

THIS ISSUE REFUSES TO CONFORM



DM
FAN
CLUB

NEWZLETTER

FREE to
MEMBERS

NUMBER 26 ©1984 Dead Milkmen "Serving fans of all ages and urges" JUNE 1984

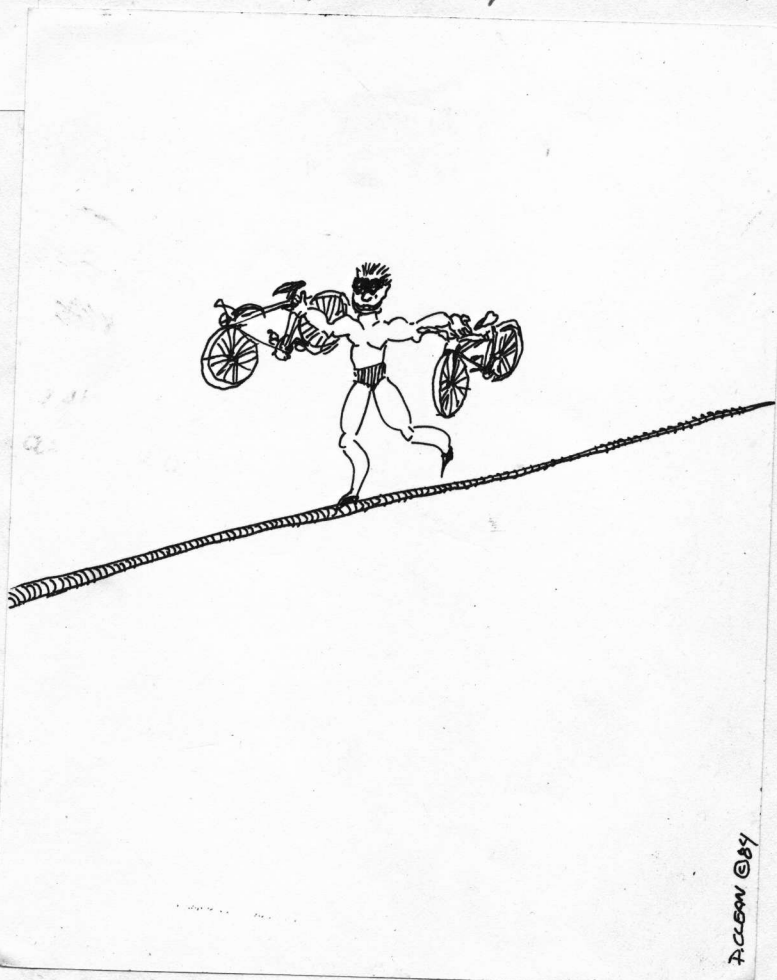
RODNEY

I've... I've killed before. Small things, like flies and wombats, but I've killed before! That's why people get nervous when I get angry - and I've been very angry lately.

Now, you may ask, "why are you so angry, Rodney?" Go ahead and ask; I'll kill you too. I'm really pissed!... And every move he makes - another chance he takes. Odds are he won't live to see tomorrow...

Some people say I'm a psycho. Ha, that's what they said about Columbus, Jesus Christ, and Charles Manson. They've given you a number, and taken away your name...

drawings by Dean Clean.



A SHORT CUT

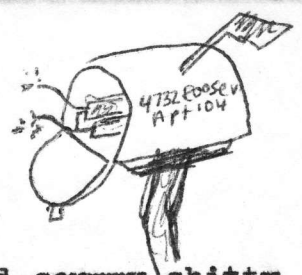


DEAN

That's Dean Clean. He's the drummer. He's also the tallest in the band. He drew the pictures on this page. He's an "artist" too!

Rodney (he's the singer) and Dean recently celebrated birthdays. They were both born on the same day (May 21) except a year apart, so I guess it's really not the same day is it? But they celebrate their birthdays on the same day. Coincidence? We say nay.

MILK MAIL



Dear Dead Milkmen,

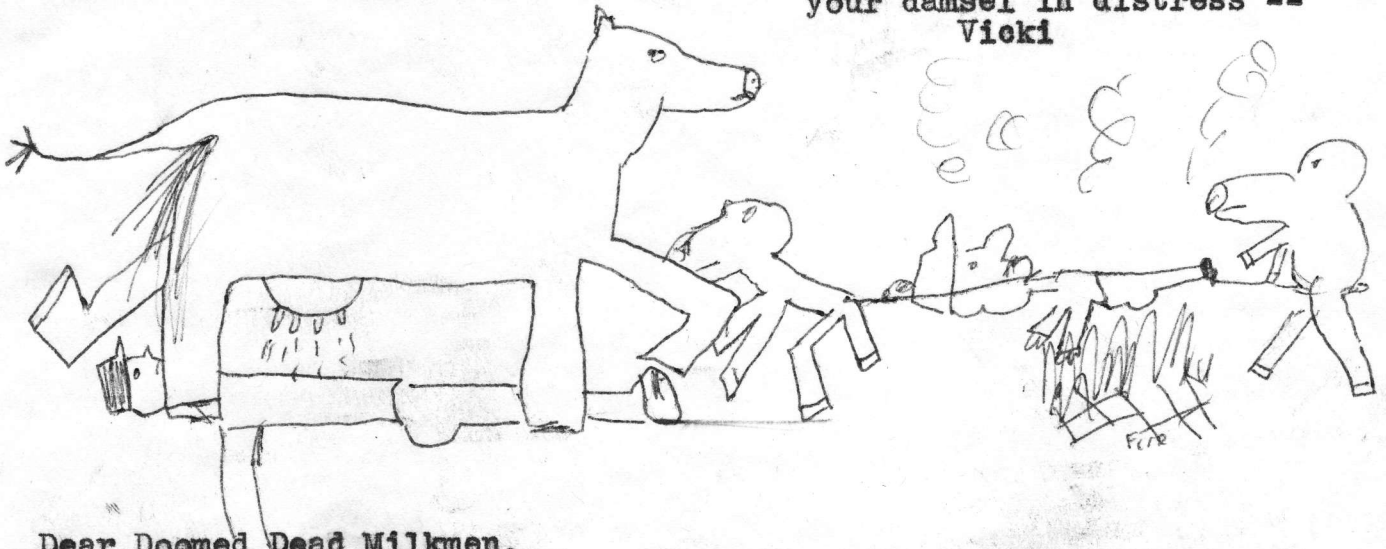
Hi! Bye! How is your life. Mine is underpriviledged scummy shitty but other than that everything is going smoothly. I got your tape and sorry to say I did not go ape. My favorite song is "Bitchin' Camaro." That song is terrific. Well have a shitty day. Bye.

A fan for life (I have cancer and I'm going to die in three weeks) (just kidding), E. Barton

Well guys, here are my boyfriend's wonderful depictions of the Dead Milkmen and he's making me send them in to you and he's going to rape me if they're not put in the next newzletter, so ...

your damsel in distress --

Vicki



Dear Doomed Dead Milkmen,

I have recently received your album under the false name of Jeff Fox. I am surprised that you didn't realize that it was me since Jeff Fox spelled backwards is Xof Ffej, and we all know what that means, don't we? Several of my reverend friends have investigated backwards masking on records, so I decided to try it on your Death Rides a Pale Cow album. I'm sure you won't be surprised to find that whenever a song goes "1...2...3...4..." that backwards it says, "Click your heels three times and say, 'there's no place like home'," and I'm sure we all know what that means. The whistles in "Land of the Shakers" when played backwards make an eerie voice that says, "J'ai un style rouge," and don't even try to pretend that you don't know the evil context that this is referring to. I cannot beleive that you have the title, "Ich Bin Ein Junkie, Was?" If you take every other letter, not including the differential residual of course excluding the bovine factor, you come up with the word Thinejkas, and we all know what that means in Bello-Slavic, right? Don't play dumb with me. I'm on personal terms with God and I'll find out if you're lying to me, you know.

↑
sorry,
I smeared the
ink - ed.

In Existential Life and
Anthropomorphic Deity,
Reverend Jerry Fallwell

DEAD MILKMEN FAN CLUB WANTS STAMPS! Postage stamps (and Food stamps for Dave) to help defray cost of mailing Newzletters. All who donate stamps will Receive a FREE BONUS special SURPRISE with their next newzletter.

DAVE BLOOD SPEAKS

It's always fun eating donuts and drinking coffee at funeral parlours. The atmosphere there is always so sedate and polite and real. There is no false air of importance given off by anyone because the emotion of sorrow strips bare any predilection towards false pride, vanity or any show of false importance. Eating the donuts you can relax knowing that you'll not be scrutinized for correct eating etiquette. Yeah. You'll also not have to worry about anyone approaching you to sell you life insurance. I'm so sick of hearing the reasons for buying term insurance as oposed to "whole life".

Next week when a society madam or gentleman "WAVES HIMSELF GOODBYE" and they have the viewing (providing he or she did it with pills and not by sticking a gun to his or her head), please go and experience for yourself the pure joy of "at ease" donut eating and coffee drinking. Remember, though, todress correctly for if you wear loud ties or ilime green leisure suits you shall surely be asked to leave. Then for sure you will be assaulted by veracious life insurance salesmen trying to get you to hook up into their "plan."

What's your favorite kind of donut? Do you enjoy eating donuts in the rain? I really do but it's not been raining of late. In fact, it has stopped raining and I have been able to pick up my guitar again. For a long time it was raining and I couldn't venture out for I had nothing to say. Now words flow like water and it's great, 'cause the snake is really gone.

It's so damn nice, for spring is here and the rain is gone and it's clear and fine and my friends smile at me and say, "Yes, yes, you've recovered", and I feel really good, ten pounds lighter, and I'm eating well again.

STORY STORY STORY STORY STORY

The Destiny of Mac the Pancake-boy by Jumpin' Jeff Slam Bang

He walked down the glistening hallways towards his destination. He heard a clicking sound from one of the adjoining halls.

"Droids!" he thought.

He raced for the nearest door, but was too late. The droid rounded the corner at top speed, its chomping jaws and flailing arms were going to make mincemeat out of him if he didn't think quick. He remembered what his great-grandfather had told him just before he passed away.

"Sonnnnnnn....."

He had always hated the old fart and had pinched his I. V. tube shut sending a small air bubble to his brain, killing him in mid-sentence. But the thought of what his grandfather would have said had hung heavy in the air. The word "Quellnich."

The droid screamed toward him at an amazing rate of speed.

"Quellnich!" Mac screamed, immediately scrambling the robot's intricate brain circuitry.

The droid fell, smoking, to the mirror-like, illuminated floor. Macdaniel "mac" Stevens darted down the long, straight hallway with all its alcoves and branching hallways. He ran for at least an hour before he stumbled right into the flailing arms of two, gray, metallic droids, their mouths filled with oils and lubricants and ... blood.

MORE...

DEAD MILKMEN FAN CLUB · 4732 ROOSEVELT BLVD. APT. 104 - PHILA. PA 19124
The Newsletter Staff wishes to thank Spitswater, Jeff Fox, All who wrote in, God, Master Bates,
and the Cement Heads (they know who they are) -- thank you!

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Quellnich!" he screamed, the sound echoing through the maze-like cavern. The droids made a metallic "clank" as they hit the floor.

Mac continued to run down the hallway this time at top speed. The psychic strain from using that word more than twice was just about impossible for a 12 year old to handle.

He finally reached the huge, black, frosted, shower-type doors. He pressed the buttons slowly to prevent his sweat-slicked fingers from hitting the wrong keys and locking the door forever. The doors shuddered and moved inward and inside, his greatest dream -- all the pancakes in the world. He felt something strange....like puberty.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

Kit McCat, Jack Talcum's wife, killed herself Saturday May 5 in front of seventeen invited guests. The suicide took place in the Talcum's Manhattan apartment at approximately 4:55 PM. The method was steak knife in the gut. Guests were fed milk and berries while a recording of unfinished "Abortion Music," composed by Kit McCat and ex-milkman Johnny Keys O'neil, played quietly. "It was a magical event," said Mr. Talcum. "Probably the best thing Kit's ever done." As per Kit McCat's request, her body was secretly buried in the exact center of Central Park where the Talcums were married almost three years ago.

Jenny Earth Shoe, Milkman producer and drum technician, is reportedly working on a second lp to follow up his confusing debut album, "If Some One Says They're a Housewife ...". Jerrock executives, however, are debating whether or not to release the second album on their label. It seems that the first album has not exactly met Jerrock's expectations in sales. But Mr. Talcum insists that Earth Shoe has talent and should be given a second chance: "After the second album is released, both albums will shoot up the charts, just watch." The first album received mixed critical reviews, from "Sheer genius at play" (NYT) to "What's going on here? Has Jerrock given microphones to the brain-damaged?" (Fab Sounds)

The ...Housewife... tape can be purchased from Jerrock Tapes for \$2.50 including postage, or for \$2.00 in person.

Dead Milkmen are scheduled to play the East Side Club with McRad Tuesday, July 3. Also scheduled for July 20 is a JFA/Seeds of Terror show in Philadelphia for which the Milkmen will open.

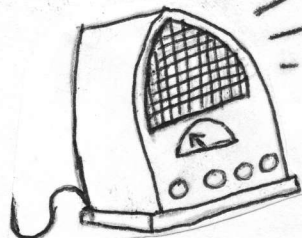
A group of Radical Conservative Liberals have launched an organized assault on the Dead Milkmen, throwing rocks through Mr. Talcum's and Mr. Anonymous's windows and publicly melting Dead Milkmen cassettes. Said a representative of the R.C.L., "This band is a danger to our pre-pubescent females." Though the R.C.L. sees the D.M. as a threat, the rumors of corrupting pre-pubescent girls is as of yet unfounded.

JERROCK TAPES ANNOUNCES A SALE!
our first annual summer REGULAR PRICE SALE

DEAD MILKMEN
Death Rides A Pale Cow
(contains Bitchin' Camaro,
Labor Day, VFW)
ONLY \$3.00 (that includes
postage)

DEAD MILKMEN
Funky Farm
(Recorded Live in a
Bedminster Barn,
October 1983)
ONLY \$3.00 (that
includes postage)

SEND FOR YOUR
CASSETTE TAPES
TODAY BEFORE
THEY ALL GET
TAPED OVER OR
MELTED AND STUFF.



JERROCK · P.O. BOX 58152 · PHILA. PA 19102-8152

HERE'S THAT NIFTY NEW COLUMN YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR...

ASK YOUR MILKMAN

Wow! We got lotsa & lotsa hard questions this month (all from the same person actually) and we'd like to answer them all but space just will not permit, plus we aren't really that smart, but here's the questions we did answer:

How does that lint get between my toes? *It comes from the excess threads that fall off your socks*

Where do all those coat hangers come from? *WOONSOCKET, ILL,*

Why does one of my socks always mysteriously disappear in the dryer?

You obviously have never heard of dryer fairies.

Why does my digital watch alarm always go off in church? *GOD'S WILL*

Who is the guy who always calls up my phone and hangs up after the first ring? *Jim Lipplesquiddimallapellum*

Who is the Vice-President of the U.S.? *BUSH* Who cares? *Jim Lanthrope.*

Why do old people tell you when they're going to fall down?

because they're pussies

Why do men always get gas when they're out with a girl?

Law of nature Johnny Earth Shoe made up

Why do dentists always talk to you when they have their hands in your mouth? or when you're on novacaine? *Because they're pussies*

Is Henry Kissenger from Alabama? *No.*

Why does my stereo chew up only my favorite tapes? *TAPE FAIKIES*

What is the meaning of life? *#* What do people mean when they ask that?

Why don't they just look it up in the dictionary? *'cause They're MOM won't let them*

How do the Smurfs have little baby Smurfs? *intercourse, of course*

How come Smurfette is the only girl in the village and lives by herself?
All the other Girls were taken to Gilligan's Island and put in the supply hut and cremated.

Jack Tolcum's CORNER

Ha ha ha ha says the door man. I spit at his shoe. I write a song about the doorman and his wife. The doorman loves his wife dearly. In the song the doorman's wife is killed by a taxicab. Walking cross the street/ with some meat/ you were going to eat/ When a taxicab/ takes your life/ Now you're husband/ don't got a wife. The chorus of the song goes ha ha ha/ la la la/ fa fa fa/ you are blue/ it is true/ so bad/ so sad. I eat a bowl of Total, my favorite. Kit used to have a bowl ready every morning, with half a teaspoon of sugar and just the right amount of milk. Everyday is the same. Every day is replaced perfectly by the day before. Blue traffic lights. Mary in the wind.

NO CIVIL BAND CAN OFFER YOU THIS