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JACK TALCUM KIDNAPPED BY COPS!

Newzletter writer Sinbad O'Lake was there to get the scoop:

It was friday. Not a good friday. Not a bad friday. Just an okay friday. The sky was overcast. But it was not raining. It wasn't too cold, but it wasn't too warm either. It was just an ordinary friday. I was talking with Kit on the second floor of the Talcums' lavishly furnished Dakota Building apartment. Kit told me that she was beginning to miss having Jack around, and that she was looking forward to picking him up at the WaWa food market next to the Newark airport where Jack would soon arrive from his holiday vacation in the Virgin Islands. A ring came to Kit's personal princess touch-tone telephone: "Hello," she spoke into the phone. Then a look of surprise. She whispered to me, "It's Jack," and then talked into the phone again, "Okay. Be right there." Then she hung up, with a definitely-very-happy smile. "I'm going to pick Jack up. He's back from the Virgin Islands. He's waiting at the WaWa as I expected." She put on her tiger-skin coat and a clashingly bright aqua-green silk scarf. "Wanna come along?" she asked while looking into a mirror to inspect her vibrant yellow lipstick. Always wanting to get a good story I replied, "Yes, of course. I always like to get a good story. In fact we can use my car, if you want. The gas gets billed to the Newzletter anyway." So we went.

At the WaWa we were astounded to find not only Jack, but two rather heavy and not-at-all nice looking policemen as well. Jack was wearing handcuffs and was being held very tightly by one of the cops. "I'm being arrested for looking like myself," Jack explained. According to the two policemen, there was an ex-convict, insane asylum escapee, Jack Talcum imposter roaming about town kicking pigeons and scaring old ladies. The real Jack, here, lost his wallet and ID somewhere between the Virgin Islands and Newark and now could not prove that he was indeed not the insane imposter. "But he really is Jack," Kit told the cops. "I should know. I'm his wife." Sorry, said the policemen, in a matter of words. Then they pushed Kit aside and shoved Jack into an unmarked blue beetle volkswagen and drove off with a screech.

Kit and I jumped into my car and we followed. It took a few minutes for us to catch up to them. They were already doing at least 95 mph, which is very good for a volkswagen, (especially beetle volkswagens, which are notorious for having transmission problems when doing anything over 80). We trailed them for about a quarter of a mile, then one of the cops yelled something to us out of the passenger-side window. I couldn't hear what he was saying because we were both driving much too fast, and our engines were roaring. I yelled back, "I'm sorry. You'll have to yell a little louder because we can't hear you." A few seconds later the cop stuck his head out of the window again and began shooting at us with a small revolver. He must not have been a very good shot because he fired twelve times and did not hit us once. The thirteenth shot, though, hit our front left tire, causing my car to swing around and run into a telephone pole. That's when Kit and I realized that we weren't dealing with real cops. These were fake cops up to absolutely no good. The real Jack had just been kidnapped by two imposter policemen and there was not much we could do.

Kit and I hitchhiked our way back to the Dakota and comforted each other with optimism. "At least I got a good story," I said.

And now, starting with this issue, is Peter Puke's brand new comic strip called "Life with the Poor." It replaces "Jack Talcum's Corner" for now. "Jack Talcum's Corner" will resume as soon as Jack Talcum gets back from being kidnapped by two imposter policemen.

LIFE WITH THE POOR by Peter Puke

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DM NEWZLINE: JT LP DELAYED / JILES IN PARIS

Being kidnapped by a couple of policemen has stopped Jack Talcum, once again, from finishing the solo album that he started working on last summer. Jack Talcum started the album last July in RIPs new Elkins Park studios, but stopped work to join the Dead Milkmen on their Purgatory Beat album. Then Jack went back into the studio to work on his solo album, but only two days later went back with the Dead Milkmen to record the ill-fated, very-much-disliked and -- according to Jack -- very-much-misunderstood Wisconsin album. Then Jack went back alone into the studio only to be joined a little while later by the rest of the Milkmen for the recording of Christmas with the Cows. After that, of course, Jack went on a vacation to the Virgin Islands, and returned only to be kidnapped by who-knows-who to who-knows-where for who-knows-how-long. Jack may not ever finish the album.

Jake Jiles is reportedly in Paris, France bothering record executives there with contract offers that nobody will ever accept. He supposedly asked one exec from Le RIP-France for four million dollars in return for three albums, a non-LP single, and an EP, within the next two years. But it seems that his ex-Milkmen status just ins't worth the dough, because nobody seems to be buying.

Last thursday RIP-Japan released the Japanese version of the Dead Milkmen's Purgatory Beat. The album contains selected tracks from the Milkmen's last three American albums, excluding Wisconsin, and it is the first Dead Milkmen album released in Japan since two summers ago when Jerrock Japan released A Raging Cow in Paradise Lagoon.

IS POPE GARTH STILL ALIVE? IF SO, WHERE IS HE? Don't miss the Report in next ish.