DEAN CLEAN JOINS BAND! DAVE BLOOD SPEAKS OUT!



PUNKS INVADE HARLEYSVILLE

"I feared for my life." - Local farmer

DEAN

Artist's recreation of event.

HARLEYSVILLE (UPI).

All week long strange posters sporting attack dogs and warning of a "punk rock" show began multiplying like some strange cancer.

"We thought them posters were some sort of joke," said young Neil Rust, who missed Saturday night's gig and had to hear about it second hand.

Lynard Hatchet and his girlfriend, Molly Skynard, did manage to attend, however. "The first band was called "The Dead Milkmen'," he told police later. "They were awful! Their lead singer crawled around on the floor who

singer crawled around on the floor while their guitar player acted like he was getting shocked or something."

"They (The Dead Milkmen) told me that they were a religion, not a band, and that their guitar player was God," said Miss Loretta Darwin who works as an aid for the Harleysville Youth Center and wished not to be identified. "The bass player and the singer were very rude to me."

Dean Clean, the band's drummer, was reached for comment. Unfortunately his only comment was in the form of a one-fingered hand gesture of unknown meaning.

When asked why the law didn't step in, Police cheif Ronald O'Donald said, "They really didn't break the law. I mean, if being ugly was a crime I could have busted them but, other than that, my hands were tied."

TALCUM ESCAPES KIDNAPPER'S CLAWS

disguised as policemen "arrested" him, escaped from his abducotrs last July just in time to perform with the Milkmen at their Harleysville gig. Kit MacCat, Jack's lovely Japanese wife, remembers Jack's surprise homecoming to the apartment they share at the Dakota. "He just rung up, because he didn't have a key, he had to ring, and at first I thought it was some kind of joke, but he came up and it was really him. He was all alone, just him. His hair had grown a bit and, well, I was just elated, you know, to see him. He had some tapes with him and he put them on. They sounded awful but I didn't say anything. I was just glad to have him back. He said he had been kidnappe, so we were right, but he wasn't kidnapped for normal ransom like most people are. He was kidnapped and forced to record a solo album with the Creeps, you know, Jack's old back-up band. Jack absolutely hates the Creeps so recording an album with them must have been torture... Anyway, this guy who Jack said was some sort of record producer, some relation of Geerge Urine's probably, had found and gathered up the Creeps. I don't know how. But he did and he locked them all up in a studio somewhere in Nebraska. Then he went out and kidnapped Jack. That was right before I

crowd

continued --

was going to pick him up at the WaWa, remember? Anyway, he took Jack up to this studio and held a gun up to his head and made him record an album

which he says is going to be out on his label before Christmas."

Jack Talcum recalls the moments before his couragous escape. "We had been recording for months and it was just awful. Then this guy wanted us to do a Barry Mannilow song, and I thought, 'This is it. This is the last straw. I gotta get outta here. Even if it means death.' So while the Creeps were busy recording the backing tracks I hid in the ventilation system. When everybody started to look around for me in the other rooms I made a run for it."

N E W Z L I N E Hot DM Newz from around the globe ...

JACK TALCUM BACK IN THE DEAD MILKMEN PUSHES JON JON JONATHAN TO HIS OLD POSITION AS LEADER OF HIS OWN BAND, THE JOHNS. JON JON ALSO WILL BE BUSY IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS PRODUCING A DEBUT ALBUM BY THE PHILLY PISS-ROCK BAND, THE LITTLE GENITALS.

THE DRUMMER POSITION FOR THE DEAD MILMEN WAS FILLED IN JULY WHEN DEAN CLEAN OFFICIALLY JOINED THE BAND. SAYS JERROCK PRESIDENT OF CLEAN, "HE'S THE BEST #\$@¢%#*&! DRUMMER I'VE EVER HEARD. HE'S PROBABLY TOO GOOD FOR THE REST OF THE BAND BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING." THE NEW MILKMEN, RODNEY ANONYMOUS, DAVE BLOOD, JACK TALCUM, AND DEAN CLEAN PLAN TO GO INTO THE STUDIO EARLY THIS FALL.

Dave Bleod SPEAKS

I walked down the boardwalk and shouted rude words to the tram car. I did not expect that the driver would be armed. Next thing I knew I was lying in a bed loo-king up at an Oriental surgeon who was 35king me about blood types.

Next week my friends and I are going to open up a cook book store. We love to invent new and strange recipes using spices that produce

pungent odors when mixed together in cooked dishes.

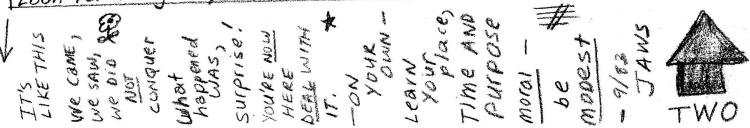
God that intraverous pin hurt the back of my hand. Put potassium in that bottle. God, that's too cold! Why did you take it right out of the refrigerator and put it right on my rack? Cold right up my veins. Ouch. It hurts!

In the book rack in the front of the store we could feature books from famous TV chefs. Using this strategy we could pull people into the store. The French Chef is so popular. And god the Galloping Gournet got real Christian but he still does a business. His basic recipes on cable TV still attract a large audience.

I*m in so much pain but why? I did not ask for anything but a fun vacation. Cough cough. Nurse NURSE "I'm coughing up blood Help me" It's all going Black a dream It's all so calm and peaceful slowdown slowdown It's so nice

here so nice and

Dave Blood SPEAKS is a new monthly column written by Dave Blood Look for it regularly in the NEWZLETTER.



Dear Editor,

I'm writing to you to complain about the non-existance of a "letters to the Editor" column in you DM Newzletter.

Your readers deserve a place where they can express their opinions on the major issues of the day and also on the advantages of certain vegetables over others. I myself prefer carrots but many others think peas are it.

By the way, I heard your latest cassette "Date..." and it sounds as if you took a tip from Half Chinese and their EP "Runny Noses"

Please print this letter or else I will commit suicide.

Yours in Christ, Mary Magdaline

Adv.-HAVING A BASH? CALL THE DEAD
MILKMEN, NOT THE PROS. GOOD
HONEST PUNK ROCK. 483-0737

A STORY BY KIT MCCAT

"Yes, yes, yes," said the little girl whose eyes were on fire.
"I want the little bear in the red pajamas." Okay said Momma and she put the bear in the shopping cart. "Oh oh oh," said the firey-eyed little girl. "I also want the phone that rings and talks to Duran Duran." So Momma put the phone too in the cart. "And lookee," cried the kid, "a Betty Crocker Easy-Bake Oven that cooks real souffle. Can I have it please?" Certainly said Momma and she put it in the cart. For this was the last day of the world and everything was from

