: The Swearengens live debut at Papa's Pub in White Center was spectacular. You can check out the footage on my You Tube page (CLICK). You can also see bandleader, Fredd Luongo, play an acoustic cover of a Bastards of Omaha song (CLICK). Expect big things from The Swearengens in 2011. Speaking of jams, please, please check out Deluxe Foods (CLICK). A plethora of JAMS, JELLIES, CHUTNEYS, AND SAUCES you can buy online or in stores

(Seattle area); all homemade and all delicious. I'd like to present the newest members of the Forty Club, sponsored by Olde English Malt Liquor: Heather, Alex, The Gooch, Rosie, Carrie and the Saint.

AK Films news: The first two episodes of Cocktail to Cocktail Hour with A.J. Rathbun have aired (CLICK); more episodes to follow soon. Do not miss this outstanding chat show about drinks and drinks. Pre-production of The Ponyman has come to an end. The actors are in place; the script ready and our fearless crew will embark on an unsuspecting Vashon Island next weekend. We are excited to begin our first feature length film. See the news section if you want to contribute to the film.

The Bastards of Omaha will rise again soon. Two of my favorite people, myself and Handsome Rob will soon be inducted into the Forty Club (sponsored by Olde English Malt Liquor) and what better way to celebrate than The Rock and Roll Derby II. The event will occur in late April. Keep your ears peeled for details.

That is all I have for now. If you run into a Husker fan please give them a hug, as they were embarrassed last night by a less than mediocre football team. Sincere thanks to everyone who helped make and who read the Apocrypher for another year. Happy New Year.

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FEATURES

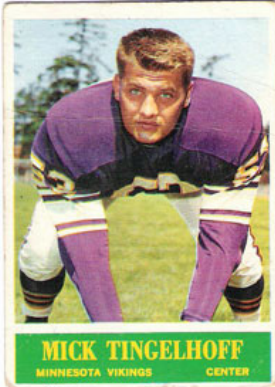
On Complete Freedom and the Writer's Block It Entails

by **Stu/Saint Cloud**

Unlike the rest of you JERKS, I didn't submit a story for the Autumn 2010 AK newsletter/cookbook because I was lazy. Rather, I had a crippling case of writer's block.

This is not an excuse. Indeed, any hack can come up with a half-baked premise and bang out 300 words without breaking a creative sweat. However, you, the longtime reader, deserve better than, say, my 22 favorite REM songs (which are Superman, Radio Free Europe, Gardening at Night, Pretty Persuasion, Stumble, Me In Honey, The One I Love, Seven Chinese Brothers, Pilgrimage, Crush with Eyeliner, Man-Sized Wreath, Feeling Gravity's Pull, West of the Fields, Don't Go Back to Rockville, Begin the Begin, Exhuming McCarthy, Pop Song '89, Bittersweet Me, their cover of Toys in the Attic, Perfect Circle, Swan Swan H, These Days, and Wolves, Lower) (SEE HOW EASY THAT WAS? THAT COULD'VE BEEN MY ENTIRE CONTRIBUTION FOR AUTUMN 2010, BUT I RESPECT ALL OF YOU MORE THAN THAT. EXCEPT WILD BILL, WHO IS WORSE THAN HITLER.), so I waited until I could give you something worth your time and effort. Regrettably, this resulted in the first Stu-free edition of the Apocrypher since 2002, probably. (The leather-bound and signed *Enthusiastic, Dimwitted Whores: The Best of Stu, 2001-2010*, is sadly out of print at this writing.)

As some of you may be aware, I write at other internet outlets, mostly about sports. I've been a contributor to the Star Tribune's [RandBall](#) blog for three years now, and I provide the Stu's Hunt Down feature, wherein I check in with [Minnesota sports figures](#) of yore and find out what they're doing. In addition, I've covered the Minnesota Twins for SB Nation's [Twinkie Town](#) site, where I've been allowed to focus on things like [Carl Pavano's mustache](#) and [Airwolf](#) in addition to providing game recaps.



The thing with these endeavors is, I'm fairly limited in what I can write about. I need to find out what Mick Tinglehoff is up to, or I need to make jokes about the futility of Nick Punto. Some might find this constricting, but these parameters free me of the burden of figuring out what to write.

Conversely, the Khaos Apocrypher is wide fuggin' open, man. And while you goddamn hippies with your salvia bong and philosophy degrees may think this boundless playground is ideal for a writer, you would be wrong again. There's just me and the blank Word Document, searching for some meaning in all this meaninglessness. It's a chore, and one that proved so arduous that I could not in good conscience submit anything last quarter.

So, there's my excuse. What's yours, asshole?

So, there's my excuse. What's yours, asshole?

KHAOS COMICS



Khaos readers can stop holding your breath. The time had finally come. The first venture (not counting Positive Pete) into the world of graphic novels, which I call comics. Our first title is THE REGULARS. It's based on the mediocre superhero in all of us. Cast of characters: Captain Dakota (above), The Jayhawker, Sarcaster, Husky Boy, The Flying V, The Erratic Assassin, Detective Fantastic and many others. Follow the exploits of our characters as they carve out a spot in superhero history during the midst of the greatest recession of all time. Written by Dr. G, illustration by Ray Ray Rucker. Look for it online and on shelves Summer 2011.

KHAOS COCKTAILS



A.J. Rathbun

Cocktails from one of my books.

(See last page to purchase)

PENSIERO

Don't get down about it, but think about this for a moment (and think about the fact that pensiero means "thought," too): Even in the world of [sparkling wines](#), there are probably varieties, worthy varieties, you haven't yet tried yet. I know it's true for me. For example, until recently I'd missed out on Brachetto d'Acqui—and I'm somewhat of an Italian nut (in the good way). Picking up its name from the Brachetto grape combined with the Acqui district, this lightly fizzy number has a taste redolent of berries, cherries, spices, and flowers, and is a bit sweet, making it an after-dinner partner of choice for many. It also works well with other ingredients, as in the Pensiero, which will help to remind you that it's always good to be on the lookout for new liquid ideas.

Serves 2

Ice cubes

2 ounces freshly squeezed [orange juice](#)

1-1/2 ounces Punt e Mes

1 ounce Campari

1 ounce [Simple Syrup](#)

Chilled Brachetto d'Acqui

2 lemon twists for garnish

1. Fill a [cocktail shaker](#) halfway full with ice cubes. Add the orange juice, Punt e Mes, Campari, and simple syrup. Shake thoughtfully.
2. Strain the mixture equally into two flute glasses. Top each with Brachetto d'Acqui. Garnish each with a lemon twist.



A Note: Punt e Mes is an Italian vermouth, one that's a touch more bitter than others on the market (but not so bitter as to make you cringe). The name literally means "point and a half"; the story is that it comes from a raise in the stock market (of the same number) that gave a lucky investor enough proceeds to start the company.

FEATURES

Lock Ness Gaga?

Spotted in the USA

(the ongoing search for the truth, Part III)

by Brettal/Green Lake

Well not exactly, but now that I got your attention let me explain. It would appear that we do have our own version of old “Nessie” right here in the United States, in North Dakota to be exact. That’s right, the state that brought you Lawrence Welk, Ed Shultz, Jeff Boschee, and Dr. Gonzo now brings you “Gaga” The Devil’s Lake Monster. According to many eye witness accounts Lady Gaga used to inhabit the ever growing Devils Lake.

“I remember when Gaga used to swim up to the house before the lake swallowed it up. She use to like to tease the horses and such. She was such a playful thing. She could literally sneak right up on ya. She would dress in camouflage, wearing feathers and all sorts of crazy outfits. Sometimes you couldn’t tell if it was a bird, a sailboat, or Gaga.” states Irma Brimhall, long time resident of Devils Lake, ND. “We sure do miss her around here”



For several years now Devils Lake has been growing and swallowing up acreage and townships in an effort to keep up with Gaga’s growing ego. Apparently Devils Lake couldn’t keep up and Gaga eventually had to flee to bigger waters. Devils Lake State Park environmental impact planning specialist Richard Munchin explains, “Its like when a caterpillar grows inside its cocoon, or its ‘environment’. It eventually out grows it and emerges as a butterfly.” The resemblance is uncanny.



Residents are hopeful that Gaga will return home to Devils Lake. The lake is still growing and it is speculated that the tears of her lover left behind, Alejandro, will continue to fill the lake until she returns. Lady Gaga please go home.

KHAOS MUSIC



Kung Fu Mike

Unable to withstand the assault of another year of back to back Vampire Weekend and Bon Iver tracks dominating The Current's airwaves I spent a majority of my music listening time in 2010 on Pandora, Last FM, Slacker radio and various other internet stations. I would give up my Facebook account (and left testicle) in a second if I had to choose between them and Pandora.

The **Hoodoo Gurus**, **Devo**, **Gang of Four**, **Superchunk** and the **Posies** all had new albums in 2010. 20+ year veterans the Posies and Superchunk are the newbies of that group as the rest have been playing since Dr. Gonzo was drifting on his Big Wheel in his parent's driveway.

Hailing from Northampton Mass, where I once hung out with (read: followed as a groupie to get insider information on Robyn Hitchcock for my college radio show) Softboys and 'Egyptian' drummer / multi-instrumentalist, Morris Windsor prior to a gig, the **Winterpils** new album *Tuxedo of Ashes* is a nice blend of

the old (The Moody Blues) and the new (Rogue Wave). Take that Ms. Stappert (7th grade English teacher).

By far my favorite album of 2010 was **The Soft Pack's** self-titled debut. Originally formed as The Muslims the band caved to xenophobic attacks and changed to the Soft Pack. The insanely catchy album of quick rhythm 60's garage rock has more modern influences ranging from Jonathon Richmond to *Sorry Ma..* era Mats to Spoon.

If you dig the screaming/scratchy vocals of Heavenly States lead man Ted Nesseth (at his screamingest and scratchiest best) and Heavenly States music in general, check out the band **O' Pioneers!!!**. They formed in Houston in 2004. Their latest release [2009] *Neon Creeps* is their best effort of their 4 albums.

Tapes 'N Tapes release *Outside* is due in stores on 1/11/11 (unless all the world's computers crash, time zone by time zone due to the over abundance of '1' bits at 11:11:11 am). I like the first single "Freak Out", which sounds a little less quirky than their previous work, but very catchy.

And from the gossip pages, **Wavves**

frontman Nathan Williams and **Best Coast** front woman Bethany Cosentino are dating as both bands tour the U.S. including a stop at the 7th Street Entry back in October in support of Wavves acid surfer punk album "King of the Beach" and Best Coast's great first full-length release "Crazy For You". I love the noise, reverb and Phil Spector type production. Both bands narrate extensively on cats, surfing, love and the sticky icky.

A few great bands I've discovered on internet radio include: **Aloud** - a Boston rock band with dueling male/female lead singers, the latter of which has great range and is a cross between Johnette Napolitano and an early Linda Ronstat. Skip the new album *Exile* and head straight for 2008's *Fan The Fury*. **Alberta Cross** are an alt. blues/ rock band from London with a ton of American indie rock influences including Delta Spirit, Band of Horses, Sunny Day Real Estate and Foreign Born. 3 piece alt. country band **Elliot Brood** are from the namesake of the previous mentioned band and are recommended if you like 16 Engines, Blitzen

Trapper and Uncle Tupelo. Their album *Ambassador* was Juno nominated, but I'm giving most playtime to the new release *Mountain Meadows*. **Musicanto's** "Misty Morning" ranks right up there with Ryan Adam's or Martin Zellars's finest songsmithing abilities. And **Nine Black Alps'** "Unsatisfied" channels Mike Peters' (The Alarm) vocals to a tea in one of the greatest songs I've heard in a few years. **Paolo Nutini** from (where else) ...Scotland (!) will make you weep with his song "Candy" which ironically has a very festive video of, what appears to be, a Spanish Wedding.

If you loathe cover albums skip to the next paragraph, if not, go to your favorite download site and grab *Turn Ons* from **The Hotrats** (side project of Gaz and Danny from Supergrass). "Queen Bitch" and "(You've Gotta) Fight For Your Right (To Party)" will blow your mind. Going for a decidedly more obscure/eclectic track list on their cover album entitled *If I had a Hi-Fi*, **Nada Surf's** 6th studio album may signal a lack of new ideas to some, but to me it's a great intermission piece prior to the release of what's sure to be a great release – which I believe is a self titled e.p.

That's How We Burn from Milwaukee's **Jaill** was one of my favorites this year, I hope to catch them in the Entry in a couple weeks. They've got a 60's garage sound similar to **Gringo Star** and **Harlem** (the latter of which had a fantastic debut album this year).

Although a 2009 release, the video for **Morningbel's** "Let's not Loose Our Heads" caught my eye while surfing YouTube a couple months ago. I ended up downloading a majority of the album *Sincerely, Severely* from eMusic.

Les Savvy Fav continues to put out just so-so albums with 2 or 3 unbelievably good tunes. Listen to "Let's Get Out of Here" off the new *Root for Ruin* and see if you don't spend the next 20 minutes trying to get it's chorus out of your head. "oooooooooh, let's get out of here now..."

Some recent bands I've discovered: **Neva Dinova** {RIYL: Steve Miller Band – if they were alive and making indie music in 2010} **Outrageous Cherry** {RIYL: A Motown version of The Jesus & Mary Chain} **Scott Reynolds** {RIYL: The band All with a slight Caribbean sound} **Great Northern** {RIYL: any incarnation of Tonya Donnally or Kim Deal} **Admiral Radley** {RIYL: Earlimart and Granddaddy, as it is a merging of the two bands} **Male Bonding** {RIYL: Wavves, The Soft Pack, pop-punk}

ASK TONY



Tony Montana

Dear Tony,
My brother is involved in a pyramid scheme where he constantly scams members of our family out of money to pay his bills in order to continue building his “network.” How do I talk some sense into him and help him see he’s headed towards a dead end?

Tired of Lies

Dear Tired of Lies,
Who put this thing together? Me, that’s who! Who do I trust? Me! I always tell the truth. Even when I lie. In this country, you gotta make the money first. Then when you getta the money, you get the power. Then when you getta the power, then you getta the women.

Dear Tony,
I’m unemployed and can’t seem to decide what to do with my life. Every door of opportunity seems closed to me. I just don’t have the connections to make it hap-

pen. What should I do?

Thinking of Giving Up

Dear Thinking of Giving Up,
Say hello to my little friend! I’m Tony Montana! You f**k with me, you f**kin’ with the best! This is paradise, I’m tellin’ ya. This town like a great big pussy just waiting to get f**ked. Do you understand? I know that. But you know why? Because you got your head up your culo, that’s why.

Dear Tony,
My buddy and his wife are thinking of selling their house and moving to another state. Our circle of friends are conspiring to stop them, but nothing seems to sway them from their decision. What should we do next?

Intervening Friend

Dear Intervening Friend,
Why don’t you try sticking your head up your ass? See if it fits. I

never f**ked anybody over in my life didn’t have it coming to them. You got that? All I have in this world is my balls and my word and I don’t break ‘em for no one.

Dear Tony,
I feel terrible because I have to fire a friend at work. He deserves to be fired, but I wish it wouldn’t affect our friendship in any negative way. Is there some way for me to do my job without losing a friend?

Weak and Torn

Dear Weak and Torn,
What you lookin’ at? You all a bunch of f**kin’ assholes. You know why? You don’t have the guts to be what you wanna be? You need people like me. You need people like me so you can point your f**kin’ fingers and say, “That’s the bad guy.” So... what that make you? Good? You’re not good. You just know how to hide, how to lie. Me, I don’t have that problem. Me, I always tell

the truth. Even when I lie. So say good night to the bad guy! Come on. The last time you gonna see a bad guy like this again, let me tell you. Come on. Make way for the bad guy. There's a bad guy comin' through! Better get outta his way!

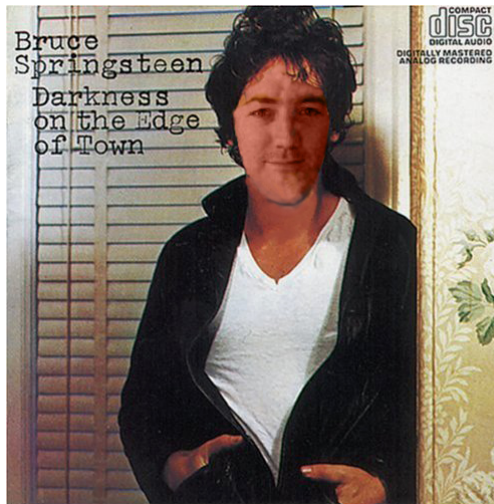
Dear Tony,

I'm truly concerned that the latest Republican victories in the mid-term elections will lead to the wholesale dismantling of Obama's healthcare bill. How do we prevent the undoing of one of the most important pieces of health care legislation in our time?

Universal Healthcare for All

*Dear Universal Healthcare for All, Is this it? That's what it's all about, Manny? Eating, drinking, f**king, sucking? Snorting? Then what? You're 50. You got a bag for a belly. You got tits, you need a bra. They got hair on them. You got a liver, they got spots on it, and you're eating this f**kin' shit, looking like these rich f**king mummies in here... Look at that. A junkie. I got a f**kin' junkie for a wife. She don't eat nothing. Sleeps all day with them black shades on. Wakes up with a Quaalude, and who won't f**k me 'cause she's in a coma. I can't even have a kid with her, Manny. Her womb is so polluted, I can't even have a little baby with her!*

KHAOS FREDDITORIAL



fine. If you love independent music and never really “got the whole Springsteen thing” and are looking for a real starting point, these are the roadmaps that can point you down miles and miles of backroads of music history and personal resolve to do something lasting and meaningful.

Funny enough, because of all the hype with the release of the new DVD box set, Weird Al has decided to parody the entire album. Track list below.

Maybe the last year or two of extraordinarily overblown coverage of Bruce Springsteen has finally made me empathize with those fans who felt a little betrayed by the bombast of the Born in the USA tour 25 years ago. It's a little too slick and little too much bathing in nostalgia for the very image from which he spent 20 years trying to distance himself.

That being said, the reissue of his 1978 album Darkness on the Edge of Town stands as a stark reminder of who this guy really is, to me anyway, and why anyone with a serious interest in “music that matters” ought to own and study this work alongside its even darker companion Nebraska. If you grew up listening to The Boss, camped out and tailgated at the Meadowlands waiting to see him play, actually seen a Nascar race at Darlington f**king Speedway,

- Darkness on the Edge of Pizza
1. Fatlands
 2. Adam Ate A Candy Cane
 3. Something in the Pie
 4. Candy's Jar
 5. Cookies in the Street
 6. The Promised Flan
 7. (Spaghetti) Factory
 8. Streets of Bacon
 9. Strudel All Night
 10. Darkness on the Edge of Pizza

FEATURES

The Time I Played Harry Potter for a Six Year Old's Birthday Party

by Johan Martin/Ballard

Live Wires (<http://www.live-wires.com/>) is, as I heard it described in those days, “an entertainment booking company” based in Seattle. You can book any imaginable form of entertainment for a party through them - strippers for a bachelor party, clowns for a kid's birthday party, singing telegrams, caricaturists, psychics, hypnotists, comedians, bands, mimes, jugglers, improv troupes, magicians, living statues (I've never been to a party that had a “living statue.” What kind of party has “a living statue?”), you name it. They even have celebrity impersonators. My girlfriend at the time was one of these. Her catalogue boasted (still boasts at the time of this writing) Celine Dion, Cher, Jessica Simpson, Britney Spears, Jennifer Lopez, Shania Twain, Amy Winehouse, Hillary Clinton, even George W. Bush & Hedwig from Hedwig & the Angry Inch.

You can book superheroes like Batman & Spiderman for your kid's birthday party too. If you look at their site right now, the Wizard of Oz characters, the Jedi Knight, Woody (from Toy Story), the Croc-

odile Hunter, & someone called “Diane the Storyteller” are especially creepy looking in their photos & I'd want them nowhere near my kids. For some reason Spongebob has his human purposefully cross eyed face exposed through his costume in his photo so I think maybe he takes the cake for um, what?-ness.

My friend Graham still plays Napoleon Dynamite for Live Wires, though I don't think Napoleon Dynamite gets as many requests in 2010 as he did in 2005 when I first came in contact with the company: I'd just moved to Seattle, penniless, starving, in need of work (much the way I am now five years later), & their Harry Potter impersonator had just quit under circumstances of acrimony & discord. So my girlfriend recommended me for the part. Naturally I didn't want to do this. I hate the Harry Potter phenomenon. Always have. But I needed the money. Badly. So off I went.

At this time, only the first three Harry Potter films were out on DVD. (There was no way in hell I was gonna read all those God forsaken books in the week between

my agreeing to do the gig & the actual performance of it). So I rented & watched all three. They were just as terrible as I'd expected, save the third one which was slightly better than the first two because A.) It wasn't directed by the anti-Christ of filmmaking, Chris Columbus. B.) It was directed by the guy who would later direct Children of Men. & C.) My favorite actor Gary Oldman was in it.

By 2005, I'd heard enough doe-eyed cultists rant for years about how Harry Potter was God's gift to literature to know it was something I'd always strive to stay the hell away from. But it got kids into reading again, they'd say in response to my confident negativity. Well, sure, I guess that's great, but what truly scared me was that that wasn't the main reason Harry Potter was so culturally significant. The main reason Harry Potter was so culturally significant was that it got adults into reading again. Adults! And they're kids' books.

“But they're not really kids' books by the end of the series. They get really dark. . .”

The people who argue that when I tell them they should try some grown-up fiction if they like reading so much, they're the same people who go see the Shrek movies without their kids & when you ask them how they liked it, they say, "The plot was childish. . ."

ANYWAY the first Harry Potter movie introduced all the characters & what's happening in the story (Harry's stepparents are dicks & he's going to Hogwarts, blah, blah, blah, blah). The second movie just kind of recaps everything in the first movie, then there's some new conflict or storyline which I can't quite remember. Then the third one had sweet sweet Gary.

Awesome. Good to go. Surely as up to speed as any six year old on the Harry Potter pantheon. Let's do this! Let's make thirty bucks an hour! Having watched the films, the question now was what to do with these little monsters?

I know nothing about kids. Really nothing. I could, um, sit there & talk about the movies with them & pretend to care, but I don't think little kids really want that at a birthday party. So I went to all my teacher friends & asked them what I should do at the party. Here are the suggestions I got: Those "Golden Snitches" used in the "Quidditch" matches: Do a craft where all the kids assemble & paint those things for like forty minutes. I don't remember the other suggestions, just that they were marginally simpler than

that one. So I got the craft stuff. I got my costume from Live Wires. I map-quested the client's house. I shaved. I put the costume on. And I got my girlfriend to drive me there. (She was so proud of me for doing something other than flip pizzas for money.)

The "clients" lived in a predictably nice modern home. We pulled up, the little Z already applied to my forehead with spirit gum. I put my oversized John Lennon glasses on, kissed my girlfriend goodbye, & walked from the passenger side of her SUV to the clients' big expensive front door with my bag of goodies in tote, my overly acidic stomach tearing itself apart all the while. Dad answered the door. He was already drunk & dressed up like a wizard in a big black cloak that made him look like one of the satanists at the end of Rosemary's Baby. When he spoke, he sounded exactly like that voice David Letterman does when he imitates the Average Joe who asks if the weather's "hot enough for ya?" when he encounters you on the street.

"Oh, Harry. . . You're here. . . Good," he slurred, beckoning me inside.

Not knowing how in character I should be (who could hear me) I quietly & politely thanked him in my faux British accent as I entered.

"The kids are all out back. . . Playing. . . [There was a scotch in his hand.] So. . . you know what you're gonna do today, Harry?" "Yes sir. I think so. I'm ready to go!"

I said this in as chipper & smiling a

British schoolboy accent as I could manage, which strangely (or maybe not so strangely) made me feel like some sort of pedophile. Dad got a good bleary eyed chuckle out of this. Paying me to come over to his house & make an ass of myself was clearly something he was going to enjoy possibly more than his kids would.

He led me to the back of the house. The kids were all outside, playing in the backyard. It was a costume party so every kid was dressed as their favorite Harry Potter character. Inside the parents were taking shots of tequila, watching their kids through the windows & sliding glass doors to ensure none of them went careening down the ravine just beyond the backyard. Each of the drunken mothers took turns greeting me & making me feel even more awkward than I already did.

"Well, aren't you cute?"

I was sure at least one of them was going to vomit on me before I made it to the backyard. Once Dad had sufficiently gotten his rocks off watching me sweat this weirdness, he finally said, "Okay, Harry. . . Are ya ready?!?"

"Oh, yes sir! I was born ready!" (Faux British schoolboy accent again. Just imagine that for everything I say for the rest of this story, even the inner monologue narration). Dad led me through the sliding glass door into the backyard, his face growing progressively redder & more gin blossomed by the second somehow.

The first four foot body to bum

rush me was the birthday girl herself, sweet little Emily. (I have no idea what her name really was, but I must say this little girl was a gem.) She was very nice & genuinely excited to have Harry at her party. I was glad my mere presence there, in costume, could make her so happy. I resolved then & there to do the best job I could entertaining these kids. I'd make sure they'd have fun & remember how great this party was for years to come!

Emily's friends seemed nice too, mostly little girls. What had I been so worried about? These were just a bunch of little kids looking to have fun at a birthday party. Why had I been so uptight about this? This was going to be easy! Then I met the little boys.

Many of them seemed to be slightly older than Emily & her friends. They were certainly more talkative. And rambunctious. I mentioned earlier that this was a costume party & all the kids were thusly dressed as their favorite Harry Potter characters. Well, it appeared most, if not all, of the little boys were dressed as the evil Harry Potter characters. Some identified themselves as being from The House of Slytherin, but what concerned me most was the gaggle of little bastards dressed as Dementors. These sons of bitches were clearly trouble. What seemed to be their leader immediately ran up to me & yelled, "You're not Harry!"

It was true. I wasn't Harry. Then, to add insult to injury, he exclaimed, "You're six feet tall!"

Also true. I was. Then, "And you're way too old! You look like you're in you're early twenties!" In fact, I was even older. I was in my mid-twenties at the time. He had me there.

"Yes, well, we're not going to worry about that right now cuz I've got a craft for us to do! Who likes crafts?!?"

Even the nice little kids just gave me blank stares in return. Did they not know what crafts were? At what age do children become aware of the concept of crafts? And what age were these kids really? I'm pretty sure the dossier I got said Emily was turning six, but I don't think all these kids are the same age as little Emily. They're all different sizes. Perhaps some of the larger ones have growth disorders.

"We're going to make Snitches!"

Crickets.

"Like from the Quidditch matches!!!"

Still mostly baffled looks from the good kids & angry glares from the bad ones. Maybe these nice quiet kids are just mentally retarded & the other ones have emotional problems. I took my craft paraphernalia out of the little plastic bags I'd brought them in & began evenly distributing them to the kids, even the kids I already disliked. There were little white balls that served as the, um, body of the Snitches. Then I had some gold paint so we could paint the white balls gold. And finally some wings we could attach to

the balls to make them fly.

That gold paint got everywhere.

"Harry, is this gonna come out of their clothes?" one very understandably concerned mother asked me as I turned to see her wiping down her daughter (possibly the smallest & most silent little girl there) who was just soaked in that shit even though I'd only had it out for like a minute. Then the crying started. Thankfully the parents, what remained of them, the ones who hadn't ambled inside for more hooch the second Harry appeared in front of their kids, acted fast. They scooped up their screaming & crying little angels & dragged them inside for probably some kind of group cleansing as the ones left behind began to ferociously ingest & devour my (probably poisonous) gold paint at an alarming rate. Dear God. Who was in charge here? This was like *Apocalypse Now*. Soon I noticed all the parents were gone. I was the only "adult" left outside. And there were like twenty fucking kids here! All screaming & crying & chugging gold paint as fast as they could & not doing the God damn craft like I was trying to tell them to do!

Um. . .

Onto a new game.

"Okay, let's put down the Snitches for a moment. There you go. Put that down. Don't. . . Stop. . . Now we're gonna play a new game!"

One suggestion I'd received from a teacher friend was some variation of Duck Duck Goose. It involved no gold paint so hopefully this activity wouldn't result in toxic

shock syndrome. I got 'em in a circle, briefly explained the rules (they seemed to understand the game pretty naturally this time), & just as we started, one of those little Dementor fiends grabbed my wand & chucked it over the ravine.

"What are you gonna do now, Harry?!" he shouted at me after doing so. Probably dropkick you over the ravine so you can bring back my wand, I wanted to say, but I instead threatened, in my ridiculous accent, to exclude him from playing anymore of these "games" which he obviously didn't care about anyway. Why would Emily hang out with this little cretin, I wondered. Clearly, at her age, she had not learned the value of keeping in good company. And that's when I heard Dad's voice from above.

"Hey. . . hey Harry!"

I looked up to see him leaning over his balcony, looking down on me, a disposable plastic party cup filled with gold liquid having replaced the scotch in his right hand, a green lime jutting out from the rim.

"Tequila. . . Huh?" he said, briefly averting his focus from me to kick back his shot. Having tossed that Mexican gold down his gullet, he immediately returned his attention to me, displaying a toothy drunken rich guy grin to let me know he was fully aware of what was happening here. Not only that, he was relishing this shit: I was in way over my head. Dad knew it. They all did.

I didn't know what I was doing. I wasn't qualified to perform in front of children, let alone chaperone

them at the same time. Dad found this hysterical, though not nearly as funny as the revenge he was exacting on me by completely & totally throwing me to the wolves for showing up, unqualified, at his doorstep to potentially ruin one of the best days of his young daughter's life, a day he may have been promising her for nearly a year, the day she'd get to meet Harry!

There I was, a phony, too tall to be Harry, too old, & I'd somehow subliminally coerced all the partygoers into eating gold paint that would surely make them sick before I could snag my check from the old man & run screaming out the front door back into the loving arms of my girlfriend's SUV.

The next thirty to forty minutes were a blur, a seemingly endless stream of costumed children screaming & swirling around me, my relationship with the Dementor children rapidly escalating to the point where it was identical to Harry's relationship with the Dementors in the third movie.

I was booked for an hour, but I think Dad cut me loose early. Even in his intoxicated stupor, he began to have the kind of sympathy the Woodsman has for Snow White after taking her into the forrest to kill her. He eventually stumbled out back in his big black robe & saved me.

"Okay, everybody, Harry's gotta be getting back to Hogwart's now," he announced, paternally placing his

hand on my back to lead me inside to safety.

Little Emily rushed over to give me a goodbye hug. She hadn't noticed how panicked I'd been for the last forty-five minutes. She was just glad Harry showed up at her party. God Bless that little girl. Hopefully your parents will never tell you what a letdown I was when you're older.

Dad led me inside, back to the front door where he'd first greeted me, the Moms displaying alternating expressions of indifference & rancor as we passed them by. There he fumbled for his checkbook, sloppily scribbled out a check, handed it to me, & thanked me with more than a tinge of disappointment, which did not go unnoticed. I waddled outside & into my girlfriend's SUV (she was early, thank God), looked at my check, saw that he hadn't tipped me, & swore to never do that again. I think my friend Graham (Napoleon Dynamite) is their new Harry Potter.

KHAOS TOP TEN LIST



Notorious

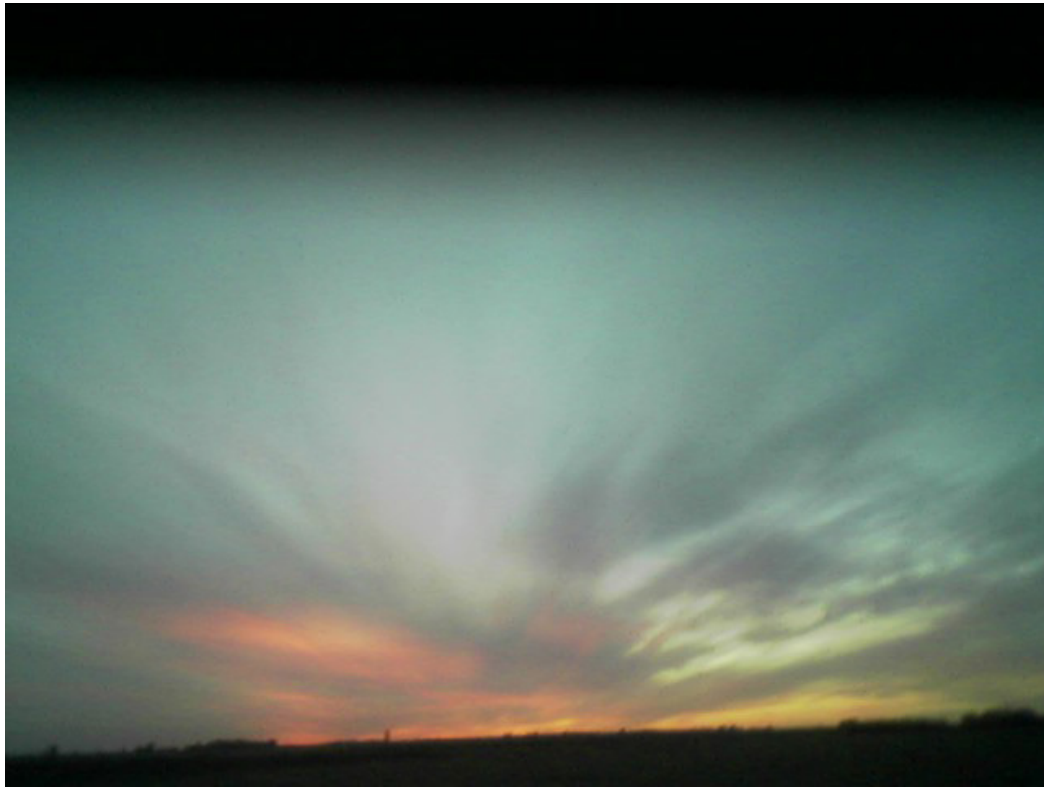
V.I.G.

I just finally had my third or fourth child, I'll have to do a head count. This list was made under very little sleep.

TOP TEN REASONS TO HAVE ANOTHER KID

10. TO SHOW MEGAN FOX I CAN STILL THROW ONE PASSED THE GOALIE.
9. JELLYBEAN TOLD ME, "IT'S ONE MORE PERSON TO GET YOU A BEER DURING THE VIKES GAME"
8. THE WIFE DOES ALL THE "PARENTING"
7. THE FIRST TWO KIDS WEREN'T HAIRY ENOUGH
6. KEEP MY FAMILY NAME GOING LONG ENOUGH SO THEY MIGHT SEE THE VIKINGS FINALLY WIN A SUPER BOWL OR SEE FAVRE PLAY HIS LAST GAME
5. KIDS MAKE BETTER JOCKEYS, I'VE BEEN BANNED FROM THE TRACK
4. THE GREATEST RECESSION IN HISTORY IS HAPPENING, WHY NOT ADD ANOTHER HUNGRY MOUTH
3. I MADE MY OWN TAX CUT. SCREW YOU DEMOCRATS
2. I CAN FINALLY GET MORE VICODIN, THANKS NATURAL CHILD BIRTH
1. WE NEEDED A SPARE IN CASE MADONNA OR ANGELINA WANTS TO ADOPT A NORWEGIAN

KHAOS IMAGES



"Sunset" - Photo: Rich Kosel



"Daisy Claus" - Photo: John Busch



"Frozen Spider" - Photo: Nat Fuller

APOCRYPHER NEWS WIRE

Reindeer Treats Rises Above

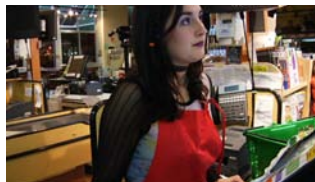


Beacon Hill resident Rob Stefaniak (aka 2.0), not to be confused with former Beacon Hill “Handsome” Rob, has become the creator of the most prolific Xmas song mix in history.

Rob (2.0) credits his success with listening to hours and hours of Christmas songs to get the perfect mix of cheer, drama and hope. Six years and 14 dozen beers, later, he’s created a perfect recession destroyer. Just short of 90 songs, Reindeer Treats it will get you through any awkward company party, family event, or night by yourself as you cry into your empty eggnog glass.

The Checkout Girl Online or DVD

So just for the hell of it, “The Checkout Girl” is now available for streaming or traditional DVD rental via [Indieflix](http://www.indieflix.com).



I haven’t rented any films from them (yet), but the site looks nice. Just click on “Films/Shorts” and our film should pop up. Today is the official release date. <http://www.indieflix.com/film/the-checkout-girl-31846/>

Producer Dave

The Swarengens Thank You

The Swarengens would like to thank everyone who came out to see our first show out in BFE White Center. We had a great time and hope you did, too. Hope to see you at the next one, check out facebook.com/swarengens for the latest news.

The Pony Man



If you are considering making a donation to our film, you might be curious how this money will be used. We’ll break it down for you.

Artificial Khaos Films is a no-budget, independent film company. It is our belief that high-quality films can be made for very little money. Typically, we work with unpaid actors and filmmakers. However, since our 2 lead actors will be required on-set for the majority of the 6 months of filming, we intend to give them a small stipend for their time and effort. A small stipend is a wonderful incentive for talented professional actors to participate in this project.

Also, we will be working with a pony, and that involves hiring a pony handler to be present on-set at all times. We wouldn’t dream of asking this person to participate without some modest monetary compensation.

Furthermore, we want to make sure that our cast and crew are well-fed when on-set. Craft services can cost anywhere from \$50 - \$200 per diem.

Lastly, we will submit the film to as many as 20 film festivals nationwide. Submission fees and shipping costs add up. You never know, the film could be received so well at these festivals that we will be offered future distribution, cinema awards and national press. Wouldn’t it be nice to have your name associated with a film that receives national exposure?

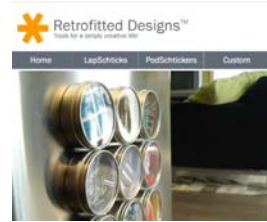
Our donation goal of \$9500 is based primarily on the above factors: pony-wrangling, great acting, festival submissions and food. We figure this is the bare minimum required to make our film.

To Donate, click [HERE](#).

KHAOS KLASSIFIEDS



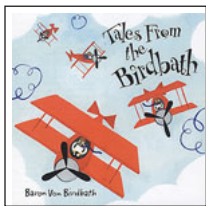
Artificial Khaos Productions presents the new face of Khaos. Check out the newly designed web site. A new media section collects most of our film and video projects in one convenient place. Enjoy. Click on graphic teleport.



Retrofitted Designs



Elemental Studio



Birdbath Radio



MIKE WILKINSON WOOD

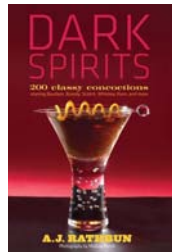
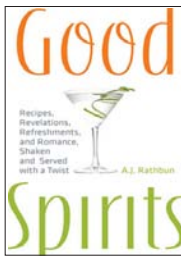


Start Sippling on A.J.'s Newest Books

A.J. Rathbun



Alex Doerffler Photography



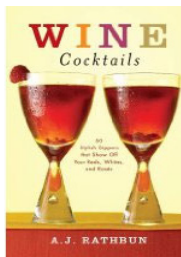
Bruno Press



McCauliflower



Bella Cinghiale
Nat Fuller



The TOC



Six Months



Six Months In Italy
A.J. Rathbun



Back issues of Playboy for sale.
Contact Nicole for details.

BUY THESE BOOKS



Homemade Jams



KHAOS apparel
[click to link]

The Khaos Apocrypher - Winter 2010 Newsletter



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