



YOUR MOTHER

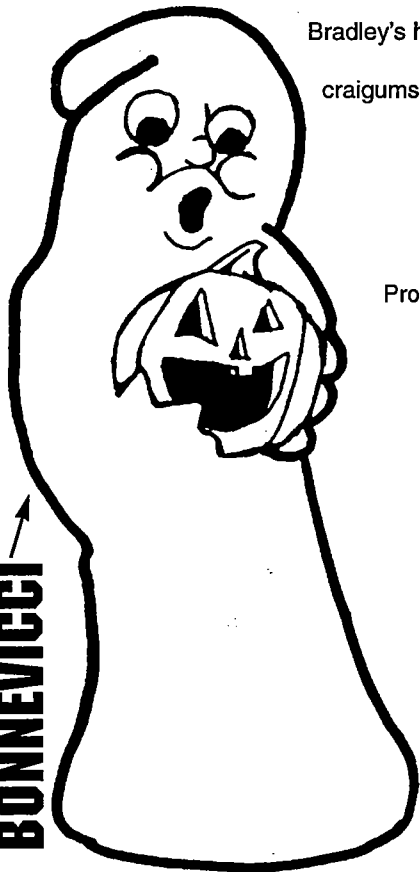
super stupid promo sheet!

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Dee Snider once said, "I am - I'm me." It is a concept that many of us would brush off as trivial or meaningless in our hectic space age, instant coffee, cyber world. But perhaps we've all missed Snider's point. He wasn't simply stating that he was Dee Snider, lead vocalist of the greatest heavy metal act in a decade strewn with so many worthy candidates. And he wasn't simply stating he was - i.e. a living breathing human being with as much (if not far more) to offer as any other of God's creatures. If you read it carefully, you will find what he was suggesting was both of these concepts - **at the same time**. Yes, he was alive and being and creating and achieving ("I am") - but hold the phone - he was also Dee Snider, the inimitable hard rocking frontman of Twisted Sister ("I'm Me"). Although this notion of coexistent duality is difficult to grasp for most, fortunately there are some in this increasingly predictable rock and roll world who not only comprehend the multi-dimensional concepts presented in Snider's work, but take them further - pushing boundaries in an industry which so often says, "Hey! That's out of bounds, mister."

YOUR MOTHER is such a band. To them, rock music is not simply something that you create with a guitar, bass, drumkit, and PA system. It's about drawing genitals on sleeping colleagues foreheads, it's about screaming "free wheel burning" at inappropriate social occasions, it's about taking your pants off, it's about taking other people's pants off, it's about drawing the Iron Maiden logo properly without a ruler, it's about collecting "Weird Al" Yankovic picture discs and it's about knowing that it's about other stuff as well.

A YM show is a place for thinkers. It's a place where you find answers to questions, but you find more questions as well. It's where you can dance, cry, love, live, and breakdance. And if you can't stand the heat, buddy - well maybe it's time you got tickets to the next Spice Girls show coz you're not welcome around here no more. You will be tested by the music. You will be confronted by the lyrics. You will be aroused by the band members. Your Mother has the keys to the city and the boys just wanna rock tonight, so get out of their way coz they're here to stay, and there's a new sensation all over the nation, sweet baby, oh sweet baby, yeah.

What Master Trotsky (frontman for the wily enigmatic and eternally foolish Australian band, Nancy Vandal) forgot to mention in his blustery narrative, was our history. I believe we can include that now, and we'll do it in a way that will be consistent with Fox's image of our clothes-abandoning, naked existence: we will bore the pants off you...

YM hit the punk Rock scene in 1990. That is a total lie. YM actually just started annoying neighbors in 1990. It wasn't until 1991 that we actually started hitting punk Rock scenes and, more often than not, getting hit back. Learning early on that musical originality was available only to those who

Fox Trotsky, Oct. 1997.

continued on back, fool!

practiced (which, to this day, is still not part of our band agenda), we instead relied on sheer goof. This was not hard as Alan the Genius and I, Craig McMuffin, were (and still are) called "nerds" "geeks" and "stupid idiots" on such a regular basis that our only choice was to accept the fact and use it to our advantage. Together with drummer Shawn Bradley and guitarist Jared Webb, we spent the next few years alienating potential fans and accruing a great many noise violations, three of which strictly forbade us from playing together within county limits.

Shawn's huge muscles, foul temper, and bad mullet hairstyle gave us reason enough to throw him to the curb. Only problem was, we feared him like cold death. So, we suffered numerous physical and oral beatings until one day he literally disappeared off the face of the earth. Nine months went by before he was ever spotted again, but in that time a very young Bradley Roberts, who played drums for another local band, DEITIES, offered up his talents. In two "try-outs" he learned over 40 songs and is now simply named "(the) Drummer." Within weeks, YM was playing out regularly again.

In 1993, Jared realized that even by moving to Utah he could obtain a better life than he had with our piddley band, so he ran our friend Mikey Mark through an unyielding training session to replace him. Also about this time I joined a band called ALL YOU CAN EAT and began a rigorous touring schedule that, to date, has landed me on all but two continents. By the time I got back from my first AYCE tour Mikey was an operable member of the band, and the four of us delved into a steady program of playing shows where we were irrelevant and unwanted. Hailing from a region where funk-Rock and speed metal bands (or some hybrid of the two) blared from more garages than not, our incredibly juvenile goof-Rock was (and still is) an unwelcome element. But that never stopped us from playing shows for kids who we last remembered as the ones who stuck our heads under the table-saw back in 7th grade woodshop class.

Our first big tour was in spring of 1995. Joe, singer for RINGWURM and owner of 1978 Econoline three-on-the-tree van, came along. His van died the day before the tour and we

acquired the now-legendary Mr Color TV limited-purpose vehicle. Together, we all scooted around the country much to the misfortune of the Ozone. Joe started hanging out on-stage with us and he would sing the parts of songs that he knew and jump around and taunt people the rest of the time. This was not only acceptable behavior, but encouraged. He was dubbed "Joe, the New Guy" and has been with us ever since. He still only knows about 5% of our lyrics.

Now, over two years later, while the dirt-heads from the woodshop class are picking engine grime from under their finger nails and throwing their empty Budweiser cans at their twelve children, we are perpetuating our silly schtick. The line-up still stands as Joe the New Guy, Alan the Genius, (the) Drummer, Mikey Mark (who is now a professional wrestler - stage name "The Bruise" - and wishes to be referred to as Zebra 642), and myself, Craigums. We have put out numerous cassettes, played hundreds of shows, appeared on countless compilations, toured such out-of-the-way places as Boise, Idaho and Haifa, Israel, and released two 7inches and one 49-song/74-minute CD entitled "One Big Inside Joke" on the Probe Records label. Aaron Probe is an out-of-work truck driver/substitute teacher (some of us had him as a sub) who is mentally unstable, publishes a punk/sex zine called The Probe, does the record label, and is \$45,000 USD in debt because of it. Such a complete weirdo was he that we really had no business working with anyone else.

At an average of 22, our band is still prepared to forge ahead like the never-learns that we are. As of today, six 7inches and another full-length CD are on the way, as are plans to tour Cuba, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Scandinavia. And, until we are maimed by jaded punk Rockers unable to cope with our shenanigans, or by foreign nationalists unwilling to welcome a bunch of stupid Americans, we are gonna continue to annoy and frustrate to the best of our ability. Rock or don't. It's as simple as that.

XOXO
Craigums, Nov. 1997.

Super Stupid Your Mother Photos!



Alan the Genius, Joe the New Guy, BonneVicci, (the) Drummer, Craigums, Zebra 642



Alan the Genius, photo by Bug



Zebra 642, Alan the Genius, Joe the New Guy, Craigums. Photo by Jon Schledewitz

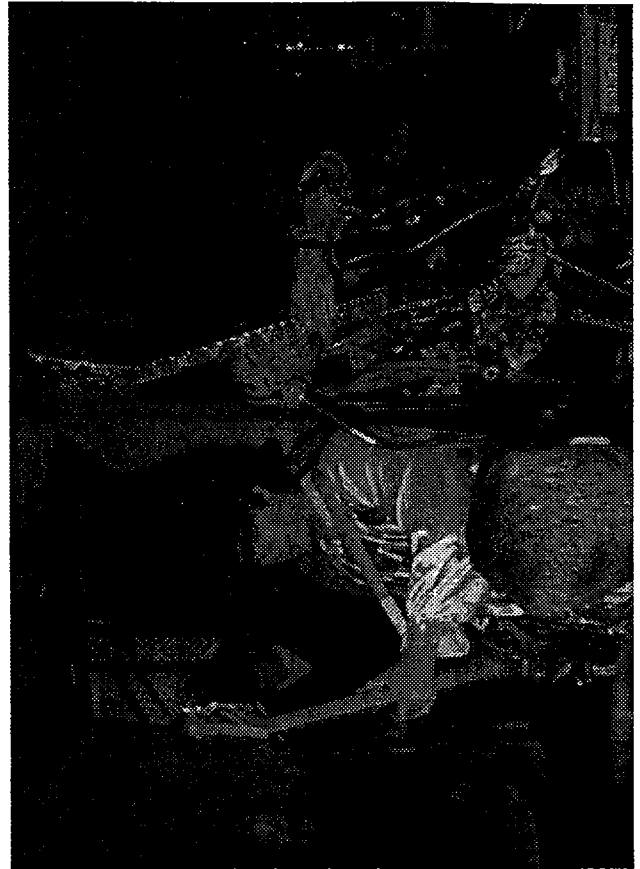


Joe the New Guy. Photo by Jon Schledewitz

Craigums. Photo by Alick



Craigums and Alick's moose hat.



Alan the Genius and Craigums. Photo by Alick

Zebra 642. Photo by Bug



Alan the Genius



(the) Drummer. Photo by Vixx

