

YOUR MOTHER

The Junkmailer
Vol. IV, No. 1

PO Box 623, Pleasanton CA 94566 USA

If you're already familiar with the Your Mother Junkmailer proceed to the



For those unfamiliar with the power and prose that is the YM Junkmailer, *don't throw this away yet!*



First, let us explain: it all started in the summer months of 1993. Many pinball machines were still only a quarter, most of YM were still in high school, and Alan and Craig drew up the very first band newsletter called the "Junkmailer, Vol. I, No. 1." We suppose we should first let you know that Your Mother is a band, our band (and the chances of you coming up with some sort of joke about our name that we haven't already heard a million times is about ZERO, so don't bother unless you want us to dig some sort of embarrassing fact up about your family and put it in the next issue. Better yet, we'll get pictures of your faces and attach them to pictures of our naked bodies, and trust us, it will be none too flattering, especially if you're female.) Anyway, we are fanned out across northern California and we practice about twice a year in Pleasanton (our elected Homebase). We do, however, play a lot of shows and these Junkmailers are turning out to be diaries of those shows, but now we're getting ahead of ourselves... The first two pages of the groundbreaking Vol. I, No. I displayed Alan's derailed train of thought, as he bounced from one unimportant, unexciting topic (...I ate all of my Golden Grahams...) to the next (...the air conditioning man is here to fix my refrigerator...). The final two pages were Craig's take on who did what in the band. (In a nutshell, Bradley was a mute, Mikey was a jerk, Alan was a gas station attendant, and Craig had a sister that went to public school.) It also promoted some up-and-coming shows of disinterest. Yup, it was pretty boring, and the best part is—little has changed. Almost four years later and the Junkmailer's prospect is still to entertain ourselves with the idea that somebody else cares. (And to peddle our measly merchandise. And to promote our obnoxious shows. And to tell tales of human bonding, comedic genital expositions, and severe van problems.) At the very least though, dear browser, let this, and any future issues we may force upon you, serve as something to read while you're on the pot, and something to wipe with when you're done.



Welcome back! It's been a good two and a half years since we released any autobiographical information via the Junkmailer and, well, things have changed. Take Mikey, for instance. Once revered as a complete asshole that caused us nothing but strife and misery, ever-dampening our already fragile spirits, Mikey is now as amiable, complaint-free, and dangerously immature as the rest of us! Craig(ums) returned to school and took up a job auditing doctors. He wrote a 25 page paper on masturbation and spends a good chunk of his working day making exciting screen-savers for his co-workers. Alan, too, has changed quite a bit. He has had many haircuts over the past few years and even gets new shoes every now and then. He has a big gut named Frederico. Let's not forget about Bradley! Unfortunately, his brain system went awry last summer and all his functions are now tainted and awkward. To simplify, he's gone plum loco! He only speaks if he can curse and even then it's usually something completely irrelevant. ("Excuse me, Mr/Mrs Assface. I was thinking about getting a tan, what the fuck do you think about that?" he often politely asks other motorists while we wait at stoplights.) Finally, there's Joe. He didn't even exist in our silly little world until last summer, when any faithful follower knows he dropped his menacing facade to become *one of us* during our (Someone, Somewhere, Doesn't Want Us To) Tour '95. (If you missed that story, it was in Vol. III, No. I, the Junkmailer with Mr Color TV, our limited-purpose vehicle. Send us a stamp if you never got it and we'll send it to you. You might also want to include your address so we'll know where to send it. Heck, throw in a bag of chips and some root beer and we'll come to your house and tell you about it in person.) All we ask is that you never bring up the Illuminadi around Joe.



Alan & Frederico



not our van

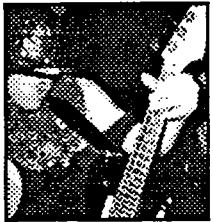
There you have it. That's more than any of you need to know about us. But, before we go on, we must warn you that the following report is pretty lengthy and, unfortunately for you, doesn't have nearly as much automotive carnage, human suffering and generally bad karma as our last installment (again, from Vol. III, No. I) so we decided to include lots of gratuitous nudity and general absurdity to hopefully keep your interest. Please, read on...

"As Long As We Get Back In Time For AL" Tour '96
(As in: "Hey guys! Wanna go on tour this summer?" "OK, as long as we get back in time for the Weird AL concert.")

Things we wish to accomplish on this trip:

- 1) go to Canada to watch the Muscle Bitches play (they, too, are a band, *and boy, do they Rock!*)
- 2) make it farther east than Boise (even though we know nothing can top Boise)
- 3) stay on tour for more than two weeks with as few van, personal, or money problems as possible
- 4) go shopping at David Hayes' house (for those not in-the-know, his record collection is an undeniable gold mine)
- 5) make complete, total asses of ourselves in a way that is monetarily conducive to our traveling (i.e. play some shows)
- 6) make it back alive, and in time, for the Weird AL show.

The Muscle Bitches





July 25 There are three shows before we actually leave the Bay Area. The first was a benefit show at a big Rock club in Palo Alto. Joe showed up in his van that he just spent \$800+ to fix. This is the same van that was originally slated to take us on tour last year, but it bowed out because of a broken *this* and a busted *that*. Joe swears it's all fixed now, though. The loft was constructed and we all climbed inside and got giddy at the thought of getting back on the road.

7-26 We all meet again, this time at 90210 Gilman St. Joe and Alan show up in the van incredibly late, so late that we were no more than two minutes from getting booted off the bill. Alan insisted he was terribly high on van fumes

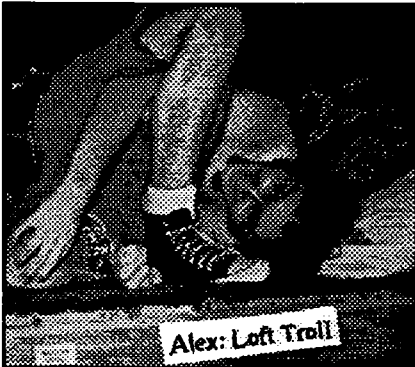
which were somehow filtering into the van. Joe, suspiciously flighty and sore-throated, denied there was any problem. We questioned his bias towards the van but relaxed as the Groovie Ghoulies Rocked Out.

7-27 Alan calls Craig and explains that in the short time it took him and Joe to get home last night he went bonkers. He frantically explained that there was a serious problem involving noxious fumes and subsequent dizzy spells while being in the van while it's running. He went on to say that if, while on tour in Joe's van, he didn't actually suffocate, he would surely go stir crazy because there are no windows. Alan then calls Joe and demands that those problems be fixed or we will all pile in Craig's truck and hitch on a U-Haul trailer. Joe understands that the stereo in Craig's truck only sounds bad when you can actually *hear* it, and that a long trip like ours with a bad stereo is not an option for him. He takes the van back to get it fixed and...



Alan tries to free his foot from Mikey's butt

7-28 ...shows up at the Trocadero (an even bigger Rock joint) in San Francisco (gack!) with a healthy van (sigh). Even Alan, who rode shotgun the whole way there, agrees the van is much better. They even installed a window that extends from the ceiling to the floor (foreshadowing future road escapades, nude and otherwise). Now all Alan says we have to do is teach Joe how to drive, the main lesson being Keep All Four Wheels On The Ground At All Times. The show was with, among others, the Muscle Bitches (who broke down and never showed up, *Bastards!*) and Jurassic punks, DI. After the show, Casey Royer asked Craig if he could be in the band.



Alex: Loft Troll

"Yeah, sure."

"What costume would I have to wear?"

"Just bring your tan," Craig replied coyly, brushing against Casey's arm.

Casey turned to his friends, "Ooo, I love this guy," and then back at Craig, "You wanna get married?"

"No, but I'll take you to the prom."

A warm embrace followed, but ended all too quickly.

August 1 We were supposed to be in Shasta City tonight by evening time but it's obvious we're not going get there till after nine. It seems that while everyone was packing the van down in the Bay Area nobody considered our expected time of arrival or the fact that there was still another person to pick up. By the time they got to Craig's they had to unload the bean bag, the incredibly large Red Dog (the biggest prize the fair gave out that year!), Bonevicci, the three-foot tall, plastic, illuminating Happy Apparition, and, unfortunately, a ton of merchandise. Our main problem is the extra person, Alex. He's only going to be with us for a week, so we stuffed him in the back and dubbed him Loft Troll. So, anyway, we're terribly late and can't get a hold of James, the promoter, to get our directions. Craig could, however, get a hold of Jim, his [euphemism for utterly brain-dead] roommate. Jim could no better put together a sentence with five words than he could lecture on modern engineering. He did come pretty close to helping us, though, by answering, "There's a party?" when Craig asked if he knew where James was. We pressed onward in the hopes of finding James once we got there.

8-2 By 10:30 last night we found where James lived (Jim told us it was an apartment "across the street from a liquor store"—we're leaving out all the pauses). We showed up and Jim was smoking furniture or something but he paused long enough to draw us this:



Actually he paused for 12 minutes to draw that "map." He neglected to include any street names, nor did he tell us what relation the map had to our current location. All he said was, "If there's a party, it'll be on this street" (which took another couple of minutes). We were happy he accomplished so much in one day but decided to just head up into the trees where we could set up camp for the night. It was already midnight when we pulled over, and the temperature outside was a pleasant 65F. Alex and Craig's sleeping bags were totally unreachable without excavating all the equipment, so the boys opted to sleep *sans* covers.



The Bad Mutha

By 2am they were frozen, but too cold and tired to do anything about it. By 3am they were achy from shivering so violently. By 4am they were crying little ice cubes. By almost 6am they were delirious and hysterical. Alex could take no more and went to remove everything to try and find some agent of warmth. He needn't have looked any further than his arm could reach because that's how far away his sleeping bag was the whole time. By 10am they were finally thawed out but clearly on their way to being really sick. We actually did find James this morning by wandering into a bakery he happened to be working at. He apologized for last night, laughed at the mention of his roommate, Jim, and gave us a couple bags of frozen pastries. We were happy to leave, but reluctant to continue...



Bradley: heroin addict



Bradley: homie

please!"). Tucker's mom walked in on Craig as he stood naked in the bathroom. He had no comment.

8-4 When we got to Portland and weren't allowed into the venue (damn bars) we milled around outside for a few hours. A bona fide Ringling Bros clown (out-of-costume) came up to Joe and Craig and smoked cigarettes with a six-inch filter and told them really unexciting stories in a really excited manner, confusing them deeply. Alan was walking down the street when an aesthetically-positive female anthropoid drove by and winked at him. She pulled up next to him and rolled down her window to talk but he got nervous and looked in the opposite direction. She tried following him down the block so he ran away. The rest of the guys found some cheap arcade where you only pay a door charge and they spent almost five hours there. At one point, Joe, Bradley, Mikey and Alex were walking around Portland when a really large, belligerent, drunk lady started chasing them around the block trying to give Mikey a hug. It got rather scary with them running through the streets, dodging cars, and hiding around corners. She finally caught up to them and started seriously harassing Joe to the point of punching him violently in the face and chest. He tried ignoring her but after she hit him double-fisted, twice, on the head he pushed her away and hit her while trying to defend himself. It was all he could do, they had already tried to run and escape her and now she was literally attacking Joe. Everything fell silent on that street corner and Bradley finally said "Why don't you just go away?" She looked confusedly at them, then walked away. It took the opening band playing an entirely Neil Diamond cover set to calm poor Joe down. We played like crazy while beer-swillin' bar folk jumped around, heckled us, laughed out loud and even sang along with Freewheel Burning, proving Portland isn't all that bad, even if their state dance is the square-dance. We wisely spent last night's earnings on a frisbee. Now we're saving up for a salt lick.



"Hey everyone! Pose for a picture with Tucker, and Bradley, NO FISHING!"

...We continued north towards Corvallis, Oregon to play a party at the house we're now parked in front of. The toilet here was already sporting three unflushable turds so we had to spread out to utilize the lavatories of the surrounding fast food joints. We then headed to the campus for some pinball. On the way, we all got stopped by The Man (actually it was The woMan) for looking suspicious. As she ran us through the computer and called for backup, we loudly discussed the importance of tip-toeing while trying to act inconspicuous. That got boring so we started making a ruckus and citizens-arresting ourselves until she let us go.

8-3 We played for about ten minutes before the fuzz showed up, but instead of reasoning with them, our hosts barred the door with a couch and yelled "Invitation Only!" at them. We played another fifteen minutes with the cops shining their flashlights through the windows and had a good time. A young lady told Craig he was "incredibly sexy" and offered to pose for pictures with YM stickers as pasties. That never panned out but a nice, drunk, vegan skinhead of some sort took us out for pizza and let us stay at his house. Some of us found his drunken antics humorous but Alan and Mikey decided to sleep in the van. It is usually mandatory that at least one person sleep in the van for security purposes. Last night, however, having two people sleeping inside was still not enough to deter some wise guys from stealing our license plates. We reported it and had police-encounter-in-Corvallis #3. A large AT AT joins the clutter of the van through trying and unnecessary means. Joe is still happy about it even though it is mutilated and covered in sap. A kid in Salem named Tucker got us a show in Portland with the Automatics but first invited us to his house for some eating and swimming. That's where we are now, at Tucker's, eating and swimming, ("Give us a round of cramps,

8-5 Joe and Craig have contracted some sort of viral throat infection, rendering them both voiceless, bad when they're the two singers. We made it to David Hayes' house in Spokane where we promptly spent all of our money on records. Joe also spent a couple hundred dollars on rare Star Wars toys while Bradley and Craig contemplated the Tons of Tush Inflatable Fat Lady. This trip is really turning out to be uneventful. Sure, we're saving tons of time and money by not having any serious van problems or witnessing any acts of extreme atrocity, but what kind of Junkmailer is this gonna be without the unbelievable trials of life our readers are depending on us to endure? Last year Craig got mildly battered in Spokane, and this year we buy records?! Oh well, there is still Nardwuar... [Nardwuar, the Human Serviette, is a Canadian DJ with quite an impressive press resume. He is a station manager or something of the like for CITR, a college radio station in Vancouver, British Columbia. To our understanding, he has special clout because his radio station is government-funded (funky Commonwealth system), meaning he can pretty much get into any press-related position he wants. The cool part is that his only goal seems to be Embarrass the Interviewee At All Costs. He's made Beck cry, he's been beaten up by Sebastian Bach, he's been ejected from international press conferences for asking Dan

[Ed note: Alan sucks!]

Quayle who the Prime Minister was (Quayle didn't know) and for asking Gobachev which UN member wore the biggest pants (Nardwuar was removed before an answer was given). Some of the even more interesting things he's done are fishing up bastard children and presenting them to their unsuspecting Rock star fathers, or drudging up dirt from certain stars' first sexual partners. And the bands that play on his show, we hear, get eaten alive. Apparently, he studies his guests so thoroughly before they come on his show that he's got a hundred roads from which he can attack. Most of this is hearsay, but we have heard a couple of his interviews, and have heard first-hand from some of his guest bands, and he takes no prisoners. It seems the closer we get to Canada the more stories we hear about him and the meaner he sounds (actually he sounds like a high-pitched, squealy farm animal, but he comes across as a big meanie). It's safe to say we are scared silly about playing on his radio show in a few days. We have since begun making fun of ourselves in the van to prepare ourselves for the brutality we will inevitably face.]

8-6 Another bar last night, but someone there knew who Udo Dorkschneider was. There is a small part of us that kinda likes bars (when we're not forced to stand outside) because we can make twice as much fun of everyone, partly because there's twice as much to make fun of and partly because they're only half as likely to get their kiesters off their stools and beat up a buncha little shits like us. At a grocery store Mikey was playing with the produce hose and got it stuck in the On position while pointing it at Craig. Soaking wet from head to toe, he swore his revenge. Alex had to fly back home to his job baking gourmet cakes and, surprisingly, there's still hardly any room in the van. There was paneling on the inside walls of the van but it fell off so now there are only strips of two-sided tape and everyone's hair keeps getting stuck to it while we sleep. It seems like every morning Mikey wakes everyone up with the same fart, only this morning David let his dog Pesto wake Mikey up by sitting directly on his face. Then Mikey farted.

8-7 We just met up with the Muscle Bitches to play another show in Portland, all-ages this time. Tonight someone recognized the Weird Al cover we did. That's three shows in a row now where we didn't go completely over everybody's head. Joe skipped out on the show after we played and snuck into the Clutch show down the street. The Bitches played a number YM-style by jumping awkwardly throughout the song. We had a price war on who could sell their CDs cheaper and, of course, we won because we know nobody deserves to pay that much for ours in the first place. At the Yankee Wuss house we all sat around watching midget-porn this morn-

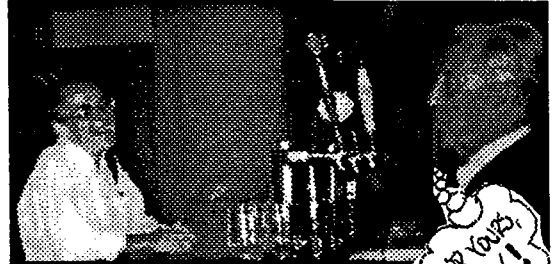


"Alan, for the last time, get that thing away from me!"

ing. We had one mission while in Portland and that was to tour the Weinhardts brewery. We signed up for one of the tours and it looked like we were going to be the only ones on it, which could only mean more root beer for us at the end. Just as we embarked on the tour a woman in her mid-40's joined us, but we didn't figure she would cause too much of a dent in our com-

plimentary bar tab. Unfortunately, though, THE LADY SUCKED ASS!!! She would not shut up the whole time. It was rather comical at first, how she could come up with *so many* inane questions and still keep a straight face, but we soon grew very tiresome of her incessant pestering, and so did our 70 year old guide. He started mouthing *blah blah blah* whenever the lady turned the other way and eventually asked another person to take over because she was driving him crazy. We tell ya, if it wasn't for the insane amounts of free root beer we consumed we'da surely stuffed that lady into a keg.

8-8 We wheeled, bloated and nauseous (from all the root beer),



into Tacoma for a show with the reunited Shifter last night. It was cheap beer night so the patrons were of an *interesting* variety: death rockers, cowboys, hessions, mods, punkers, skaters, glam rockers, and whoever else had spare change for beer. Another clown introduced himself to us. This one's name was "Crazy" Steve Olsen, Comedy Magician and Stage Hypnotist. He was crazy alright. We played, nothing new (besides Craig beating up a pylon), but as we were loading our stuff into the back room we were intercepted by a large fella, mid-twenties with a high school football player build; he was looking for the guitar player. Mikey was singled out and the big guy began his production, which Craig later explained as a bad actor acting out a bad script:

Act I: The Hand-Me-Down

The Big Guy's (BG, for short) motive is to pass his guitar on to someone who can actually play it. He has been playing guitar for eight years but still wants to give his "gold Stratocaster signed by Les Paul(!?) that's worth over \$1000" to someone who will *use* it, because he has a wife and kid he needs to focus his time on.

Act II: The Break-Down

The guitar was given to BG by his father, the same man that beat him every day of his pubescent life. The thought of his father makes BG a bit emotional and slowly he loses his composure. Before long he is thrashing about the room and tearing at his shirt like a pro-wrestler.

Act III: The Turning of the Guard

Somehow, Mikey and the others make it out of the room as Craig unknowingly walks in. BG remains calm for about ten minutes but somehow the conversation turns back to his father and he goes completely, utterly insane. He's waving his fists in the air, he's yelling, he's shedding tears, he's reenacting past episodes involving himself and his father. Basically, he is scaring the crap out of Craig.

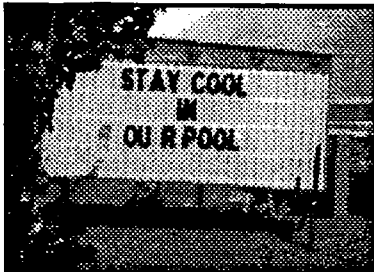
Act IV: Remission

Out of nowhere, BG stops his outburst and cheerfully asks Craig if he can play a song for him. Assessing the possibilities that a "No" might incur, Craig hands over his guitar. BG compares it to the guitar he is now a little apprehensive about giving us. He's afraid we won't respect it. Craig assures him that the guitar would be put to excellent use. BG drunkenly stumbles through his power ballad while Craig brings out his video camera, determined to get a little live action footage of BG goin' nuts. Joe comes in,

excited to have finally found Craig, and tells him everyone is waiting in the van. After he leaves, and Craig put the camera away, BG slips into another one of his tantrums. Panic fills the room.

Act V: The Showdown

After a good 20 more minutes of BG's manic, dangerous conduct, Craig finally raises the gumption to sternly tell him, "Look, if you want to give us your guitar, give it to us now. We won't pawn it, we won't break it. We will keep it as a memento of you. If you are not going to give us your guitar we are leaving right now!" The big guy apologizes for getting out-of-hand and says he just pawned the guitar for \$100.



Epilogue

We left, late and aggravated.

Even worse than the stories about Nardwuar were bands' stories about trying to cross the border. A good percentage of the bands we've talked to were refused admittance to Canada, and those that were permitted to enter were forced to endure incredible heck to do so (questioning, searching, paying "fees"). We arranged for a woman named Melissa, who works at a huge Canadian management firm that handles everyone from Bryan Adams to Moxo Fruvis, to draw us up some "recording contracts." We're supposed to show the border patrol these contracts to prove we're going to Canada to *spend* money and not *make* money, thus avoiding all the entrance, import, and entertainment fees. Before reaching the border we shaved, hid our hair, put on collared shirts, drew on license plates, and vigorously rehearsed our "story" (where we were recording, how long we would be there, what our band name was—"Hot Lixx Hoolahan" was our guise—, why we have all this merchandise for Your Mother, what happened to our license plates, and a million other things we had to be completely in synch with). When we finally got to the border at about 6:30 this morning, we couldn't have been more tense. For once, Mikey didn't do his obligatory morning fart because his ass was puckered so tight. The guard said, "Those are some funny looking plates."

"Yeah, they were stolen."

"Al-root, go on through..."

We all sighed a heavy sigh and Mikey farted.

We popped in on a very tired Muscle Bitch Sam, and he was nice enough to offer his kitchen, and all that was in there, in return for a couple hours of quiet time. Craig dropped dish after dish and eventually spilled juice all over the floor, but Sam never stirred from the rest of his nap. When he woke up he hosted us to some funny video tapes he had. One was for the MB song "Metal Heavy? (Is Your)" which showed them dressed in Viking gear and Rocking Out on snowy mountain sides and crowded city streets. Another video was an episode of KOFY TV20's Dance Party from years and years ago. We watched as Sam and his wife got *down* in some seriously funky clothes. Upon closer inspection, though, we also noticed a very, very young Mikey, also dancing (he was wearing the very same clothes he wears today, only now he is a much better dancer). Sam has been showing us around Vancouver all day but it's hard for us to enjoy this beautiful city because tonight is the night we're gonna get slain by Nardwuar.

8-9 When we showed up at the radio station our strategy was to

let Nardwuar know we weren't going down lightly. We danced cartwheels around him, we pulled our pants down a lot, we pushed a lot of buttons, touched everything, touched him, asked a lot of odd questions, etc. He didn't seem to take notice of our shenanigans but remained kind of excited that we were there. He actually said, "I'm so glad you guys made it here!" *Did he have something in mind? Why was he so glad?* We turned up the goof and went in to listen to him interview some guy a-boat his video magazine, Channel Zero. Nardwuar was ripping the guy apart. Craig started answering the phones, and the people calling were begging him to tell Nardwuar to lay off the guy. They were plausible requests because, after all, Nardwuar was being downright *vicious*. Without anyone really noticing, one of the Channel Zero guy's buddies disappeared and the next thing we know the fire alarm in the building goes off. He tried to make his escape, and while he was outside he told Nardwuar, "Look, I really don't want to go back in there." With much persuasion, he actually went back in for more. We sat in the booth with Nardwuar as he drilled the guy (who sat in a different sound booth) relentlessly about every questionable part of his video. Every now and then he would turn off his own mic so he could blurt amusing asides at us. Here was a guy who actually spent years on this product by traveling all over the world and getting into potentially life-threatening situations and Nardwuar's starting to make him weep. We were scared poopless for what he had in store for us. Much to our surprise, all Nardwuar had for us was an actual set of serious questions, like he was honestly interested in us, or at least in our affiliation with The Probe. We never let up on the goof during the interview. We played one of his band's songs, and even hung up a poster of his nemesis, Sebastian Bach, but he never *let us have it*. Eventually we told him how disappointed we were that he wasn't attacking us in his normal malicious fashion. In the end, we all had a lot of fun and Nardwuar even asked if he could be in the band. We were delighted. *Could he have actually liked us? Or, at least, not not-liked us that much?* The Bitches later told us that they had never heard Nardwuar be so nice to anybody on his show, *ever*. Before we left the station, he stocked us up with t-shirts, stickers, and buttons, and let us rummage through many boxes of promo stuff, from which we came up with quite a lot of CDs, records and tapes he said we had to review for the station's program guide once we got home. So, only one of our three preconceptions a-boat Canada held true, they do say "eh" a lot, *but* it wasn't very difficult for us to cross the border and Nardwuar *didn't* slay us. We could live with that.

We are now heading east through beautiful Canada. We've been going through the Rockies for a while now and it's awesome, but there is no time for beauty in this vehicle. Alan chooses to sit, nonchalant and nude, in the seat next to the big window and wave at passing cars, and Craig, also nude, rides shotgun pretending he has dropped something, "Let's see, where could it have gone? I know it's.....down here.....somewhere...let's see...if I can only.....reach...under.....here...can't quite reach....so.....maybe if I can.....just.....rest my butt....on the window frame.....Hey! That's feels good!"

8-10 The Bitches and us played a bar (at least they're 18+ here) last night and, as retribution, we put on some wigs and danced around for a song

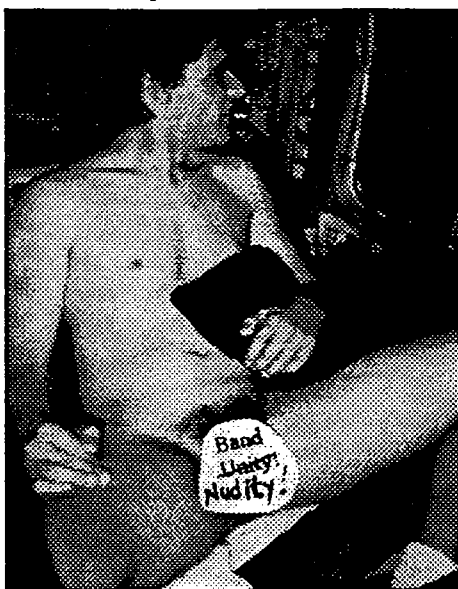


Muscle Bitches-style. After we played, a band that can best be described as the Kissfits (actually known as Forbidden Dimension) Rocked almost as hard as the Bitches. Afterwards we went to some dance clubs and Rocked Out like crazy. Mikey and Bradley have definitely got The Moves. Joe and Craig are almost completely voiceless and could really use a day off, but the dance floor called, and they had to answer. We spent the night in a vacant home where Benny Big Gulp's aunt was recently murdered. Bradley swore he kept hearing voices in the walls all night, but come morning we realized we were just in a duplex with noisy neighbors. Judging by the fact that hardly anybody in Canada knew who Rob Halford or Udo Dorkschneider were, we decided to plaster some influential figures on the sides of the van in an attempt to culture these Northerners. Those displayed were Sebastian Bach, Kramer from Seinfeld, some members of Warrant, and some cardboard cut-out cartoon characters. While following the Bitches out of town, Cal popped out of the trap door on the top of their van and slugged us with some serious wet napkinage. We both pulled over for gas, so we promptly swiped some donuts, eggs, and a whole lotta other ammo for some road wars, but they ran away! Those damn Canucks sped out of that gas station and never looked back! When we got to Edmonton their van was waiting outside, devoid of passengers. We managed to get into the aforementioned trap door and strategically placed some creme and jelly donuts amongst their bedding. We're now inside yet another big Rock venue, but this time it may very well be worth it. Tonight we get \$8 each for dinner, a \$50 bar tab, a hotel room, and, to top it all off, there's a dance club downstairs *with* pinball AND WE GET IN FREE!!! The soundguy/stage manager guy, Mike, is being a real nardbutt to us, but the Bitches assure us he is a good guy. We are getting ready to eat our free dinner and spend our last night with the Muscle Bitches (*sob sob*). Why are there so many freakin' waterslides here? We can't travel more than two hours with passing a waterpark. They're even in hotel lobbies and malls!

8-11 After our free dinner we all headed back to the hotel for a little R&R (Restlessness & Rambunctiousness). Jumping on the bed just never seems to get old, and it's amazing, what acrobatic stunts can be performed while leaping from one queen-size bed to another. We also played a little Hallway Hockey with some ashtrays and remote controls. Then we went back to the club and played our little hearts out. We are no match for the Muscle Bitches when it comes to Rocking, but we did our darndest. Bradley pulled out both his high-hat and yo-yo solos, Mikey accidentally knocked over all his equipment while Rocking and got a grape-sized knot on his forehead, Craig knocked a tuning key loose after plummeting to the floor from the stage in a treacherous display of unbridled Headbanging, and Joe was so mean and scary that certain members of the audience fondled him and asked for kisses(?). With no voices and having just had our first real meal since we'd been in Canada, we gave all we could. The Muscle

Bitches still left us in the dust. They Rocked the haus like so much volleyball.

Regardless of the fact that we are collectively so square that none of us even drink caffeine, Alan, Craig, and Mikey still felt it a waste not to cash in on the bar tab. Skipping the many fine beers, they went straight for the Goldschlager. After the Bitches played, the three zeroed out the bar tab and the aforementioned nardbutt sound guy, Mike, bought them more because we think he liked us, or, like Nardwuar, didn't *not* like us. Craig ended up talking to Mike for a while but he only vaguely remembers three elements of their conversation: 1) a short discussion on Canadian vs. US politics which fizzled when Craig's declining sobriety limited his arguments to "...uh..." and "...berp...excuse me..." 2) Mike possibly saying something a-boat coming back tonight to play an all-ages show, and 3) that Mike liked to be called Sparky DeVille; all or none of which may be true. Craig *does* remember that Mike was not at all the nardbutt we had previously pegged him for, but



was, in fact, no less a geek than the rest of us. After packing up all our gear back into the van we headed south of heaven (downstairs) for a little *BOOG-AY!* Mikey lay motionless on his face in the middle of the dance floor for a while, Joe and Alan frottaged the wall, Craig Headbanged furiously so that his dreads slapped anyone within three feet of him, and Bradley did the Honkey Strut. We then headed back to our hotel rooms (man, that sounds *so* weird) for some post-show, last-chance-to-soirée fun with the Bitches. Among the evening's highlights were: Alan passing out in the corner only to be resurrected by the wrestling trio of Mikey, Gunthur and Joe (a combined weight of over 500 pounds—sorry, don't know the metric equivalent) landing square on top of him, lots of running around the

streets naked, Rocko Rockardo riding a BMX bike full-speed into a brick wall, some serious Red-Rover, Red-Rover, Muscle Mikee and Craig competing for Who's Hole's Hairier, Alan vomiting in the bed he shared with Mikey, taking cabs with no particular destination, fighting with sandbags and street signs, and a whole lotta other fun stuff nobody seems to remember all that well. One thing's for sure, though, Bradley hates us all for not letting him sleep (*C'mon, it's no fun just jumping on one bed!?*). Maybe this should be called the Drunkmailer.

This morning we saw the Muscle Bitches off and there is no doubt they were glad to be leaving us behind, especially after last night. Separating was sad but we still have our memories (except for Alan and Mikey, who are very hungover, and Craig, who is still quite drunk). As a token of their gratitude (for not following them around any more?) the Bitches slapped a poster of Donovan Bailey, the only Canadian gold medal winner in the 1996 Olympics, to the back of our van. That probably seems like an arrogant thing for them to do, but remember, we are traveling through this country illegally, with smuggled merchandise, in a van with no license plates, so a poster of the nation's hero can only help us in our fight to win over our northern neighbors, cops especially.

So far today we've eaten breakfast and harassed people. We



A drunken Mikey tries to get *some* from a man named Gunthar.

pulled our pants down and Rocked Out in the middle of the main street with our guitars, then Craig chased people around in the clown suit assaulting them with a guitar. We showed up at the same club and had some more interesting conversations with Mike (who gets cooler by the hour) and it looks like if we stay here till after the last band we can jump on the bill tonight. In the meantime we can *DANCE!* Craig brought the clown suit back out and tore it up (meaning he danced, not that he actually tore the clown suit up).

8-12 Alan's been having wet dreams and now no one wants to sleep next to him.

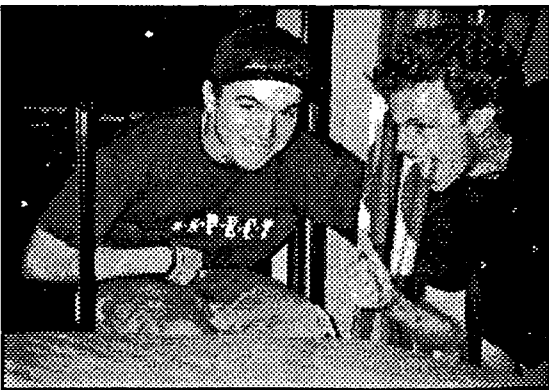
most of our merchandise. A band named Moral Panic ruled. Craig totally lost his voice which sucked because he couldn't comment on all the crazy road signs this country has, like: no flying six feet above your bicycle, no winking, Saskatchewan is a buffalo's ass, no windsurfing to the left, golfing in Canada is a cross between American golf and Australian cricket, etc. The signs had no words but their meanings were pretty obvious, if just a little whacked. A cop just drove past us laughing at of our license plates.

8-13 Last night was straight-up cool. It was a small town called Lumsden and all it seemed to consist of was a couple gas stations, a lot of signs claiming "Duck Pride" and a buttload of ice cream shops. There was even a muscle car rally across the street. All the kids seemed to have an awesome time and they bought us out of

8-14 We played horribly in a basement in Regina (pronounced like vagina, but with an "R." Oddly enough, Canadians don't seem to find any humor in that). Craig's guitar broke and he had no voice whatsoever and he kept hitting his head on the ceiling. We played a few Weird Al songs and one guy knew 'em all so it wasn't a total loss. We met some guy who owned a marital aid distribution center (porn store) and he asked all a-boat us. He was really excited to come see us but he never ended up showing.



8-15 Winnipeg. There are some cool-ass people here. There are some awesome vegan restaurants here. There's some really bitchin' bands here. There are some water-slides here. There are lots of stores catering to Joe's persistent search for specific Star Wars toys here. We played at the I-Spy house with a band whose parents took them on tour in their mini van. Sure, they probably never had to worry a-boat food or shelter or gas money, but how likely is it that they were able to get naked in the van, or harass other drivers on the road, or have donut fights with other vacationers? Speaking of donuts, Bradley and Craig saw Robert DeNiro in a donut shop this morning. There was a message on the answering machine from the other band that was supposed to play last night. It went something like, "We, uh, aren't gonna be able to make it tonight, well, we're in handcuffs at the border, so, uh, sorry..." A good part of today has been spent listening to a vast array of Metal, everything from Sodom to Venom to Priest to WASP to Exodus and so on. Your-dink-barfed-on-the-wall Todd was an interesting fella who went into great detail about an amp he tried out earlier this morning by chunking on air guitar with his right hand, raising his left fist in the air satan-style, Headbanging, and going "DUNT DUNT DUNT DUNT DUNT DUNT..." for a good five minutes. John from Propagandhi took Craig out for a walk and told him how he just quit the band. Craig was devastated. To console himself he pulled his pants down and stage dove at the GOB show we thought we were supposed to play. The zipper on his infamous pink shorts broke, but he felt a little better. John's new band, DUD, is Rockin' anyway. Because we didn't end up playing the show, DUD and friends got us on their show later tonight. Choke, whose equipment we borrowed in Edmonton, and who showed up at the Layaway Plan Basement we played in Regina, also showed up tonight so they may play too. Even better because Mikey thrashed one of our amps and needs to borrow one.



Abusing our hotel privileges.

8-16 The owner of the club last night wasn't all that excited to have us play, but after we finished he offered us lots of free drinks and a room upstairs in his hotel. Then we heard about nazis living up there and how they like to burn mattresses in the doorways of bands they didn't like. Noting the good probability that nazis wouldn't like us (nobody else seems to, so why would nazis?), we accepted Jord's invitation to stay at his house, equipped with a large screen TV and CD-ROM video game system. There was a pack of married women who kept coming on to us after we played. They would buy us beers then say, "Oh, don't worry, we're not coming on to you," then put their arms around us and try to sit in our laps. We were all quite stunned and embarrassed and no one really knew how to handle the situation, so we just, kinda, hid behind people whenever they would come towards us. Before leaving Jord's house this morning we gave him all the incriminating acquisitions we could do without because we were but a short stretch of

freeway from crossing back into the States...

...Well now, that was a chore. Some huffy-puffy putz of a border guard detained us for over an hour as he and his fellow defenders-of-our-borders rummaged through our van and found many, *many* undeclared items. We were searched in some very unusual places before finally getting released with a stern warning. We just stopped at the first truck stop we came across because, while we were in Canada, our calling cards were unable to connect with the States, so we have a lot of calling, confirming, and most likely, rescheduling to do. This truck stop is amazing! It has a diner, a Subway, a gas station, an auto-shop, a rest area, a gift store, a TV area with cable, a convenience store, and an arcade, where we found what we titled Ms. Pinball Machine of the Year 1996, Attack From Mars. Trust us, it is by far, one of the best machines out there right now. We've been waiting for the waitress for a while now so to pass the time we've been hav-



Craigums (in the clown suit) attacks unsuspecting Canadians with Rock-hard abandon.

ing ketchup relays around the restaurant. These college girls keep throwing us what appear to be interested looks from across the dining room. We figure our 20 meter ketchup trials and general obnoxious behavior will scare them off. It usually does.

Craig started calling on a phone by the front door but all the commotion of truckers and families coming in and out made it difficult for him to hear, so he moved over to the next set of phones. Somewhere between the two he lost the card with the directions on how to listen to your messages while away from home. He tried anyway.

"Please enter your access code."

OK

"You have eighteen messages. Please make your selection by pressing the number of the command you wish to activate."

Alright, now was 5 playback, or was it 3? I'll try 5.

"Messages deleted."

DAMMIT!

The messages he *was* able to retrieve were little more than a string of cancellations. We still have 5 of our 10 remaining shows, the first of which isn't until tomorrow. Tonight we stay with some of Alan's friends in Minnesota.

8-17 As we were leaving the truck stop the co-eds came out to talk to us. We told them we were a glam band and they asked for autographs. We assured them there was no need for that but spent almost 20 minutes trying to pawn off some records and CDs on them. They weren't the consumers we had hoped but they seemed happy to take off with some stickers and other junk we weren't asking small change for. They were actually nice to us and never once acted threatened or offended. We realized it was probably because we were still in our "border clothes" and we had all done the clean-up routine (shower, shave, hide the hair, clean the van...) earlier that day. It was still uplifting. As the sun set on the

Minnesota sky (name a song with those words in it and we'll consider sending you something better than boogers) we got giddier than we'd been this whole trip. We started singing do-op songs made entirely of curse words, each of us adding a separate melody on top. It was so inspirational that we started Headbanging, and that's when the headlights started flashing on and off. It was sorta eerie, being on a two lane road, in the pitch-black, between two cornfields, in a van with no headlights. Joe was trying to convince us it was aliens sending him messages about overthrowing the Illuminati, but the rest of us knew it was just an inevitable van problem. To alleviate the Steven King-ish spook-factor we got naked in the van and returned to our doo-doo laden do-op. There is no doubt that we must have driven mad anyone in front of us, with our headlights-on/headlights-off foolishness, but eventually the dark and windy road proved too hazardous and we had to pull over. The whole rest of the way there we ended up driving for half an hour and pulling over for ten minutes, driving for half an hour and pulling over for ten minutes. When we finally arrived we were greeted with jugs of Hee Haw, gigantic peanut-butter chocolate-chip cookies, homemade soda, and cool Alan-type friends (if you knew Alan, you'd understand).

We left early this morning, ditching the hash-brown-eating contest we were expected to participate in. Woolly Mammoth ate over 10 lbs when they were here and the gauntlet was handed to us, but we had a show to get to.

Whenever there is any tension growing in the van, Alan asks if anyone wants to hear his impression of a Siamese cat. Knowing what he's getting at, everyone finally agrees on something, "Yes, we wanna hear your impression of a Siamese cat." Unfortunately, there is no way to recreate the ear-splitting shriek that Alan is able to produce for sometimes up to 20 seconds, but we almost always explode with laughter and eventually calm down. Alan and Mikey stockpiled mass fireworks from one of those huge firework-emporiums, and they both claim it's for their girlfriends. On our way to Olathe, Kansas...

8-18 The place we played last night was ENORMOUS! Too bad there were only two people watching us. After the opening bands played, they and all their friends took off, and even the promoter only stayed for a few songs. The two kids that stuck around appeared to be generally ecstatic about us playing and one of 'em even came up and sang the theme to Saved By The Bell. It was the owner, though, that made our night. He called us "organized chaos" and every third thought was something about what great showmen we were, so naturally we had every reason to believe he was insane, or didn't get out much, or something. Turns out he's been running clubs for decades and this particular club was what he'd been saving up for the whole time. Like we said, it was enormous, but it was also all-ages, with pinball and video games and pool, live music, dances (a rave was just beginning when we left), and he was even working on a room for all the traveling bands to use,

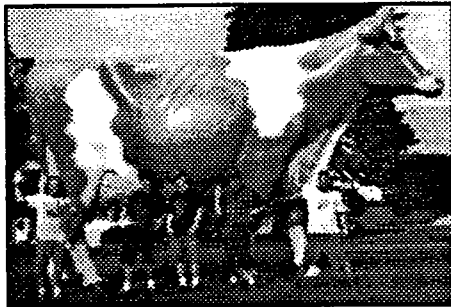


How we saw much of Canada.

with bunks and a shower and all that. His only motto for the place was "Be Nice Or Leave..." Assuming he wasn't a child molester, every city needs someone like him. Our guess is that the city shuts him down by the year's end; all good things die young.

We left right after the show, passing up another chance to cut the rug, because Craig wanted to hang out with some of *his* friends in Wisconsin. The headlight dilemma caused us to pull over till day-break so we should get there sometime early this afternoon.

...We finally made it and the place is pretty big, but both Los Crudos and AVAIL are playing so it's expected to fill up. Four of our friends showed up from San Francisco, and with a trunk full of fireworks. It was Bill, Avel, Mitch and Dave so we were not surprised. We found a *HUGE* model of a cow across the street. It must have been 15 feet high! Oh, we hope those pictures turn out...



8-19 After the show we went to dug's for some yum-yum cooking, and Dan Buried and Craig discussed the many historical aspects of the many classifications of Metal (brought on by dug's impressively extensive collection of All Things Ronnie James Dio). The rest of the guys lamented the absence of a VCR (dug has an equally extensive collection of grotesquely obscene, illegal, sexually-explicit videos). This morning we went to the world-famous FUEL Cafe where Karoline (with a "K") also done us up right with lotsa food and warm Karoline & Co hospitality. The band high point, though, was when the van's headlights got fixed. The band low point was having to leave. We only have one scheduled show between now and the 23rd, leaving us four days to travel 2000 miles.

8-20 We just played in the basement of a coffee-house/antique-retailer/patio-furniture shop called Fun Lovin' to a group of people who couldn't look less interested if Charlie Watts gave them lessons how. The door price was only a dollar and people still milled around outside. Of the 12 or so watching, only 7 even faced our direction and one guy actually wanted his money back. There were two guys in back who laughed while we played and even clapped after each song. We began to cater to them and by some stroke of luck we could play every request they hurled out, no matter how obscure. Oooo, we must have looked talented. Afterwards, a newly relocated Floridian teen named Deanna escorted us around the hot spot of Appleton, a Dairy Queen-type place. She worked there, hated all her fellow employees, and knew they were seconds away from closing. All the utensils they needed for our orders were already cleaned so they grunted and groaned the whole time, making Deanna delighted, we're sure. On the way back to Fun Lovin' we were pulled over for the first time this trip.

"Do you know why I'm stopping you, son?"

"Because we have no license plates?" Joe replied. The copper shook his head No. "Because our headlights weren't working?" Uh uh. "Because we have obscene posters posted to the side of the van?" Nope. "I don't know then, why?"

"You fellas were heading north on a one-way street going south."

"Ahhhhh..." he said, relieved it was nothing that needed fixing.

We explained that we were only following the directions of the local, then sitting shotgun, and that she had just moved here herself. Then Joe mentioned we were a band from California and the officer knew who we were. He gave us a warning citation as a "souvenir" and wished us luck on the rest of our trip. We all slept in the basement, but not before doing a little dancing. The owners' kids taught us all a few choice moves, including the Macaroni (Maybellina, Maharena, whatever that dance is called). After that it was a little pro-wrestling with Mikey, The Bruise. The two kids, 9 and 12, had quite a power job going on The Bruise, but Mikey held his ground and eventually toppled the young'uns with brutal force. Once again, The Bruise attains victory.

We woke up this morning to a parking ticket, setting us back a breath-taking \$3. We headed into the fancy hotel across the street to use their wall of pay-phones. Joe started talking to what may as well have been his long lost twin because he started hootin' and hollerin' and cussin' up a storm, so much so that the hotel manager came over and rudely evicted all of us. Craig and Mikey asked why *they* had to leave and the guy replied this area was for business only. Mikey informed the sac-head that his business here was done anyway, referring to the stink bomb log cabin he just left in their jón. Deanna had breakfast with us before we took off to try and sneak into some waterslides.

...We never made it into the water park and instead headed west, the direction of change. We have been cruising for over 12 hours without so much as some water, and the last few hours haven't

The Bruise is up against the turnbuckle...



even yielded a gas station. When we closed in on the smallish town we're in now we reckoned we'd better take advantage of what may be the only place again for hours. Our choices were Burger King, Hardees, or some candy bars from the gas station. We chose Hardees. While we were in there a gargantuan hillbilly resembling "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan saw that Craig was fishing for a dime, so he gave him one. "Don't say I ain't never give you nut'in'!" Craig told him not to worry, that he would write it down in his diary and publish it so that lots and lots of people would know about it. The ogre in overalls

smiled, as if to say "yeah, right," and sat down. In another Bocking-Like-A-Chicken-Is-Bad-For-Your-Health incident (see Vol. III, No. I, June-24, 1995, Spokanarchy), we were on our way through Madison when the urge struck Craig. He began harmlessly bocking at random people on the sidewalk. A guy in a puny little Honda cut in front of our behemoth Ford and came to a complete stop. Now, had we been in Mr Color TV that little crapturkey would have been road pizza, but, alas, we have brakes this year and all that happened was Mikey got thrown clear into the front of the van. As fate would have it, we ended up directly parallel to him at the next stoplight. Joe gave him a little piece of his mind, looking deranged as ever with a big, twitching smile, and his eyes pointing in different directions. The guy told us we were "annoying." Now, we'll be the *last* people to tell you we're not annoying, but to come so close to causing an accident because of it? Because of bocking like a chicken???

8-21 Craig is seriously regretting that decision to go to Hardees. What were once innocent little farts have turned into some uncomfortable diarrhea, cha cha cha. We keep passing No Passing signs. Alan and Craig came to the conclusion that riding in the van was most entertaining when they weren't wearing any clothes. Everyone else disagreed but stripped down *almost* naked anyway. Then we ran out of gas in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the night. It took \$50 and an exciting three hours to remedy the situation.

8-22 Craig's condition is getting worse. Every hour or so we have to pull over and wait for half an hour while he does his thing (Bradley has come up with a few graphic works of poetry explaining what he thinks Craig's doing). Craig just keeps remarking how grateful he is that he hasn't fully pooped his pants. We tried to hop on the AVAIL show in Denver last night, but, er, to no avail. We were able to talk to Richard The Roadie for quite a long time, though. We sat around him, Indian-style, as he spilled for us his plentiful aggregation of tour stories.

About 6am this morning, as the van was nearing Salt Lake Shitty, Craig pulled over to get gas and do his now-ritual cha cha cha-ing. Every one else was asleep. He unscrewed the gas cap and pulled off the pump, but when he went to lift the activation lever, it stuck. His hand jerked upward and caught on a bent piece of metal, slicing his thumb open mercilessly. Blood started dripping everywhere and the knuckle of his thumb looked like a fish gill, opening whenever he would bend his thumb. He threw down the pump and began to swear loudly. Everyone inside the van started to stir at all the hub-bub and Craig opened up the back of the van to get some band-aids. He wasn't answering anybody's inquiries about what happened so they started formulating their own theories, the most popular being that he finally pooped his pants, and that he was rummaging through the back of the van looking for some clean clothes. Craig stormed in to the restroom, trailing blood the whole way, and let his thumb sit under cold water for about 5 minutes. Then he went into the stall for another 15. The band-aids were little help, the blood kept coming. He went back out to the van, saw the pump lying on the ground, and promptly beat the fuck out of the stupid gas pump. When he finished he abruptly replaced the gas cap and drove hastily to another gas station where he could actually fill up (and use the restroom again).

We're, again, trying to get on the AVAIL, AFI show tonight. Last we heard, some guys had been trying for near a month to get us on the show, so maybe this time things'll work out. Oh, they'll be *so happy* to see us. It took the Muscle Bitches a week to get obviously annoyed with us, but it only took AVAIL two days!

One time YM member, Jared Webb (who's marrying a lady who has a kid named Charlotte, no fibbing), works at a business center inside the Red Lion Inn in Salt Lake. After getting the address for the hotel from a phone book, Craig politely asked five different people how to get there. All five people refused to answer him, but instead asked him to leave their establishment. The first person he got to respond started giving directions, but was interrupted by someone who also wanted to help. The two then started arguing over who had dibs on helping Craig. A few minutes passed and Craig just left without them ever even realizing. As Craig was relating the story to everyone else back at the van, a passerby overheard him and told them the Red Lion was right around the corner. We looked up, and there it was. We decided to just show up at Jared's work unannounced. *Come on, who wouldn't be happy to see five scumbags waltz through a fancy hotel to come bug them at work?* Well, howabout Alison, the person who was scheduled to work until Jared showed up? We bugged her for quite some time while we waited for Jared to arrive. We grew impatient and took off to The Heavy Metal Shop where in-store regulars, Slayer, were supposed to make a guest appearance. They never made it so we followed Joe around as he continued searching for his lost Star Wars toys. When we got back to the hotel Jared had finally shown up. We got all huggy-huggy then he let us fax everyone we knew, make tons of copies and countless long distance phone calls. He even let us play Minesweeper on his computer! Just when we thought we could take no more, he handed us some keys to the recreation area. Pool, spa, nautilus, sauna, the works. While in the spa, we met a charismatic actress named Large Marge. Large, indeed, and in her late 40's, she was quick to rattle off a slew of commercials, movies, and rock videos she'd appeared in. She was in the hotel for some Zen-ish oils and herbs convention. She swore up and down her oils worked magic so Craig decided to put them to the test.

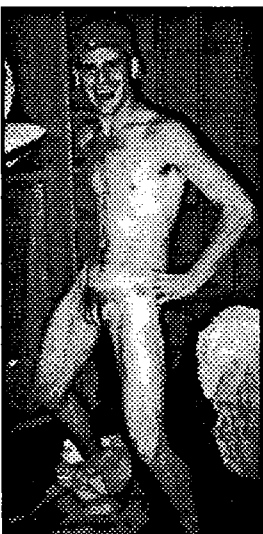
"I've got really bad diarrhea and I sliced my thumb wide open this morning. Help me."

She told him to shower up and come back out for some holistic healing.

He emerged from the showers and wandered over to where everyone was. She was spread out on a pool chair like Julius Caesar, talking to the other boys about some of her more interesting auditions, and, at some points, frightening them by performing some of her scare-tactics normally reserved for casting directors. She called for Craig to stand



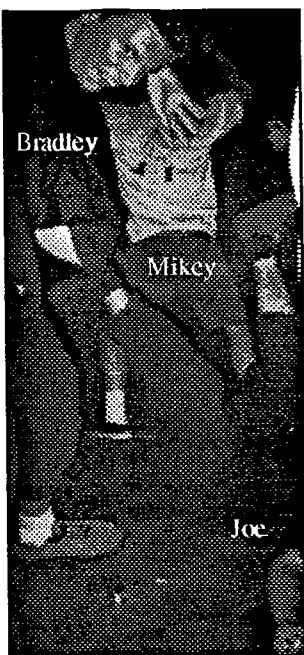
Karoline, her tacky new tattoo, and the Cow Destroyer (our van).



We are honestly at a loss for words on this one, but we promised nudity, so enjoy...

The Bruise dreams of a future in professional wrestling.



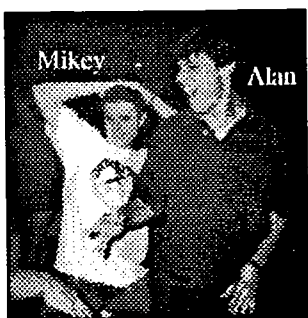


before her, topless. She looked him over, assessing where to begin. Finally ordering him to sit down, she began to thoroughly rub his feet. After a few minutes of that he was told to stand up again. She pulled out some stuff called Lavender and told him to pull his pants down a bit further, asking demurely if he needed any help. He was standing directly in front of her as she sat, his waist level with her head. Giggles were heard. Next was some potion for his thumb. When she finished he was instructed to put on another band-aid. He said he had one in his pocket and she asked if he wanted her to get it for him. Laughter. We put our clothes on and raced to tell the first person we saw what just happened.

8-23 After it was obvious we weren't going to get on the show last night (even after Joe found out one of the guys putting it on was his best friend throughout most of his adolescence) we said good-bye to the AVAILS and Lumberjack (the distro that's touring with them). We told them we were on our way to play a *real* show, one where we'd be *wanted*, one where people *cared* about us, one in *BOISE!* They started making bets that we wouldn't actually play but, rather, show up at *their* next show and try to weasel our way onto *their* bill. We defended Boise and their reliability, and left to stay at Jared's house to rest up for—*dun-DAH!*—Boise. While Mikey was in the bathroom, Craig took his most prized possession, an Ultimate Warrior action figure he'd gotten in Canada, and posed for a picture with it perched in Craig's ding-a-ling. His plan: to blow the picture up and send it to Mikey as a poster with a little note saying, "Here's for the produce hose incident..." We escorted Jared back to work this morning and Craig swigged some Immodium A-D. We are now headed toward the potato-pride promised land. We just stopped at a one-horse diner and one of the waitresses saw our van ornaments and asked, "So y'all Skeed Rah-oh groupies ar somethin'?" *Someday, lady. Someday...*

**Your Mother:
Dancin' Fools.**

8-24 Mikey got some free tickets to the Slayer show tonight in San Francisco and all he has to do is drive folk-hero Harold of the Rocks there. Otherwise we'd stay in Boise forever! It was awesome, as predicted. Before we played we hung out outside and listened to these two guys argue about who's mom was hotter.



One went so far as to say he would boink his mom if his step dad didn't kill him afterward. We played at Bug's for like an hour. Hellbender, unfortunately, never showed up, but Malnutrition proceeded to Rock. While we were playing, we hardly had to sing at all because enough other people knew the words and took over the mics.

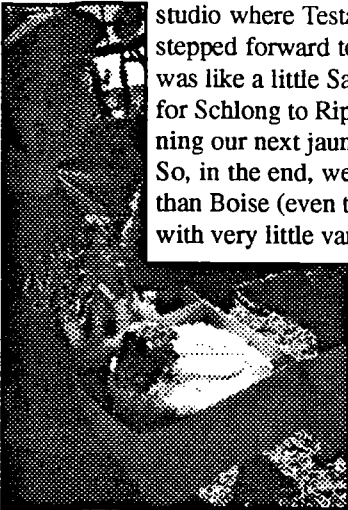
A biker named Randy showed up and wheeled his bike inside. He reclined on it the whole time, sporting his leather vest, bandanna, beard, and Budweiser. He even let us borrow his Machine for a Judas Priest tribute. It was so hot that every one of us lost consciousness for at least a second or two at least once during the show. So playing was rad and everything, but hanging out after the show is what makes Boise so cool. It was well over an hour after the show ended that people even considered dissipating. We brought out our silk-screen and screened people's backpacks, binders, every article of clothing you can think of, and lots of other stuff, then basically just hung out with everyone. We went to someone's house and played pinball, posed for our gratuitous Homo-Erotic In Boise pictures, went swimming, exchanged penis tricks, danced, and made friends. Two girls took Joe and Bradley to get some free milk shakes the size of Big Gulps, and on the way the girl driving pulled over to pick up some random guy to have sex with (according to the other passenger, who said she does it all the time). Boise was nothing terribly exciting, just very comfortable and su-puh fun. *Yo! Lemme give a shout-out to our homies in Boise! He-eh! Ho-oh!*

8-25 Sad as it is, today marks the end of our trip. We drove from

Boise back to the Bay Area to see girlfriends, shower, and poop in a familiar toilet before meeting up today for our last show. On our way home, we stopped in Reno for some cheap food and pinball hunting and found the bad mutha herself, Attack From Mars. Today, we are among our own, at Geekfest #2. All our friends showed up to welcome us home (thanks folks!) and Alex even brought us one of his gourmet cakes with a big wiener on it (it was a banana and



two cake balls covered in frosting). The bands played on the shore, about 50 feet from the edge of the water. Before we played, a Weird Al-Worship Congregation underwent their rituals and some faithfuls came up to share a few words about AL. It couldn't have been a more perfect segue to us. We opened with a string of AL covers and sped through the rest of the set with geek-fueled abandon. Everyone paying attention looked like they were having a great time (confused the heck out of us!) and there were quite a few people taking pictures for some reason. Aaron Probe said he could tell we had been on tour because we were so obviously tuned in to each other. He was mostly amazed that we played about 25 of the 30 minutes we were up there, rather than playing 15 minutes and arguing for the other 15 about what we're gonna play next, like we normally do. We informed him that in a week's time we'd be as crappy as ever, so not to worry. Another combo that played was Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggets. Some of their songs had us literally crying with laughter (one, in particular, was about a fish who had tourettes and the singer exploded into a cussing bonanza, forcing Bradley to double-over and start weeping), but a couple of their other songs were a little questionable, bordering objectionable, even to us. They came over to us afterwards and we all discussed the possibility of our being kindred spirits. At some point during the day an angst competition arose, the first prize being some free recording time at the



studio where Testament is recording some new album. After a few contestants gave mediocre displays of angst, Craig stepped forward to scream, holler, shout and howl his fable of the Big, Bad Gas Pump From Utah. Some remarked he was like a little Sam Kinison, only angrier. Others thought he was disgusting. At any rate, he won. We're now waiting for Schlong to Rip It Up (they go far beyond "Rock") so that we may then retreat back to our measly lives and start planning our next jaunt.

So, in the end, we *did* make it to Canada and saw the Muscle Bitches play a buncha times. we *did* make it farther east than Boise (even though Boise still Rocked harder than anywhere else), we *did* stay on the road for well over two weeks with very little van, personal or monetary problems (except for the days we went without eating after shopping at David Hayes' house), and we even played some shows along the way. Joe would have spent over a grand on his precious toys had certain places taken out-of-state checks, but he still shelled out some serious dough. Craig still went home with his tummy trouble. Mikey never got a hold of Harold, and thus, never made it in to see Slayer. Alan was exhilarated to get home to his wittle wovey-dovey dumping. And Bradley was already planning when we could make it back to Boise. The important part is that tonight we're going to the Weird Al concert. Thanks to everyone who helped us, may all your home appliances last a really long time.

xoxo
your mother

i Muchas gracias a Derick, Charles, Eric y Isaac por todos su ayuda con el computador !

Here's our obligatory Factory Outlet Section (all prices are ppd, outside U.S. add \$1(U.S.) per item, please avoid sending checks, but if you absolutely must, make 'em payable to Brad Roberts, money orders are OK and you can make those out to Brad, too) (for every 3 things you buy take a dollar off the total):

CDs \$8

Your Mother "One Big Inside Joke" 49 songs, 74 minutes, money-back guarantee.

Ringwurm "Domesticate It..." Joe and Mikey's *other* band. It's frightening. It Rocks.

Deities "Icon" Bradley's death metal band. Not *quite* as scary as Ringwurm, but with a lot more double-bass drums.

"How Lovely Nowhere Is..." 20-band comp w/Betty's Love Child, Ringwurm, Woolly Mammoth, YM, and many more... Joe is in six of these bands, that slut.

HICKEY "CD" It's the same as "LP", only on CD. No extra bonus tracks 'cause dey ain't down wit dat shit.

Betty's Love Child "Angelfish" At the risk of sounding cheesy, they are power pop, but they're *good*, and their guitar player can do sweeping arpeggios.

Muscle Bitches "Demon Boy Takes A Bride" Man, this just Rocks. No comparisons available.

LP's \$7

HICKEY While some are buying that AK Press thing to support anarchy, others are stealing this and living it.

7in's \$3

This Ain't No Fucking Melodic Punk comp w/Ringwurm, HICKEY, Men's Club, Loudmouths, Turbonegro, Whopper Breath.

...Another Fucking Probe Comp w/Fuckface, Charles Bronson, YM (new song!), Plaight, Yougurt (Matty and Aesop from HICKEY).

Lemming/Apeface split. Lemming is another one of Joe's scary bands. Apeface would probably love to beat us up 'cause we're wussies and they're not.

Ringwurm/Aborted split. The Aborted are from Concord, 'nuff said.

All You Can Eat "Ballinger, TX" Craigums *other* band.

All You Can Eat "Appetite, Sweet Appetite" Craigums *other* band parodies Guns'n'Roses, Black Flag, and RUN-DMC.

Other Stuff

Probe Magazine #5 w/New Bomb Turks, YM, Jim Goad, lotsa nudity and a buncha other junk. 100 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 *da bomb!* \$5

Fuckboyz Tribute Comp double 7in. HICKEY's old band gets paid homage by Krupted Peasant Farmerz, Red #9, All You Can Eat, Woolly Mammoth, 40% Saline Solution, The Dread, and YM. \$5

YM shirts whatever we have, new stuff all the time. \$7

YM stickers or past Junkmailers send us a stamp

Coming Soon

4-Way Split CD w/Muscle Bitches, Schlong, One Eye Open, and YM.

Death To False Metal! comp of bands doing 80's metal covers w/Schlong, Fuckface, Muscle Bitches, Propagandhi, HICKEY, Betty's Love Child, Randy, Loudmouths, One Eye Open, YM, and tons more...

If you're not already on our JunkmailList (like maybe you picked this up at a show) and want future Junkmailers sent to your address, send as many stamps as you want newsletters (i.e. send 2 stamps, get the next 2 Junkmailers. Get it?). (Punk Roge is a swell fella.)

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TO: