

ARTIFICIAL KHAOS

DUCT TAPE
TODD



No 10

SALTYPEAR INC.

DECADE OF DECEPTION ★ 1994-2004

SUMMER NEWSLETTER

2004 SPECIAL EDITION

Artificial Khaos

Seattle | WA

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Duct Tape todd 10th Anniversary

by Dr Gonzo

You must be thinking, “how can you promote a fake band, production company, and newsletter for ten years?”. The answer is simple for most of us. Find numerous unfulfilling jobs that drain your coil and spend many hours of the day thinking up really stupid sh*t.

It is hard to believe it's been a decade since we came up with the idea for Duct Tape todd. A lot of interest has been devoted to the origin of the name. I recall we came up with it on a summer day in someone's car on the way downtown from Chub's

during an afternoon of cocktails. Others may have their own story. The first t-shirts were designed when we lived above the Bison Turf in Fargo, ND. My Auntie from Texas shipped me one hundred shirts. We got rid of them all and became somewhat of an underground hit. I've been losing money on shirts ever since. The pinnacle of our apparel sales was one drunken night at the Cabooze in Minneapolis, MN when we walked in and the guitar player from a local band was proudly wearing a Duct Tape todd shirt. Duct Tape todd has re-

corded a handful of albums and played numerous live shows throughout our career. We owe a lot of support to our fans and like minded humorists. We will continue to make the kind of music we were born to make.

Throughout the rest of the newsletter we will be sharing stories, anecdotes, and flat out lies about the band and our record label, Artificial Khaos. Thanks to all of you who sent in your stories and memories of a band born to Rock and Roll. To those of you to lazy to write in, you suck. ak

The Great Midwestern Pharm Accident

by Ganza K

The trip is over. I shed tears for days afterwards. Some of you may have followed the adventures of Sherman T, Baron Von Waffelbone, Ganza K and Sparkle Brightstar. Hell, some of you may have taken part in our notorious cross country odyssey and plied us with food and booze. We thank each and everyone whom crossed our path. One exception was the weird dude in Missoula who

thought we were cops. He was a bit touched.

We left Seattle, WA on June 18th and returned mentally unharmed. However, liver regeneration was in overdrive. In the end we had a hard time separating ourselves from our new home and friend, Powder Blue. We were with her for some 4700 miles of open road. She accepted us with all our faults and kept us safe for 18 days. Who knows if a trip of this magnitude will

ever take place again. A movie of the trip is currently in the cutting room and should be opening soon in a theater near you (or at least on DVD). Look for the trailer to be released soon.

It was great to see all our family and friends who took time out of their busy schedules to accommodate us.

Weblog can be accessed at <http://thegreatmidwestern-pharmaccident.blogspot.com>

ak

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Stash Zyka versus RJ Duke

by Dr Gonzo

I have mixed emotions about this next article. I am sad to report our long time friend and co-founder, RJ Duke, has taken a leave of absence from reporting here at Art Khaos. Some say he went overseas and find the lost gold of Atlantis, others say he is hiding out somewhere in East Saint Cloud along the Mississippi River. Whatever the case we will dearly miss him and are anxious for his return. Fortunately for us he has sent his second cousin, Stash Zyka

to cover his absence. Mr. Zyka is somewhat of an enigma. He says he hails from an Eastern European country but I say he never stepped foot out of Russia. He's got the vodka soused breath and the ruddy good looks of a former communist. The one exception is he roller blades. Like I said an enigma. It will be good for this news team to get a fresh perspective on world views. We look forward to Stash's literate departure from reality. I just hope he can play drums.

ak

Campaign Trail 2004

by Notorious VIG

In honor of the DFL convention I have decided to throw my name into the hat for President of the United States. I feel with my 4 months of US Senate experience I must be equally qualified as John Edwards. Plus the fact that I am a closet alcoholic puts me on the same plain as George Bush. Oh and I do like ketchup, look out Kerry. Here then is my Presidential Platform. Feel free to write my name in come election day. (I'm sure we can find some way around the whole age thing, after all the Supreme Court gave Bush the 2000 election, I'm sure they will be more than happy to rule in my favor). So here are

my Top Ten Promises.

Top 10 Campaign Promises:

10. Health Care: All you can eat Twinkies every Thursday. Obese America fear not, we shall all join as one single fat voice.

9. Economy: We are going back to the barter system. You have a cow, I'll trade you my wife. You have a Tootsie Roll, I'll trade you my wife...

8. Social Security: Seriously do old people even need money? Damn old people are old.

7. Education: Bush didn't need it and look where he ends up at.

6. Gay Marriage: I could care less if you want to marry a Blue-Tongued Skink or Michael Moore (I would take the Skink).

5. Tax cuts: No taxes for the

(Campaign 2004 cont page 2, column 3)

winner of President Viggy's Annual Big Boob contest.

4. Homeland Security: I have two words for terrorists...Scissor Kick.

3. Environment: I think trees in Alaska will be the least of our worries. Have you ever sat in a room with obese people eating Twinkies? The methane gas alone could damn near kill us all.

2. Energy: Well we will have a lot of methane gas. So I guess that works to our advantage.

1. New Campaign Slogan "You Do Times Two."

Duct Tape todd: Origins

by JP Herrick

My favorite DTT memory has to be the First Anniversary party at Chubs. Don't worry Jelly Bean, I won't say sh*t about the Vaseline trick, but you never saw that coming, admit it.

It all started at the First Avenue house at about one in the afternoon with five kegs of Busch. Gooch made everyone who walked in the door do 3 shots of Jag, and an extra shot each time they complained. Rich and Rondi never did catch on to that rule, so Rich had to carry her, out to the Jeep at about 1:45. At six I started throwing up, at seven I get my head put threw a sheet-rock wall, and by eight I wassed out. Luckily for me Rosie had to work all day, so when he found me sleep-

ing in his closet, he made me some weak vodka-cokes to sober up. It really didn't matter for me. You see I was banned from Chubs for whipping bar a stool at some volleyball player six months ago. I broke three senior's noses. I don't remember any of it. In fact, I pretty sure it wasn't me. Anyway, it wasn't a big deal because Shaftner knew all the drum rhythms. But where was Shaft? It's 8:30 now and no one's heard from him since Thursday. Techno hears this and says he'll play drums. Gonzo hears this and spits Blackberry Brandy all over Nikki, Techno's girl. She didn't know any of us, so she thought he did it on purpose and maced him about 30 minutes later. Gonzo said no way could Techno play the drums and lead guitar. Techno said he'd done it before in DL. No problem.

The V-Cokes brought me back, so now I'm hitting the Sapphire Tonic and calling Egypt on Fuch's cell phone to run up his minutes, knowing he'll blame Gonzo. When suddenly Rosie starts talking sh*t about tucking me back it. So I open hand slap him, and we start wrestling. I have only one hope: Wizard. He falls for it and gets pancaked, screams and starts whining about his knee. Gooch starts mocking him while Techo is standing the couches on end,

obviously to make more room to wrestling. Rosie finally gets pissed and takes off for Gooch, only to fall face first into the biggest, loudest, hardest hitting lateral drop since Andre took Hulk off the 3rd rope in '86 at the Garden. Now he's really crying. I ask if he needs to get tucked in? Techno says, get him the f*ck out of here because Fuch's has bet him \$25 that he can't spring off the one couch and launch over the second couch, on end, without his body touching the end of the couch or the ceiling. Gonzo spits up the Blackberry again and Nikki goes for her purse. Gonzo then holds up his arm. There is about from his finger tips to his elbow between couch and the ceiling and Gooch says \$50. Bloom starts taking bets cause no one trusts Fuch with their money. Gonzo puts in Rooster for the event, only the 17th time it was played already tonight. Techno runs, Techno jumps and Techno gets stuck between the ceiling and the couch, white sh*t is flying everywhere, he's flopping like crappie when suddenly the couch gives. Gooch tries to grab it, but gets pulled down. The screams could barely be heard over the Rooster, but to summarize, Techno's arm and ribs were pinned under the couch and Gooch was ly-

(Origins cont. page 3, column 3)

ing backwards on it, floundering to get up. I go put in Pearl Jam's Alive, only the 13th time it was played. So Rosie's down on the floor holding his knee, Techno's arm is broke and he has to play drums and guitar, I feel like I'm going to puke, either from the booze or the laughter, when Nikki hits us dead on with the pepper spray and runs out the door. Good luck. We all know she won't be able to steer his Fairmont after the retention cable accident. Techno's been driving it for 2 months without a front tie-rod. Now it's nearly eleven. We have to go on in an hour. I couldn't play if I was allowed to. Gonzo can't open his eyes yet. Rose can't walk. Techno can't move his arm. Fuch's cell phone is two hours into a call to the local weather report, when the door bell rings. Everybody screams Shaft! When Chris Mars walks in the door with a case of Seagrams and two cops. Shortly after the Seagrams was cracked I blacked out. I don't remember anything after that. ak

My Favorite DTT Show

by Stu

It's hard to pick just one, considering I've seen nearly all of the 200 or so they did. I saw them when they were just getting started. I saw them during their me-

(cont. column 2)

teoric rise to celebrity. I saw them in the mid-period when they were superstars and the typical temptations of fame (drugs, tabloid relationships, failed movie projects) took their toll. I saw them during the final days when the inspiration was gone and they were just punching the clock. So, obviously, my fondest memories are of those first, magical couple of years, before they were household names and were at their inspired best. Of those, my clear favorite is likely everyone else's from that era, too: the one where they finally kiss Rachel. ak

A Review of Corkers

by Terry "Big Bill" Bollea

I got a job painting houses from a guy I met in AA. After I finished this big old house on the North side, I figured it was time for a drink and onion rings. Corkers just opened behind Red Lobster next to the used CD store. I parked my truck with the scaffolding right in front and walked in with my coveralls on. The Matre D informed me the bar had lots of nice wine, no onion rings and one bottle of Jagermeister. When the bottle of Jag was gone the matre'd sensed it was time for me to leave. This band I play in was opening for Duct Tape todd and I drink Bass and smoke the hookah. May-

(cont. column 3)

be I play bass and the harmonica. It would probably make sense if I showed up for practice. When I got to the show they were half way through. Stash made me do hand claps and buy all the rounds for the night.

I'd give Corkers a 2. It could be higher, maybe 12, if they had more Jag and onion rings. ak

Some Things True About Duct Tape todd

by Lola "Sugar Momma" Falufa

1. Not one radio station will pay any of my DTT requests.
2. Same drummer for ten years.
3. The fans are very loyal. No one sells any of their old albums on ebay or anywhere else.
4. I've never heard them cover "Freebird"
5. Groupies now breast feed in the back instead of flash the band.
6. The hottest selling imported drink at shows is now Evian not Jagermeister.
7. The Christmas album now outsells the "Bark at the Moon" tribute.
8. Duct Tape todd doesn't eat at Alvie's anymore east ak

My First Duct Tape todd Show

by See Nine

Man, I still remember that first DTT show. I was there. In the back row. Beating up a Spin Doctors fan, while I pointed at the stage shouting, "THIS! This is the future of music pal, not that hippie s&^t yer listening to!"

DTT at Higher Ground

by PC

Winooski, VT 9/9/00

I knew when I walked in that this wasn't your same, old, everyday rock band.

The walls were covered with a glow in the dark gel, that was slowly dripping down the walls. Black lights, and spinning spark plugs lit up the ooze, and leprechauns danced around the perimeter of the stage in a menacing, tribal dance. The donkeys and wagons were a nice touch. Then Duct Tape todd took the stage and began pummeling it with song after song of angst filled ditties about work, the ocean, bicycles and rain. Their one slow song of the evening, introduced as "a song about gymnasiums" was a real tearjerker, and the guitar solo actually made my ears bleed a little. Then, they launched into a sing along in rounds number dedicated to "all the girls we've loved before". I don't know where they came from, but if Duct Tape todd comes to your town, you best make it to the gig.

MIA: RJ Duke's Last Assignment

by The Rev. Wild Bill Sinner

Three months ago Senior Midwest correspondent Raoul Julius Duke (RJ) left for France to cover the Cannes film festival. This assignment seemed like any other that the crafty reporter has dutifully, if not enthusiastically, taken over his illustrious 11 year career.

But alas, it appears it twas his last.

He called me about 15 minutes before his plane left to Algiers [sic]. He said that he heard that Winona Ryder and Ashley Judd were attending, so he had broken up with his girlfriend, minutes earlier on the phone. So he asked me to make sure she didn't burn his record collection or date any of his friends. I now possess his record collection, and I suppose this is as good a time as any to warn his friends.

Apparently, once the break-up was finalized, he decided to look up some former drink-mates now penalized as correspondents in Algeria. He said he was out to liberate them holistically, from their souls to their eyeholes. And he thought it would do him good too. Plus, he said that he felt he had picked up a tail at the airport Starbucks, some gumshoe dinks, possibly CIA rouges [sic].

Lithium?

RJ had this nauseous feeling that "Dubya" had a tail on him ever since he started the "Crawford Co-Dependency Club" because Laura Bush had the same haircut as his girlfriend. And of course there were rumors that he slept with both the daughters, but you know as well as I, that rumors are just part of this life we lead as impartial seekers of the truth that interests the populace, and only that truth.

I can't say if he was being followed or playing me for the simple drunk I am, but he sounded concerned. And now no one has heard from him for nearly 4 months. And I've certainly done my footwork. I stopped by his ex-girlfriends house a few weeks ago. She said she hadn't heard a thing. No phone. No mail. No email. But the trip wasn't a bust. I found she was holding out on his old Twin Tones collection, which I now have.

I've visited or spoke with his parents, sister, work colleagues, college roommates, old neighbors, and even his old priest that he alter-boyed for as a youth. Nothing. So now AK has asked that I follow the paper trail. American Airlines confirms that he was on Flight 880 to Algiers, and customs confirms


(cont. column 1, page 6)

Duct Tape todd Discography

(Origins cont. page 5, column 3)

that he exited the plane. We have no indication that he ever left the country, ever made it to France.

All I do know is that Sandra was a blonde and Rachel was a red head, and that he figured they'd be in the Hotel bar across from the train station, if it were still there. That, and that there was a World Cup qualifying match in Algiers during the week he arrived, England versus France, I believe.

Now I'm hell bent on assignment. Wish me luck. 

10th Anniversary Shirts

Newly designed shirts are available for purchase at the following URLs.

<http://www.cafeshops.com/dttdecaderadio>

<http://www.cafeshops.com/dttdecade>

I also have original screen printed shirts in light blue. Sizes available: Men's XL (2), XXL(1), Youth L (2).

Price is \$10 plus S&H. For those of you with shirts and didn't pay, send me the money soon or we have Stash's East Moscow boys after your dumb asses.



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Duct Tape Todd
Techno-frenchy Revolution Blues
Salty Pear Inc.
6-11-00



Duct Tape Todd
Tartanian Trust Motion Picture Soundtrack
Salty Pear Inc. w/ A Band Apart
4-20-2000

Duct Tape todd's entire catalog can be found online at www.artificialkhaos.com. We totally approve of file sharing and bootlegging our shows. Our record label wastes the majority of it's time and mon-ey on shirts and lame online

publications. Track listings and lyrics can also be found on the web site. The site will be updated soon will a comprehensive catalog of lyrics. Please keep those live show reviews coming in!

-Editor

The Founding Fathers



Photo courtesy of RD 1st & Last BBQ

Doctor Gonzo (middle):
Resides in Seattle, WA

the saint (right):
Resides in Los Angeles, CA

R. Julius Duke (left):
Whereabouts unknown

O'Flanagan Brew Pub



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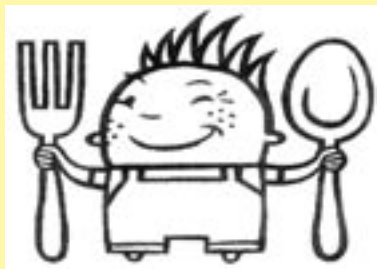
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WWBD

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

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