

DM NEWSLETTER NO. 34 1/2

PUBLISHED BY THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE AUTHORITY FOR THE INFORMATION OF ITS PATRONS.

MILKMEN SHOOT "HIPPIES"

OUR PRICE:



To promote their new album the Dead Milkmen have taped a video for the song "The Thing That Only Eats Hippies." The video was conceived and written mostly by lead singer Rodney Anonymous and produced and directed by R.I.C. Productions who are also responsible for the video for "Nausea" by the Philly-based rock band Executive Slacks. The video begins with Rodney telling a bedtime story to three youngsters who then procede, with Rodney, to act out the story of the song. The producers themselves make guest appearances as hippies. And there is an inexplicable scene in which Rod and Joe Jack parody the rap group Run D.M.C. as well as performance shots of the band. The video is currently being edited and will be released in September.

A tour of the U.S. is being arranged by Milkmen manager David Reckner. The tour is scheduled to begin September 11 taking the boys through the New England states and south through New York, Ohio, the east coast and the south U.S. in October, the midwest and northwest U.S. in November and the west coast and finally the southwest U.S. and Texas in December. The Milkmen then hope to record their third album during their stay in Austin, Texas.

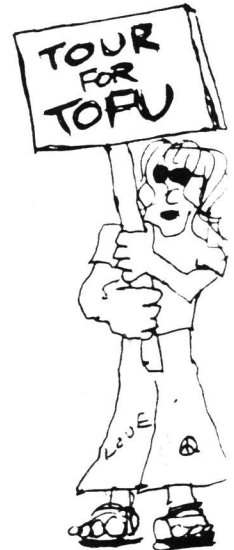
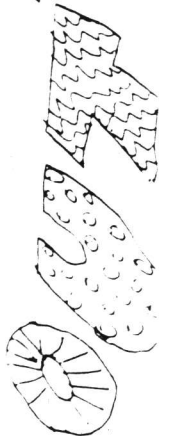
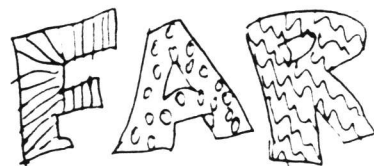
** There is a new address for Dead Milkmen Tour information, separate from the regular mailing address. If anyone has ideas of places the Milkmen might play, suggestions, comments, or would like to put on a Dead Milkmen show, this is the address to write to

Dead Milkmen Tour Info
P.O. Box 50 ← (FIFTY)
Hilltown, PA 18927

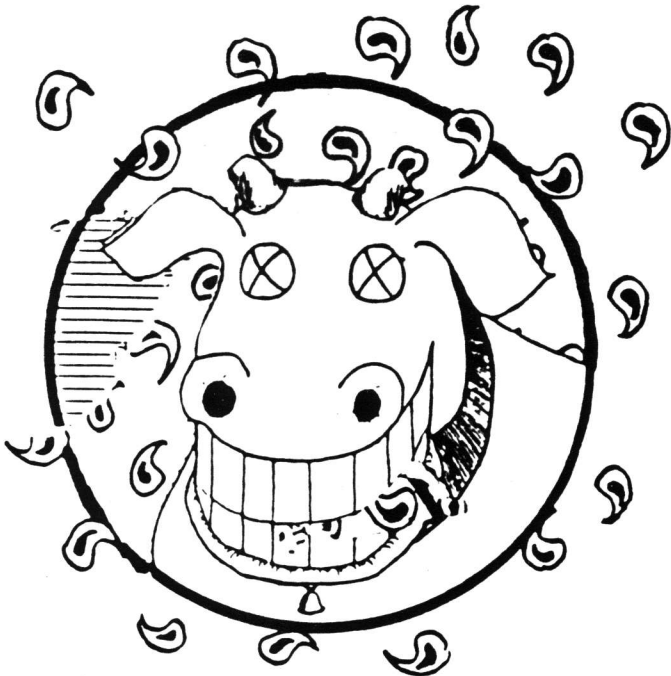
Eat Your Paisley BY MAIL

If you cannot find EAT YOUR PAISLEY or BIG LIZARD in record stores, and the stores refuse to order them, you can always buy copies buy mail for \$8.98 each postpaid from ENIGMA MAILORDER/P.O. Box 2428/1750 E.Holly Ave./ El Segundo CA 90245-1528

List the items you want along with your address and enclose a check or M.O. for the total. CA residents add 6% sales tax.

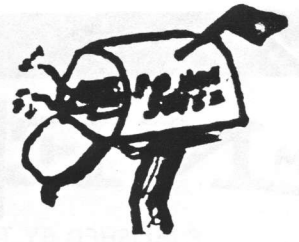


PEACE, LOVE AND CHAIN SAWS



FROM THE D.M. MAILBOX

A letter from RODNEY'S MOM!



You guys are really good. I really enjoyed your show at the Chestnut Cabaret. Your music is top-grade professional.

However, it is apparent you are neglecting your bodies. I would like to offer my services to go on tour with you as your full-time aerobics teacher. I have mastered such techniques as "Van Situp" and the "Beer Bottle" muscle toner lift. (I work cheap.)

There is a girl on the front for each of you. (Sorry, Joe, yours got away.)

If you need to contact me, my phone number is listed on the Kennel Club's men's room wall.

Sincerely yours,

*Mrs. Rodney
Linderman*

Anonymous

*I AM BETTER AT
AEROBICS THAN
SPELLING!*

7-foot-lizard loose in Connecticut

A seven-foot-long lizard with a 2½-foot tongue was believed to be roaming the area around Stamford, Ct., Monday after slithering away from a wrestling promoter who used the creature as a gimmick, the police said.

Authorities were waiting for someone to report sighting the Monitor lizard, which is native to Thailand and described as harmless, although frightening in appearance, police Sgt. Thomas McGuinness said.

"They'll know it if they see it, but they may think they've had too much to drink," McGuinness said. (UPI)

Dear Dead Milkmen,

I have phoned every single record store in the United States looking for copies of your albums "DM Take the Airwaves" and "Death Rides a Pale Cow" but no one seems to have them. I want to get a hold of those suckers. How?

Love and tight tight hugs,
Candy Bridges

Dear Candy,

Impossible! Those titles were never released on albums, only on cassettes of which only a small number of copies were made and sold. We have since taped Led Zeppelin III over the master copy of "Pale Cow". Over "Airwaves" we taped R.E.M.'s new one (illegally). Sorry.

MORE FROM THE MAILBOX

Roach in my Soda

Soda
Carbonation
Like fire
burns my tounge

Roach
From the ceiling
Drops in
with a plop

Sinks
for a moment
then surfaces thrashing
carbonic acid
Burns

And cracks him
He Bobs
And he chokes
As he burns
in my Coke

He lay there
still
His legs unmoving
As I drink him

He glides
Down my throat
then suddenly
springs to life

Silent cries
cannot breathe
Holds his breath
As he writhes

Every muscle
quickly jerking
then he stops
and dies

--Matt Watkins

*The Milkmen have finished
a 47 date tour, while
gone the mail has gotten
a little backed up but that's*

Life. Thanks
THE DEAD MILKMEN
for being
P.O. BOX 58152
patient.
PHILA., PA 19102-8152

SOMETIMES WE FAIL

It has been called to our attention that there is a mistake in Newsletter #33. Eat Your Paisley was recorded in January, not in February as was stated on page one of issue 33. The Milkmen toured the country during February. We apologize for the the

YES NO

CLIP AND SAVE...NO...SEND!

When our guru Mike Ace presented us with the following column summer was only starting. Now that we have finally published this issue of the Newsletter it is almost fall. However we feel the guru's advice is still quite timely and worthy of your consideration. So when reading the first line please mentally substitute the words "is leaving us" for "is upon us." Or the word "Fall" for the word "Summer." Thanks. -- ed.



RODNEY
OF
SOCKET
FROM
CORN
CREAM

our guru explains it all...

FRIED ICE CREAM
by Michael Ace

Dating

Summer is upon us, and the sweaty odor of romance hangs heavy in the air. Consequently, I here present a non-sexist guide to dating — helpful advice for any gender.

First, if you are interested in someone, do not indulge in ambiguous games with them. Many a budding relationship has been scuttled by hints that were too vague. Reveal your interest in definite terms. "I want your soul for my respite in Hades," is a sure bet to capture their attention.

If you are paying for dinner, remember that your guest has only one thing in mind: eating as much as possible. The poetic young man who claims his love for you is so strong that he cannot eat will nevertheless manage to gnaw his way through an entire family of suckling pigs. The lithe lady who says she has been a vegetarian ever since she saw "Bambi" will merrily devour a side of beef. Don't ask about dessert.

Be wary of dates who harbor a fetish. Many men have a breast fetish. Many women have a bun fetish. I know of one eccentric gentleman who lusts after the upper arms of young women. The danger of this situation is that the other parts of your body may become jealous and rebel, leading to months of expensive psychotherapy.

As for me, I just want to ride the Wayback Machine to 1966 and take out young Gracie Slick. I know that this is inevitable, for secret investigations have revealed that she bore me a son in that year. It was, of course, carefully hushed up. The boy's name? Rodney Slick — later to be known as Rodney Anonymous. Shocking, but true.

OH
COOL!
i



FRAGILE
GLASS EYE

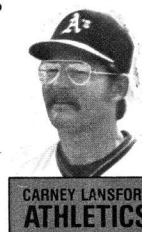
THANK YOU FOR SENDING, STAMP IT HELPS A LOT. NO KIDDING.

Joe Jack Talcum's CORNER

A few weeks ago I dreamed there were a group of Arabians in my parents' living room smoking cocaine. They were saying things I could not understand. My parents were out shopping. All over the house were piles, mounds of powdery white stuff, cocaine, under the beds on the windowills behind the refrigerator in the middle of the kitchen table next to the washer and dryer. I was careful not to let any of it touch my skin but this was not easy. It was everywhere, this white stuff. "That's not cocaine," my Mom said with a bag of groceries in her hand. "That's baby powder." She said that my sister had some toddlers over and some powder got spilled. She hadn't gotten around to sweeping it up. Nevertheless there were men from Arabia in the living room smoking crack.

I woke up from that dream before my parents got to meet the Arabians (who invited them? my parents? my brother? I never bothered to ask). I went back to sleep and dreamed that the Rolling Stones were giving an outdoor concert. They were building a stage, Mick and Keith, in my backyard where my old sandbox used to be. The spectators were expected to fill the fallow field across the street which was now muddy from a long rain. Tickets for most people would be twenty dollars but I was allowed in free because I lived there. The Rolling Stones in my own backyard. Wow! But I woke up before they started playing.

I went to sleep again and dreamed I was watching a Saturday morning cartoon. It was called Adventures of the Dead Milkmen. There were four main characters: Rod, Joe Jack, Dave, and Mal who are regular milkmen but get killed in the opening titles and then, as ghosts with supernatural powers, appear to the world as a rock band and roam the country playing music and causing general havoc to suit their whimsy. I thought to myself "This is odd. I wonder if the other Milkmen know about this cartoon." And I phoned them and said turn on the TV. And Dave Reckner, our manager, somehow contacted the producers of the cartoon. "We are the band the Dead Milkmen, we saw your cartoon ..." he said. And in a few hours the producers of the cartoon were at the door suing us for infringing upon their copyright. But we existed first! we said. Impossible! they said. Lawyers and judges shaking their heads followed. No lawyer would defend us. Our parents refused to talk to us. We were doomed. It looked like lengthy jail terms for all of us (except Dean who, it was reasoned, bore very little resemblance to the cartoon's drummer Mal, & would get off with only a hefty fine). But I woke up before we were sentenced.



THE ADVENTURES OF ROD & JOE

Episode one



DAVE BLOOD SPEAKS

Jim crawled out of bed, put some clothes on from the pile on the floor and headed for the street. It was noon and it was HOT out, Hot and humid, It was. Jim headed down the street for his favorite SPOT, a stoop, some dirty concrete steps, outside of an abandoned building. "SUE'S CANDY COMPANY" is what the WHITE paint on the dull grey bricks said.

Now sit down, and it was time for the mind to wander. The thought path was a familiar one and it ran through family troubles, the current lengthy span of unemployment, the newest hypocondriac "ailment" and the heat. So after about a half hour of dwelling, trying to forget her, it came back, damnit. Nothing could make it go away for a love lost is a bruise forever. It just hurts in new and different ways as time goes on. Yuk, the humidity made the heat worse and the heat made the heart hurt worse. What to do? Too poor, too dirty, too stupid and too removed from that life before to even attempt any kind of recontact or rekindelment of a once intense passion.

Passion, it cuts hard both ways so you always remember not to play with knives right after another "Her". There's that sting, that avoidance of once cool things. She really liked that restaurant so you don't want to eat there anymore, in fact you learn to hate it and not for itself either.

So Jim sat there in the hot city summer, being stung again and again. Crying alone hurts more than anyone can know and you don't tell them, do you.

Sylvia



DAILY LOCAL NEWS, I

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★★★★ - Ken Tucker, Phila. Inquirer

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The **DEAD MILKMEN** are in **AUSTIN, TEXAS** about to **ENTER** a studio in **SAN MARCUS** to **LAY DOWN TRACKS** for their next **LONG PLAYING** musical album. **BRIAN BEATTIE**, bass player of Austin-based **GLASS EYE** is **AT THE HELM** producing the platter. Rumor has it that the album will include **GUEST APPEARANCES** by **Kathy McCarty**, **Daniel Johnston** and other Austin **LUMINARIES**.

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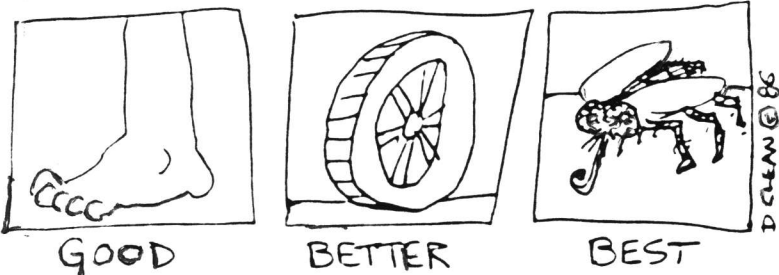
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I'D FORGOTTEN HOW TINY THEY ARE!

AND I DON'T MEAN HIS FEET!

I CAN'T WAIT 'TILL HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BUY "CRACK"

Grandson

By ASH KEANE