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YOUR MOTHER INFO-MAILER #1 August '93

Welcome to the brand-spanking new YOUR MOTHER mailing list. If you're wondering how you got on this, thank the kind people at PACIFIC BELL for including your address in the phone book. This is a very primitive version of what will come in future issues. I'm very pressed for time, and haven't had time to get my naked pictures of-well, you'll see next time, so why ruin the surprise now, right?

→ OF THE
JUNK
MAILER

Here comes the info part of the mailer.

On Saturday August 28th, YM is playing at Oakhill Park in Danville. This is on Stone Valley Road, and I am told that it is easy to find. There are three(3) bands playing before us- Ted 302, Catalyst, and Ledge. They're probably pretty good. The show starts at 2:30 PM and gets over around 7:00 PM. We're playing last.

That night we are playing with ALL YOU CAN EAT and some other bands, but I'm not gonna tell you where unless you go to the first one. **BOTH SHOWS ARE FREE!!!** Of course, pez, t-shirts, stickers, patches and other neat YM stuff will be there, and for free. So you have nothing to lose.



YM has a new record coming out. If you go to these shows, you can get it cheap, or you can get more info if you write me. Our tapes are still available for 2 or 3 bucks, and if you send me \$, I'll send you one, plus some other cool stuff.

The Yourmothermobile (That big ugly '79 impala that's usually parked in front of our shows) recently caught on fire in the middle of a forest. Thanks to the quick wits of a couple of drunk fans, the fire was quickly extinguished. Thanks, guys!

Tell your friends whose addresses aren't in the phone book to send us some info about themselves. Where they live is usually good enough, but any other interesting facts are always welcome. The more people I have to send stuff to, the more I'll be inclined to include more free stuff.

→ also tyachings
ber nifous
CIRCUMCISE
AND
Some ribbon-
cutting
ceremonies

Your Mother is always available to play at parties. You don't have to pay us, just as long as you have some food to give us. Call our manager (Devlin Fish) at (510)-537-8141, or write me with the info (Devlin deemed himself that title-Ed.)

I LOVE TO GET MAIL, SO SEND ME SOME. If you want some free stickers, dating advice, recipes, or you just want to put some thoughts on paper and mail them to an anonymous stranger, write me. Also, send me some free stickers, dating advice and especially recipes because I moved out of my parents house, and they no longer cook for me. Write me at: **YOUR MOTHER, LIVERMORE HEADQUARTERS**

692 JEFFERSON AVE
LIVERMORE, CA 94550

I don't live at this address, I just get my mail there. I live in San Jose now.

If you want to write one of our Pleasanton addresses, you can write to: **YOUR MOTHER, WEST P-TOWN HEADQUARTERS**

2130 CAMINO BRAZOS
PLEASANTON CA 94566 --c/o Bradley



If you are bored - skip to the next page - we understand.

YOUR MOTHER, EAST P-TOWN AND WORLD HEADQUARTERS
4150 GARATTI CT. --c/o Craig
PLEASANTON CA 94566

Well, I think I'm just about out of things to say. But I have a whole page to fill up, so I will have fun.

Συγκ με ρεαλλψ ρεαλλψ ηαρδ, ανδ Ιελλ βε ψουρ βεστ φριενδ.
Do you know what that says? If you have a Macintosh you might be able to decipher it. The first two people who figure it out and mail me the solution get free t-shirts. If you don't have a Mac, you're shit out of luck.

Not only did my Impala catch on fire last week, but yesterday the clutch on my other car burnt up as I was driving up 17. My car is now stuck in Santa Cruz, and is undrivable. If anyone has 450 bucks you'd like to give me, I'll be your best friend. I think that someone cast a spell on me or something. And Mikey took all my *Shadowy Man* on a *Shadowy Planet* records. I'm pissed. Someone that claims to know me crank called Mikey a few days ago. If it was you, congratulations- he got really pissed off.

I will now change the point size. Neat huh?
I went to L.A. a couple days ago. My stupid friends made me listen to **Steely Dan** the whole way down, and **Fleetwood Mac** the whole way up. I think that's why my clutch burned up-It got sick of all the cheesy music my friends were blasting through its speakers.

I don't think anything else has happened this summer worth telling you about. But if have any interesting stories to tell me, don't forget to write. I'll write you back, I promise.

I'm really hungry, but I ate all of my Golden
Grahams.

Have you ever had one of those days when you have a million things to do but instead of doing them you sit in front of your computer and type about how you should be doing something else? I'd like to go to the bank, but my car is in Santa Cruz. I'd like to clean my room, but I'm procrastinating, hoping that it will magically clean itself. It won't.
I'm very dirty, yet I refuse to shower. I don't know why. Do You?

I made some Falafels a couple of weeks ago, and my kitchen is still covered in caked on falafel mixed with oil. Neat. I'm out of pepsi. I stole some coffee from the hotel we stayed at in L.A. They charged us tax on our room. Can they do that?

Well, I really must be going. The air conditioning man is here to fix my refrigerator.

You can call me, Alan, At (408)-924-8060.

I like getting phone calls almost as much as I like getting mail. So call me and write me often.

Love and tofu,
Alan Cheesemaker

in german this is

'KASAMEYER'

blessed are the cheesemakers



You will be quizzed
as you pass by
on this stuff
Call me now!

breast feeds - boyeeee !!!

YOUR MOTHER



Howdy to all you in YOUR MOTHER-land (and you 3 know who you are)....

This is Craig and if you read the other leaflets first you'll probably just skim over this because Alan tends to babble a lot and boredom often prevails. anyway, this will be a brief bio-type thing, well basically just my personal installment on the going ons of Your Mother. i'm sick and tired of typing and the small process of using the shift bar to get capitols is something i just don't care about right now. hey! this is perfect opportunity to plug my other band!!!! It's called ALL YOU CAN EAT and its kinda like YOUR MOTHER only not really. We all just went on a US tour and when I got back I had a shitload of stories so i made a diary/zine out of it. send ~~me a postcard~~ to the address below and i'll send you one when i'm done. well, here's my interpretation of the band:

sorry i'll let you know later

ALAN KASAMEYER, 18, free bass. lives in san jose yet still breathes like normal humans. this long time studier of music doesnt let that get in his way of playing in a punk band. gets all the chicks. works at a gas station (energy distribution, he calls it) and that combined with his long greasy hair makes him by far the DIRTY of the band. but dont let his uncleanly outicles fool you into thinking he is just another car junkie. the recent destruction of two key MOTHER-MOBILES proves that. has license but probably doesnt know what to do with it. in fact, i dont think he can tell oil from gas or even banana quik.

MIKEE , age unknown, guitar/vox. punk as fuck and not afraid to shit on your face. well, maybe not shit, but he will throw pez in your eye and it will hurt. Knows the words and how to play everything from the Meatmen to GG Allin to Judas Preist (his brothers are full-on metalheads). member of the church of sub-genius and it shows. newest member of YOUR MOTHER (replacing Jared Webb who moved to Utah to start a mormon reggae band called Mor-mon) he will take every opportunity to make fun of you and then he will laugh the most obnoxious laugh when he does. Definitely the DICK of the band. has no license or friends.

BRADLEY ROBERTS, 16, drum prodigy, boy wonder. he knew all our songs when he tried out after our last drummer disappeared (for real) so we stole him from his, pardon the expression, mother band, DEITIES (a death metal band with outrageous potential-too bad we turned him on to the go-nowhere stylings of Ym). lives by mail right down to his shoes. has no license but lots of postage. Definitely the QUIET, RESERVED one of the band which makes him most likely to suffer a nervous breakdown by the age of 21. has long, blue hair which gets caught in his drumsticks. cutie-pie.

BILLMEIER, CRAIG MARTIN, 19, melodious voice and pleasant guitar stylings--this is me so i'm gonna spend a lot more time in it HAHAAHAHAHA, wears(as opposed to plays) bass for the SF dork band ALL YOU CAN EAT, writes the really dumb songs (that make the whole world sing - that's a complete lie), by fluke i

Free Mylar or cheap, homemade patches
YM stickers
the first 10 or so people who write me (Craig)
- remind me...



am attending UCB and i will due my best to degrade the schools integrity via general stupidity-HAHAHAHA, i am most definitely the **DARK LORD** of the band, i have a sister and she attends public school, my mom is also a major force in **YOUR MOTHER** (as are the others' moms HEY! I can be sappy if i want you, so tell me, why are you still reading this?), fart coneseur. i have a license and an exxon credit card so you better watch out or i'm comin' through your yard. bitchin' volvo, bitchen volvo...

EAST
BRY
GEEK
CURE

~~IE~~
~~GC~~
~~BD~~

IS

YM Your
MOTHER

so far as i can say, Alan doesn't have any naked pictures unless, of course, he has not been telling me something, but we will at least draw some boobs or something next time(if there is a next time). so until that tentative 'next time' remember that all you need is farts, all you need is farts, farts, farts, oh, and **YOUR MOTHER**, and maybe some **ALL YOU CAN EAT**, too. Wait, how bout my address, yes, you definitely need my address:

YOUR MOTHER
c/o CRAIG MARTIN BILLMEIER
4150 Garatti Ct
Pleasanton, Ca 94566
(510)462-7406



XOXOXOXO---craig

ps-i love you

pps-don't take it personally because i love **ANAL MUCUS** too

ppss-our record will be coming out soon in **PROBE** and both my bands, along with the **FUCKBOYZ**, **LURCH**, **LIQUID COURAGE**, and **LEGENDARY LUNCH**, will be on it. "punk-rock and boobs. two great tastes that taste great together" someone has said about the **PROBE**. just call or write me. **PLEASE!!!!!!**--out around Oct 13.

In this space I put (past tense) the address of one (1) **BUTHEAD JEFF**. ~~but~~ He is a fat jerk who beat his girlfriend and now owns a gun, smokes crack, is fleeing from the law (a drive-by charge), and wants me dead. All because a couple hundred of my closest friends across the globe sent viscious hate-mail to him. I thought it was funny! Anyway - if you wrote him, thanX! Also, YM ~~ay~~ Need a new singer/guitarist soon for obvious reasons. Now accepting applications...