

DM
FAN
CLUB

NEWZLETTER

FREE
TO MEMBERS

number 24

January 1984

"Da Tour" by Rodney

"You people offend my mother." -- Tracey (a fan)

Well, the '83 Dead Milkmen tour is over, and (ceft for a few assorted injuries and inexplicable pregnancies) it ended well.

Jack said that, although I was drunk at most of the shows, I should write the review of the tour. (This is probably because Dave's in Texas and we cannot find Dean.)

Anyway, the first show of the tour took place in the sleepy hamlet of Harleysville. I'm sure *that*, by now, you've all heard about that 919! So just let it suffice to say the suicide rate tripled after we played there.

October brought two 919s. The first was played on Pine Street before an appreciative crowd of mental patients and "street people." The second 919, a benefit, took place in a barn in Bedminster, PA. The crowd consisted entirely of inmates from a nearby "school" for wayward girls.

"Live at My Hy House" was recorded at Jonnie's in late November

The cops put an end to our planned Vinyl Fetish 919. I guess the neighbors were afraid we'd use the "F-word."

Finally came the show at the East Side Club. If you weren't there, you missed it. And if you were there, you still missed it.

Well, that's all folks. Remember, if you see me at a 919, ask about the fight at Filley's.

Ciao.

Rodney

P.s.-- Jack swears he saw Jerry Falwell in the crowd at the East Side Club.

HOT D.M. NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

DECEMBER 26, 1983 MARKED THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SUICIDE OF JACK TALCUM'S LEGENDARY FATHER, JACK TALCUM, SR. TALCUM SR. TOOK HIS OWN LIFE WHILE RECORDING HIS SEVENTH JERROCK ALBUM IN JERROCK STUDIO ONE. THE ALBUM, WHICH WAS TO BE TITLED "WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO DESTROY THE WORLD?," WAS NEVER FINISHED AND HAS UNTIL RECENTLY BEEN HEARD BY ONLY A HANDFUL OF JERROCK EXECUTIVES. HOWEVER, IN A SPECIAL JACK TALCUM DAY CELEBRATION AT THE DM FAN CLUB RECREATIONAL FACILITIES IN ISHIMBAY, RUSSIA, OVER 50,000 TALCUM FANATICS PAID TWELVE DOLLARS EACH FOR THE PRIVILEGE TO HEAR THE UNFINISHED RECORDING.

MEANWHILE, AS DAVE BLOOD RETURNS FROM HIS TEXAN VACATION AND RODNEY ANONYMOUS RECOVERS FROM HANGOVERS AND OTHER VARIOUS INJURIES, THE MILKMEN WILL ENTER THE RECORDING STUDIO TO BEGIN WORK ON A NEW ALBUM, THEIR FOURTEENTH, OF ALL NEW MATERIAL.

U.S. OUT OF NORTH AMERICA!

DM FAN CLUB MAILBOX ...



Dear Dead Milkmen, not Dead Kennedys, not Greatful Dead, not Dead On Arrival, but Dead Milkmen,

I am writing to you, not to my grandmama, not to my Aunt Gertrude, not to Nick Rhodes, not to Santa, but to you, to tell you that I think you're NIFTO-KEEN!, not to tell you my measurements, or that the bus I take to school on occasion is #21, or that my favorite kind of Postarts are the chocolate kind with the vanilla cream in the middle or that Tracey is my best friend in the whole world and we hate each other, but to tell you that you're nifto-keen.

I am also writing to say "Thanx," not to say "Ufa Buga Wuga Wah" or "i before e, except after c, or when sounding as a as in neighbor or way" of "LIFE BLOWS!" or "Mares eat oats and Does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy, a kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you?" (would you??) or that banana peels smell yucky after five months, but to say "thanx" for sending me a Newzletter, not for sending me an invitation to an Aloe make-up demonstration or candid shots of you in your Fruit of the Looms, or a subscription to Teen Magazine, but for sending me a Newzletter.

I am very interested in purchasing, not stealing, or borrowing, or putting on lay away, but purchasing a Dead Milkmen Live at ^aBedminster Barn, not live at a Paris Gazebo, or a Helsinki outhouse, or a Beirut bunker, but a Bedminster Barn. So as soon as I can scrounge up four dollars, not thirty-five pounds, or twelve yen, or twenty thousand pesos, but four dollars, I'll get one.

So how has your day been going today?, not yesterday, not tomorrow, not two Fridays from tomorrow, or the third monday of next month in Leap Year, but today? Mine is fine, not splendiferous, not poopie, not mediocre, not boring enough to take retards to the zoo, but it has been going fine.

Well Dave, Dean, Jack, and Rodney, not Sammy, Eugene, Fred, and Cecil, or Roderick, Stanley, John Boy, and Henry, or Alfalfa, Neville, Horrace, and Teddy, but Dave, Dean, Jack and Rodney, I have only one, not 21,000, or -53, or $2(x+y)$ or IV, but one more thing to say and that's "see you later," not "can I borrow your Victoria Principle T-shirt?" or "dust is a strange thing," or "get down -- get funky!" but to say "see you later!"

Yours,

Nina Clean

not Mary Pretty messy or

Oh Dearest Milkmen,

I find myself uncontrollably attracted to all of you! Your music sends shivers up and down my spine! I think you're all so cute! Almost as gorgeous as Duran Duran. God help me, my lust is overwhelming! Isn't it obvious that you are meant to be known as the new "Fab Four." You're the hottest new band the rural countryside of Sellersville have seen in months and weeks and a few days and a half. And 16 minutes. I can't wait to hear new Milkmen music. I'm sure it will be a HIT HIT HIT! Candid photographs of all you guys hang about my walls (and ceiling). And I read all about you in Tiger Beat. It really makes me HOT HOT HOT.

Your Fan for life,

Tracey E. Fan

P.S. -- Oh, I love you all!

DAVE BLOOD SPEAKS

This is an essay on "Why people do what they do," or to put it another way -- same thing only different. I will proceed from the specific to the general.

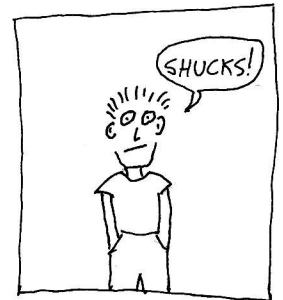
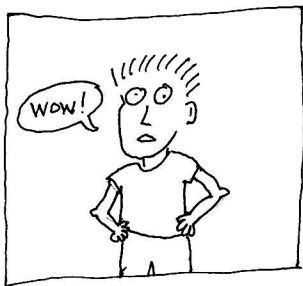
Let us first study ~~the~~ motivations of the average cage cleaner at the zoo. Why does this man put the manure in the bucket? He could: try to force it back into the animal, eat it, or throw it at the people staring at him through the bars. No he doesn't do any of these things because the people hired for these jobs generally have such low IQ's that to consider any other actions than those given would be beyond all comprehension.

Now let us move to a more conventional sort of person: the welfare case worker. This person has the power to starve or to not starve many poor and unlucky folks. Why do they always file the right forms and dispurse the exact proper amounts of aid? They could: say you are a heathen and unworthy of society's concern, be a real cool guy and give out lots of stuff to any and everybody, or loose your records and tell you to come back next week for a reconsideration. No, no, no, the welfare caseworker does none of these things, the reason being that people hired for these jobs have to have had finished college and have above average IQ's. They know that to disregard the rules means to loose their current position and consequently to "assume ~~the~~ position" on the other side of the DESK.

Looking at these two specific cases, what generalizations can we make about human behavior or "why people do what they do"? First off, we can reasonably conclude that most behaviors are influenced to a great degree by IQ quotients. Second, the kinds of choices for behavior can in turn influence the behavior. Bank managers can become embezzelers while janitors cannot.

Given these two conclusions, let us proceed further. We know now what influences behavior so how can we change or manipulate that behavior for the betterment of mankind and the lining of our wallets in general? Two simple ways are obvious. Using the second statement pertaining to occupations, we could merely change people's occupations and achieve world order. No, but the "job" solution may not be a powerful enough tool. The trump card is in the IQ's. To change people's behavior all we have to do is alter their IQ's. This could be done through genetic engineering or lobotomy. But these are costly and messy procedures. We could achieve our desired result more easily by simply changing the universal IQ test. Coup.

Fanaticism



Hey Kids! Here's the
The Dead Milkmen certified
Official 1983 PINE STREET TOUR
ALBUM



← Dave BLOOD gets his licks in.

↓ A true fan appreciates the music



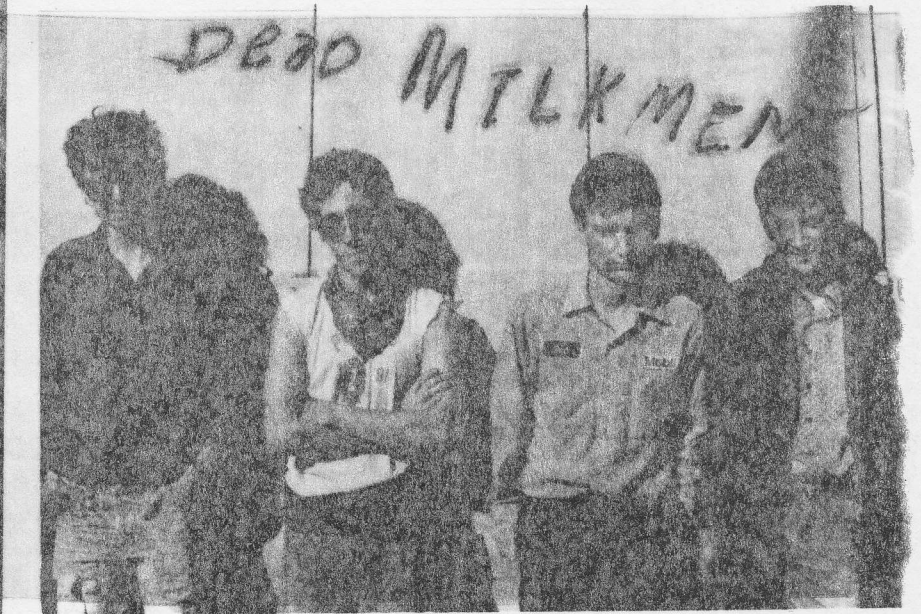
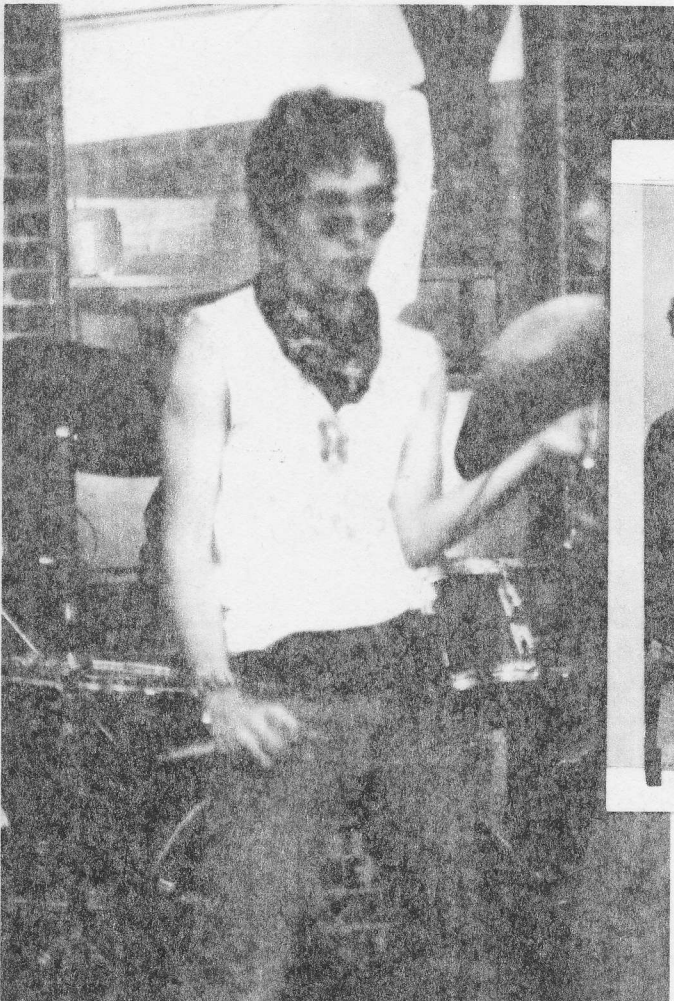
"I can kick higher than you." "Wise up, guys"
 "Yeah but my soles are cleaner."

← Dean's beat impresses lustful girl.
 Note DiTagliani brothers arguing: "I'm telling you, 'Taking Retards To The Zoo' is the better Milkmen song..."



↑ As the concert progressed the band acquired a few extra members. From l to r: Dave Blood on bass, Jed Ned on doorstep, Rodney Anonymous on too much alcohol, Dean Clean on Drums, Sal Slaughter on cow Bell, and Jack Talcum on How to Avoid Having One's Picture Taken.

← A rare shot of Jack with his eyes open.



↑ "Any of these guys look like the one who turned your antique stand over?"

← Rodney Rotten.