



YOUR MOTHER



JunkMailer Vol. 3, No. 1

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A buttload of you people have been wondering why you haven't been receiving any crap from us, thinking you've been stricken from the YOUR MOTHER JunkMailList. Well, truth be known, the JunkMailer has become an annual thing. Since it is only yearly that some thing noteworthy happens to us, we feel it is uneconomical and real dumb to send out multiple mailings of blank paper, which is what you'd get if we made this any more than once a year. So what is the big news that has made another JunkMailer worth our time and stamps, you ask? Well, a long time ago we mentioned that a YM CD was being considered. Funny thing is, it happened. We've spent the last 7 months trying to put together the Fairly Complete YM Anthology of our crap from 1990-1995. The first half is all overproduced new stuff and a few remakes and the other 20 or so songs is all old rehash from assorted Pink Palace sessions. Aaron, the guy who does the PROBE, was nice/stupid enough to flip for it so thanks a lot to him. Sucker. Oh yeah, we also went on another road trip with our friends MINDSL@M...

The YOUR MOTHER (someone, somewhere doesn't want us to) Tour '95

Dramatis Personae

At a rather thoughtless point in time we decided to book a 15 day tour for 2 bands only 30 days in advance during the summer. If we could have stacked the odds against us any more we would have, but 9 people in a 3-on-the-tree Econoline seemed adventurous enough. The characters of this disastour are:

MINDSL@M

Steve—a quiet, wealthy Hispanic with nice, respectable attire, well-oiled speech patterns and a fetish for Neil Peart. A broken man by the end of the tour, this Stanford drop-out actually took to smoking, farting and performing mock-fellatio after just 10 short days with YM.

Vixx—tall and handsome, this Stanford drop-out has perfected the 3-fingered "bass gallop" found in many Iron Maiden songs. He also has a tattoo that looks like he was in AA and his underwear is so old and faded that they always look inside-out.

\$rini—after dropping out of Stanford, this Hindu Stan took a job where, in 1994, he cost his company \$85,000 (salary not included). Without him, his pager, his answering service, or his calling card # (all provided by his employer) we would still be stuck in Trinity Junction, Nevada, population 8.



Roadies

Aaron—famed PROBE editor decides to risk it all and travel with a bunch of kids in hopes of an interesting tour diary for his next ish. Keep reading to find out about his exciting stand-off with YM which ultimately led to his exodus from the tour!

Joe Blob—senor nada, San Jo Joe. Band slut in the worst degree. After being inducted into the YMs, he has now officially been some part of over 90% of all SJ bands. Not very smooth with law enforcement officials.

YOUR MOTHER

You should already be familiar with us personally, but in the off-chance that you're not, send a stamp and request the biographical issue of the JunkMailer.

Mr. Color TV

He dictates when and where any of us go. High Priest. Big Daddy. All hail MrCTV!!!



6/19 We're only 28 hours behind schedule. Not so bad for punk time. Steve decided it would be more comfortable (and less pungent, we assume) if he took along his new 'Buru hatchback. The MINDSL@Ms opted to flip for the gas so we agreed. The day before we were scheduled to leave (6/16) Joe's van, our original touring vehicle, decided to stay home with a case of broken engine and dysfunctional doors. In the midnight hour, though, James LOVE CHILD allowed Alan access to his van, Mr. Color TV, under the advisement that we fix a few things; namely the blinkers, the dash lights, the brakes and the taillights, oh, and the engine. Alan complied and took it to his mechanic friend, Gene.

Gene salvaged what he could of the electrical system (the blinkers work), and brought the engine to "sorta runs" status. After picking everyone up in the Bay Area, they headed out to Craig's in Davis, a mere 70 miles away. MrCTV broke down twice before reaching a garage about 10 miles short of Davis. Collectively, we assessed our



AAA benefits to equal 40 free towing miles and 20 roadside assistance calls; our security blanket. Craig came out, picked everyone up, and brought them back to his place to spend the night and following day waiting for MrCTV to recover. Meanwhile, we sent MINDSL@M to Salt Lake City, Utah (where you can't give head but you can plug your horse) in hopes of at least one band making it to the first show. We sure weren't gonna. When Craig and Alan finally left this morning to pick up MrCTV, Aaron bowed out due to PROBE anxiety and lack of faith. He is gutless but smart. On our way out of town, we stopped to pick up some oil and found out we were leaking anti-freeze, oil and gas. Garage #3. We wedged an empty can of Folger's Crystals under the radiator and mixed some plug-it stuff with the oil, only now the horn doesn't work so we can't warn people we're about to barrel into them (because our brakes refuse to work with all the weight), and somebody will undoubtedly plow into the back of us because our brake lights don't work. The steering wheel also has about 18 inches of give; you know on TV shows when they show kids driving and it looks like all they do is turn the wheel from side to side in an exaggerated manner, that's us!

We've been on the road for over an hour (a record!) but it looks as if we're overheating.

Now we are leaving a one pump gas station just short of Reno where MrCTV cooled down a bit, leaked a bit and smelled a



bit. Two 18 year old skater/snowboarder typical "hot babe" type girls parked next to us in their Bronco sporting their FUCT gear and those annoying little tight T-shirts with a heart on the chest. We tried to get them to pose next to us and MrCTV but they DOGGED US! Good thing none of us needed to know what time it was because we're pretty confident they wouldn't have given that to us either. As we were pulling out, Mikey stuck his head out the window to check for clearance and clocked it on the side view mirror right in front of the snobby girls. We laughed at Mikey's misfortune, took a picture of the girls to spite them and pressed



forth.

A mere 5 hours from SJ and we are at Must-Stop-Due-To-Van-Problems #5. MrCTV's right tire went flat at 65 mph so Alan, Joe and Bradley are walking to the nearest town to find a phone (AAA call #3). Mikey and Craig rack out the battery-powered amps and perform roadside songs about how lucky they are that it is still light out.

It's pitch black out now and the 3 still haven't returned. There is a big 4-ring target painted on the side of MrCTV so time is passed by aiming an unlit flashlight at it and seeing who can come closest to the bullseye when the light is illuminated; a poor-mans dart game.

The AAA guy finally showed up, as did the lost boys, and he sold us some genuine cop tires, so we're back on 80 East towards SLC.

We've made it all of 20 miles since the last journal entry and we are now parked in some parking-lot-w/toilets in the middle of Nevada awaiting AAA man #4. Problem unknown, further travel impossible.

6/20 Aaahhh, a fresh new day and only a 1/4 mile further than we were 15 hours ago! We're not positive, but we've got an inclin' we've done *something* wrong to deserve this. Laughter (and PB&J) is all we have to console ourselves with. Well, that and \$rini's calling card #. There are 3 pay phones here in downtown Trinity Junction (that's 1 phone for every 2.67 residents) and we've spent many hours on ALL of them, often at the same time. As far as the van goes, we've lost a bearing and our seal busted off the rear right tire. [In case you're trying to figure this out, we've gone about 350 miles thus far. That's an average of 7 mph for 50 hours.] MrCTV is sitting in a shack, considered a "garage" by the locals, being "fucking fucked with" by a 9-fingered Mike Dirt-lookalike mechanic/maniac. We canceled our second SLC show (MINDSL@M oughta make it, though). A few hours ago Joe and Mikey got jobs here lugging RR ties for \$18/hr. Great, we've been here long enough to get jobs. They worked for 20 minutes and now their arms and hands are so sore they can't even open a soda can.



6/21 We made it to Boise! Unfortunately it started to rain on the way here and MrCTV's windshield wipers were nothing more than 2 strips of rusted metal. We spent about an hour and a half in Winnemucca trying to find a place that had the right size blades and when we finally did, it stopped raining. Joe's gambling habits are continually getting worse but he'll never know because he keeps winning. We posed for pictures with more confused small-town girls and farted on the hard tile floor of the Super-Mart. All we've done today is screen shirts, pants, backpatches, pillows, drum stools and sleeping bags and skate Ben-Wa's half-pipe. We are more than ready for the show tonight, not only because Boise is totally great and we're playing with our friends but because we have van-fever really bad. To help alleviate the claustrophobia, we pull over for gas or a pee break we run a few laps and end with a set of push-ups to keep ourselves sane and fit (and to keep our hunger from setting in).

6/22 Boise was cool as usual (thanks mostly to Ben-Wa and U.S. Bug) but some very peculiar things happened after the show. First off, Mikey and Joe got 2 girls to take them out to dinner while Vixx and Alan got some other girls to buy them broccoli, chocolate milk and Reeses Peanut Butter Cups. The oddest thing, though, was the sheer number of girls googley-oodling over Bradley even after his skull nearly burst open following the exercises we did before playing. A girl was even holding his hand most of the night! Unfortunately for Craig, though, 90% of those in attendance thought he was gay. It might of had something to do with his hitting on all the boys and suggesting people test their motor skills by playing games similar to rub-your-belly-and-pat-your-head only performing other tasks (use your imagination). He was just happy the SL@Ms made it because they had his food and sleeping bag.

We have dubbed this the No Shave Til Brooklyn/Worship MrCTV or Perish Tour. Last night Alan followed Ben-Wa's dog around on his knees trying to lay his wiener on it. Craig just pressed his naked buns against the back window of the van for a few miles for the 'Buru's entertainment. It



sounds as if both shows in Spokane are canceled, giving us 72 hours to make it Seattle. Lame. Now we sit in the Burger King Funland stuffing big, multi-colored plastic balls down our pants, eating leftover fries from other tables, and spending what remaining money we have on Twilight Zone pinball.



Due to MrCTV's glorious 9 to 10 miles/gallon we have been forced to bum cigarettes off people and sell them at shows. Vixx rolls his own and sells them as DIY, while ours are major label smokes. Oh, the shame. During the first band at Teenage Graceland, Joe, Craig and Mikey sat in the back of the room by the merchandising goofing off and making chicken noises that sounded like "FUCKfucfucfucFUCKfucfucFFUUCCKKfucfuc." \$rini and Bradley, in their best Indian accents, were taunting people. Anyway, the first band and their friends thought we were making fun of them because all their singer's explanations were littered

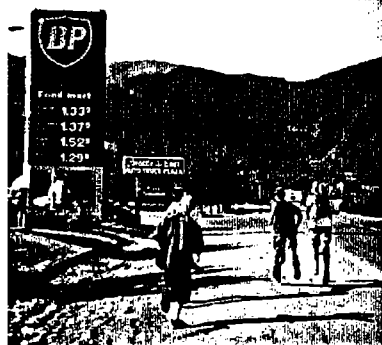
6/23 On our way to Spokane (we scored at least 1 show, maybe 2) we stopped for gas and a few laps in Pendleton, OR. \$rini and Vixx bumped into some people and boom! we had a show. Granted, Pendleton is a self-proclaimed "horseshit, white-trash trailer town" where (surprise, surprise) "the cops are suck-ass faggots," but we were happy to play. Following much waiting and skating (poor Joe snapped his deck in half),



we ended up setting up in the town park in front of "wiggers", cowboys and delinquents. Unfortunately, the park was at the very center of town, which was at the very bottom of a valley, meaning we had to go downhill the whole way there. Not good when your van doesn't even stop on flat ground. We ended up running every stoplight

and stop sign and even a RR crossing but cut off only 2 vehicles! The show was fun until the cops cornered us, so we argued, broke down, sold stuff, made fun of people, joined in multiple "talk shit" circles and drove off (as fast as possible) to Spokane. Joe was hit on most but thwarted many by explaining he was old enough to date their parents. They told him they "hoped [he] got pussy." Aaawww...

6/24 After escaping the perils of Pendleton, we drove through the night to Plant World in downtown Spokanarchy. About 40 minutes before we got there we were all half awake (driver included) and rounding a bend on the freeway at around 60 mph. Much to Craig's surprise there was a nasty accident a few hundred yards away and closing. Mikey, riding shotgun, curled up in a ball of fear as Craig's scream reached falsetto. The rest of the passengers merely chanted, "oh, no. aw, shit, Oh NO! AAAAAAhhhh!!!" MrCTV, of course, refused to stop and his only compromise was to slow down a bit, enough to allow us to squeeze between a mashed sedan and the side of a mountain at 35mph. Bad news, we may have to turn back and look for something. It seems Bradley has lost his mind somewhere on the side of the freeway. For the 3 years he has been in the band he has never, NEVER said more than 3 sentences at a time to us and it's usually "Get out!" or "Go Away!" Now, as amazing as it sounds, he won't shut up! \$rini has been teaching him proper Indian dialects and he insists on belting out Weird Al lyrics at the top of his lungs. He has also become MrCTV's best friend. At every gas stop, after our laps, he squeegees off the dirt over his name and pets him. Today was spent swimming and screening at Grifs and stealing X-acto's and computer time from Kinkos. We also picked up 2 tapes from a pawn shop: 101 Greatest Polkas (Bradley's request) and the essential Great Kat "Worship Me or Die!"



MrCTV overheated on the way here to oh-so-farging hip Seattle but we played some Surf Punks so he chilled out. Like wow. Bradley has made a habit of reaching behind Craig while he's driving and dumping large amounts of liquids on his lap. Craig retaliates by spitting whatever is in his mouth back at him, preferably root beer. We also stopped in the town where Northern Exposure is(was) filmed. But now, alas, we are among the world's coolest civilians, in Seattle. Most of us aren't old enough to go inside the club tonight so we're sitting on the curb outside watching countless ragtop Jeeps full of beautiful, fashionably correct passengers go by, and playing "Guess who bought the 'Nevermind' album." Many cars keep flinging stuff at us so Craig got fed up and pulled his pants down and did jumping jacks up and down the street chanting "John Jacob Jingle Heimer Schmidt", oi-style. Vixx entertained us with a

with the word "fuck." Everything went smoothly for a few bands and MINDSL@M was RAD. We were expecting David Hayes to show up but when Craig called his house at 11 this morning wondering why he never showed up, his girlfriend said that he left early the night before for the show and she hadn't heard from him since. When we finally played we were having tons of fun even though we skipped our preliminary exercises; the extra gnarliness was probably due to the induction of YM Boys Choir, Joe, \$rini and Vixx. We played for a good 30 minutes and felt we were all good and through when, get this, people wanted more! HA! We were confused at this reaction and that's probably why we

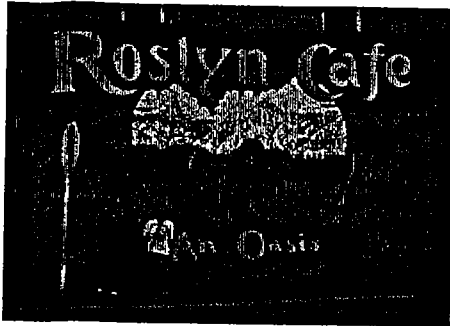


decided to play "I Wanna Be A Girl." So far as we could tell, everyone was laughing and thinking we were a bunch of loonies. However, when the song ended, the crew with the first band took offense because Craig was a "sexist piece of shit." One guy

actually took a swing and threw a mic stand at him, causing minor cuts and scrapes. BUT, before too long the guy was being lectured by us and all of our new supporters as he stood, staring at the wall, chin up, biting his lip. After everyone cleared out, the singer came up to Craig and apologized and ended up being pretty cool. As for the big meanie, we think he went out to vandalize MrCTV but MrCTV wasn't down with that and ate him. We made a lot of friends last night and actually sold stuff!

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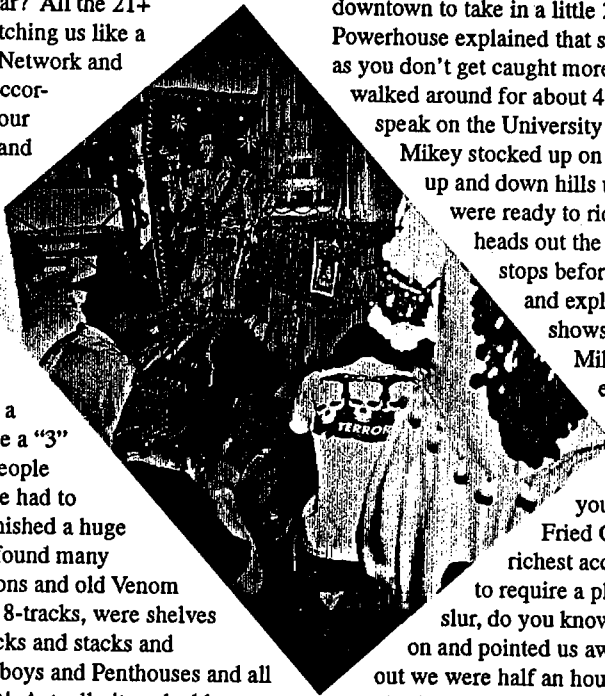
story he had of Stanford initiation. Legend goes: you aren't a real Stanford STUDent until you've been kissed by a senior, on the quad, at midnight, on the night of a full moon, wearing a big monkey suit (just kidding about the last part). Altering the tradition, Vixx dressed in drag one

full moon and headed for the quad to do a little initiating. Not only did he get some sugar, but a little tongue, too! After the kiss, the boys would say something like, "So, what's your name?"

"Vixx," he would reply in his deepest coffee and cigarette voice. "What's yours?"

6/25 Seattle was way fun. Of course we were the only ones who thought so but what'd you expect from a bar? All the 21+ "punkers" sat hunched over their beers watching us like a TV screen. We were the Home Shopping Network and they couldn't find the remote control. In accordance, we began introducing "songs from our new album 'Straight Outta High School'" and started remarking how excited we were to be turning 21 in a few years so we could watch bands w/o having to stand up. We did get free soda, though.

After the show we cruised (that is the correct term in Seattle, *cruise*) the trendier side of this fresh mecca. We saw the Space Noodle and posed with yet another pretty yet clueless girl and then hit a consignment/used store. A sky-writer made a "3" instead of an "E" above the million or so people touring the Space Noodle Theme Park so he had to redo the entire spiel and when he finally finished a huge jet-liner flew through it and ruined it. We found many ancient pop relics like "Frankie say..." buttons and old Venom records. However, in the far corner, by the 8-tracks, were shelves and shelves and shelves of PORNO!!! Stacks and stacks and shelves and shelves of vintage-to-date Playboys and Penthouses and all the current skin mags. It was fucking RAD! Actually it sucked because now we're all horny and frustrated.



6/26 Earlier today we went to see Seaweed at some old-people (21+) bar-b-que and a really cool hipster made us free silk screens in just minutes! Free!! Tonight's show in Feif ruled! The only person, aside from us, who looked like they were enjoying our 7 person circus was a half-naked girl on speed. We all stripped off our shirts and wrote our names across the backs of our shoulders and gave ourselves numbers. In rival of our friends



GIRL'S SOCCER we will now go by (Team) YM. A little girl colored us a picture of a rainbow with some crayolas and put her phone number on the back. She gave it to Craig and he blushed.

6/28 After breaking free from the 100 mph, skin-clad amphetamine girl from Feif we stopped off at a Safeway to pick up some spaghetti and eat freely from the pretzel bins. On our way in a woman stopped us and asked if we had seen her son who stole a car and was on the loose.

At the same time, we looked up and noticed a street sweeper running rampant through the parking lot doing donuts and peeling out. We asked the lady if her son might possibly be joy riding the chaotic vehicle. She prayed it wasn't and left.

Aaron is the guitar player/singer for the band SHIFTER and he, his brother and his folks live in an honest-to-gosh log cabin in the Washington forest. His dad is a gun-toting highway patrolman and his mom collects antique toys, including many Star Wars action figures, talking Ed Grimley dolls and billions of yo-yos. And there was a half-pipe in the front yard. The house was so cool and the family was so hospitable we spent the entire next day screening, fixing MrCTV, skating, eating, yo-yoing, reading and sleeping. It was OK. It was a bed & breakfast for bands. We left late last night for Portland and rolled in early this morning. After snoozing for a couple hours we decided to Metro downtown to take in a little 24hr Church of Elvis. Some residents of the Powerhouse explained that sneaking on the Metro was worth it, so long as you don't get caught more than once. We made it downtown and walked around for about 4 hours. We saw Bill Clinton and friends speak on the University campus and Vixx bought a fiddle bass and Mikey stocked up on original Poison Idea stuff. All the trekking up and down hills under the intense sun had drained us and we were ready to ride the Metro home and stick our sunburnt heads out the windows. Unfortunately, we only made it 2 stops before the fare inspectors halted us, ticketed us and explained how they composed music for cop TV shows. Broke as we were, we met back up with Mikey, who had been the only one crafty enough to avoid capture, and walked the rest of the way back, another hour and a half on our tender-wittle feetsies! We stopped at the local Fred Meyer (FRED MEYER!), you know, down off Burnside, by the Kentucky Fried Chicken and used the phone. \$rini, in his richest accent, asked "Where one could go if one was to require a phone and I DON'T mean that as a racial slur, do you know?" The questionee asked us what he was on and pointed us away. We finally made it back only to find out we were half an hour late and the club is right by where we caught the Metro.

We played our little hearts out and jumped around like the heat-crazy, dehydrated, boneless retards we had become by the end of the day while the crowd stayed outside. Typical, I tell ya. MrCTV is losing his transmission (oh, no. I've said too much. That's us on the freeway, that's us on the side of the freeway...Get It?). We got stuck in



IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION TO LEAD US TO WHO TOOK THIS PICTURE OR WHO IS IN THE PICTURE OR WHERE THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN PLEASE CALL (916) 75-PROBE IMMEDIATELY! REWARD!!!



between gears while making an illegal U-turn on a bridge.

6/30 Just as expected, all of our shows from here on out have been canceled for one reason or another. STOP! Pager-time... This punk-touring thing is fast-paced stuff! \$rini's on the horn every 2 hours getting shows, finding out who's canceled where, leaving voice mail #'s, calling voice mail #'s. It's mad! It pays off, though. Tonight, for example, we showed up at the Monkeyhouse in Eugene because we heard our friends WOOLLY MAMMOTH were playing. The "headliners" never showed up so we hopped on! It was by far the most fun we've had playing this whole trip, even though a friend of Joe's and Aaron Cometbus seemed to be the only spectators; everybody else either lived there or was playing. Sticker Guy Pete was there with his friends SCARED OF CHAKA and afterwards a big game of punk basketball was being plotted. While we were contemplating playing, a souped-up, lowridin', bass-boomin' Maxima rolled by staring hard at us. We thought this strange until they came around the block again with their lights out, driving at idle speed. We played the "What car full of gangsta's? I don't see any car full of gangsta's..." game until they passed; then we exhaled long and hard. We skipped the game and headed south. We drove till just before sun up so we could park and sleep at a rest stop w/o actually "camping", which is illegal. When we awoke, we went as far as Ashland, OR. In an attempt to be worldly, we pointed towards ShakespeareLand but, apparently, MrCTV didn't feel like it. We took a turn and all of a sudden it felt like he was having a seizure. We must have looked straight out of a Dr Dre video in our mock-hydraulic ride. We idled to the nearest mechanic (serious van problem #12, if you're still counting) where the lady behind the counter asked us for a brief description of the problem. We all gave our personal impressions of what MrCTV had experienced, and all at the same time. \$rini explained the noise as a "wugga wugga wugga" whereas Bradley and Craig felt it was more of a "achshshshkungkungung, achshshshsh..." Mikey disagreed completely and made an interpretive dance out of the problem. The actual mechanic said (in English) MrCTV was OK and he just needed a new axle when we got the chance. And just like that we were off to Chico, our next squat-for-a-day.

Another note about Bradley, his only interests include polka, the dark, death metal and Sweden. He has never touched any illegal drugs, nor has he ever indulged in alcohol poisoning. But, in honor of being in shithole Chico, everybody thought it was law to "drink." So, while everybody was taking orders for the liquor store, Bradley saw this as another chance to get closer in-touch with his Svenska-side by ordering an export, namely, Absolut. He had no intention of getting drunk, he just wanted to see what this Swedish-born product had to offer. When it finally arrived, he sipped it, puckered his face in true disgust and said, "Thanks. Now I'll never have to drink again." Much to the delight of the other consumers he donated the bottle for community consumption.

We have been in Chico far too long (about 10 hours) and since none of us like hay, country music, bars or the omnipotent smell of crap

we are ready to head home and call it a "tour". Thanks to everyone who offered food, a place to sleep, a good time, money, auto service or any other useful stuff.



Free CD to the first 6 people who can find Alan, Bradley, Mikey, and Craig in this photo.

Oh, we got more stuff for sale. Here is a brief list: all prices ppd., outside U.S. (stop laughing, it's possible) add \$1 and a hug

PROBE Magazine #4	\$4
YM beverage mugs	\$2.50
past YMJunkMailer issues	1 stamp
stickers	1 stamp
YM shirts (take your chances, we have everything from spray-painted stencil shirts to glow-in-the-dark, puffy-paint shirts to normal, basic screened shirts---request what you want, get what we have...)	\$6



Ⓜ YOUR MOTHER

One Big Inside Joke

Our 45song/74minute CD is finally a tangible reality. If low-brow humor coupled with raw, unbridled immaturity appeals, intrigues or disgusts you, this CD may or may not be for you! Yahoo!

Free CD with every 1/4 page (or bigger) ad for Probe #5. Otherwise its \$7ppd/\$8(USDollars) outside US. Well-concealed cash, check or \$order payable to Craig Billmeier, dude. Don't put the "dude" part, it was just a light-hearted interjection like "hey!" "man" or "brah."



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