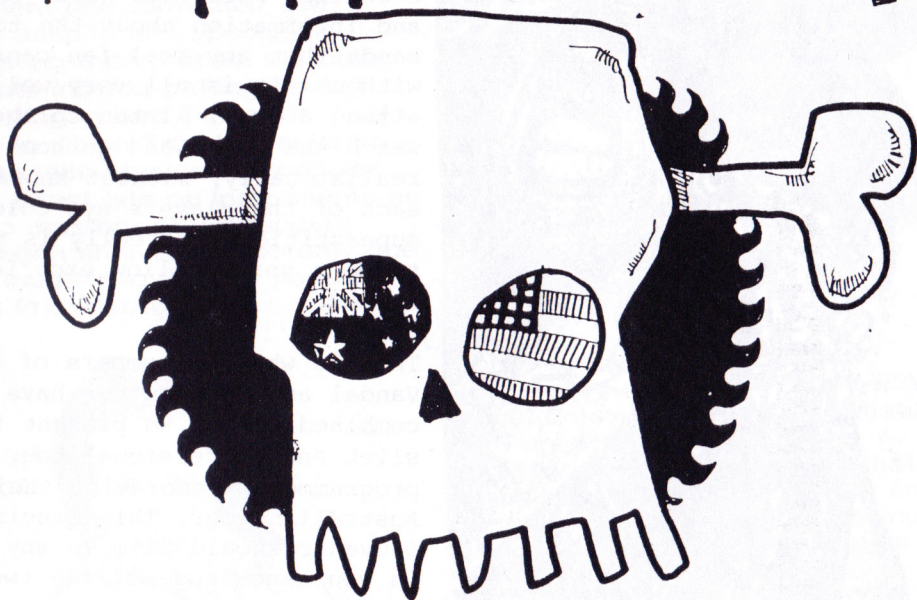


NANCY
VANDAL

YOUR
MOTHER

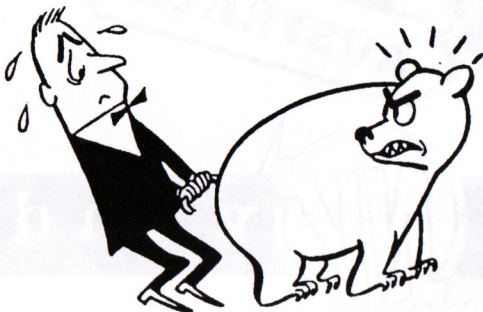


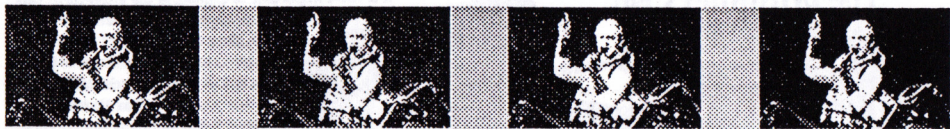
OFFICIAL TOUR
PROGRAMME
1997-8

An Introductory Word from the incredibly Jealous

by Colonel Mathew Von Burink Esq.

Your Mother is going to Australia, and Von Burink is not. Von Burink has been good friends with the Your Mother crew for 6 years, gone to almost every show they have played, and publicly made an ass out of himself for their band. And what did Von Burink get in return for his loyal friendship, companionship and dedication to the band? Nothing! But when Von Burink heard that Your Mother was planning a tour of Australia, he thought that this would be a good opportunity to go traveling with some of Von Burink's friends and one of his favorite bands. Of course this was just a misconceived fantasy, because the reality of the situation was they did not ask Von Burink to accompany them to the great continent of Australia. Instead, they requested the company of the editor-in-chief of Measly Attempt, Alick Pencilneck. And while Alick is one of Von Burink's best friends and truly one of the finest human beings to walk upon this poop-filled Pop-Tart we call Earth, Von found himself asking, "Why Alick and not me?!" Von Burink was as confused as ever. Was the reason Your Mother did not ask Von Burink to go on tour with them because they did not value his friendship as much as he did theirs? Did they believe Von Burink would make a good travelling companion? These questions rattled in the brain of Von Burink and the answers did not seem to be anywhere in sight. Did Your Mother know that Von Burink hated his job, hate his living situation and needed a break from his daily routine of boredom and frustration? With all these questions, some may say that Von Burink was jealous of the Your Mother boys and Alick for creating the opportunity to be adventurous and to have a blast traveling to another country. This may be true, but it does not change the fact that Von Burink felt disappointed when the band did not ask him to go. But in the end Von Burink swallowed his pride and wished Your Mother and Alick the best of luck and hoped that they will think of Von Burink when they are having fun in Australia.





Weak Bios

Craigums Bio.

By The Drummer



Craigums-ums:

Known as "Kshur Sear" in Israel. (Hebrew for "Crazy Hair") Certainly the most "noticed" member of the group. Writes nearly all the songs, lyrics, and spends the most time working on YM related projects. Because of his hard, strenuous work, he is the member who gets the most glory, the one most recognized and recognizable, and the one most likely to get beaten up for being in the band. Recently suffered the loss of auto by way of "flying metal ball" in engine, but gained a new girlfriend after the break up of the infamous Kate—who nearly all YM songs, prior, and post relationship, are written about.

Aside from being the main contributor to the reason you have to put up with us—Craigums is also the SLOWEST eater in the Milky Way. More often than not Mikey is finishing his second falafel before Craigums has gotten through the first part of his mini-falafel. This man eats unbelievably slow. If he ate food any slower he would leave snail tracks. So in-between work, and hour long lunch breaks, Craigums spends the remainder of this free time listening to Guns N' Roses and Hanoi Rocks—all the while wishing that he could trade in this Your Mother band for Mick Marris' spot in Motley Crue.

Mikey Bio

by Alamagordo

Mikey has come a long way during his time with the band. His original nickname of "that jerk" has been changed to "The Bruise" after no longer challenging people with his acid personality, but instead challenging the laws of physics with his forehead. Born and raised in Castro Valley, an area with more meth-labs than schools, Mikey decided to pay guitar after realizing his career as a fire truck might be cut short once he realized he was in fact not completely made of metal. When sticking his foot in his mouth or assaulting people with synthesizer music, Mikey can be found falling down or getting up immediately after falling down. Mikey is a founding member and Grand Poo-ba of the secret brotherhood of BERM, as well as the sworn defender of the great and mighty BonneVicci, repeatedly risking life, popularity and undergarments in his name. After spending some time increasing his neck size, Mikey plans to fulfill his childhood fantasy of becoming a professional wrestler. Among his other accomplishments Mikey has invented a new "Bang, Bang, Swing, Slam, Throw" method of guitar repair and pioneered full-contact

moonng. No stranger to farting in his sleep, Mikey's next goal is to somehow engineer a virus that gives everyone in San Jose, California anal warts.



The Drummer's Bio

by Alan The Genius

The Drummer, AKA Pleasanton's own Vegan Warrior, formerly known as little drummer boy, formerly known as Child Prodigy, formerly known as the best death metal drummer in Pleasanton (and some might dare say even Livermore!!!) has yet to be mistaken for a cold llama.



Yet this semi-handsome wannabe Swede with a chip on his shoulder resembles that cold llama in more ways than one!

A) Body Heat. The drummer, being a mammal and all, has a body temperature that regularly varies between 97.9

degrees Fahrenheit (yeah, we even believe in inches and yards up here, can you believe it?) and 98.9 degrees! When computed properly, this gives us an average temperature that is 0.2 degrees Fahrenheit less than normal for a human being! Sure, that doesn't sound like a lot on paper (in fact, the only sound it could possibly make right now is a rustling, or possibly a ripping if you've become so goddamned fed-up with our ramblings-on.) but when brought into proportions this seems to be awfully close to the average body temperature of a cold llama!

B) A tendency towards spitting. Surely Mr. Roberts rarely exhibits this behavior in public, but when watched with a close eye (and an expensive telescope) we've caught him not once, not twice but in fact thrice spitting in the privacy of his own home. Or, his parents' home, for that matter.

And as a side note, let it be known that 3/5 of Your Mother still lives at home. Well, we all live at home, but I mean with their parents. At their homes. Got it?

C) Like a llama, he would never intentionally eat a llama. As The Drummer could be considered one of the more environmentally conscious members of team YM, he would never even think of delving

into the flesh of a once living animal, much less a llama. Just for future reference though, if The Drummer was forced by knife or gun-point to eat meat, these are the animals that he would choose, in order from favorite to least favorite.

1. Durg Beetle
2. Chowchilla
3. Orangutan
4. Marmoset
5. Egret
6. Sloth
7. Cocobara
8. Platypus

Now these silly lists could go on for weeks, but I feel



It is more important to explain, in the interests of fairness, the ways that The Drummer is NOT like a cold llama.

A) Less-than-average amount of body hair. Llamas, especially cold llamas, are known to have an extraordinary amount of body hair. More, on average, than even a chimpanzee? Yes! The Drummer on the other hand, has a sparse (yet growing) supply of body hair. And since he recently shaved a certain amount of his hair off (wink wink, nudge nudge) his supply is definitely less than average.

B) Llamas have no rhythm! The Drummer is internationally known for his ability to perform rhythmic duties. Llamas are not.

In conclusion, there are many species of living organisms in this world. More, one might argue, than could be uttered by the fastest talker in the world (you guys know Micro Machines? Remember that guy? Someone even faster!) in a span of two minutes. Now that's a lot of living organisms, and I hope that this clears up that The Drummer is definitely a member of one of these species.

Alan the Genius Bio

by Joe, the New Guy

When I first met Alan the Genius, I thought he was gay. I have no idea why, that's just how I saw him. He was in fact, a genius; He was Alan the Genius. He told me stories of masturbation, shampoo, and closets. He wore pink to help distinguish the idea of him being gay. He and the rest of Your Mother, beside myself, played at my house where I was greeted by Alan's bass in my forehead. A few months later, I was to go on tour with Alan and Your Mother. Alan the Genius is the reason I'm in this band, I blame him. I have learned that Alan is not gay but does like to get naked when given the chance. The last tour he refused to take the Cow Destroyer (my van) if a window wasn't installed. I put a large window in where he would end up naked most of the time greeting passers-by. He demanded the window because he claimed he would go insane in such a small, enclosed space, but I think we can all agree the reason for the window was only to give Alan the ability to share his nakedness with the world.

Daja-vu! If all goes right, Alan the Genius will walk in soon and read this, then tell me how Brad resembles a Llama.

Alan the Genius has taken up quite a collection of bikes. Actually, mostly bike parts, which he distorts from bland, easy-to-ride designs to new highs of unrideability. He has brought to life "Little Steve", a chopper constructed of forks from one bike slapped on to the frame of a small pink bike frontin' a banana seat and caring baskets on either side of the front tire. This revolutionary new design is not only close to impossible to keep your balance on, but comes equipped with loose handlebars.

I think it is now my obligation to inform the reader of Alan the Genius' importance in this band. I feel that Alan's hard work at keeping this unit together often goes un-thanked. Without Alan setting dates and times to practice, I don't think Your Mother would ever get anything done. He is always ready to go and taking the initiative to carry the rest of us. Most of the time Alan will have to take a bus to Pleasanton, where we practice, from San Jose while everybody else (besides myself) usually flakes of has something more important to do.

I should mention Alan the Genius' hair and belly. I think because of the lack of support Alan and I receive from the other Your Mother member and their constant flaking at practice, we have begun several other projects. If you are under the age of 11, you might have enjoyed playing a game of War Ball or getting a pie in the face at a performance of the Abominable Snowband. I should also mention Alan the Genius is quite the opponent at a game of Goldeneye on the Nintendo64, and bought a new computer for the sole reason of playing a game called "Carmageddon".

Never throughout the annals of punk-rock has there been an enigma quite like Joe, the New Guy, founder and soul proprietor of the San Jose based Nothing/Everything Records and Silk-screening and front man of a mildly successful glam-metal, Goth-core band -rumor has it they just signed a lucrative deal with a subsidiary label of corporate giants, Caroline. Arguably the founder of the San Jose punk rock scene, and bearing a remarkable resemblance to Admiral Akbar from 'The Empire Strikes Back' Joe first exploded onto the south bay circuit as the frontman, brainchild, and lyricist of Flying Dead Skin, a sophomore hardcore band who pounded out such memorable tunes as "Staring at the Sun", "Stoned to Death", the anthemic "I Split on Society", their self-titled hit theme song, as well as Joe's own introspective "Gonna Kick the Bucket", the elusive "Tuckin' Spy Hunter", and perhaps the most revealing of Joe's aloofness "I'm a Reject From Outer Space (born into his fucked up place)". FDS managed to stay active for several years, during which time they released a couple of demos, played an impressive number of shows (many with big name headliners) and achieved a level of obscurity most bands only dream of. Since then, Joe has made quite a name for himself lending his talents to more than just a handful of San Jo' bands, including, but not limited to Stag, Half Bastard (which really would be Bast or Tard), Zero my Hero, Lemming, Fletcher's Mexicans, and countless other side projects that never seem to go anywhere, until finally deciding that his musical and artistic gifts were best suited for business purposes, designing album covers, skateboard decks and t-shirts, and doing Clutch impersonations. But all this success hasn't turned Joe sour. Aside from a well-earned Hitler-esque ("I walk with the certainty of the somnambulant") sense of confidence, Joe still makes friends world-wide with his general pleasantness and easy-going attitude. He is also an avid, borderline-compulsive, collector of Star Wars memorabilia (he spent over a thousand dollars on that crap while on our last tour), yet amazingly, he still finds time to let his hair down, singing and dancing in our stupid hoaky band and write the occasional love song, "Oven Throat". He, however, has not yet found the time to learn any of our lyrics, but that's understandable.



Joe, the New Guy Bio by Zebra 642

Alamagordo (Alick Pendneck) Bio by Craguns

Countless reasons have led us to consider Alick "one of us." First off is his uncanny resemblance to the Greatest American Hero. Secondly, he has a computer capable of doing the numerous record sleeve layouts, T-shirt designs, and porn-hunting this high-profile band is required to do. His extreme, often violent enjoyment of the God we call "Weird Al" Yankovic is another plus. When I first met him he was wearing a towel around his head in the mom-just-got-out-of-the-shower fashion and bright orange Pool-Floates on his arms. This was at a punk-Rock show in San Jose, where the whole power-violence scene originated. I thought, "This man has guts." I also thought, "This man is a total retard." It was the latter thought that won me over.

Some interesting facts about Alick:

- He works at a cake shop making and delivering quality baked goods. This may not seem interesting until you consider the fact that the owner's son lives in the delivery truck and likes to shit, piss, and shoot hot flsm all over the place. Alick now refuses to drive the truck, but does not spare us any new stories involving the jizz lobster.
- He knows the entire Ewok song, verbatim.
- The hair is real.
- So are the chops.

- His car is a beat-up Honda Accord with a Grateful Dead sticker on it. As karma for having that sticker, the car bottoms-out on all left turns, the steering wheel plate does not adhere to the steering wheel, the horn no longer works, the doors rarely open without a fight, and once when driving home some random drunk with no legs, the guy actually pee'd in the front seat. His car is named The Sex Machine.

- He does a zine called *Mesdy Attempt*. The zine can best be described by the titles of the features he runs in it: 101 Ways To Annoy Barney vs. Grimace, Fru Things To Do With Vomit, Smelly Toosh, The Animal Insurrection, and Playing God at Home.

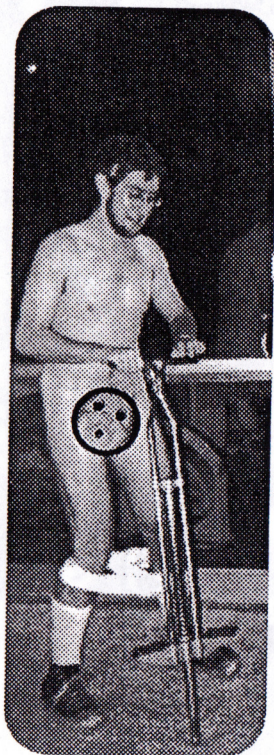
- Purposely and visibly hangs around with his dog more often now that his father accidentally discovered

a book in his room entitled "The Illustrated Animals as Sex Partners."

- Pays rent on a room in San Jose at the house of Joe, the New Guy, yet still lives at home 85-90% of the time.

- Drops trow upon first request.

Mr. Pendneck is also the poor soul who has taken over the maintenance of our web page. And we all know that anyone who does web pages is a GEEK. So, feel free to huck tomatoes at him, hurl insults towards him, or just plain make fun of him behind his back. Whatever you can come up with, we're sure he's already endured it and can surely withstand some more.



WANNA BUY SOME SHIT?

clothing...

QTY		SIZE	SLEEVE		SHIRT TYPE		PRICE
	ONLY HALF AS SHIT AS THEY USED TO BE	S L X-L	SHORT SLEEVE	LONG SLEEVE	BLACK	RED	
	SATAN IS TOPS	S L X-L	SHORT SLEEVE	LONG SLEEVE	BLACK	RED	
			\$15	\$20			

music...

QTY	TITLE	
	RETURN OF THE ZOMBIE CRAP POETS FROM PLANET FOOTLOOSE- NANCY VANDAL (CD)	\$15
	BUST A MOVE '96 (COMES WITH VANDALS' VOICE ZINE #5)	\$10
	NANCY VANDAL/FUGG SPLIT 7"(COMES WITH VANDALS' VOICE ZINE #6)	\$10

NAME

TOTAL

ADDRESS

WRITE CHEQUE OR MONEY ORDER OUT TO **NANCY VANDAL** AND SEND TO **NANCY VANDAL HQ - GRUBBY CAPITALIST DEPARTMENT PO BOX 703 KENSINGTON NSW 2033 AUSTRALIA**. ALL PRICES ARE POSTAGE PAID.

AN INTRODUCTION BY DEE SNIDER



The tour programme is a luxury many of today's rock groups believe they can go without. This proud time honoured tradition of gross commercialism is often viewed as a thing of the past; an excessive and self serving device invented only to fleece concert goers out of the few remaining bucks they have after forking out for a ticket. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The concert programme is an essential reference guide to facts and information about the touring bands that any real fan cannot do without. It is all very well to attend a show, listen to the tunes watch the moves and go home, but realistically, without knowing each of the players eye colour and superstitions it really is going to be a very shallow experience indeed.

This is why the members of Nancy Vandal and Your Mother have combined forces to present this slick and professional tour programme commemorating their 1997 Australian tour. This fascinating souvenir should fill in any gaps in your knowledge of the two bands, as well as enhancing the actual experience of attending the show - and christ knows we certainly need something to do that.

**NANCY VANDAL YOUR MOTHER
AUSTRALIAN TOUR 1997/8**

**NANCY
VANDAL**

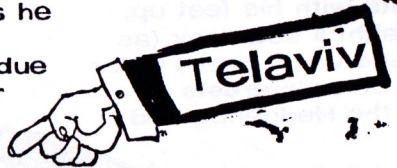
PO BOX 703 KENSINGTON NSW 2033
vandal@pop.real.net.au



Fox Trotsky



Tortured poet struggling to come to terms with the harsh realities of the dog eat dog plastic consumer driven music industry or talentless twat with an annoying thin reedy nasal whine masquerading as a singing voice? The real Trotsky is probably a little of both (though predominantly the latter) and it is this enigmatic quality that makes him one of the most talked about personalities in rock today. His guitar playing has influenced countless kids to pick up the instrument and form their own bands despite him specifically requesting them not to. His other interests include patting his cat and eating in bed. Plans for a solo album in which Trotsky performs 20 first take versions of popular Judas Priest hits on instruments he has no mastery of whatsoever have been shelved temporarily due to an inability to find 20 popular Judas Priest songs.



Telaviv



A child prodigy, Viv joined the band simply as a result of the NSW education system failing to satiate her incredible wealth for knowledge. Teachers agreed that the teenage wonderchild could find the intellectual stimulation missing in her school life in Nancy Vandal and so far the experiment has been a great success. Viv continues to breeze through her H.S.C however now has the opportunity to mix with other geniuses within the band in a social environment, responding to stimuli and swapping ideas and theories with her intellectual equals. When not blasting out one of her trade mark trumpet riffs or screaming her head off in the chorus of Egg Sandwich, she is found in the library drawing cocks on pictures of guys heads in encyclopedias.

J.J. LaMoore

J.J. is the ex-guitarist in Nancy Vandal who moved to bass when he had mastered the six string instrument and ceased to find it challenging. Now he provides the steady rhythm that the 'Vandal build their epic rock and roll hits on and has been quoted as saying the likelihood of hitting the wrong string whilst playing off his face has decreased over 8 percent. It is calculations like these that the ex four unit maths student come rock icon spits out with ease, making him the obvious choice as band accountant. Why they chose the pathologically incompetent Mr Shit for the position is a mystery to this day. When not tearing it up on stage you are most likely to find him at one of his many coastal retreats with his feet up, and only his faithful dog Zack (as seen in Vandal's Voice zine #4) for company. His other interests include Sonic the Hedgehog and fine red wine.



Gilli Pepper

Gifted saxophonist and louder than hell vocalist, Gilli brings with her the grace and refinement of a true lady. In an industry where sleaze and decadence are constant behavioural companions to most of the rock fraternity, she manages to conduct her affairs with an old world air of elegance and refinement that reflects the lessons she learned during her time at Newcastle Ladies College Of The Covered Thigh. Also noted for ousting Trotsky from his position as band member most likely to find a fart incredibly humorous. Outside of Nancy Vandal Gilli spends her time behind the sewing machine or in the kitchen cooking up a batch of her famous home made chocolate chip cookies. Either that or drinking heavily at the Town Hall until getting kicked out and staggering home in broad daylight.



Mr Shit



The Croatian born skinsman always has fans swooning with his smooth Latin playboy looks and has never been afraid of flaunting his stuff via a dazzling array of unwashed fur codpieces and satin g-strings. He has what his girlfriend's mum has described as a "gross sexual vibe" which carries a lot of weight in the industry and opens doors for Nancy Vandal wherever they go. For discretions sake he has been forced to change his name several times during the bands history. Some of the aliases carefully designed to maintain his personal privacy have included "Serene" Dean Bakota, "Bombshell" Bakota, "So Cal" Snuffell, "So Cal" Nobpolisher and of course Mr Shit. In his leisure time he like to participate in various extreme sports, especially nude freeway rollerblading.



Lickerov Finetesticles



Tess goes to some effort to play down his reputation as an uncontrollable brawling trouble maker but to little avail. The fact is that this hard living back street thug loves nothing more than to deliver a wedgie to the toughest looking guy in the pub and then question the sexuality of members of his favourite footy team. Don't let the way this fearsome rogue minces about on stage poking out some blouse wearing tune on his pretty little keyboard - he is a menace and should be treated with extreme caution!! Outside of the rock world of course, it is a different story. A fiercely private man, Tess likes to keep to himself, wearing a skirt and skipping along secluded beaches humming Madonna songs.



'97'98



cockadile
undee
tour



Below the Equator and
Below the belt, it's ...

YOUR MOTHER

AUSTRALIA

nancy



vandal