

Dead Milkmen strange but interesting

By MARK BRETT

I was walking through the record store with a friend of mine a few weeks ago, when I looked down and exclaimed, "Hey! The Dead Milkmen have a new album out!"

My friend, not being too musically hip (or strange, take your pick,) stared at me and said, "Who?"

The Dead Milkmen are a very strange group of young men from Detroit who record some of the best post-punk/comedy/scruff rock music I've ever heard (also some of the only post-punk/comedy/scruff rock



music I've ever heard, but what of it?)

Previous albums have yielded such classics as "Bitchin' Camaro," "Serrated Edge" (a song about worshipping Charles Nelson Reilly), "Takin' Retards to the Zoo" (sick!), "Beach Party Vietnam," "The Thing That Only Eats Hippies," "You'll

Dance to Anything," "Nitro Burning Funny Cars," and (my favorite) "Blood Orgy of the Atomic Fern."

Not for the squeamish, the Milkmen take a hard and very outrageous line on life in modern America (Reagan's America, if you prefer). Their sound is very rough and offensive (in the best punk tradition, if there can be such a thing), but this only reinforces their lyrics, which are also rough and offensive.

More often than not, however, those lyrics make a worthwhile statement. Their song "Big Lizard in my Backyard," for example, tells the

story of this huge, Godzilla-like reptile kept as a pet. The army comes in and kills it, explaining that, "We gotta blow up these things we don't understand." The Milkmen, through this absurd little fantasy, have made a serious statement about the military mentality (and yanked a few cheap laughs out of it, too).

The Dead Milkmen's newest album, "Beelzebubba," continues in this fine tradition. Early on, we are treated to "RC's Mom," a song about James Brown's recent legal problems. Lead singer Rodney Anonymous belts out a pretty fair imitation of the hardest-working man in show business on this one, grunting out lines like, "Gon' beat my wife! Huh!" with great humor.

Next up is "Stuart," a song that rips apart the "good ole' boy" image and exposes the sometimes-ugly feelings beneath it. The song is narrated by the voice of every loud, obnoxious human being ever born (sort of a Morton Downey, Jr. with no brain at all).

Stopping to rave about burrow owls (whatever those are) and the decapitation of his son on a carnival ride, the narrator gives his neighbor the low-down on "what the queers are doing to the soil!" Their secret plan? "They're building landing strips for gay Martians!"

The album moves on to such songs as "Punk Rock Girl" (a song about true love and alienation and all sorts of anti-social behavior, which mentions Mojo Nixon, who deserves a review all his own), "Beach Boys" (a song that presents teen suicide as a mindless reaction to a mindless world. It ends with a continuous chant of, "I'm so bored I'm drinkin' bleach"), "The Guitar Song" (a song against bad, homogenized, compu-

terized music), "My Many Smells" (just for fun), and "Born to Love Volcanos," a song that makes an important point about PBS pledge drives: "Maybe they need my money more than a man without a home/They want to make a document'ry 'bout footwear in ancient Rome."

"Beelzebubba" also includes "I Against Osbourne," a conspiracy song with the line, "Mr. Rogers works hand-in-hand with the KGB." The album ends with a song that sums up the overall punk rock attitude: "Life is Shit."

"Beelzebubba," like the rest of the output from the Dead Milkmen, is a great deal of serious fun, always in the poorest taste (these, after all, are the men that recorded "Watching Scotty Die"). The raunch is mainly to attract your attention, however, so that you'll perhaps pay attention to the message behind it.

This approach probably misses more than it hits for most people, but for those who accept it, new horizons are opened. Give it a shot. It's better than suicide (now, there's an incentive...).

Aspects seeks contributions

Anyone from the faculty, staff, or student body who is interested in contributing to and creating a spring issue of *Aspects*, NCWC's literary journal, should give such contributions to Steve Ferebee soon. We publish poems, short stories, essays, jokes, and graphics. Anyone who would like to help with the editing and so forth should also see Dr. Steve. See your own words in print! Be on the cutting edge of the eastern North Carolina literary world!

PBS films, panel discussion help honor King's birthday

By DON RHODES

Monday afternoon at 1 p.m. as a part of its recognition of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., N.C. Wesleyan College presented two parts of the Public Broadcasting series *Eyes on the Prize* and a panel discussion with the Rev. Albert Shuler, a member of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Richard Watson, professor of history at the college.

The first film, entitled, *No Easy Walk*, followed the Civil Rights movement during 1962-63, and the second film, *The Bridge to Freedom*, covered the movement in 1965. The most enlightening portion of the well-attended session, however, were the panel discussions following each of the films.

After the first film, Rev. Shuler spoke about the years 1962-63, when he was in the fifth grade. Shuler related a story of a trip which he took with his teacher, who drank at a "white" drinking fountain in a department store. When the manager confronted his teacher, she replied that she didn't drink colored water.

Shuler added that the first film made him "realize how far we have come."

Dr. Watson also related a story from his school days, and it was also a story about segregation. Watson stated that he remembered "thinking segregation was natural." He continued, however, by stating that his ideas changed when the first black students attended the Durham city schools. Watson added that "it must have taken extraordinary courage to attend the school."

After the second film, both Shuler and Watson stated that the Civil Rights movement is not dead. Shuler stated that "education is crucial," and that "we need to identify people who can serve as leaders." The problem with the movement in Shuler's eyes is that the people are content with the gains that blacks have made.

Watson stated that today there is "difficulty defining the problem. Back then, the enemy was obvious," with Jim Clark and "Bull" Conner as the symbols. He added that today we "are uncertain of the terrain on which we are fighting." Identification is

much harder because there is very little overt racism.

Because the events were scheduled to remember Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Watson and Shuler did attempt to define King's role in the Civil Rights movement. Watson stated that the films misled the viewer to a certain extent by only covering the movement in the 1960's. The Civil Rights movement had spanned many decades before King even entered the picture. "There have been other leaders and other orators. King was the man for the movement." Watson added that the "Civil Rights movement was not a single, monofilament movement."

Shuler stated that "he (King) had to deal with the moderates as well as the militants, and he didn't have an easy time doing it."

Condom ban stirs criticism

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dealt with most severely for their obvious lack of moral fiber and apparent presence of unscrupulous tendencies. Condoms have no place on this campus for a number of reasons.

First of all, Dean Marron knows, as well as everyone else should, that the students at this Methodist institution Do Not Have Sex, period! Sure, the students may drink a little beer, get a bit rowdy at times, and might even retire to their respective rooms with a person or persons of the opposite sex and turn the radio up but they Do Not Have Sex. We all know better. So why have condoms available when they may only serve to instigate what this institution is devoid of in the first place?

What good would dispensing condoms be on a celibate campus? Well, they could of course be a source of practical jokes. How about the one

when your roommate slides the sheepskin on the mouth of your saxophone? It's always fun to see the maestro's face when you whip it out in class. Oh yeah, there is always the one when you put the condom on a friend's doorknob and cover it with slime when he or she is gone. That one is always good for a quick chuckle, but this is still not a valid reason for dispensing condoms on this campus.

Now this is the clincher for all of you nonbelievers. Simply analyze Dean Marron's reasoning and you will see why condoms should not be dispensed. Dean Marron knows that by distributing condoms to people about to engage in sexual intercourse the chances of people contracting AIDS, V.D., or getting pregnant will increase. In other words, if the college did not distribute condoms there would be no problem in this area. Just think about that.

Okay, for the sake of argument let's say that one or two of the students at this institution has accidentally had or will have sex. Maybe something slipped or something. I don't know. No one would know how to use this complicated apparatus anyway. Who knows, someone might roll this condom over their tongue or big toe and thus not use the device to its full potential. To rectify this situation, the college would then have to spend millions of dollars on an educational course for those who have not taken Carsten's Human Sexuality course. Or for those which exceptional problems, there could be a step by step home video course complete with a home quiz.

Wake up kids and face the facts. You know as well as I that condoms have no place here. If anyone has any questions please contact me at the Washington Bureau of the Committee Against Safe Sex.

Jeff Jackson

New Orleans remembered

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to be, and has faded into a dreary, deadly drone.

Then I was off to have a late lunch with a grad school friend whom I haven't seen in years but who kindly reminded me several times of how I made a fool of myself; we laughed in consternation at our growing respectability. Then another Virginia Woolf session and more old friends in grey suits.

The Virginia Woolf Society didn't stay at the tacky Hilton — no, good Bloomsburian style we found a small French Quarter hotel built around patios and fountains. Here we

had our annual party. I remember arguing vociferously with some woman about Woolf's capacity to drink red wine. Then our own Vivienne Anderson swept in, looking as if she had stepped from the pages of a glamour magazine. Then she swept out with some British guy and his Oriental girlfriend.

At this point time sped up and I was back on the street looking for the Stanford metaphysical woman. I never did find her, so if you're ever on Bourbon Street and meet a Californian who wants to talk about seventeenth-century poetry, tell her I was lost in the Twilight Zone looking for her.