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# NEWZLETTER

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## TALCUM STILL AT LARGE

By Sinbad O'Lake'--

Jack Talcum, who was kidnapped over a month ago by two imposter policemen is still mysteriously missing. Not even Kit McCat, Jack Talcum's Japanese wife, has any clues to Jack's whereabouts. She told Newzletter reporters, "I've not heard from his kidnappers. No word of ransom. No life-threatening letters."

The Dead Milkmen are worried about Jack's disappearance. They have scheduled a live concert in July, their first gig in 18 months. "If Jack doesn't show for the July 12th gig," explained bass player Dave Blood, "we'll just shit a brick, probably."

Jed Ned, who went west in hopes of photographing the missing Jack Talcum, reported from Indiana that he has not seen or heard one trace of the missing rock star.

Jack Talcum was officially kidnapped on February 12, 1983 by two men posing as policemen who, officials reported, drove a Volkswagen beetle with automatic transmission. The beetle was moving Northwest when Kit McCat lost all hope that she'd ever see her husband again. "Sometimes I think I give up too easily," she told Newzletter reporters, "but I have had many husbands before and every single one of them left me in a kidnapping." Then she fell asleep while Newzletter reporters examined her personal belongings.

Larry Sillyduck, a staff writer, found a telegram in Kit's dresser drawer. It read "Catalog Roach Stop Five Eleven Queen Over Tasteless Oyster." Staff photographer Hugh Holler found thirty one barbituates of various strengths and colors in Kit's bathroom medicine cabinet. Upon finding them he swallowed six of them, gave me four, and pocketed the rest. On the desk in the den we found an unopened letter addressed to Kit, postmarked February 15, 1983. We opened the letter. The letter read in very sloppy handwriting, "Dear Kit, if you ever want to see your husband again you'd better send 65 dollars before February 27. Check or money order please. For your convenience use the handy return envelope enclosed. Signed, the Kidnappers, Inc. P.S.-- If we do not receive your payment by the 27th a 12% interest charge will be applied to your debt and your husband will be killed." I checked my calendar watch. We were too late. It was already March 3rd.

"Why didn't Kit open this letter?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Hugh Holler who then passed out on the carpet. I was feeling a bit drowsy myself, so I walked upstairs to the bedroom. I opened Kit's bedroom door, without knocking, and to my surprise on Kit's bed sat a gruesomely old Japanese lady whom I'd never met. I said, "Pardon me," and began to close the door but the old lady reached out and stopped me. "Why did you open that letter?" she asked. / "Well, because I'm a reporter and it is my job to gather all the information within my scope, assimilate it, and report it. I was only doing my job."

The old lady slammed the door in my face while I decided to go into the next room, which was also a bedroom, and go to sleep. When I awoke I was in Ishambay, Russia, somewhere within the DM Fan Club's vast recreational and educational facilities. I was lying back down on a wobbly legged pool table in what I correctly believed to be the back room to the Jack Talcum, Senior Memorial Arcade. There were three men looking down upon me, one of whom I recognized as the President of the DM Fan Club Newzletter. The President was poking me in the stomach with a pool cue. "Wake up, wake up," he was saying.

"You've got a story due in twenty minutes." --cont. ON NEXT PAGE

continued from page one --

"What am I doing here?" I asked, rubbing my eyes like they do in the movies.

"Hugh Holler brought you here," said the President. "You're lucky. If it weren't for him you would have been killed. Some strange old lady, it seems, was roaming through Kit's apartment with a gun. She killed Larry Sillyduck, shot him right through the head. Fortunately Hugh got you out the fire escape somehow and flew you here where he thought you'd be safe. Hugh will fill you on with the details in a few minutes. Then you've got a story to write."

Hugh told me all he knew: He woke up and this old lady, gruesome and Japanese looking, was chasing Larry Sillyduck with a gun. Hugh, being a coward basically, ran upstairs to look for a means of escape, and entered the room in which I was sleeping. He tried to wake me up, but I was sleeping much too heavily. There was a fire escape outside the window so he grabbed me over his shoulder and fled. He flew me to Ishambay and I slept all the way.

Oh, the other two men who watched me wake up on the pool table were Mr. Clark G. Kanine, the manager of Jack Talcum's Image Control department who told me he had very good reason to believe that Jack Talcum was still alive and that I should take note of that fact when I write my story, and Mr. Ralph J. Oiler, the director of the recreational facilities, who was concerned that I might further ruin one of his already ruined spare pool tables. I asked Mr. Kanine if Image Control knew anything about Talcum nobody else knew. He said probably not but if they did they wouldn't tell me anyway. I told Mr. Oiler that I was sorry about his pool table but it wasn't my idea to be sleeping on it.

I wrote the story in about nineteen minutes and now you've read it.



JUNE 10, 1983 THE DEAD MILKMEN RELEASE A NEW TEN SONG ALBUM CALLED "A DATE WITH THE DEAD MILKMEN". IT IS THEIR FIRST FULL LENGTH ALBUM SINCE THE CRITICALLY BOOED "WISCONSIN". JACK'S KIDNAPPING DID NOT HINDER THE ALBUM'S PRODUCTION AS HIS VOCALS WERE PUT DOWN MONTHS BEFORE HIS DIS\*APPEARANCE. ADDITIONAL VOCALS AND GUITAR TRACKS WERE PROVIDED AFTER THE KIDNAPPING BY JACK'S SOUND-ALIKE, JON JON JONATHON WHO TAKES NO CREDIT ON THE ALBUM NOTES.

DEAD MILKMEN'S LATEST DRUMMER, RODNEY ANONYMOUS, HAS BEEN FIRED FOR ALLEGEDLY KEEPING A GOOD BEAT. ANONYMOUS, HOWEVER, REMAINS IN THE BAND AS HE WAS REHIRED AS LEAD SINGER, TO REPLACE THE MISSING JACK TALCUM. ALSO, KEYS O'NEIL QUIT THE BAND BECAUSE NONE OF THE NEW SONGS CALLED FOR KEYBOARDS... JON JON JONATHON MOVED IN AS THE NEW GUITAR PLAYER. JON'S OLD BAND, JON JON JONATHON AND THE JOHNS, IS NOW JUST "THE JOHNS" AND MIGHT BECOME "JACK TALCUM AND THE JOHNS," OR "JACK TALCUM AND THE CREEPS" IF JACK TALCUM EVER RETURNS. DAVE BLOOD REMAINS DM'S BASS PLAYER.

M O R E H O T D M N E W Z F R O M A R O U N D T H E G L O B E

IF Y O U HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT BY NOW, THE DEAD MILKMEN'S MEMBERS ARE TOTALLY DIFFERENT NOW FROM THOSE IN THE ORIGINAL BAND. FOR YOUR INFORMATION, HERE IS THE ALL-NEW DM LINE-UP:

RODNEY ANONYMOUS -- VOCALS (LEAD)  
JON JON JONATHON -- GUITARS  
DAVID BLOOD -- BASS  
? ? ? -- DRUMS

IF Y O U KNOW ANY DRUMMERS WHO WANT TO BE IN A BAND, LET US KNOW.

# A STORY BY KIT MCCAT

## THE TELEVISION

We saw several colors in the television last night. "This should not be surprising, because the television is not a black and white," said the TV repairman.

I argued. "But the television is there only because I want it to be. It is but a creature of my imagination. It is like a cow." Or rather, it is a cow, crawling over to eat the TV repairman, as if he were a blade of grass.

"But that doesn't solve matters any," said the repairman. "I cannot fix this TV because this TV is not broken."

Then I grabbed a gun, a very small one, and shot it twice or three times. We all had it for lunch, the four of us. Munching on the knobs and fine tuners; sucking on the antennae and cathode ray tube.

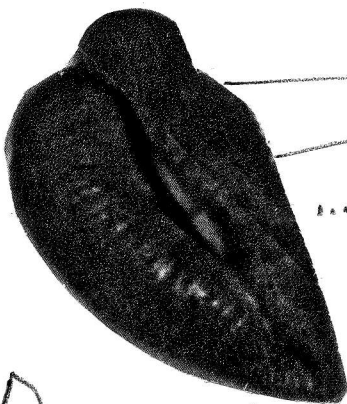
And several colors we saw in the television, then. Green, Yellow, Blue, and, I'm not too sure, but I also remember a black.

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THE DEAD MILKMEN'S COMPANY, R.I.P. (RHODE ISLAND PRODUCTIONS) RECENTLY ACQUIRED CONTROLLING STOCK IN THE JERROCK COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY WHEN IT WENT PUBLIC LAST MONTH AFTER ALMOST TWO YEARS OF BEING PRIVATELY OWNED BY THE GEORGE URINE ESTATE. R.I.P. NOW PLANS TO RELEASE MOST OF THE JERROCK CATA-LOG WITHIN THE NEXT YEAR.

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