

HAPPY JACK TALCUM DAY 1982! TRIP 1978-1982

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# NEWZLETTER

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## DM NEWZLINE: JT VACATIONS / BLOOD NEW BASSIST

JT is vacationing somewhere in the Virgin Islands right now. Rumour has it that he was meeting a new female flame along the way. Meanwhile Kit spends the holidays at home in NYC where she and Keys are still working on the already over-worked "Abortion Music." Jake Jiles, still unemployed, has retreated to Paris, France, where he says he will live for the next two months. The new bass player for the Dead Milkmen is named Blood (just Blood) -- a white boy born and bred in the dirty part of Harlem. He learned to play a homemade bass guitar at the age of seven. At the age of ten he dropped out of school to become a heroine addict. At the age of fifteen he cold-turkeyed his dope addiction with the help of an older friend of his who later became the President of Jerrock Communications. At the age of seventeen he began to play drums for a local blues bar band, but quit at the age of eighteen after his drum set was stolen from the back of the Chevy van in which he was then living. He learned to play the bass guitar again, after robbing a local music shop, and in a few years was rediscovered by the President of Jerrock, who signed him into the organization as a spare session man. He survived on session work first for Jerrock, then for R.I. P. until just last month when he officially joined the Dead Milkmen, replacing the fired Jake Jiles. Dead Milkmen work is nothing new to him. According to R.I.P.'s studio logs, he subbed for Jake on the Milkmen's last two albums more often than Jake played himself. Blood has no wife but is reputed to have several children in Phoenix.

## CHRISTMAS WITH THE COWS: Honest Talcum X-mas

About a week before Christmas the Dead Milkmen released, to fan club members only, their first ever Christmas recording. The affair contains six songs: two traditional, four original; all horrible. The traditional songs are, without a shadow of a doubt, attempts to resurrect the spirit of the Dead Milkmen past, when the group would perform versions of traditional classics like "Old MacDonald" and "When the Saints Come Marching In" to delighted crowds. But, today, they just cannot turn the trick. One might say they should stick to the originals -- but first one should HEAR the originals. Personally, I'd rather hear Bette Davis sing ancient Nigerian folk songs. The four songs here are about as tacky as an overwrought bulletin board. One song is about a wild Christmas party that ends in what you might call a lot of deaths. Another song ("All I Want for Christmas is a Job") is a depressing little ditty about a jobless Christmas. And a third song, "Electric Santa," seems to be about being electrocuted by one of those stupid plastic Santa Clauses that you light up and put out in your front lawn. None of these are exactly songs I'd play for my guests at Christmastime. None of them fill me with any particular kind of Christmas spirit.

Still, I like this album. If not for the music, if not for the words, then for what? Perhaps it's the unique Talcum-ish personality the album conveys. The personality of this album, like Talcum's, is sly, mischeveous, greedy, almost inhumane, and totally disagreeable. If it is nothing else, the album is at least an honest expression of Talcum's holiday misgivings. And, since I extol honesty as one of life's higher virtues, I'll give this recording its due credit. I'm still glad, though, that no one had to pay for it.

--Logan Square

# THE JOHNNY "KEYS" O'NEIL INTERVIEW: WORDS OF THE SILENT MEN

by Sinbad O'lake

It's five o'clock in the morning, 11/29/82, and Johnny O'neil's first book, Talcum: The Savage Truth, goes on sale in just a few hours in bookshops accross the nation. The book, which is a cruel but supposedly true inside view of the way Dead Milkmen headman Jack Talcum works in the studio, is at this very moment being arranged in a handsome Christmas window display in Dalton's bookshop in Downtown Philadelphia. Jerrock Books, O'neil's publishers, made special deals with several prominent bookselling chains, as well as with the New York Times best-seller charters. It will be displayed. It will chart. No matter what, the book will sell. Besides, the subject is appealing: everybody wants to know the secrets of the controversial, popular Jack Talcum.

Still, Johnny O'neil is nervous. As I begin to interview him on the dawn of this important day, Keys (as he is affectionately called by his friends and fans) pours two tall glasses of orange juice, then unintelligently adds ice cubes to one of the glasses, causing it to slightly overflow the brim, making a little mess on the unclothed kitchen table. "Is everything in your new book true?" I ask him. "I don't like ice anyway," Keys replies, "I don't know why I did that."

I change the question: "You're not worried about the success of your book, are you?"

"No," Keys says, after sipping the juice off the brim of the iced glass, "my book's a sure success. I'm not worried about that."

"Could it be," I ask, "that not everything in your book is really true, and you're worried about being sued?"

Keys spits a mouthful of orange juice back into his glass. "Absolutely not. Everything in my book is true. Let's not talk about my book now, okay?"

So, as Keys and I take our glasses into the elegantly decorated Victorian style dining room, I change the subject to music. Lately Keys has been participating less and less in the Dead Milkmen's music. The keyboard parts in Purgatory Beat, the last Milkmen LP, were even less prominent -- and less existant -- than those of the sparsely keyboarded Nine New Sins and Studio of Fear projects. I ask him why.

"Well," Keys says, "you know that the Pope is not with us anymore. Everything just falls apart without him, and I don't like it. I hate Talcum now, and I'll avoid the studio with him as much as possible. Besides that, I'm spending an awful lot of time working with Kit on the Abortion Music project. I just don't have time for the Milkmen, y'know."

"What is this Abortion Music we hear so much about?"

"I don't want to go into too much detail about it, but it's something Kit and I are working out on synthesizers and keyboards. When we're done it will come out on videodisc with Kit's video, and as a regular album. We're hoping that it gets played on MTV, because if we can get it on MTV we've got it made."

Keys crosses his legs. "What is your relationship with Kit?" I ask. The reply is expectedly terse: "We're friends -- just like, say, Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier the Third."

"Are you saying that you're in love with Kit?" I ask.

Keys does not reply. Instead he finishes off his glass of orange juice in three smooth swallows. I finish my juice too and Keys asks if I'd like another. I say no, thank you, and he says that he has no more time for talk, then shows me the door. I leave not complaining, knowing that I should be thankful for even the few words I got from him. For Johnny O'neil is a secret man, a silent man -- one who has no qualms about revealing the secrets of others, but one who will never give others the chance to reveal him.

# Jack Talcum's CORNER

As you are reading this, I'm probably vacationing in the Virgin Islands. So let me set a few things straight. First: I am not meeting a "new female flame" on the way. And, second: I did not leave Kit at home for the holidays; she threw me out. I tried to visit her for Christmas last Friday. I had gifts and liquor and yuletide and everything, but she wouldn't let me in the building. She told the doorman not to let anybody who looked like me in because she had just received a note from me saying that I was coming to shoot her. Bullsh!t: I sent her a note telling her I was coming back for Christmas and that I hoped we could "patch things up." She's a mad liar and now she's turning all of New York City against me. It's not fair.

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## A STORY by Kit McCat: THE CHRISTMAS CLUB

Ring ring ring went the sparkly silver telephone that sat rudely on the end table in odd Mr. Goobangs' living room. Ring ring ring, and ring ring again it went. Then Mr. Goobangs descended his stair case from his second floor painting studio to tend to the ringing phone. He picked the receiver quickly off the hook, lifted it to his mouth and left ear and said, strongly, deeply, "Yes, Goobangs' residence, may I ask who is speaking?" The voice at the other end of the phone was a woman's: "Mr. Goobang, this is the Oxford Valley Savings and Loan Company. We're calling because our records indicate that you have not registered for the 1983 Christmas Club account, and the registration due date is next Monday. You saved in the club for the last five years and -"

Mr. Goobangs cut her off, "My name is Goobangs, with an s, not Goobang. And I don't want to be in the Christmas Club this year, thank you, and goodbye." He set the receiver back on the phone.

Almost immediately ring ring ring again went the phone. Mr. Goobangs again picked up the receiver and lifted it to his mouth and left ear. "Yes, Goobangs' residence, may I ask who is speaking?" It was the same woman: "Sorry to bother you, sir, but I want to let you know that we have a special offer this year for joiners of the Christmas Club. If you join the fifty-dollar-a-month club you get, absolutely free, an Oxford Valley Savings and Loan Company tee shirt. Just state your size and desired color and -"

"I don't want to join," said Mr. Goobangs, "GoodBye." And he practically slammed the receiver back down on the sparkly silver phone.

And it rang, ring ring, again. Mr. Goobangs quickly answered, "Hello." The voice from the other end: "We were wondering, Mr. Goobangs, whether you had any particular reason for not joining the Christmas Club this year -"

Now Mr. Goobangs was upset. He slammed the receiver down, then picked up the sparkly silver phone and pulled it right out of the wall. Then he carried the phone to his living room window, opened the window, and threw the phone out. The sparkly silver phone fell from Mr. Goobangs' second floor apartment window, shone brightly in the sun, and hit on the head a small old lady walking on the sidewalk below, killing her instantly. It just so happened that the old lady had only ten minutes earlier opened a Christmas Club account at the Oxford Valley Savings and Loan Company.

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# MILK MEN MANIA

by Rodney

I'm pissed! We flew all the way to Jamaica to perform in the Jamaica World Music Festival and we had a shitty time!

First of all, Jack was the only one with enough money to fly first-class. Blood flew second-class and I had to sit in the Cargo Hold (Blood said it was a shame that I had to sit in the Hold because I missed a flock of seagulls get sucked into the engines.).

When we got to the gig we were told we'd have to set up our own equipment because every "Roadie" within 50 miles had been bought and "freed" by the Clash (Jack stormed off looking for Joe Strummer.). Then, this worried-looking Record Exec. runs up to Blood and asks him if he's seen a Flock of Seagulls. "Yes," said Blood "They were killed in a jet engine. Shame Rodney missed it".

Joe Strummer came running past me screaming bloody murder. Jack came running after him screamin "You sold out.". Rick James walked up to me and told me he hated my guts. That night we

did our song, NEGROS just for Rick.

After the gig Blood flew off to make his new movie Brimstone and Brimstone.

Jack & me at a popular amusement Park called "Ghetto Land"



KILL  
YOUR  
MILKMAN

