

ELVIS IS DEAD. TALCUM IS KING!

D.M.
FAN CLUB

NEWZLETTER

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MILKMEN FIRE JILES

During a hectic, chaotic, argument-filled recording session last Thursday, July 8, 1982, Dead Milkmen guitarist Jake Jiles got the word. It was a unanimous decision of Pete's, Johnny's and Jack's: Jake was to be fired from the band as of Friday, the next morning. It seemed that Jake just wasn't getting along with the others. The Dead Milkmen as a group ~~were~~ constantly changing, and Jake no longer fit the Milkmen mold.

First of all, it seemed that Jake and the rest of the Milkmen had contrasting musical ideas. "Jake hated every new song we'd write," complained Jack. "He'd listen to our demos over the studio intercom, then throw his guitar to the floor in disgust and say, 'I'm not gonna play on that shit. No way. Why don't you write some good shit that I can do a decent solo on?' etcetera. Once, in a fit of rage, he actually swung his guitar right through a set of R.I.P.'s most expensive studio monitors. That gave us our highest studio recording bill ever. I think that was during Nine New Sins." "Jake just wants to play souped up Southern rock," added Johnny Keys O'neil. "He belongs in Texas."

Peter Puke, who still has no pre-coma recollection of Jake Jiles, or any of the other Milkmen for that matter, added this: "I still haven't figured out what I'm doing here, but this band has got to be the most insane grouping of people possible. I can't imagine how or why somebody ever got these people all together. Johnny hates Jack more strongly than anybody I know could hate another person. Given the chance, I bet Johnny would kill Jack without feeling the least bit guilty afterwards. Jack, in turn, hates everybody else, but especially he hates Jake. Jack is constantly arguing with Jake over notes on the guitar, rhythms, vacations, tour dates, lyrics, food, and everything else that could possibly be argued. And if Jack doesn't get his way with Jake, he opens his eyes as wide as they open, turns his face red, and screams at the top of his voice until Jake runs away with his hands in his ears. I really think it's in Jake's best interest that he was fired. He'd really be torturing himself if he stayed in the band. Actually, I'm seriously thinking of leaving the band myself."

A replacement for Jake Jiles has not yet been found, but Jack Talcum said the band is not going to post ads. Informed sources suggest ~~the~~ band has guitarist Jon Jon Jonathon up its sleeve. Jon Jon Jonathon is a favorite recording artist of the Milkmen's. He is currently the head of the struggling R.I.P. band, Jon Jon Jonathon and the Johns. He is also Jake Jiles' personal cook.

HOT DM NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD: THE BOOK JOHNNY KEYS ONEIL IS WRITING ABOUT THE ATROCIOUS SIDE OF JACK TALCUM, JR. HAS THE TENTATIVE TITLE TALCUM: THE SAVAGE TRUTH AND IS SCHEDULED TO GO TO THE PRESSES THIS FALL:..... JACK TALCUM, WHO STILL HAS NO COMMENT ABOUT ONEIL'S BOOK, IS IN THE MEANTIME RECORDING A SOLO ALBUM IN RIP'S NEW ELKINS PARK STUDIO. THE ALBUM IS TALCUM'S FIRST SOLO EFFORT SINCE THE AWFUL STRAWBERRIES AND ASAPRAGUS ALBUM HE RECORDED FOR JERROCK IN EARLY 1980. JACK IS ALSO CURRENTLY WORKING IN THE STUDIO WITH THE MILKMEN WHO SAY THEY MIGHT HAVE AN ALBUM'S WORTH OF MATERIAL BY WINTER PROVIDED SOMEBODY LEARNS HOW TO WORK RIP'S NEW RECORDING EQUIPMENT.

PETER PUKE IS NOT HIMSELF ANYMORE

An interview by Harry Sillyman

If you already don't know, Peter Puke went into a drug-induced coma last winter from which he did not recover until this summer. And after he did recover, he had no memory absolutely whatsoever of his life before the coma. He knew nothing of his parents, his brothers, Jack Talcum, The Dead Milkmen, Nothing!

Now, I had recently the pleasure not so long ago in the lobby of Philadelphia's Sheraton Inn of meeting and speaking with Mr. Puke. This, word for word, was our (fascinating) conversation:

ME: I understand, Mr. Puke, you remember nothing of the Dead Milkmen.

PUKE: That's right!

ME: Then why do you stay on playing with them?

PUKE: Eh, they're good. It's a job y'know.

ME: Yes. But why do you still want to play drums?

PUKE: I like it, y'know.

ME: No, I mean, You got a whole life ahead of you. Your old life has PASSED. Why don't you want to play a different instrument or something. Why the same?

PUKE: Eh, because it's a JOB, man! You gotta have a JOB in this town!

ME: Oh. Yes. I understand. So how do you find drumming?

PuKe: Oh, it's just great. Feel like I was meant to do it. I'm learning quickly. It's a blast!

ME: Oh yes. I understand. Tell me, what do you think about Jack? How does he work with you?

PUKE: OH, Jack has taken a keen liken to me. The other Milkmen say, h'ver, that Jack didn't like the me before the coma.

ME: Oh. Fascinating. So you're getting reactions from both sides of the coma. But what do YOU think of JACK? Is he good? How does he work?

PUKE: Oh, eh, Jack's peculiar. I would bet heavily he's insane.

ME: Yes. Yes. Mr. Puke, how does it FEEL to be two people at once, so to speak; to be leading a different life than the one you had before the coma?

PUKE: Oh, it feels like death and dying. I'm not lying. I feel like my pre-coma life was a totally different life of mine, which I am only vaguely aware of. I feel as if I was born at the age of twenty-five. It's great, actually. I'm learning bits and pieces of my former life

MORE PUKE INTERVIEW

(cntd fm prvs pg)

slowly. And, by the way, Jack Talcum says he's gonna write a book -- a biography of my pre-coma life. He's already written one chapter and he showed it to me. It was really rather good. I hope he finnishes.

ME: Interesting. Ah, Mr. Puke,

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PUKE: Eh. nix
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R.I.P. Press
CODE OF MORAL DECENCY

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PUKE: Uh, I don't know. Maybe.

ME: Okay, then. Tell me, where are you currently living?

PUKE: Oh, in a small row house in West Oak Lane, Philadelphia. It's not much to look at, but it's close to the recording studios.

ME: Oh, marvelous. Are you doing much recording?

PUKE: Oh, yes. Practically every other day or so, after Jack's done with his own album for the day, we get together to record what we think will be the next Dead Milkmen album. We never really get much accomplished, though, between all the arguing of Jack and Jake's.

ME: Mmmmm, I see. Well, I'm afraid that's all the time I have for the interview. Ah, my wife and I are staying in room 665 tonight. We'd be happy to have you as our guest.



photo by JED NED

CREEPS WIN WORLD CUP

The Dekes brothers, members of Jack Talcum's long lost back-up band, were discovered and photographed disguised as Russian soccer players in the recent World Cup tournament. The Russians won the cup 1 - 0, and sports experts the world over agree the win would not have been possible without the Dekes. Soon after the game, the Dekes brothers dissappeared and have not been seen since.

-- UPI.

The DEAD MILKMEN wear
SEIKO

Our new Model DM20 digital watch plays your favorite Milkmen tunes every hour on the hour!



Quality watches.

LETTERS from readers

Dear DM Fan Club,

Judging from your LETTERS section in last month's issue, your readers take life much too seriously. Why all the fuss over "Negroes"? If people weren't so serious and self-centered about their lives, songs like "Negroes," would not even be written.

Yours truly,
Sharon Bally

Dear DM Fan Club,

I am apalled by the interview with Peter Puke printed in this issue of the Newzletter. Why did you let such (homo)sexual trash get into your otherwise fine publication? It has nothing to do with the Milkmen and very little to do with Puke.

Yours truly,
John Wonda

Dear Fan Club,

I'm beginning to think that the letters from readers printed in your Newzletter are really not written by readers, but are actually written by your staff writers. How is it possible, for example, that a reader like John Wonda can write about an article in your Newzletter before it is published, then have his letter printed in the same issue containing that article? I think your "letters" are fakes and have been fakes for a long time and you just now goofed.

Yours truly,
Peter Kline

Dear Fan Club,

I disagree wholeheartedly with the above letter. We readers are NOT fakes and our letters are REAL. And I'd like to thank you for having the guts to print so many frank letters from so many REAL people.

Yours truly,
Lisa Valli

Dear Fan Club,

I'll be the first to admit that these letters are fakes. We letter writers are fakes too. In fact, the entire Newzletter writing staff are fakes. I should know, because I'm a staff member myself, and there's nobody more fake than I am.

Actually, the entire Newzletter you are now reading is fake. And you, dear readers, are fake too. Face it, EVERYTHING is fake: life, existance, truth, death. This is one big FAKE world we live in. And that's the only truth there is.

Yours not so truly,
Harry Sillyman

BUY LAST KNOWN ADDRESS OF JONATHON SALAMANDE
R RAGING COW PARADISE LAGOON COWS AND
GALS DOCTOR TALCUM'S STUDIO OF FEAR NIN
E NEW SINS SOUR MILK FOLK SONGS FOR THE
EIGHTIES MUSIC FOR THE MINDLESS ON R.I.P.†

Jack Talcum's CORNER

Every day, practically, I go down town to RIP's new Elkin's Park recording studios to work on my current project -- my new solo album. And everyday I see something spectacular on the way. Today, for instance, sitting outside of a subway stop I saw an old haggard couple, one male, the other female, looking at least a hundred years old each, sharing a bottle of champagne that was wrapped in a paper bag. They didn't use glasses -- just drank right out of the bottle.

(How did I know it was champagne they were drinking if the bottle was all wrapped in a paper bag, you ask? I had a sip of it myself.)

Even more strange, a couple days ago, as I was taking a stroll on Broad Street during a recording break, I saw a man preaching his religious views to passers by on the sidewalk. He shouted through an electric megaphone: "You! You there walking down the street. Yes, you! You doing the everyday routine. This message is for YOU! Don't let yourself, and that's YOU, yes You! don't let Yourself fall into the dirty, bloody, grimy, sin-filled hands; the ugly, sinful hands of the Fuck Angel! No, don't let yourself fall into the hands of the Fuck Angel. For the Fuck Angel is evil and is only out to see your, YOUR, destruction, D-E-S-T-R-U-C-T-I-O-N, deSTRUCTION! The Fuck Angel is NOT love, folks. No, the Fuck Angel is the OPposite of love. The Fuck Angel is Evil, E-V-I-L, EEEvil!..." And he went on and on about the stupid 'Fuck angel'. And I thought it was illegal to say the word "fuck" in public. Life is wierd.

Well, about the solo album I'm recording -- my good friend Sal Slaughter is producing it and I think it's coming along fjust great.

As for Kit McCat, my wife, I try to stay away from her as much as possible these days. She's still living in New York, but I temporarily moved to Philly (which is slang for Philadelphia) to be closer to RIP's studios. So I don't see or hear her much at all. Which is good. She and Johnny Keys are still composing their Abortion Music, though, and every now and then Johnny gives me news about her, which I of course try to immediately forget.

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A STORY by Kit McCat:

POOR MRS. SMUTSTUCK

Blue and gold stood the cross that was burning in Jenny-Sue's swimming pool. "GOD, can't they carry on that ritual shit someplace else," complained Jenny-Sue's mother, who always complains, no matter what the case is. "No," replied Jenny-Sue, "they have to do it in our pool. It's part of the ritual. Anyway, they're my friends. I said they could." Jenny-Sue was a stupid girl, and her mother knew that.

That's one of the reasons Mother always complained. She thought that life had cheated her by giving her such a stupid daughter. All the other mothers on the block had at least one smart, sensible, half-decent, A-student daughter. But not poor Mrs. Smutstuck. ~~Ma~~ Mrs. Smutstuck had was Jenny-Sue, probably the stupidest girl who ever lived.

The men who were burning the gold and blue cross in Jenny-Sue's swimming pool were members of a local motorcycle club that still believed in witches and warlocks like the people who lived in seventeenth century New England. They belived that Jenny-Sue was a witch and they were burning the cross to ward off any curses Jenny-Sue might inflict. As soon as the motorcycle gang members burned down the cross, leaving the ashes to ruin the swimming pool's automatic filter, they stormed into Jenny-Sue's house through the back Kitchen door. They then torched the house with fire, burning poor Jenny-Sue and her mother, Mrs. Smutstuck, to a painful death. (Word has it that while Mrs. Smutstuck was burning alive, she screamed, "GOD, what a STUPid daughter you gave me!")

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