

Mutant Pop

Mailorder Catalog no. 40

- REV. NØRB • MAXIE SOMETHINGTON • JESSE KIMBALL •
- LEW A-GO-GO • J.B. RUTLEDGE • T. CHANDLER •
- ENOUGH CRAP TO BUY TO KEEP YA BROKE FOR WEEKS •



free

«Поп-Пункерс» всех стран, соединяйтесь! • Подписано в печать: **20.V.02** • Тираж: **3 000** Экз.

Reverend Nørb™

THE MAN WHO RESEMBLES A GIANT GESTICULATING GRASSHOPPER

Dear Timbo... What You Did Was Not Very Nice, So Now I Will Have To *KILL YOU*

...Or, Worse Yet, Review Your SRCDs!

(er, that's actually a permutation of a Eugene Chadbourne album title, inflicted on you for no apparent reason other than the fact that i always liked that album title. Rest assured that Timbo did not do anything not nice, and i do not really have to *kill* him. Or wait, do i? Well, let's see...he did ask me to write a column for the latest MP™ catalog, but it would most likely be you, the reader, who would want to kill him for that. However, in a grand timing gaffe which he couldn'ta planned worse if he were, i dunno, George Karl or somebody, Timbo also sent me [quite unsolicited, i might add] the [i assume] last dozen Mutant Pop™ SRCD™s he is responsible for [their curious catalog numbers appear to be some coded variation on the Fibonacci Series and make immediate release-date placement impossible for the layman without official verification — which would, of course, ruin the surprise]. Said shipment of said dozen Mutant Pop™ Short-Run™ CDs arrived scarcely 24 hours before i was to effect said column. Well, shit-fire, Buddy Lee™, put two and two together — my originally scheduled “*What Is And Should Never Be: TINA AND THE TOTAL BABES MUST DIE!!!*” column must be quickly shelved, thusly freeing up my [surely] valuable columnar space for the sales-piking opus of positivity men call...

REV. NØRB REVIEWS TIMBO'S LAST TWELVE SRCDS!!!

[AND THEREBY DELIVERS VALUE! VALUE! VALUE!]

) (sorry, i didn't know how to get rid of the parenthesization i started in any logical fashion, and just thought calling a spade a spade and tossing the right parenthesees out there just to get out of the situation i foolishly established would just move things along) Anyway, let the record show a number of things: **1.** I attended **31** fucking Milwaukee Bucks games this season, seeing every NBA team at least once (the Sixers, Pistons and Raptors twice), and, with the Bucks loss to Detroit tonight coupled with wins by Indiana and Toronto, the bucking Fucks aren't even going to make the playoffs this year and i owe some drunk kid ten dollars. I mean, i change my fucking house number from “717” to “18717” during basketball season (he who lives in a metal house can effect such changes quickly and easily by virtue of refrigerator magnet numerals) because the capacity of the Bradley Center is 18,717, ya know? My answering machine message is me singing that stoopid Milwaukee Bucks “Light It Up, Light It Up” song that they play during the second half! I live and die with that stoopid team, and now i feel like i been done anally fist-fucked by Anthony Mason, with the goddamn ball still in his hand! I would elaborate further, but that would only serve to bring joy to others who revel in my anguish. Let the record simply show that i am in a mood that can best be described as “other than charitable.” Please adjust your picture accordingly. **2.** I have a number of philosophical qualms with Timbo's recently-embraced cardinal tenet (as opposed to, i'm sure, recently embracing Cardinal Law, which might very well just

get you another backdoor Anthony-Mason-ing) (or Cardinal Sin, which is actually the name of the guy who runs the Catholic Church in like the Philippines or El Salvador or somewhere [seriously] [oh well, i shouldn't be surprised — the name of the current bishop of the Green Bay diocese is Rob Banks]) that the CD-R thang is the “future of the underground label.” I mean, yeah, it kinda makes sense -- control the means of production, bro' — peace, land, bread, Fruity Pebbles™, power to the people, etc. etc. etc. — but, then again, what the fuck's a CD burner other than the newfangled version of the dual cassette deck? Furthermore, if anyone who really gives a rat's ass goes out and secures CD-R-making apparatus, wouldn't that *eliminate* the need for underground record labels entirely? I mean, if Dee Dee Brockington from the Brockingtons™ decides that he wants to burn a hundred or ten or a thousand copies of his band's recording onto CD-R, buys a CD burner and has at it, of what use is the pocket-stuffing middleman who is Mutant Pop™ or Bulge? Okay, sure, Mutant Pop™ has like a catalog and a website and a mailing list and all that good stuff, which are not negligible assets, but, all the same, if CD-R = D.I.Y., aren't people gonna be D-ing it I.Y. and bypassing third parties like record labels altogether? Timbo seems to think that underground labels such as MP™ will actually have *increased* relevance once the Glorious People's CD-R-evolution™ gets under full swing, as some manner of quality control force (kinda like the Comics Code Authority, i reckon) (Timbo's actual term was, i believe, “gatekeeper”), the imprint of which will, i dunno, make the stuff bearing his all-important Seal Of Approval™ stand out like a beacon of brilliance in the vast miasma of undiluted mediocrity and lacklusterism or whatever. Which, ultimately, seems to set up a rather ironic (not to mention kinda silly) future scenario: Someday, the masses will all get hip, and take the Means Of Production™ into our own hands, and be burning goofy greenish-blue slabs of sonic aluminum left and right, free of the clutter, corruption and taint of the twisted vagaries of retail distribution et. al. — but we will *still* need Timbo (and, presumably, various Lieutenant Timbos) to *tell us what is good*. You know, “first among equals” and all that sort of thing (note: the “First Among Equals” 40-song 2xCD of the greatest hits of the great, really great, totally fucking great, so fucking great i can't hardly believe how great they are late 60's/early 70's mixed-race British band called the Equals is way better than anything you are apt to buy this year, so if you see it, go buy it [you will doubtless recall their songs “Police On My Back” “My Life Ain't Easy” and “I Get So Excited” as covered, respectively, by the Clash, Plimsouls, and Brownsville Station {okay, you maybe recall maybe two of the three, but the fact that you are now aware that those songs are covers makes you way cooler than you were mere seconds ago. See, don't let someone like Timbo tell you what's cool, only let someone like ME tell you what's cool!})). I mean, any manner of high-octane CD-R-evolution™ is either gonna end with underground labels rendered completely obsolete or as some sort of ludicrous Czar-Of-The-Proletariat and/or Punk Rock Calvin Klein™ institutions. Whatever, this part is getting kinda boring, i want to review the SRCDs now.

MP-1001 • REMOTES “Bitch Bitch Bitch” • ...hmmm, appears to be three brothers, since they all have the same last name (“Remote”). That's cool. Me and my brother will go to baseball games and stuff like once or twice a year, but we never jam. I guess we never really thought about doing a two-piece thing because we weren't really into the White Stripes or anything. Oh well. What's worse is that i'm getting kinda old and can't even tell you off the top of my head what Riverdales songs their riffs are ripped off of (although “Plan 13” and “I'm a Vegetable” seem to be coming to mind the quickest). The songs — which are all short and loud and actually pretty cool — are about not wanting to grow up, not wanting to go to work, and being in mental institutions. I guess i'm going to have to rescind my earlier

statement about underground labels losing their relevance with the advent of CD-R technology; surely only one so divinely inspired as Timbo could point the way to such a shimmering path of innovation. My favorite thing is how, eschewing the mere pedestrianism of the unvarnished “1-2-3-4,” they actually start their songs (e.g., “Brainwashed”) by chanting the title, THEN the “1-2-3-4” (e.g. “Brainwashed, Brainwashed, 1-2-3-4!!!”). Seriously, it’s cool. Oh, in the booklet, there’s a number you can call for “shows and !!DATES!!” I guess i wouldn’t mind a date with the guy with the bushy hair, he’s sort of cute.

MP-1006 • THE MANSFIELDS • “Kill Your Radio!” • I got a better name for this one: “Kill Timbo’s CD Burner.” First off, let the record show that this is the DUMBEST fucking looking bunch of goofs that have ever graced a Mutant Pop™ release of any sort, hands down (toppling the past titleholders, the clueless losers depicted on the cover of red-ink-inducing MP-28, whom i thought would run unopposed for centuries). I mean, first off, the guy in the middle either a. looks exactly like, or b.is Derek Retard (bringing to mind a rather troubling question: *Which would be worse???*) ...wait, wait, let me check the sleeve. Nope, couldn’t be him, all the guys in the band have the last name “Mansfield,” not “Retard.” Wow, another brother act! So, yeah, anyway, these three brothers are on the cover, and they’re all wearing these really corny shoes and pants and wife-beater tops and shit, but, compounding the hilarity immensely, they appear to think that, contrary to all intuitive evidence, they look “cool.” I could actually go on for about three pages about this, but the guy with the tattoo on his neck (of something highly imaginative, i am sure) looks pretty tough and i don’t want him to beat me with his chain wallet. Actually, since two of the three guys *don’t* look like Derek Retard, they do look pretty cool by comparison, i take it back (i wonder why the one brother looks like Derek Retard and the other two brothers look nothing like that? Must be adopted or something). Anyway, the last Social Distortion album i got was the third one, circa ‘90 (brilliantly titled *Social Distortion* as many third albums are). And, while i will admit that one of the great pleasures of my junior year of high school was riding around in my friend’s ‘68 Ford Galaxie cranking a tape of the “1945” 45 at top volume during lunch hour, as far as i’m concerned, CBS-era Social D doesn’t have much worth beyond being passable back-

ground music at bars. Why anyone thinks a minor league version of 1990-present Social Distortion — with a member that either a. looks exactly like, or b.is Derek Retard, to boot! — is a good idea is right up there with The Mystery Of Crystal Pepsi™. *Oh wait, hold on, there’s a song on here called “Born To Lose!”* Oh, shit, that changes everything — i’ve been wondering for the last 25 years why there have never been any songs titled that. Actually and seriously, if i had about ten beers in me and this band was playing, i’m sure i’d be dancing around and yelling and having a jolly old time. Unfortunately, i’m about...oh, nine beers short of that mark right now.

MP-1010 • JAKE AND THE STIFFS • “If It Ain’t Stiff...It Ain’t Worth A Fuck!” • This band has been around for so long that i swear i must know them, but when i try to cross-reference them in my mental data banks, all i get are false leads that cause me to believe i am confusing them with, alternately, Johnny Peebucks & The Swinging Utters and Less Than Jake (as further indication of my decaying memory, it took me about an hour after hearing their cover of “Lonely Boy” from *The Great Rock & Roll Swindle* to recall that my band also recorded that song and released it as some manner of bonus track or another). This SRCD appears to be one of the best i received; the troubling thing about that is that it’s four-sevenths covers (apart from the aforementioned Pistols thingie, there’s also “Gonna Get a Gun” by the Ejected [i was always sort of an “East End Kids” man myself], “This Magic Moment” by the Drifters, which kicks ass on the nigh-unlistenable original, and “I Like Girls” by The Know [i.e. ex-Blondieman Gary Valentine + friends], which is also an improvement on the original which i always thought was kinda...i dunno...gay [which is a damnably peculiar thing to think about a song called “I Like Girls,” provided the singer is passably male]) -- having included like four covers on the latest Nev. Rørb™ solo album and thinking all week that the covers were, by and large, cooler than my originals, i can only ask WHAT DOES THIS ALL MEAN FOR OUR GENERATION???. The best original hereon is “Scrappy,” the best song about a dog i’ve heard since “Zelda” by Thelonious Monster.

MP-1011 • THE CONNIE DUNGS • “Turntable” • Having already released twice as many great records as i thought they were capable of, anything that helium-huffing Brandon, Dave, Wayne, and the guy with the drumming gloves do nowadays is more or less gravy as far as i’m concerned. Contrary to whatever the prevailing opinion is, i don’t think these guys are particularly successful in any mode but full-length mode (huh... *now* who’s sounding kinda gay???), as their leanings towards High Art or whatever don’t seem to manifest properly in smaller doses. “Teenage Hate Band,” “Carnival Blue,” and a few other songs are pretty cool, but, as a rule, i kinda wanna get something a little more High Concept from these guys. Hey, wait a minute, he’s wearing a Jawbreaker t-shirt on the cover!!! F U C K T H I S S H I T, NEEEEEXT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MP-1017 • SPAZBOY • “Hang The Soundman” • I quote from Mutant Pop™ Catalog #39: “...*slashing huge hooks! Uptempo and catchier than fuck, bounce the needles into the red and shake the walls! Awesome!!!*” Translation: “*Quite unremarkable.*” Actually, the song with the Farfisa, “Dirty Girl,” is great. Other than that, though, my walls remain eminently unshook. On the brighter side, at least it’s not Spitboy.

MP-1018 • NUKE • “Your Romeo” • As no less a philosophical heavy hitter than Thumper once exclaimed, “*if you can’t say something nice about someone, don’t say anything at all.*” Bearing that in mind, here is my review of the Nuke SRCD:

MP-1028 • NERD GETS THE GIRL • “Soda Shop Romance” • No, i mean, seriously, what the fuck is Timbo thinking when he puts out shit like Nuke? To say this guy has tin ears might conceivably be to underestimate the current market value of scrap tin. *HOW NØRB IMAGINES A TYPICAL DAY OF A&R AT MUTANT POP™ GOES: Late morning hours. Focus on Timbo, lying on his back across his bed, in sunglasses and underwear, with half-eaten box of snack crackers on chest. Off-camera, we hear the screen door open and close, and Mrs. Timbo, visible only as an off-camera hand, enters bedroom. “Mail’s here” she says, with little emotion. Timbo gestures slightly with right hand. Mrs. Timbo plops stack of mail on floor, next to mattress, and exits. Timbo, still supine, begins to grope for mail, utilizing as little motion as possible. Other than his arm and hand, his body remains motionless. Piece by piece, Timbo begins to sort through the mail heap by sense of touch. Anything that seems like a letter, bill, or invoice is flicked to the side. Finally, Timbo’s groping produces what appears to be a small package of some sort. He slowly picks the manila envelope open, and dumps its contents on the floor, then gropes (with slightly more vigor) thru the emptied contents until he finds what — A-HA! — might be a CD-R of some sort. Still not having opened his eyes, he sets the CD-R, sight unseen, on the box of snack crackers which still rests, undisturbed, on his chest. Reaching out to a pre-loaded CD-burner placed where an alarm clock/end table might usually be found, Timbo, with practiced skill, blindly punches at a few buttons until he connects with the power button, causing a myriad of red and*

green lights to flicker on, then hits the button which opens the tray. Still using the same hand — the only part of his body which has moved thus far — Timbo flops open the CD's Slimline™ case, extracts the disc (allowing the case to clatter haphazardly to the floor), places it in the tray, and closes the player. After hearing the proper goofy little CD-getting-ready-to-go noises, Timbo — still on his back, his eyes no doubt still closed behind his shades — punches “play,” and the machine whirrs into action. Timbo utters a mild expletive; he has loaded the CD in upside-down. Extracting the CD, flipping it over, and starting the process again, Timbo listens to all of two notes (just enough to assure himself that there is, indeed, some form of music on the disc), turns the volume down to 0, and presumably drifts back off into sleep. Later that evening, he rummages around in the pile of mail by the bed and finds out he has just run off 200 copies of a CD-R by a band called “Nuke.” The end. Actually, what's really funny about Nuke is that they are now the NEW dumbest fucking looking bunch of goofs that have ever graced a Mutant Pop™ release of any sort, hands down. So much for the Mansfield Dynasty. Whoever gave Timbo the idea that bands should put their photos on the front covers of their records oughtta be shot. Actually, the person in question is probably a Milwaukee Bucks fan, and it would be crueler to let him live.

MP-1028 • NERD GETS THE GIRL • “Soda Shop Romance” • Er, take two. Yeah, anyway, i think Timbo actually had his eyes open when he decided to put this one out, it's pretty hep. (“It's 'hip,' Aunt Harriet. They changed it” — Dick [Robin] Grayson, at Chad & Jeremy performance, BATMAN TV Show, circa 1967, ABC) Obvious comparisons will be drawn with the Kung Fu Monkeys, but, at risk of offending the Great Ones, NGTG are measurably tighter and are substantially higher in the fi than the KFM — almost like a middle ground between the Kung Fu Monkeys and Gigantor, maybe. My one complaint is that i think the whole Soda Shop/Milkshake Pop thing is gonna get old right quick, so my advice is to make hay whilst the sun shines lest one wake one happy morning to find oneself as inane as the Mansfields. My second one complaint is the inclusion of yet another song about the fucking Brady Bunch on here, how many goddamned songs about the Brady Bunch can this frickin' planet support??? (first one i can think of is “Life Ain't No Bowl

Of Brady Bunch” by ISM, circa 1983. Second two are “Suite Bobby Brady” by White Flag and “Murder in the Brady House” by Screeching Weasel, and i can think of about another half-dozen off the top of my head, but refuse to annotate them) I mean, could we — just *once* — get a song about the fucking Partridge Family or something? Actually, even a timely cover of “I Wanna Be A Flintstone” by the Screaming Blue Messiahs would suffice. 12” version, s'il vous plait.

MP-1032 • THE BELDONS • “Fatal Road” • Hmm, only vocalist/guitarist Ben Beldon and bassist/vocalist Davey Beldon are brothers in this band; the drummer, Mikee Huntington, appears to be the brother of the producer, Cliffy X-Huntington, who must've been disowned by his family or something. Still, it's great to see so many siblings getting together and making music. I feel the love! While i'm not sure i agree with Timbo's assessment that these five songs have sent the ball rocketing out of Park Olympique with a Ruthian Swat (or even a Ruthian Hat), i will admit that one could probably stretch it into a double if they came in with their spikes up. “Kareen Paints Dicks” is real cool. *NOTE TO BANDS INTENT ON REMAKING THE FIRST RICHIES ALBUM: “Chorus” is not just a weird effect Bob Mould uses on his guitar, it's actually a part of a song! You may wish to research this further.*

MP-1033 • THE NOGOODS • “Better Than Beer” • In 1992 or something, a band called The Queens released an album of Ramones-influenced pop-punk called “Love Songs For The Retarded,” the cover of which featured the leather jacket and t-shirt clad bandmembers kicking back around a living room table clogged with umpteen empty Budweiser bottles. Ten years later, via the miracle of the CD-R-evolution™, planet Earth need no longer kowtow to the profit-driven whims of the pernicious popular music marketplace. *Do as we wilt shall be the whole of the law!* As glittering example of the new golden age in which Timbo and other sage gatekeepers will escort us into, i present unto you THE NOGOODS: A CD-R of Ramones-influenced pop-punk, the cover of which features the leather jacket and t-shirt clad bandmembers kicking back around a living room table clogged with umpteen empty Bud LIGHT bottles. You tell me.

MP-1037 • THE JIMMIES • “Never Mind The Rednecks, Here's The Jimmies” • For a couple glorious seconds, i thought the first song was a cover of “Shock Me” by Kiss. Needless to say, when it was quickly thereafter established that this was a case of mistaken identity, there was little rejoicing. You cruel bastards.

MP-1038 • PEABODYS • “It Only Hurts When I Think” • I got a better idea for a title, how 'bout “The Peabodys are Chick Repellent”? I mean, i know that was the title of their first SRCD, but if they were chick repellent before the facial hair, they are fuckin' chick repellent *squared* now. The last song is an

acoustic song, which is probably the best song on the disc, which, along with the recent discovery/uncovery of various MTX solo/acoustic early versions of songs heretofore unknown in such a fashion, leads me to believe that pretty much every pop-punk...er, beg pardon, *buzz-pop* band still in existence should junk the entire notion of amplified music entirely, and go directly to the one-man acoustic guitar route tfn. I mean, let's face it, the *buzz-pop* trappings are a buncha ballast, an almost impotent form and format more trouble than they're worth and more a hindrance than help. Buy a cheap acoustic guitar. You can record your own CD-R's using two tracks, or live using two mikes, you're set for life. D.I.Y., dude. Seriously. Like Ozzy said: “!T!OD” Or was that Judas Priest? Just be sure to put punk stickers on your acoustic guitar. That way everyone will know you are *buzz-folk!*

MP-1040 • HIGH SCHOOL HELL-CATS • “Before They Were Rockstars” • Three cute young girls on the cover of a release on a label whose customer base is 85% male and 100% dork guarantee that this item will most likely be stored in the purchaser's bedroom regardless of whether or not the bedroom in question is equipped with a CD player (you're obviously saying “*Rev. Nørb, have you already jerked off to this CD cover?*”, and for good reason, because, naturally, i have. I couldn't help it. That girl on the right was showing her bra strap. *Temptress! Harlot!*). Kind of a strange middle ground between standard MP™ fare and Riot Gurl (i.e. quite devoid of syrup and milkshakes and poodles-on-the-skirts and so forth) type stuff. The liner notes state that the Mutant Pop™ mailing list is almost perpetually at a 85:15 male-to-female ratio (i.e. 17:3 — and i suppose these girls are the three); small wonder it's always such a fucking chore trying to set up a threesome.

IN SUMMATION:

Anyone who picked the Milwaukee Bucks to go to the NBA Finals this year has his head up his fucking ass. Buy all the aforementioned products, they rule!

Rev. Nørb needs no introduction but I have a hole to fill... In days of yore, Norb did a zine called Sick Teen, later (Sic.) Teen. He got comped issue #1 of MRR, which is a max score in the Punk Points™ Derby. Norb later wrote for MRR until morons canned him, and now fronts Boris the Sprinkler and does Bulge Records. You can cuss him out direct: NRevorb@greenbaynet.com

Maxie Somethington

REACTION TO A CONTRADICTION...

— or —

How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Pop-Punk

The term “pop-punk” has a significance that is more than the sum of its parts. More than just pop, more than just punk, the true pop-punk most of us know and love is a direct descendant of the original punk movement of the late '70s that included such pioneers as the Ramones, Buzzcocks, and Undertones. Modern pop-punk also owes a tremendous debt to '50s rock'n'roll, with its simple structures, abbreviated song length, speedy tempos, and melodic compositions. Huge, buzzy guitars and giant hooks anchored by often mind-numbingly simple backbeats are also the norm in more revved up, contemporary versions of the catchy anthems performed by the trailblazers of the genre.

If we are to fully follow the logic expressed in P.J. Sloan's “Inspiration for a Composition” in *MP Catalog 39*, however, since a number of bands in the past have evolved away from pop-punk, the entire musical genre is rendered simply irrelevant — a socially-acceptable synonym for musical incompetence. P.J. seems to hold little regard for this vehicle of musical expression, dismissing it as fleeting and transitory, a convenient “means” to an undefined “end.” To brush aside over twenty years of vital and exciting artistic creations by pop-punk bands around the world as the product of “fleeting inspiration” is to trivialize classic songs and albums.

An excellent example of the artistic validity of pop-punk as a musical genre is provided by Screeching Weasel's July 1991 masterpiece, *My Brain Hurts*. The songs come fast and furious, but with a fundamental catchiness, like strawberry-flavored napalm. We all know (and if you don't know it, you're a philistine) that this record is, as P.J. Sloan himself puts it, “undeniably classic.” Yet in this same essay we also learn that “when [the best] bands hit their stride, they weren't even playing pop-punk anymore.” I find it hard to believe that any fan of true pop-punk would find this record outside of the parameters of the genre, though it is clear (especially in hindsight) that this particular release exemplified the band hitting their artistic stride. *My Brain Hurts* proved to be the first of five albums in which the band in question peaked and plateaued, making immortal records that are rightly regarded as works of genius. How then can it be that a pop-punk band is fleeting?

I do agree wholeheartedly with P.J. that forcing “inspiration” is likely to cause the resulting composition to flounder and thus undermines the creative process. Real inspiration is born out of desperation, a need to excise and exorcise, to experience catharsis — true. But this is not to say that any conscious attempt at creating a great pop-punk album (or any artistic work) is a prospect that is doomed from its inception. Fulfilling one's own personal hierarchy of artistic needs can still be attained; creating songs with integrity and self-expression are still going to be instrumental assets, even — nay, *especially* — in a conscious attempt to create a great punk album. It is simply a matter of waiting for true inspiration to strike.

As for P.J.'s assertion that “a pop-punk record succeeds through raw amateurish performance and recording, a certain primitive naivete,” I must respectfully disagree. Although those are often characteristic adjectives of the genre, they are hardly definitive or factors consistent with great pop-punk endeavors. Again, we may look towards Screeching Weasel. Take the example of *Anthem for a New Tomorrow*, one of the most polished and relatively “professional” recordings in pop-punk history: there is no doubt that this is an inspired and integritous album. It remains a widely-lauded classic of pop-punk, yet it is missing any “amateurish or primal quality.” In truth, there is no inevitable “natural cycle of pop-punk” (as P.J. puts it) in which does not revolve around the ‘inevitable’ transition of what is simply a temporary period in any given band's development, to a more mature, sophisticated band outside the pop-punk genre. Is it not obvious that a band's maturation can also occur within the boundaries of the pop-punk genre?

To further answer that question in the affirmative, we can turn to the immortal Mr. T Experience, who, with the Queens and Screeching Weasel served as one pillar of the mid-

'90s Lookout! Records pop-punk triumvirate. MTX has gone through many changes over the course of its career. If any band has matured and tested the limits of what is considered pop-punk, they have. From the raw early albums to *Revenge is Sweet...* to *Alcatraz* to the recent *Miracle of Shame* it is clear that this band (which is to say creative genius Dr. Frank) has been unwilling to soullessly ape themselves album after album, employing calculated formulas used in their previous endeavor. And yet, MTX still plays pop-punk music. How can this be? Intra-genre evolution!

MTX has retained many staples of original punk rock (that guitar sound, simple rhythms, big poppy hooks), while taking a new approach towards the songwriting, creating songs with more depth. The newer songs are more layered, with a more diverse use of the sound. These songs are not being written, they're being crafted from a foundation. They pay homage to punk bands of the late '70s while expanding our ideas of what constitute “pop” and “punk.” MTX is but one of many examples of evolution within the pop-punk genre, others including the Connie Dungs and the Smoking Popes, among others.

When you get down to brass tacks though, what does it matter? The real moment of truth comes not when you decide whether a band is playing pop-punk or even anything at all, but in that moment after you touch the needle to the vinyl; those fleeting first seconds of hearing the record without intellectualizing it, the moment unadulterated sound pummels your eardrums with raucous screams or lush, full harmonies...and you realize it *flat out rocks*. Or that it doesn't.

The future of pop-punk may indeed lie in the hands of fresh youngsters bursting at the seams with exuberance, but even more so in the bands of the past, of the last generation, and the one before. These will be the catalysts for creation, the first domino to start the chain that sparks inspiration in the minds of the young and those who will continue to carry the pop-punk banner until they, themselves must pass it along.

Maxie Somethington plays bass and “sings” with *The Somethingtons*. Email him at Somethingtons@aol.com



PUNK SNOT DEAD

by Jesse K.

It's 1991 and I'm sitting at a small desk in my college weight room. It is my job to sit there and control the stereo, spot weight lifters and make sure that all the chicks get their shot at their 20 minutes on the VersaClimber. My semi-dreadlocked hair is held back with a headband. I'm wearing a Neurosis T-shirt and a pair of cut off army pants with a Filth patch on the leg. Music blasts from speakers dotted around the room, wired to the expensive stereo that I am in charge of. What is playing? Surely Jawbreaker or Samiam. I have a magazine in my hands and I am reading it from cover to cover, highlighting the ads for the records I will order when I get my paycheck. To me, this was the magical world of pop-punk.

An older friend of mine walks in the room about to start his work-out. He sees the magazine I am reading and says, "What are you reading? I didn't know they were still publishing that."

I set my copy of *Maximum Rockroll* down on the desk, shocked. "Yeah, they're still publishing," I say, cursing him. To him, the scene had died. To him this was some little rag full of nonsense that he no longer cared about. To me, this and a good kegger were the highlights of my month. First I would thumb through to check out the new Very Small and Underground Medicine ads, then I would read that thing two or three times, even the political columns, and I would circle every DIY 7" that I hadn't been able to pick up at the grange hall and basement shows around the Northeast that I avidly attended. On payday, I would take my paycheck to the Fleet bank and cash it.

"How would you like it?" The teller would ask.
"Ones."

I would take that fat stack of ones back to my dorm room, and start stuffing them along with handwritten letters into recycled business envelopes with the business address blacked out with a Marks-A-Lot. I'd rubber stamp my name and address on there, and glue on a recycled stamp, the postmarked soaked off in rubbing alcohol. Then I'd take the stack to the post office, drop them in the slot and check my PO Box. It was Christmas every day: A new G-Whiz split single, a suburban vampire video tape made by some punks in Chicago, some original poetry for the fanzine I was publishing hand-

written by GG Allin in jail or Henry Rollins before he was doing ads for The Gap, a letter from Blake from Jawbreaker saying since he wasn't a poet, he couldn't submit anything...But your beautiful lyrics, Blake, you could write!

I had become a mail junkie in High School. I had all the Generation X, Ramones, Black Flag, and Forgotten Rebels records already, and had ordered the entire SST catalog through the mail (even the horrible stoner jams). I spent my time skateboarding, making videos, playing music, drawing comics, and wishing that I lived in California where I could see punk shows instead of rural Maine, where my closest contact to anything that I found exciting was in the pages of *Thrasher* magazine (of course I had a subscription to that and *Transworld Skateboarding*). Even then I would spend hours sending off envelopes to every skateboard company with dollar bills for stickers and catalogs.

One day while browsing through a beatnik bookstore in Brunswick, a college town a half hour from where I grew up, I stumbled across a few punk fanzines: Twisted Image among others. I bought them all and started sending out letters, and it was amazing what came back. By the time I was a Junior I was totally hooked on *Factsheet 5* and *MRR*. As soon as would get home from school, I would start writing letters, and trading mail art. Some of the first DIY 7" records I got were from this totally retarded band from Cleveland, called Sockeye, their 7" was famous for the songs "Vegetarians are Wimps" and "Straight Edge Fag." Soon I began meeting "friends" through my letters. By the time I was a Senior in High School, all my friends and I all had pretty nice stacks of colored vinyl, published fanzines, and wrote plenty of letters. The singer for my band, Big Lawn, answered a classified ad in *MRR* and got the gig playing drums for The A.G.s and came back with wonderful stories of meeting El Duce from the Mentours, waterskiing with NOFX, partying with Moral Crux, playing with Angry Samoans and Green Day at a New Years show! FUN! We booked shows at colleges and Elks Lodge Halls with Northeast punk bands like Neutral Nation, The Gorehounds, The McNickNix, and even our heroes Jawbreaker, whose van broke down and they cancelled the show (you can hear our disappointing phone message on The Chesterfield King 12"). This was all pop-punk and it kept becoming more magical!

1990 rolled around and I was whisked off to college, my stack of fanzines and 7"s all packed up, a pile of punk flyers to staple all over my dorm room. I made a new rubber stamp, and changed my address to all my pen pals. My first day at school I met in person a beautiful red-haired girl named Jen who I had been writing to for over a year from a classified in *MRR*. She introduced me to her long-haired boyfriend who was really into The Dwarves and the Melvins. Later on as I was stapling flyers to my wall and cranking a Jawbreaker 7", I met some more friend who upon hearing the music knocked on my door. This was great, I was surrounded by punks. I had all my penpals still, but now all these humans to talk to IN

PERSON! Being self-conscious college student we all had little sub-genres of punk that we liked. There were the straight-edge kids, the DC hardcore guys...What did I like? POP-PUNK. It was all about the Bay Area. I had never even been to California, but to me the "East Bay" was as real as anywhere else. It didn't matter if it was Green Day, Operation Ivy, Neurosis, or Filth. It all meant so much to me. That is why I was so shocked, when my friend didn't even know *MRR* existed anymore! To me it was ALL that existed.

From 1990-92 punk was getting really popular. The Red Hot Chili Peppers and Jane's Addiction were the "mainstream" bands. Dinosaur Jr., The Pixies, and Sonic Youth were the popular college bands, but we had the underground bands: pop bands like Green Day and NOFX, melodic hardcore bands like Samiam and Jawbreaker, and post hardcore bands like Born Against and Nation of Ulysses. I would see all these bands, as much as I could, meanwhile reading about Screeching Weasel's trip to Arizona in *Hippycore* zine, and listening to the tapes of old Queers songs. On News Years Eve 1991, I was fortunate enough to get invited to a New Years Eve show, by a friend of mine in a skinhead band called The Bruisers. Screeching Weasel was going to be playing in New Hampshire. I was so excited. My friend Jeff and I drove to the show, and were blown away by Screeching Weasel and a brand new line-up of the old punk band, The Queers.

A few months later I went to the local CD store and picked up two new releases, Samiam's *Soar* and *My Brain Hurts* by Screeching Weasel. My friends and I were so impressed with the two records, and I played them all the time. Soon after I went to see the Queers again, and talked to Joe. He told me he was working with Ben, and that they would soon be on Lookout, and he could sell his bar. He was so wasted his words all slurred together and I was sure this would never happen. I was wrong, later that year, *Love Songs for the Retarded* came out and replaced *My Brain Hurts* in the tray of my CD player. Pop-punk was at an all-time high. Green Day was playing bigger halls. Fugazi was selling out gymnasiums. Back then though all these bands were similar to me, though they weren't all pop-punk, they were all DIY, which is why you see Screeching Weasel wearing Neurosis shirts and sharing records with Born Against. It was important that they were doing it themselves, and that they weren't on major labels, like the bands we blacklisted back then: Social Distortion and Nirvana. It's like the *MRR* comp said "They Don't Get Paid, They Don't Get Laid, But Boy Do They Work Hard".

Skip ahead to the next year, and the rumors start flying. Green Day is getting signed! OH, NO! I should have jumped ship right then, but I was sucked in. Who's punk and who's not? Who's DIY and who's a sellout? "You're not punk and I'm telling everyone."

Do I have to tell you that a few months of this totally soured pop-punk for me? After suffering through *MRR* turning into a Green Day gossip rag, they just pulled the plug on the music

I loved, choosing to focus on the big and boring emo scene, and the primitive or retro punk inspired by the bootleg LP series *Killed By Death*, and Rhino's DIY collection. I didn't renew my subscription and I became more interested in listening to trashy garage rock and my old punk records. Before I graduated college in 1994 I was that guy who said "They still publish that?" How quickly things change. I would thumb through an issue of *MRR* and not recognize very much, Avail, Antioch Arrow? I turned my back on the "scene." DIY punk was dead. Pop-punk was dead. Jawbreaker and Samiam were chasing majors, only to get fucked over and disband (temporarily perhaps). *MRR* was boring. It was all fucked. Sure I still listened to the bands I liked but all the magic I experienced earlier was gone.

That summer I graduated college, loaded up all my stuff and drove out to live in Portland, OR to live out the California/*Thrasher* magazine/East-Bay/Very Small Records/West Coast dreams of my youth. And to start a band so I could drive around the country in a beat up van, drinking beer and meeting other punks. Soon after I arrived in Portland, I had a band called The Automatics, and after a few gigs at strip bars and hippie clubs, I met Timbo, and he put out a record for us. Now punk was not dead to this guy! Soon I began getting his catalog and learned about all the exciting bands that had formed when Green Day "sold-out" and the Queers and Screeching Weasel rode their coattails. It was wonderful to meet the guys in Underhand and Everready, play great shows, get wasted, and just have incredible fun. Soon I found myself immersed in this new world called pop-punk. I blame it all on Green Day, getting into the stores.

This was 1995 and Jason from Just Add Water could live off his label instead of working for a consulting firm. Timbo could send out statements and checks to all the bands, instead of coming up with ideas to battle rising vinyl costs. We rode the gravy train for all that it was worth, but that's over now. But everything is still kind of the same. The same magic I experienced as a teenager is still around. David Hayes has started putting out records again. The Underground Medicine catalog still goes out and is also available online, and even though we lost Timbo for a year or so there, he's back on the map (cause if he wasn't, you wouldn't be reading this now, would you?)

So if pop-punk died in 1994, what were we doing all that time, riding it out? And if pop-punk dies in 2002 what will we do then? I really have no idea but it seems to me that as long as electric guitars are loud, and that three chords exist, and music can be FUN, that pop-punk will live. I know that for myself that no matter how many records are sold, or how many bad reviews are written, or bands "sell-out" pop-punk will always live deep in my soul.

Jesse K. played bass and sang for The Automatics. He now lives in New York City and does improv theatre.

JOSHUA BLAKE RUTLEDGE presents:

#1 W/A BULLET

Yeah, yeah, yeah. You've been hearing the buzz. The Hives. The Strokes. The White Stripes. Fair enough, fair enough. The hipsters' select can have their 15 minutes of shame. But THE BEATINGS have got them ALL beat.... by a mile! I'm not kidding. I speak of a seedy, glamorous gang from Baltimore (Beware of poser Beatings who DON'T hail from Charm City!) that has single-handedly re-ignited my insatiable lust for rock and roll. I speak of THE best band out there right now, period. If I ruled the world, the first thing I'd do after castrating Fred Durst and outlawing Pepsi Cola would be to hand the airwaves over to the almighty Beatings and let them rock humanity into a permanent state of euphoria. Meet the new saviors, boys and girls!

Stylistically speaking, The Beatings don't really do anything special to differentiate themselves from the rest of the nouveau glam/"punk rock and roll" pack. They play it loud, snotty, and wild—just like a million other outfits created in the image of Satan. On paper, they're just another ho-hum generic punk band. But on record (where it MATTERS, pal!), these bastards HAVE IT GOING ON! I'm telling you, kids. The Beatings are THE SHIT! They are the real deal. The answer to your prayers. The booze in your punch. The fizz in your Coke. The scream in your orgasm. The cruise missile riding up your bum. You wanna talk red-hot rock and roll? You wanna talk about the trashcan aural joyride? The Beatings' self-titled 7" on Pelado Records has rocked my balls off again and again and again and again! Take your lunch money and spend it on this EP; it's worth the inconvenience of starvation.

Ah, the Beatings! Hell bent on promoting "teen sex, bad drugs, and cheap rock & roll to all of the misspent youth of today", these flashy degenerates have digested a bevy of bedrock influences (punk rock, blues, hard rock, trash-rock, new wave, garage punk, and spat them back out with all the subtlety of a sledgehammer to the skull. This is JUST the kind of smoking stuff that'll thrill your typical sex-craved misanthropic post-adolescent dirt-bag to death (and at least intrigue the average vinyl-hoarding pop geek). Those of you lucky enough to own this slab of wax will find yourselves digging into four vicious tunes that absolutely, positively RIP!!!! Especially potent are "Kiss On The Cheek" and "Roller Coaster Girl", a pair of first-rate smackers worthy of the full-on horned-hand salute. The Beatings may not be the ONLY group out there vying for a choice spot upon the throne vacated by the Dead Boys, Humpers, and Joneses; but precious few bands are doing it with such energy, power, and gloriously-primitive abandon. More importantly, these fellows have what the second-raters will never have: KILLER SONGS! Aggressive but not macho, ferocious but not abrasive, and raw but not lo-fi, The Beatings are a force in the making. If their forthcoming full-length is even HALF as good as this one EP, you'll all be sporting Beatings tattoos by Christmas Eve.

The Beatings aren't exactly the most original band in the world. Then again, maybe they ARE. Working with tried-and-true raw materials, these Baltimorean bad-asses have managed to carve themselves one hell of a niche. The elements are familiar, but these dudes have found a way to put a fresh spin on off-recycled riffs. The result: a flat-out AWESOME piece of vinyl! If you haven't yet checked out the glam-punk dance party, now may be the time to get with

the program!

Contemporary glam-punk isn't so much a style as it is a HYBRID of styles, an incorrigible sonic mutt weaned on glitter rock, 70's punk, big chorus Sunset Strip cock rawk, and the eternal trashy rock and roll legacy running the gamut from the Rolling Stones to Alice Cooper to Hanoi Rocks to the early Replacements. Now that everything has already "been done", what's left to do in the 21st Century but bastardize EVERYTHING that's been cool about rock and roll since the New York Dolls went down in flames nearly three decades ago? The Beatings, then, are the debased product of a misfit generation's fierce obsession with Johnny Thunders, Slade, Generation X, The Damned, and Gun Club— a living shrine to genre-twisting audacity and good, old-fashioned STYLE.

Like the mid-90's pop-punk explosion, this whole glam-punk orgy happened because it HAD TO. Let's rewind back to the late 80's and early 90's. Punk rock in general was in sad shape, thrashing about pointlessly and offering very little in the way of the straight-razor hooks that made The Clash, Ramones, and Buzzcocks such great bands. Then

came the tidal wave of good taste, and the rest is history. Pop-punk. '77-style punk. Garage punk. Glam-punk. Like their Weasel-core counterparts, the new glam-boys combed the depths of music history and struck gold. By the end of the decade, the likes of the

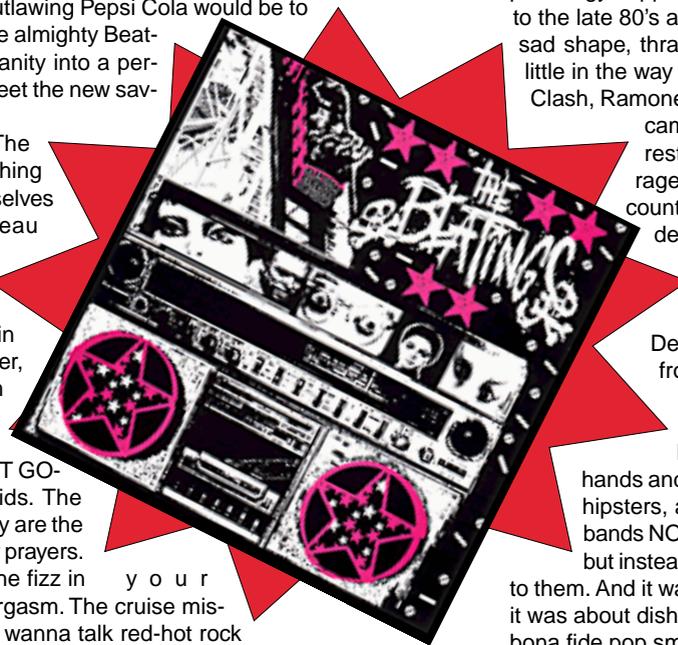
Dimestore Haloes, Beat Angels, American Heartbreak, Bladder Bladder Bladder, Dead End Cruisers, Trash Brats (holdovers from the 80's doomed to drown in neglect), Romeo's Dead, Slash City Daggers, Richmond Sluts, Loose Lips, and Black Halos had managed to take matters into their own

hands and reclaim punk rock from the crusties, indie hipsters, and emo dorks. Bored, lusty souls formed bands NOT out of the desire to play follow-the-leader, but instead out of the urge to create music that spoke to them. And it wasn't just about playing dress-up on stage; it was about dishing out loud, trashy, catchy punk rock with bona fide pop smarts. Thank God for that.

A few years later, the inevitable watering-down of the glam-punk "scene" has made it rather difficult to separate the legitimately kick-ass bands from the superficial posers just trying to be "cool". But in the end, it's always the music itself that distinguishes rock and roll royalty. You'll find more excitement, more electricity, and more all-out sugar-bomb bliss on The Beatings' four-song EP than you'll find on any of those "Fistful of Rock and Roll" comps. In a day and age when the entire existence of so many bands falling under the "glam-punk" banner seems contrived to the point of pre-fabrication, it's a pleasure to hear a rock and roll record clearly born of such real, instantaneous, joyful inspiration. You have been warned.

Lord Rutledge Ranks the Ten Greatest Glam-Punk LP's (1995-2000)

1. Beat Angels — *Unhappy Hour* (1996)
2. D Generation — *No Lunch* (1996)
3. Black Halos — *Black Halos* (1999)
4. American Heartbreak — *Postcards From Hell* (2000)
5. Dimestore Haloes — *Revolt Into Style* (1999)
6. Dead End Cruisers — *Deep Six Holiday* (1998)
7. Beat Angels — *Red Badge of Discouragement* (1997)
8. Dead End Cruisers — *The Patron Saints of Wheless Lane* (2000)
9. Trash Brats — *Out of the Closet* (1996)
10. Romeo's Dead — *It's All Your Fault* (1999)



Lew-a-Go Go Green-Bottom-a-Go Go!

Many say the Buzzcocks did it first. In February of 1977 they made a move and put out the first self-released single of the burgeoning punk rock movement. The title was *Spiral Scratch* and the contents were four urgent, biting, snot-packed odes to tired teenage life packaged in a stark, band-photoed, Xerox-styled, black and white sleeve. In *England's Dreaming*, Richard Boon, a close friend of the band, said:

"The Buzzcocks' phenomenon was desperately unskilled with no industry experience at all, and no resources. It just seemed worth documenting the activity, perhaps as the end result, perhaps as the only result."

The result was nothing short of a revolutionary approach to music making and distribution. No longer did bands need to rely on a major label or even a large independent label. The power had shifted from the pockets of the music business into the hands of the kids. Now any band with enough capital to slap a few songs on tape and have them scorched into vinyl had an opportunity to leave a mark on music history. I'm sure more than a few of your favorite singles taking up space in your bulging record box were self-released, so I don't need to yak about the importance of *Spiral Scratch*. Today's kids are just as tired and snot-packed as Howard Devoto, Pete Shelley and the rest of the Buzzcocks were back in Manchester in the late '70s. Bored teenagers still bash out tunes in a fit of pent up adrenaline. And yet some things have changed. If Pete and Howard were teenagers in the '00s they wouldn't have to press their songs to wax, they could just hit up their dad's CD burning enabled computer, blast out fifty copies, snap a polaroid, print up some text, and head over the copy shop to make it official. Certainly the impact of such a release is far less than that felt by *Spiral Scratch*, the doing it yourself is nothing new, but the ease of doing it is. The upper hand, long held by the record labels, had been lowered considerably by events such as *Spiral Scratch*.

With the advent of CD-R technology the labels hands are damn near dragging on the black top. The topic of CD-R releases ultimately leads to the discussion on too much of a bad thing, and I can't agree more. However, I have faith in the rock and roll teenagers of the '00s. I know they have the songs, and as long as they have the songs I don't care how they release them. Record them on a tape recorder and burn them straight to CD-R, slap them in a little plastic sleeve and use day old snot-rags for a sleeve. Just make sure you have the songs first. It is certainly a job to shift through the flood of CD-R releases that have come down the pike and will continue to do so into the future, but it's a job worth undertaking. For all I know there's a desolate and confused '00s teenager, whose heart beats life-affirming, hook-filled pop songs, sitting in his parent's house penning the best songs I've never heard. Chances are he's too shy and befuddled to pull together a real band and capture the urgency of his songs on some sort of official release. With CD-R technology he can document his urgency and make my face light up and my heart beat a little faster at the same time, and he doesn't have to work sixty hours a week at the box factory to do so.

My assignment here is to document CD-R releases. That means I need you to send them to me. There's really no stipulations on how you produce these things. I'm no audiophile, so I could care less where or how your opus is recorded. As I mentioned, just give me the great songs and we'll be ok. As far as styles here's what Timbo had to say: *"the limits of genre would apply: underground pop, power-pop, pop-punk, '77 style, poppy garage, and other forms of tuneful punk IN, other forms of music OUT."* Which is fine with me because I absolutely die for all those glorious sounds. As long as there are fed up adolescents out there blasting away in front of their boom box I'll be here documenting the CD-R revolution. For this column I had to drag the nets through my music collection to find a few CD-R releases to praise. Next time around I should have the opportunity to rant and rave about many more.

First up is **THE KOOPAS** *Sex, Lies, and Video Games*. First planned as part of the Mutant Pop Short-Run series, the band gave it over to Smelly Menace instead, who did it up in a tray card with a silk-screened disc and computer printed insert card. For those of you hip to the band's newest single *When Opposites Attack*, don't expect the same high-level hits but do expect buzz-caked, cotton-ball-up-the-nose vocalled songs about heart murdering girls with at least two hits out of ten tracks. Smile along as Poppy Robbie croons and laments over the lose of girl after girl. A nice document of the beginnings of one of buzz-pop's newest sensations. Email: smellymenacerecords@hotmail.com for more info.

Next we have yet another band that recently, by way of the floor, cracked the jaws of the pop underground when they released their debut single *3 Guys, 12 Eyes*. The almighty **ERGS!** made their first moves with help from the CD-R revolution, putting out two releases simultaneously, both in an MP-style plastic flip sleeve, with hand stamped discs and word-processed xeroxed inserts. The most amazing of the two is *f'n*, containing several hits and giving huge hints as to where The Ergs! were headed. Think atypical pop/punk played by Replacements worshipping, thrash eating, pop fiends. *f'n* alternates between the heart-sliced-and-diced-and-spewed-on-sleeve rocked-out pop songs of the multipurpose Mikey Erg and the swaying, off-kilter, furious rockers of Jeff Erg. You'll want it for the original and slightly different recording of "If You Don't," you'll love it for the rest. A stellar release on all counts. The other disc is known as *Digital Endpoints*, and is The Ergs stab at a concept/rock opera/thrash

record. Things begin with a story of how The Ergs saved the earth from imminent peril by playing their rock tunes. The songs are tracked separately at the end, so you don't have to sit through all the talking to get to the rocking. *Digital Endpoints* contains the thrash/pop hits of hilarity, "Hands" (an ode to uh... handjobs), "She's A Pretentious Asshole" (an ode to uh... people like you who salivate over colored vinyl), "Checkout" (an ode to flare-wearing, hot lipped checkout girls), and "Up With Miniskirts" (duh). None of the songs break the half a minute barrier, you won't know what hit you. For more info. on both these releases shoot on over to www.dorkrockcorkrod.com

Next up we have a band that's been known to rock and roll with The Ergs! on occasion. New Jersey's **THE NOSEBLEEDS** blast out freshman, '50s-influenced, juvenile Ramonesy pop-punk/garage with a bit of dirt caked in. The bands first foray into CD-R land is a jewel-cased, sticker-labeled, study-hall-drawn-covered, four song EP entitled *Nocturnal Emissions* with at least two hits out of four tunes, those being "Dork Rock Girl," and "Play With Me." I can't always tell what they're squelching about but I know there's at least a few references to girls, Coca-Cola, rock and roll, and girls who dig rock and roll. For more information, head on over to www.thenosebleeds.com

I'll wrap this up with my favorite release of the moment. Hubba Hubba Records cranked out fifty CD-Rs as a surprise gift for those attending the live rock and roll action they were hosting. The result is *You're Stuck in Georgetown With No Ride Home*, a 13 song collection of raw, lo-fiest of the lo-fi rock and roll from the five funtime, garage-diseased rock and roll acts known as Rock n Roll Adventure Kids, The Zombie IV, The Red Barons, The Primate Five, and The Malinks. There's not a mediocre moment whether it be the poppy, spastic, jangly, kooky blasts of Rock n Roll Adventure Kids to the raw, rough and rolling '50s/'60s-influenced garage of The Primate Five, you're guaranteed a cost-efficient good time. An excellent point of reference is The Mummies and other purveyors of the trash rock aesthetic. Forget quality sound, what you get here is top-notch exuberance captured on tape and spread onto CD-R, stuffed into a paper-sleeve with a glued on xerox cover, and shipped straight to your stereo to provide the hits you crave to amp up your next underground garage/rock and roll dance party. Hubba Hubba plans to burn up another batch of *You're Stuck...* and is even making rumblings about a vinyl Primate Five release. To contact them jab hubbahubbarecordings@hotmail.com into your *To:* field.

Let's give the mailman a bad back—hit me with all the CD-R-pop you got! Send all self-released and label-released CD-R releases to:

Lewis Houston
135 Wapwallopen Rd.
Nescoeck, PA 18635 —USA
Email: lew@vinylagoo.com

In his column in this issue, Rev. Nørb dishes some of my email words to him into public space. That's fine, I reckon, I'm not shy and I stand by the thesis I advanced to him in the process of trying to convince him to shift his thinking from manufacture of conventional jewelbox CDs to manufacture of SRCDs with the Bulge Records imprimatur. Obviously, Nørb spins my words a little for humorous effect, but it does leave me feeling I need to put that stuff into context. I will do that shortly — but first things first...



CD-RECORDABLE (CD-R) technology is a great thing for music fans. It is a great thing for punk rock. CD-R makes it possible to start up a serious label on a shoestring,



shaving several thousand dollars off the height of the bar one must jump to get going with a “real” label—as opposed to putting out one or two releases of your band or your friend's band. If you have been thinking about doing a label but have been afraid of losing all your chips after just one release, take another look at the economics of the game, substituting CD-Rs for 7 inch vinyl releases in your mind's

eye. Bang-bang-bang-bang, you can fire off release after release after release for the same money that it would cost to do one United Record Pressing seven inch... You still have to sell them, mind you, but it's lots easier to sell 50 copies each of six different titles than it is to sell 300 copies of one title. This is true, trust me. This is the reason little record labels trade with each other so frequently — trying to diversify their inventory with a view to “making it go away” quicker.



You can make *excellent* sleeves for CD-Rs at home with a \$150 inkjet printer. No shit, I did a bootleg using nothing but a cheap Epson inkjet printer (model 880, now obsolete), a nice paper cutter (\$50 or so at the big office supply stores), Epson PhotoPaper (\$20/100 sheets at Costco on a regular basis, perhaps \$35/100 elsewhere), and ink cartridges (cut-rate 4 color cartridges out from one of the Mac computer catalogs ran \$10 a pop, I think it was, and I basically burned 3 to make 81 sleeves). Ya do the math and the sleeves wound up costing something like 50 cents each to make — this with no outputting of film. The result is high quality stuff, a tad sticky perhaps, but crisp, clear, and professional enough that people would be happy to pay money for a similarly-packaged release and put it in their music collection without further qualms. That's how I'd do sleeves if I were starting a label today, no doubt about it.

The economics change as the press run gets beyond 150 or so... Then you'd want to be thinking seriously about using a pro-printer and going with a more conventional 2 colors on top/1 color inside via traditional offset printing, as with the regular Mutant Pop SRCD sleeves. It's something that everyone needs to price out for themselves — but the math does definitely change at a certain point, be advised.



By the way, for all my printing I use a company called Imprint, located in Florida. Call (941) 497-0510 and ask for Walt next time you need a price quote on a print job. Imprint are the same guys who did all the later MP 7” sleeves — they're punk rockers, they're honest, and they're just generally cool to work with. They do everything from 7-inch sleeves to 4 color CD booklets and traycards. Do keep that phone number handy!



Sleeves are one part of the SRCD puzzle. The discs themselves are another, perhaps the most difficult. I believe there are basically six solutions to the question of “what to use for SRCD discs?” that have emerged so far. The most primitive solution is to buy a spindle of the least expensive CD-R blanks a person can find and to sharpie pen information onto a stock silver or gold disc. This tends to look like shit and reduces the perceived value of the release — making things more difficult to sell. On the positive side of the equation, stock blanks are only slightly more expensive than “free” these days, thus holding costs to an absolute minimum.

The second solution is to make use of printed stickers which are applied directly to

the disk. Be Nice to Mommy Records of Italy uses this technique with four color inkjet printing on the label and the result looks very nice indeed. On the negative side of the equation, hand application of stickers is a slow manufacturing process and the resulting discs sometimes are slightly off balance and don't play perfectly in all CD players.

A third solution, of which I have heard tales involves the purchase of stock discs and the individual hand silkscreening, disc by disc, of release information. I've heard a horror story of such a hand-screened disc wedging itself into a CD player for keeps, so good luck with this one. Theoretically, a clever person with an experimental bent should be able to figure out how to hand silkscreen discs that look and work okay.

The fourth solution to the disc question is the Mutant Pop model: the purchase of commercially silkscreened discs in bulk, with title information handwritten disc by disc. The result looks slightly sloppier than a fully silkscreened disc, but still retains a feeling of “quality.” There are two drawbacks to this solution: the need to sit down periodically, pick up a Sharpie, and get writer's cramp and the aspect of cost. My most recent disc purchase, 3 colors on disc, print run of 2000 discs, came to 75 cents a disc — that is, approximately 40 to 50 cents more than one might expect to pay for blank discs on spindles, not to mention the fact that writing a check for \$1500 implies spending \$1500.

A fifth solution, coming soon, are affordable inkjet printers that print directly onto the surface of printable CD-R blanks. I believe within two or so years this method of disc production will emerge on a broad scale, rendering much of the discussion here moot. For now, a person would be faced with tracking down the early-generation gear and working out the bugs inherent in any new system. One would also anticipate paying some sort of premium for “printable” discs over the bulk cheapos available in any office supply store.

Sixth, and finally, one can pay someone else to manufacture small editions of CDs with professionally screenprinted faceplates. The new A Radio With Guts SRCD on Knock Knock Records is one excellent example of this technique. Such a process implies the purchase of 100 or several hundred copies of the same title, either in the form of screenprinted blanks or fully manufactured CD-Rs. The model is thus

less flexible than the Mutant Pop scheme: if you run out of title #3 and have 60 extra blanks for title #6, you're screwed. On the other hand, nothing looks more professional than a fully pro screenprinted disc. Costs of short run manufacturing have been falling and new SRCD labeldudes should indeed ask around and check prices.



While I'm dropping names, I'll mention that I buy Mutant Pop SRCD blanks from a company in Palo Alto, California called The Shimad Corp. Call Adam at (650) 493-1234 for a price quote and film specifications. Expect to pay perhaps 10 cents more a disc than the MP rate cited above for a run of 1000 discs rather than 2000 and perhaps a few cents less per disc for using fewer colors on disc. I have used Shimad for all 13,000 MP SRCD blanks purchased thus far and have been very happy with quality and service.



The discs and the booklets are two of the big pieces of the puzzle, the third is the burner itself. A person *can* do a SRCD label with a single burner off the desktop, let there be no mistake. I ran the first 150 or so copies of each of the first three Mutant Pop SRCDs off a single CD burner hooked up to a G3 Desktop Macintosh. It was a slow process and it beat the shit out of my burner, but it can be done.

Once I was sure about committing to CD-R as a way of life, I sprung for a multi-disc replicator. My first machine was a 6-up (1 master bay and 6 slave bays) stand-alone replicator manufactured by LaCie, burning at 4x speed. It's a sweet machine, it kills something in the neighborhood of 1% of the discs run due to burning flaws, a very acceptable rate, with extremely few if any "hidden skips." About 97% of MP SRCDs are burned on this machine, which operates with the punch of a button.

I liked the machine so much that I tried to buy another one a few months later to provide myself with emergency backup. This time I got the same machine with a different nameplate, manufactured by APS Technologies — part of the same corporation as LaCie. This stand alone six-up had an 8x burn speed and was a disaster!



Here's some wisdom, pay attention: be careful with your burn speed when you are reproducing sound files! Sound files are very finicky. I have received no fewer than six CD-R demos from bands over the last 3 months with skips caused by excessive burn speed. A speed of not over 4x is recommended for sound by LaCie/APS. They tell you this *later*, AFTER you drop coin on a machine to find you're killing over 5% of the discs you burn outright and putting hidden skips on others. Unlike desktop burners, stand alone machines are difficult or impossible to slow down, so that 16x 5-up in the new computer catalog might not necessarily answer your prayers...

My advice to the new SRCD labeldude is that yes, you do need a replicator, but you should make sure that whatever machine you buy is acceptable for *sound*. A variable burn speed feature should solve it...



The final piece to the SRCD puzzle is packaging.

There are numerous ways to play this: most common are the "slimline" jewelboxes that include a space for a booklet but do not use a traycard. These things cost about 20 cents each in bulk and are available either from the big office supply chain stores or wholesale from places like Bags Unlimited (East) or Square Deal Record Supplies (West).

For the most professional result, a person can always do a standard jewelbox with a tray and traycard. Laying out and cutting traycards to their exact dimension is pretty precise stuff but it can be done, as the Chick Magnets, among others, have demonstrated.

Alternatively, among other possible packaging solutions, one might use the "Safety Sleeves" favored by Mutant Pop, Whoa Oh Records, and others. These are a patented product made by a company called Univenture from Columbus, OH. My most recent purchase of 2500 pieces cost 26.1 cents per including freight — more expensive than a CD jewelbox! (But you do get that money back if you take postage costs into account.) Univenture is 1-800-992-8262. It's a huge corporation, you'll need to ask for **Part 10197** and specify whether you want white or black anti-scuff felt. They'll automatically send white if you don't ask for black!



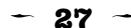
Which brings us back to our Green Bay friend... Yes, Norb, CD-R is a radical technology, in that there will be many, many more releases put into the world. Dozens and scores and hundreds of labels will be launched on a shoestring... It no longer takes 5,000 or 10,000 chips to sit down at the label table, a far smaller sum will now suffice. Combined with a trend towards decentralization and reduced cost on the recording end, the result will be a mass landslide of releases — far more than the good old days of the so-called "vinyl glut."

And yes, the technology is politically radical as well, in the sense that productive capital will be in the hands of ordinary kids — not just in the hands of a relative handful of monied labels... Distributors and chainstores, the blight of the music industry, are completely removed from the SRCD picture. Decentralized labels self-releasing economical CD-Rs do not have a financial need to sell multiple hundreds of copies of a single release to avert bankruptcy. The make-'em-and-trade-'em-and-sell-'em-to-your-friends model of micro-capitalism will rule the school.

Norb counters: "If everyone makes their own stuff, then there shall be no role for the small punk label."

To which I answer: "Nonsense. Just as there was a big role for tastemakers and gatekeepers during the vinyl glut (distributors, catalogs, and stores carried this title but not that, thereby winnowing much of the chaff from the wheat) there will be an even greater role for gatekeepers in the coming SRCD blizzard: slogging through the vast waves of shit to find the nuggets of greatness. People aren't gonna magically octuple their music purchasing budget if there are eight times as many releases: they are gonna have to be steered *even more* by labels and internet and mailorder music sellers away from this and towards that. It's a logical and rather obvious outcome of an ongoing (technologically driven) trend."

There will be both more wheat to find and more chaff to winnow.



Endnote: Even though I wrote a couple (lame) columns for *Hit List*, I've always considered myself closer to *MRR* in spirit and politics. I am a Yohannanite, for lack of a better term: I believe that jobs and hobbies should be separate — that one should do whatever one chooses to do as a vocation AND THEN give of one's time and effort and money to the hobby of punk rock in one's "spare" time. Turning punk rock into a profession, either as a label or a band, rapidly and completely corrupts the core value of the musical form and thus should be rejected out of hand. So next time you engage me in a flame war and sling "shoe seller" at me as an insult, lemme say something to you in advance: **Thank You for Noticing**. That insult don't cut, baby, I do what I do by choice.

T. Chandler does Mutant Pop Records. Email: MutantPop@aol.com

SEVEN-INCH VINYL



THE BEATINGS self-titled EP \$3.

You probably already saw J.R.'s column in this catalog — a full page going off on this one single — and like me wondered: *what the fuck was that!?!?* Well, here's your chance to find out first hand for just three bills. Four great songs. Catchy songwriting making great use of growling guitars and sneering vocals, with some (I swear this is true) high male "woo-ooo" vocals popping up here and there. Fans of bands like DIMESTORE HALOES should be all over this one. Definitely a solid record.

More killer poppy '77-style from Pelado Records!



THE SPITS

"19 Million A.C." EP \$4.

Oh, my, people were asking me about this record with a knowing look in their eyes and now I know why. THE REZILLOS, baby, that's what we're talking about here! A little bit of synthesizer action in the background keeps this fresher than Farmer Jones' eggs... New fucking Wave with a heavy Punk fucking Rock influence! This racks up all the cool points on my scorecard — bear in mind that I think DEVO are really cool, THE EPOXIES are fab, and that Eugene & Faye are godshhead...

Dirt Nap Records is easily the best record label ever!



SWINGIN' UTTERS

split EP w/UK SUBS \$3.

So ya want some '77 Sound to go with your '77 Sound? Here's a big bopper of the American Second Wave (SWINGIN' UTTERS) paired with a big bopper from the UK First Wave (UK SUBS). It's hard to miss with a pairing like that on colored vinyl! (grey) in a pic sleeve (nice) for just three bills! UTTERS go uptempo and it's catchy as fuck in a TKO Records sort of way... The UK SUBS take a slower and more anthemic approach and sounds a bit like PiL in the process. A good release!

New Red Archives is the house label of UK Subs.



REGISTRATORS

"Imagination World" 7" \$4.

One of the surest ways to kill a record in this catalog is to liken it to THE JAM. I think about 12 people who read this catalog have ever listened to that band, and of that dozen, probably 5 don't like 'em much. Yet that's very much the feel of this one — not grinding steetpunk at all, but rather uptempo, bouncy electric jangle-guitar with melody and counter-melody and harmonies flipping back and forth. BTW: this is just as legitimately a "Sound of 1977" as rougher, tougher fare.

A Japanese band, perhaps? Signs point to yes.



HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS self-titled EP \$4.

Italian Import. They love the RAMONES in jolly old Italia... HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS namedrop that seminal Queens quartet in both songs on the A-side of this blazing four song platter. They serve it up hot, mind you, fast and fun and catchy as ebola. A little electric piano action sounding more than a little like the whistling Hoosier, TEAKETTLE JONES, gives this a real Sonic Iguana flavor. This is Mutant Pop-sound all the way and it fucking rocks and you need it...

Dedicated to the memory of Jeffrey Hyman ('51-'01)



SCARED OF CHAKA split w/ FATAL FLYING GULLO. \$4.

You might love SCARED OF CHAKA's sense of production values or you might hate them. No matter how you vote, this is a band on its own page of the playbook. A super fast, super thrashed, buzz-o-phonic recording with a mid-fi garage vibe and pop chops beneath the skronk. Flip side is FATAL FLYING GULLOTINES, who similarly mix garagey skronk with poppy chops, but at about 1/15th the speed. They bring two sneering tracks of their own to this poppy garage party.

Dirt Nap Records is easily the best record label ever!



THE BRIEFS

split EP w/THE SPITS \$4.

Q. How can you miss with a pairing of two of the greatest new wave punk bands ever to grace this big blue marble?

A. You can't.

THE BRIEFS are the second coming of THE GAIN, and that's one of my favorite bands of the second wave, period. Two astounding bolts of megawattage from these Seattleites. As for THE SPITS, they fork over some hard buzzing lo-fi that will shake your ass unless you're a corpse. This record's a classic, methinks.

Dirt Nap Records is easily the best record label ever!



DARLINGTON split EP w/H.S. DROPOUTS \$4.

Italian Import. Here's another slab for your DARLINGTON stash. Two alcohol-themed tracks from the band's early days, the first-line Christy Classic "Gold-schläger" ("I'm a failure at everything/ But I can drink and smoke all night") plus "Jim Beam." Flip features yet another killer 3 chord band from Pizzaland, HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS. The DROPOUTS dish out two-tracks of catchy and peppy RAMONEScore, big hits, laden with tasty guitar overdubs. **Great!**

My first 25 or so copies of this on scarce CLEAR vinyl!



THE PLASTIC(S)

"Nymphomania" EP \$3.

First, lemme say this: **YUM!!!** (The lux opaque blue vinyl, that is, get your mind out of the gutter!) I remember this band from demo cassette days, the A-1 track is called "Hannah's Gonna Get An Abortion" and that lyrics sheet floated around in front of the microwave for a week at MP Central. Fast and a little thrashy, MP-sound to the max a la THE SPINOFFS, ERGS, or the new CD from GRAND PRIXX. If you like your buzz-pop uptempo and in your face, this is great!

So why do the porno chicks all wear dumb high heels?



THE PANIC ATTACKS

"...Watch the Skies!" EP \$3.

Introducing... Here's the self-released four song EP from a band coming soon to Mutant Pop — South Carolina's PANIC ATTACKS. Very, very catchy stuff, this is fully under the influence of The Weasel, and there is nothing wrong with that. Point of reference is to the more introspective late SW rather than SW-CLASSIC. This is Mutant Pop-sound pop-punk all the way, so if that's your thing, be *sure* to toss one of these in your shopping cart. **Recommended.**

I wish the band had sprung for a color pic sleeve...

SEVEN-INCH VINYL



Even my wife, Mrs. Oblivious, likes this pic sleeve!

THE MIXELPRICKS "Family Size" EP \$3.

Four, count 'em four, more "essential Rock and Roll tunes" from these Lafayette, Indiana, veterans. As with the band's previous stack o' wax, their full-length gem (*Bitter*), and their MP SRCD, the 'PRICKS deliver nothing but pure quality here. No wonder, their "local studio" is a little joint called Sonic Iguana — damn, talk about a home field advantage! The pic sleeve of this self-released 7" slab touts the contents are "pop on one side" and "punk on the other." "Tuneful pop-punk on both" is more accurate. Good.



Yet another winner from the amazing Dirt Nap Records!

SELBY TIGERS "SnoBall" 7" \$4.

This is my first introduction to this band, Hopeless Records doesn't promo me their CD releases, alas... These Minneapolis cats deliver a vaguely REZILLOS-like brand of new wave flavored poppy punk rock. Thickly stacked female vox on "SnoBall," the A-side tune — which is not a DEVO cover, by the way. The flipside rocks harder, male vocals up front with a bouncy bass line and a memorable tune asking "East coast or the west coast / which band do you love most?" Solid stuff, well worthwhile!



Both records feature cool orange opaque vinyl!

THE ROTTERS [two titles!] "Sit on My Face Stevie Nix" \$4. "Sink The Whales..." 7" \$4.

Why pay collector scum prices for First Wave punk singles when the swell folks at Bacchus Archives are kind enough to license 'em and press 'em fresh on thick and gorgeous orange wax? THE ROTTERS were Nigel Nitro on Vocals, Phester Swollen on Guitar, Rip Chord on Bass, and Johnny Condom on Drums — a SEX PISTOLS-inspired Cali band that liked to go for punk shock. ("Sit on My Face Stevie Nix" is a legendary track!)



Here's a new release from Rami & his Killer Records.

THE TRASSELS "Grifter" EP \$4.

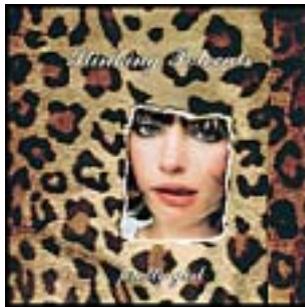
Finnish Import. If you're getting sick of the same old, same old, you might give this one a spin. Three tracks from THE TRASSELS, energetic rock 'n' roll from Finland. Calling this "classic rock" wouldn't be doing it justice, but neither is it "punk rock." Uptempo and catchy with gobs of distortion laid on the guitar, including some pedal effects. Three tracks from MP's Finnish cousin — so you know there's quality in the package, from the thick outer sleeve to the delicious red wax.



On Oakland's Lipstick Rex, a label with a buzz.

THE FLAKES "Wanna Meet the Flakes?" \$4.

I'm starting to appreciate the aesthetic of the two song/big hole 45 rpm record in a black and white gluepocket sleeve for poppy garagey stuff... This is a cool one all the way, loud and rockin' stuff, the A-side sounds like a riff pinched from THE DEAD BOYS. Always steal from the best, eh? The flip is a bit slower and has a touch of classic r&b in there. Very loud and thrashy overdriven production with about six gallons of reverb on the lead vocal. If you dug the Just Add Water, grab this, too!



Double yummy yellow Euro vinyl for this one... Nice!

STINKING POLECATS "Pretty Girl" 7" \$4.

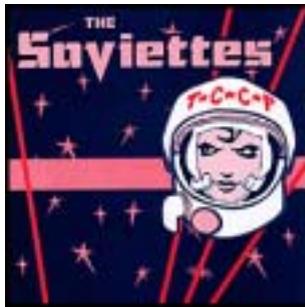
Italian Import. This is pop-punk of the highest caliber from these big dogs of the Italian scene. Thicker harmonies are in place here, heading fast for TRAVOLTAS country. "Pretty Girl" is a smash hit in any language; in this case, that language being unaccented English. The flip is a tune called "You're Not Mine" with a slower pace and big guitar hooks. STINKING POLECATS have been called "The Italian SCREECHING WEASEL," but they sound more like THE JIMMIES. Great!



On Stardumb Records" is a codeword for BUY THIS!

THE FAVORATS EP "The Beauty and the Beach" \$4.

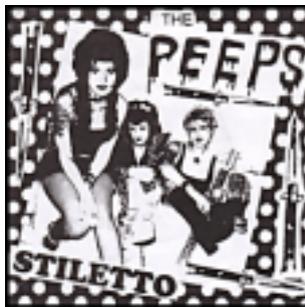
Dutch Import. Here's the first of two EPs by THE FAVORATS on Stardumb Records. Mutant Pop influence on the back of the Stardumb singles sleeves, I think, complete with a uniform design featuring a "text block." Nice... Consistent buzzpop excellence is a Stardumb guarantee and this does not disappoint, a wall of ripping three-chord guitars with sweet vox over the top. Includes a really DICKIES-esque hit about being in love with Donna R. of THE DONNAS. Great!



Dunno what the hell the title means, "T.S.S.R." in Russkii.

SELBY TIGERS "T.C.C.P." EP \$3.

This is a magnificent little dish from Pop Riot Records, three girls and a boy that crank out four poppy punk hits with socially significant lyrics, a la their Minneapolis mates, DILLINGER FOUR. Actually, the boy involved is drummer Lane from D4, so this analogy is not accidental... Doubled female vox, this sounds a little bit like HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS, I suppose. Very proficient musicianship, not sloppy or lack-luster — this is quality stuff from start to stop!



Another cool paper glue-pocket PS from Lipstick.

THE PEEPS "Stiletto" 7" \$4.

I listed up a PEEPS record a couple catalogs ago and that ran out and went OOP at warp speed, resulting in a bunch of credit slips. I don't have enough copies of this one either, try your luck again. This Albuquerque, NM (?) girl group kicks up some tuneful and vaguely garagey poppy punk, not too far removed from such luminaries as THE BOBBYTEENS, THE LOUDMOUTHS, and THE DONNAS. One on the A and two on the flip and the band rocks. The best of luck to ye!

This catalog was originally intended to be printed on newsprint.

All material listed remains available.

Some unfinished sections have been deleted.

SEVEN-INCH VINYL



This is Stardumb SDR.1 and is now hopelessly OOP.

THE APERS

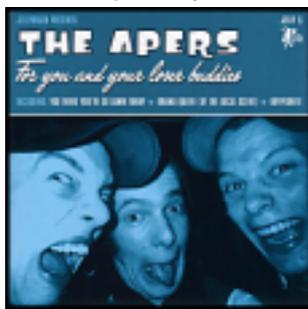
“Faster, It’s Alright” EP \$4.

Dutch Import. This is the earliest recording of the four (!!) APERS presented here, so I’ll deal it up first. Ten (!!) songs on this one, a veritable AUTOMATICS record! This was a self-described “infamous” demo tape from 1997 — recorded in thrashed out and garagey mono. This DOES NOT SUCK, however!!! It’s raw, to be sure, but still rockin’ and catchy enough. You wanna hear from whence the Amazing APERS have sprung, this is first stop for you...

THE APERS EP \$4.

“For You and Your Loser Buddies”

British Import. This one by Holland’s answer to THE QUEERS raises the bar, three killer tracks on lux thick British wax. “You Think You’re So Damn Funny” is a mega-hit, uptempo growl with a snotty attitude — a pop-punk hit of the first order! “Drama Queen (Of the Local Scene)” keeps up the roar with a more midtempo pace and some funny lyrics about a hypersensitive and melodramatic little thang. Flip is a Joe King-style buzzing electric ballad, “Kryptonite.”

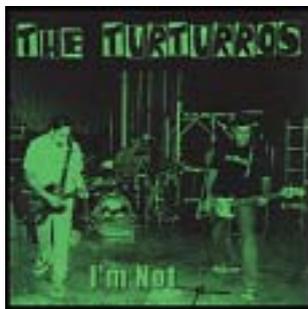


Cool pic sleeve and a great introduction to the band...

THE TURTURROS

“I’m Not” EP \$4.

Italian Import. THE TURTURROS is the band featuring The Guru, of Be Nice to Mommy Fanzine and Records fame... So you know from the start that these guys have graduated from Italian RAMONES High School with high marks... Four catchy tunes on this seven-inch slab with a really distinctive vocal sound, tough and terse with a hint of an Italian accent. This sounds really good to me and seems like a cost-effective way to check out this cool quartet from Roma.

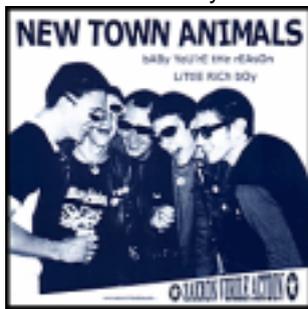


Remember: second rule is: Be Nice to Mommy.

NEW TOWN ANIMALS

split w/DÉLATEURS \$4.

Canadian Import. NEW TOWN ANIMALS hail from British Columbia and masterfully blend poppy hooks with a snotty sneer. They’ve got guitars and aren’t afraid to use them, either, track one has a rippin’ lead guitar solo. Their second track is a great cover of “Little Rich Boy” by SHAM 69. A very cool band. Flip side is a band from French Canada, DÉLATEURS, who deal a thick wall garagey rock’n’roll with a little MOTORHEAD influence. Lyrics mostly in French...



Two Canadian bands on a Canadian label...

THE BRIEFS

“Love and Ulcers” 7” \$4.

Lemme tell ya, the B-side is the story here: a somewhat tongue-in-cheek celebration of the over-blow, nationalistic, moronic, overbearing, patriotic, semi-literate, self-important, sanctimonious *thang* that is the good old America. Man, I would pay big money to hear this played at a Mariners game!!! I can just hear the crowd singing along: “We Americans are stupid... And it has always been this way / and it won’t change hey hey / God bless the fucked up U.S.A.!” Ha! *Great, great, great song!*



Matching PS with the “She’s Abrasive” EP = COOL!!!



Kevin is touting the NY Jets in the cover photo. Hmmm.

THE APERS

“Love is a Battlefield...” EP \$4.

Dutch Import. Episode 2 of this 7” APERS bonanza is the band’s awesomely named “The ‘Love is a Battlefield... And We’re the Stormtroopers’ EP.” This four track buzz-pop gem was released in 1998 on Kevin Aper’s Little People Records and went through two pressings. It’s now gone, gone, gone, fucking gone and well on the way to becoming a valuable collector’s item. This marks THE APERS finding their “sound,” mid-tempo poppy punk with an adrenaline charge.

THE APERS split EP w/THE TRAVOLTAS \$4.

Dutch Import. Repeat after me: “*duuuuh.*” Stardumb Records release SDR.5 (now Out Of Print) features the two best pop-punk bands in the Netherlands. THE APERS contribute “Beat You Up” (rocks!) and “I’ve Been Waiting.” The BEACH BOYS-influenced TRAVOLTAS (all hail!) add their “Reform-Schoolgirls in Trouble” plus “Endless Summer (part II).” I don’t need to say more other than mention the fact that I’ve got 20 copies max and when they’re gone, you’re Shit Out of Luck.



Grab a copy right now or whine about it later!!!

THE TURTURROS

split w/LOS ACTIVOS \$4.

Italian Import. Two Italian bands tag team ya to the tune of two tracks each... THE TURTURROS (dunno what that means, it’s not in my wife’s Italian dictionary) deliver more of their catchy three-chord fare with growling vocals. LOS ACTIVOS, hailing from Gattatico, (reminds me of the name of my last cat — Poquita Gatica, “Little Cat”), actually win this battle of the bands with some very catchy buzzpop. They shout a “grande grazie ai RAMONES” in liner notes.

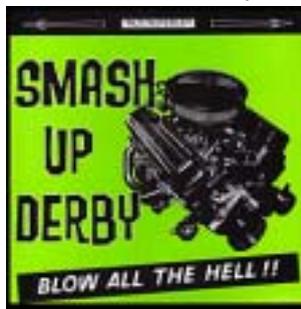


Nice glue-pocket sleeve and lux thick euro vinyl!

SMASH UP DERBY

“Blow All the Hell!!” EP \$4.

Canadian Import. Revved up garagey punk rock with mega-catchy poppy hooks — sounds like Just Add Water or Rip Off Records material. Cool sleeve, too. I have so few copies of this that I probably shouldn’t even be listing this up here so I’ll proceed into blather mode to do a little “rationing by boredom.” Ya think the baseball boys are gonna strike this year? I’m guessing they will unless that putz Selig croaks from a heart attack or something. He’s bad news, I tell ya...



I should learn how to use spot color better in layouts.

THE BRIEFS

“She’s Abrasive” 7” \$4.

You know who THE BRIEFS remind me of, a little bit at least? Early XTC — from the *White Music* period. Ya ever hear that one? It’s uptempo new wave poppy punk with more bounce to the ounce and little bubbles of pep that tickle your nose when you take a slug from the bottle. One of the best bands going and that’s no lie, I hope these guys sell a million billion records for Interscope and bring a new generation of kids to pop-punk... Two more classic cuts from the band that can do no wrong...



Matching PS with the “Love and Ulcers” EP = COOL!!!

S R C D S & C D E P S



Four RAMONES tee-shirts. Coincidence? I think not...

THE STINKERS
“Stink Like a Dog” SRCD \$5.
Italian Import. SRCD labels are coming. The second pop-punk SRCD label after Mutant Pop is Be Nice to Mommy, let the record show... This is great shit that would benefit enormously from mastering. Guru, it is easy... I like these guys a lot, totally punk rock with a real American sound, and I mean that in the very best of ways, not as a cultural imperialist... Hard, early *My Brain Hurts* SW with **DISTINCTIVE-NESS**. Five stars! Very raw guitar edge, this is **PUNK!**



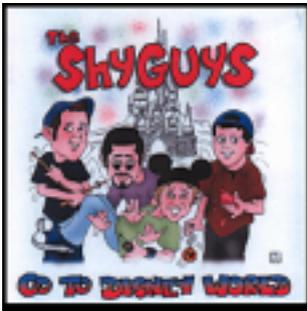
Many would call this the best Be Nice to Mommy SRCD.

THE ELEVATORS SRCD
“...Ladies Dressing Room” \$5.
Italian Import. This is really damned fine, and I'm not just saying that. **THE ELEVATORS** are obviously **SCREECHING WEASEL CLASSIC** fanatics, but they don't wear influence in a cheesy copycat sort of way. Like all great pop-punk bands, these Italian cats bring something fresh and exciting to the show: their own distinctive sound. If **THE ELEVATORS** were a gun, it'd be an M-16, and they don't hesitate to empty the whole frickin' clip, rapidfire hits at your skull...



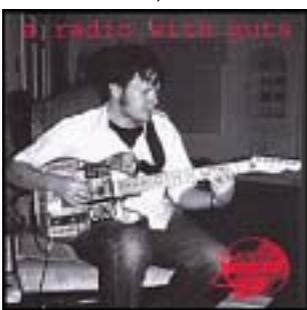
Remember: Second Rule is Be Nice to Mommy!

THE TURTURROS SRCD
“Still Doin' Our Stuff” \$5.
Italian Import. A slick intro to one of the coolest Italian bands going. This should be of particular interest to the analog-challenged among you. Very much from the **RAMONES** school but with a totally unique sound, this 8 song SRCD features memorable song after memorable song, a rough-edged vocal delivery in slightly accented English. This band is still doin' their stuff and thank god for that, they are capable of dumping out the hits! Includes a cover of “Commando” by the **RAMONES**.



SHYGUYS have a third CD-R release, check list.

THE SHY GUYS
“Go to Disney World” CD-R \$3.
 Here's five cuts from New York City pop-punkers **THE SHY GUYS**, a nice little self-released package with a color sleeve. This band has been a fixture of that cool little underground buzz-pop scene in the Big Apple that has included the likes of **DIRT BIKE ANNIE**, **ATTENTION DEFICIT**, **HISSYFITS**, and **KUNG FU MONKEYS**. Well-played and foot-tappingly catchy three-chord tuneage marred by occasionally off-key vocals. The title track is the band's biggest hit.



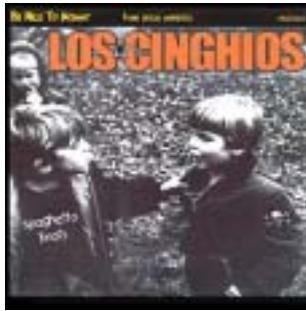
If you don't own this yet, toss one in your cart for sure!

A RADIO WITH GUTS (KY)
“Acoustic Series” SRCD \$8.
 Lessee: A **RADIO WITH GUTS** is to **THE CONNIE DUNGS** what **JETS TO BRAZIL** is to **JAWBREAKER**... That gets close. Brandon Tussey and the Griffith brothers, Wayne and Chris, have a new name. A full-length is on the way from Knock Knock Records. In the meantime, please do check out this outstanding full-length SRCD, featuring Brandon playing an undistorted electric guitar and pouring his heart out. **CONNIE DUNGS** tunes like you've never heard them before. **Great!!!**



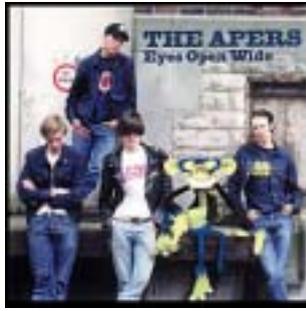
It rocks, too, don't get me wrong. Cool and catchy!

THE WAUKEES
“Shout It Louder!” SRCD \$5.
Italian Import. Be Nice to Mommy uses a title bar on all their SRCD sleeves. Very cool, that makes me happy! Lemme tell ya, this is the one of the six Be Nice to Mommy SRCDs so far that I find myself playing again and again. I think I am in love with Vale Waukee. Gol, that's the coolest loopy little accent I've ever heard! I'm fucking forty years old and I'm totally digging on her, ha ha. You youngsters with full doses testosterone are gonna die! Three chord punk a la female vox. **Great!**



Be Nice to Mommy is a trademark of quality...

LOS CINGHIOS
“Spaghetti Brats” SRCD \$5.
Italian Import. This Be Nice to Mommy SRCD isn't gonna sell as well as the others, methinks, 'cuz **LOS CINGHIOS** have “Bad Band Name Disease.” I asked a member of the band what the hell a “Cinghio” was and he said it was B-movie gangster slang and that even many Italian speakers remained clueless. Too bad if you pass, 'cause this is catchy popopop with singalong lyrics and a major league head-bopping factor. An excellent recording of the band with an ear for hooks'n'harmonies.



Stardumb Records equals top quality popopop...

THE APERS
“Eyes Open Wide” SDEP \$4.
Dutch Import. Stardumb Records no. SDR.15 demonstrates that the death throes of the 7" vinyl format is an international phenomenon. Three songs here on a CD that comes in a four-color cardboard glue-pocket sleeve. This is the opening salvo for those of you who don't own turntables and wanna check out the band on the cheap — or those of you who already know what's going on and wanna add three more snotty **QUEERS**-inspired tracks to your hoard. Farfisa on one track!



Yo, Jonny, what's the deal with that hair?!?!

THE SHY GUYS CD-R
“Hits from the Batcave” \$3.
Definition of terms: I'm calling the **SHYGUYS** releases “CD-Rs” rather than “SRCDs” because they have a sharpied stock CD-R blank rather than a sticker or screenprinted faceplate... This features ten tracks recorded in three sessions in 1999 and 2000. The recording is a little more recording than the “Go to Disneyland” release, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. Includes the track “Pop as Fuck,” a great name for a tune if I ever heard one. A good way to check out the band.



“Bring me Giuliani's head.”

LE TIGRE CDEP
“From the Desk of Mr. Lady” \$6.
 Kathleen Hanna is God, and the sooner you come to realize this obvious truth, the easier it will be for you. The leading force behind the **BIKINI KILL** orchestra is back with even more of poppy, techno-influenced, politically-charged pop. Point of reference is **late GANG OF FOUR** — or something like that. “It feels so '80s / Or early '90s / To Be Political / Where are my friends? / GET OFF THE INTERNET / (I'll meet you in the street!)”. A very worthwhile change for your life.

GONE

C O M P A C T D I S C S



A 1990s buzz-pop classic... I wish MP put this out!!!



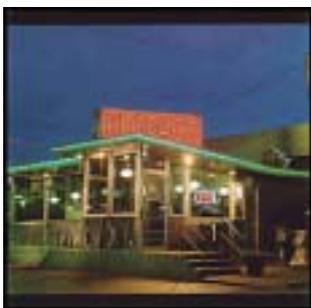
The point of reference here is MISSING PERSONS...



The label is called Pop Riot Records, ya gotta love that!



The band scored a few copies of this OOP killer...



Released by Crack Records of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

THE RETREADS

Dumb Kids CD \$8. <-SPECIAL

I've managed to score the *last 40 copies* of this 1990s pop-punk classic, brought to you by the same guy that did the LILLINGTONS' 5-star debut—Matt and The Skull Duggery Label (retired). I'd include this one with the debut of THE INVALIDS and DARLINGTON's *Girltroversy* and the stuff by THE YOUNG HASSELHOFFS on the short list of 1990s underground pop-punk classics. *Awesome* three-chord punk done the *Italian* buzz-roar way with catchy, poppy vocals and harmonies. **Essential.**

THE EPOXIES

Ill at Ease CD \$10.

Here's the anxiously-awaited CD debut of the world's greatest band from 1982 or something like that. Frontwoman Roxy Epoxy used to go with Jesse K. from THE AUTOMATICS and I think she's totally swell, so look for objectivity elsewhere. That the band's keyboard player is none other than Jesse S. of THE AUTOMATICS only adds to the golly gee factor for me. I'd love this even if nobody else on the planet loved this. Energetic, entertaining, catchy new wave music! **Recommended.**

THE VALENTINES (MN)

Show Us Your Hearts CD \$10.

These are not the female VALENTINES from Delaware, these are the male VALENTINES from Minneapolis. Both bands are really cool. This Y2K release features catchy-as-fuck, buzzing pop-punk with enough of a raw sensibility to keep me interested. Sounds like something MP might put out, actually... I dunno about you, but I'm getting sick of all that ultraslick production... Stuff can sound good without sounding like it was made by a machine... 14 great tunes here. Good stuff!

THE JIMMIES

Countdown CD \$10.

One JIMMIE says this is Ben Weasel's all-time favorite JIMMIES release... I can buy that... This 1997 album was released by Salem, Oregon's Schizophonic Records into distribution channels not commonly associated with the punk rock underground. As is the case for the albums by THE FASTBACKS, this distribution situation made the album rather difficult-to-find and thus seldom heard. Strong songwriting and loud and raw production, this tops the Panic Button. **Last copies!**

THE KLOPECS

Shelbina, MO 63468 CD \$10.

If J CHURCH made an album for Fat Wreck Chords, it might sound like this. (Hey, wait a minute, J CHURCH *did* make an album for Fat Wreck Chords!) A couple of these 15 tracks are a tad too fast-and-polished for my taste, but the vast majority is terrific, well-written-and-crafted tunes about life in a little Missouri town.

Includes the smash hit "I Wanna (Wanna Wanna Wanna) Get in Your Pants," eat your heart out BORIS THE SPRINKLER. Fans of the band will definitely approve of this!



Includes a couple lo-fi live cuts tagged on the end.



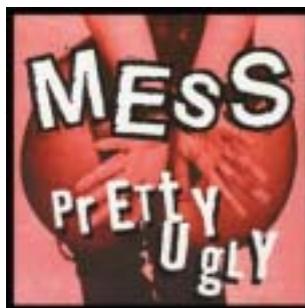
Essential fare for any fan of 1976-1982 Britpunk.



These four guys hail from Brownstown, Pennsylvania.



A full-length home run from JJ and She's Gone Records!



MESS from Texas, now known as DARLINGTON.

THE RETREADS

Uranus is Mine CDEP \$6.

Twenty five bonus points for the Mutant Pop-parody title bar on the front of the cover, tee hee. Minus 25 for a song called "Here's to Looking at Uranus." Duh. Four cuts from the band recorded in 1999 at Sonic Iguana and produced by Mass Giorgini. The leather jackets are nowhere to be seen in the band photos on the back, which include a Guitar Warrior shot of Mike and Scottie in a MOTORHEAD T-shirt. Fortunately, this is three-chord pop-punk glory, four excellent tunes...

THE PRODUCTS

Fast Music CD \$10.

From the nouveau wave of THE EPOXIES we move to sounds so totally "1979 Britpunk" that it's frightening. Point of reference is WIRE's *Pink Flag* or THE ONLY ONES. Sounds like it was recorded in 1980 in London. *It was actually recorded in 1980 in California (!!!)* by a band that learned their punk from THE CLASH, SEX PISTOLS, JAM, BUZZCOCKS, and the whole Britpunk crowd. Ten great cuts that aren't just *retro*, they're authentic First Wave. **Recommended.**

STILETTO BOYS

A Company of Wolves CD \$10.

Several people have been very excited to see this one slip into the "Stuff for Sale" list at www.mutantpop.com... I can appreciate their passion for this band. I first heard 'em on a Screaming Apple Records 7-inch. A total 1977 Britpunk sensibility, which others might describe as power pop, I suppose. Anthemic and memorable song writing with big-sounding, almost major label-caliber production. Great clean vocals and harmonies. An excellent release and band!

SATURDAY NIGHT KIDS

Total Knockout! CD \$10.

Bill Marr and Johnny Problem from EXPLOSIVE KATE have a new band! Drumming duties are capably handled by Nick Rotundo and this little three-chord gem was tracked in Nick's Clay Creek Studios—trademark of quality, motherfucker! RAMONES-inspired and quite good! If I had one complaint it would be that most tracks are a couple notches to the slow side of "mid-tempo," but who cares? The huge hooky hits more than make up for any trivial tidbit like that!!!

DARLINGTON (MESS)

Pretty Ugly CD \$10.

DARLINGTON's first band name was MESS, which had to be changed because somebody fatter was there first. They released a few pieces of 7" and one album under that name, this 1996 release from Last Beat Records back when Christy Brigitte was calling himself Cris Mess. While *Girltroversy* is the band's classic, this little slab is more akin to prime rib than Spam—big hits like "Holly," "X-Mas," "Emotional Wreck," "Marcia Brady," and "3:35 AM." **Recommended.**

COMPACT DISCS



The Emma in question is anarchist Emma Goldman.

SONGS FOR EMMA CD *Red Lies and Black Rhymes* \$10.

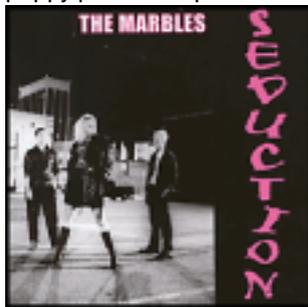
Tommy Strange is one of the enormous and largely unheralded talents of punk today. His band STRAWMAN put a gem of an album into the world in 1993 but since then no release has really connected. Until now! With his unique-and-patented elegant, bourbon-throated growl, Tommy unleashes hit after hit—big hooks wrapped around insightful, nearly poetic lyrics. A combination of the smarts of D4, the poetics of JAWBREAKER, and the energy of early BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN.



Snotty female-fronted poppy punk on Rip Off Rex.

THE DIRTY SHEETS *Bubblegum Damaged* CD \$10.

I first heard about this band when Johnny Problem from EXPLOSIVE KATE/SATURDAY NIGHT KIDS was going off on how this was the album of the year for 2001. That got me perking up my ears, so I tracked the doggie down... Great stuff, a rough and raw bar-punk roar with female vox and studio-stacked female chant-along backups. Very much in the vein of THE BOBBYTEENS or THE LOUDMOUTHS, with bonus points for additional tightness and poppiness awarded. Excellent.



Maximum Power Pop from Pat Dull's Break-Up! Rex.

THE MARBLES *Seduction* CD \$10.

Second time around in this catalog for this album, 'cause it's double faboo... Major League Power Pop fronted by blonde bombshell Mana Marble, this is great guitar rock in the vein of HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS. Includes a cover of the Holly Beth anthem "I Wanna Go Home." Manda harmonizes with herself in the studio, resulting in a luscious and thick wall of sultry female vox. More hooks than a Norwegian fishing trawler. If you don't own this one yet, take corrective action!



Uptempo and edgy poppy punk rock. Cool!

THE GRAND PRIX *Drive Me Crazy!* CD \$10.

Fifteen tracks from these thrash-pop maestros. Punk rock, dished up fast, loud, and snotty — and with a hefty dollop of poppiness. Point of reference is THE ERGS. If you picked up the DBA live video you got a good chance to see the band doing their thing live, rippin' out the tunes (too bad the video sounded like dog poop, but ya can't have everything). The PRIX deal up three kinds of pop-punk: fast, faster, and fastest. Excellent backing vox here, this CD is *their best stuff!*



Great RAMONES flavors from Duisburg, Germany.

RICHIES *Spring Surprise* CD \$10.

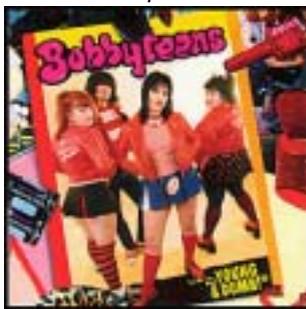
This is the second RICHIES album, recorded in the summer of 1991. If you don't know these guys, lemme clue ya: THE RICHIES were the founding epigones of ripped jeans, leather jackets, and dirty tees three chord. These three German hepcats knew a great sound when they heard it and didn't get artsy fartsy and start messing with the formula... This is 100% awesome RAMONES-core for people who don't want cutesy emo posturing or skronky artsy wank. Great!



Anti-Bolshevik band nicks a 1938 Soviet *plakat*.

STRAWMAN self-titled CD \$10

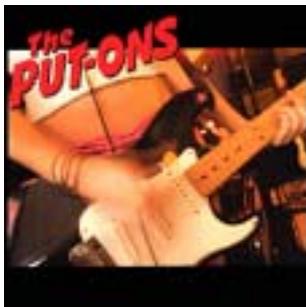
This is a classic of 1990s punk on the now defunct Allied Recordings—anticipating the drought, I loaded up and still have a couple dozen copies! Tommy Strange gives you the maximum dose of emotional charge in a fully ROCKIN' format. The lead anthem, "Walls of Vacaville," is a bitter and utterly passionate attack on the racism and stupidity of the American drug war. I saw this band live in 1993 in Corn Valley and lemme repeat one word: ROCKIN'!!! Essential fare.



Features the world famous Russell Quan on drums.

BOBBYTEENS CD \$10. *We Like 'Em Young and Dumb*

A great collection of girl-band garage pop from this Bay Area institution. Lock up your little brothers, the chicken hawks are in town ("I wanna sit on your face/Too bad you're under age"). This is a collection for collectors, including previously unreleased material from cassette recordings, singles on SuperTeam! and Screaming Apple Records, stuff from comps, splits, and the vaults. I mastered this one for Just Add Water Records and it came out pretty cool. Think early DONNAS or a naughty JV.



Ten tracks with a huge catchiness quotient!

THE PUT-ONS self-titled CD \$10.

This kicks ass! Power pop to the max, uptempo and with a little bit of a vocal sneer. This California quartet features a female guitarist (that's her belly on the cover) BUT the other three band members all piss from the standing position and it's male vocals all the way. I get a little bit of a 17 YEARS/THE HELGAS vibe from these cats, they could be big in radioland if that was merit-based instead of pay-to-play. Catchy as fuck rock'n'roll, well worth your investigation.



SSSSSSSSMO-KIN!!!
Point of ref: DEVIL DOGS

THE LEG HOUNDS self-titled CD \$10.

Rev. Nørb and his mighty Bulge Records Incorporated introduces THE LEG HOUNDS, a pack o' horny leg-dogs from the Wisconsin hinterlands. Operative word here is SMOKIN' as in SMOKIN' HOT ROCK'N'ROLL. Grab your garters, 'cuz your socks are gonna be baggy balls of fluff around your ankles. Very catchy, hard drivin', bluesy, hollow-body-guitar r&r for the beer swilling set. Rip Off Records fare in flavor, this is fast, loud, and catchy as fuck. One more thing: **great production!**



Bobby Borte and his fabulous THUMBS are back!!!

THE THUMBS *Last Match* CD \$10.

DILLINGER FOUR has taken off and is now on Fat Wreck Chords. Good for them. So ya wanna supplement the D4 diet with another great band in the same vein? Do check out THE THUMBS. They deal it fast and hard with passion and brains, just like D4. They do it with a fundamental catchiness, just like D4. Lest you think this a pale imitation, let me point out that THE THUMBS have been doing their thing for years. This is not a case of emulation, it's a case of parallel travel. Full throttle.

C O M P A C T D I S C S



Big hooks with a split personality in the lyrics dept.

PHILIACS

self-titled CD \$10.

The PHILIACS' SRCD is one of my favorite releases of the whole series. (If you don't agree, spark a spliff, crank it to 11, and listen to the guitar. Sheer brilliance!) This is the band's full-length debut, 13 buzz-pop songs that range from the goofy, puerile, and ultra-lite ("I Love Making Muffins," "I Like Women") to the dark theme of cancer therapy ("Codeine," "Where's My Hair?"). A cool MP-sound debut by a young band to watch. [BTW: Scott's lymphoma is in remission, thanks.]

J CHURCH

Nostalgic for Nothing CD \$10.

Okay, you have a choice. You can pick up 936 different J CHURCH singles to hear all of Lance's brilliant songwriting — or you can grab a couple singles collection CDs like this 'un. This CD has some of the band's all-time greatest hits: "My Favorite Place," "Ivy League College," "Tide of Fate," "Panama." And then there are cool covers: "Mary Provost," "Last of the International Playboys." Not to mention a few less-memorable B-sides also. A cool and quite massive accumulation of sounds!



J CHURCH traces its roots back to CRINGER.

THE RIFFS

Underground Kicks CD \$10.

First observation: the members of this band are not named "Johnny Riff," "Tony Riff," and "Mikey Riff." It's "Amphetamine Blue," "Dogs Body," "Saigon Shakes," "Tony Mengis," and "Toni Transmission." Second observation: for a band from Portland, Oregon, these guys sure have hard British accents. Third observation: this rocks! Point of reference is a little band called THE SEX PISTOLS, maybe you've heard of them. Young, loud, and snotty pogo punk with a cool UK-77 vibe!



It's on Pelado Records, your trademark of quality!

CLETUS

Grease, Grits & Gravy CD \$10.

I've been trying and trying to get more copies of this from Mordam so I could list it up again in this catalog. This is one of the top 20 or so albums of 1990s pop-punk, right up there with THE QUEERS, SW, THE LILLINGTONS, THE DUNGS, and so on... Yet, for some reason this has been totally unavailable from the distributor... I finally managed to score a few copies, grab one now if you need it. Recorded at Sonic Iguana, this is three chord buzz-pop nirvana. **Essential fare.**

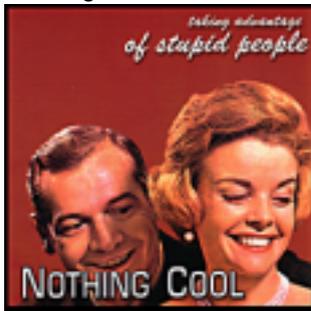


The best of the 3 CLETUS full-lengths, I think...

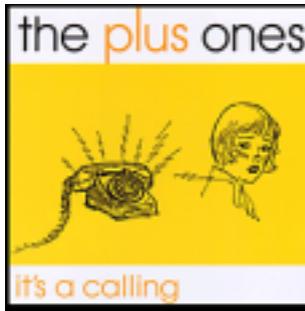
NOTHING COOL

Taking Advantage... CD \$10.

Here's a relic from the golden age of American pop-punk: 24 cuts recorded in fuckin' 1995!!! NOTHING COOL were definitely inspired by SCREECHING WEASEL CLASSIC and this recording, produced by Joey Vindictive, captures the fusion of raw energy and poppiness that combine to make '90s pop-punk the most exciting form of music ever recorded. Including the tracks from the split LP with THE LILLINGTONS and half a dozen tracks recorded later, a total of 30 songs!



Five stars for the graphic, 2 demerits for typography.

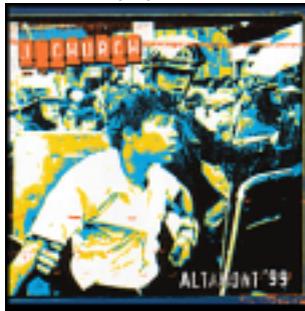


Top level production of big, anthemic pop hits...

THE PLUS ONES

It's a Calling CD \$10.

Here's the full length debut from one of California's most talked about new bands. THE PLUS ONES are a supergroup of sorts, bringing together Scott Hay of THE RECEIVERS and Joel Reader of MTX. (Dan Panic from SCREECHING WEASEL CLASSIC is hasta la vistaed this time around though). Anthemic power pop with immaculate production. Since all the songs are by Joel, this isn't too terribly far from MTX in sound. Or XTC, for that matter. Three letter hardcore, it ain't.



As big as JAWBREAKER in the historical constellation.

J CHURCH

Altamont '99 CD \$10.

Here's another fine episode in Lance's self-described "Singles Going Shitty" series of CDs for the non-fanatical non-vinyl set... Twenty-eight (!!!) more songs for your aural entertainment, including hits, bits, and shits. More hits than shits, by a goodly number. Liner notes are particularly fascinating, a series of brief quotes from books and songs. This is an excellent way to familiarize yourself with the Lance Hahn corpus without spending 3 years and \$600 tracking down vinyl...

THE WORKIN' STIFFS

Dog Tired and Then Some \$10.

One demerit for a faceplate that's a baseball with a SF Giants logo. Fuck the Giants! Fortunately, these Bay Area pogo punkers have cool points to burn! This disc includes their 1997 album on East Bay Menace Records, material from the rare "A Man and His Sledgehammer" 7", a comp track, and a tune from their split with THE BRISTLES. This is rough-edged British-accented '77/street that both snarls and makes ya shake your groove tushie. Poppy **punk rock!**

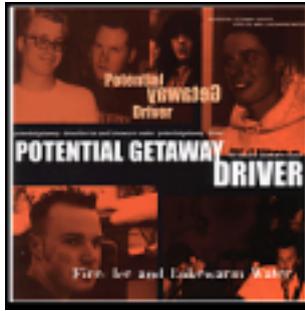


Covers of G.B.H., SHAM 69, COCKNEY REJECTS.

POTENTIAL GETAWAY DRIVER

Fire, Ice & Lukewarm Water \$10.

Something of an underground Colorado supergroup here, featuring as it does members of THE GAMITS and THE FAIRLANES. As you might imagine, this is uptempo and tuneful with a certain amount of production gloss. Powerful delivery of catchy poppy punk tunes with whoa-oh harmonies. I'm a big fan of early FAIRLANES and everything THE GAMITS have done, so it's pretty easy for me to get on this train. An excellent release for this Minneapolis pop-punk label.



It's on Pop Riot Records. What a cool label name!

THE FRUSTRATORS

Achtung Jackass CD \$10.

This is Mike Dirnt from GREEN DAY's side-project, released on Billie Joe from GREEN DAY's label. And the point of reference is, well, ummm, GREEN DAY. But wait — that's good! This is 10 songs (one of which runs backwards but still manages to rock somehow). They cover "My Best Friend's Girl" by THE CARS, that's cool... Goofy and lightweight, sure, but you know what — I don't care. I've played this multiple times and will play it multiple more times. **Recommended.**



What a cool cover! The spine matches their CDEP, too.

COMPI LATION CDs



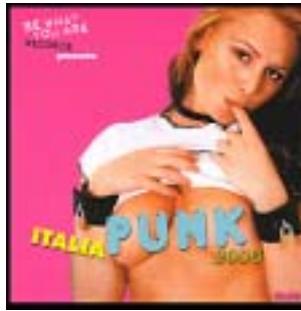
VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
California Ain't Fun... \$10.
 Brand new from Just Add Water Records, one of the great underground labels of the 1990s. JAW has staked out a sonic niche halfway between Mutant Pop and Rip Off Records—mega-tuneful with touches of garage flavor. Twelve huge hits, all unreleased: LOOSE LIPS, EASYS, BOBBYTEENS, FLAKES, PINKZ, REHABS, LOUDMOUTHS, SUPER-BEES, BITCHSCHOOL, and a drop-dead power-pop classic in the NICK LOWE vein by THE FEVERS. **Great stuff!**

This is the third comp. CD from Jason and J.A.W.



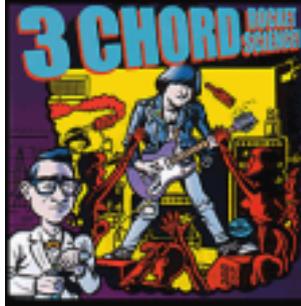
VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
The New Breed, Vol. 3 \$8.
 Another outstanding dose of 1990s pop-punk, this was one of the Best of Class in 1996 — the peak of the Second Wave!!! A star-studded roster here, including THE KINDRED, THE CONNIE DUNGS, THE AUTOMATICS, EVERREADY, THE NOBODYS, SINKHOLE, WHITE TRASH DEBS, THE INVALIDS, BETTY'S LOVE CHILD, FALLING SICKNESS, RHYTHM COLLISION, DIESEL BOY, NO EMPATHY and more. Ya need to own this one...

Comes in a jewelbox with a real traycard for a fiver!



VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
Italia Punk 2000 \$10.
Italian Import. Italian punk rock is getting pretty big in the American pop-punk underground. Here's a terrific 25 song (!!!) sampler that will get you up to speed with what's going on in Pizzaland: RETARDED, STINKING POLECATS, POPSTERS, BLIND FLIES, and most of the others dish up the three chord hits in English, while GUERRIERI, PORNO-RIVISTE, SEMPREFRESKI, and PENSIONE LIBANO deliver the goods in Italiano. Excellent sampler of a hot scene!

Man, I definitely need to go to Italia next summer...



VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
Three Chord Rocket Science \$10.
 A Who's Who of contemporary buzz-pop, about half previously unreleased: TEEN IDOLS, DARYLS, WIMPYS, JIMMIES, WALLYS, DIRT BIKE ANNIE, VAPIDS, WANNA-BES, J CHURCH, CHICK MAGNETS, EYELINERS, MANGES, BEATNIK TERMITES, SONIC DOLLS, GROOVIE GHOULIEIS, HEXTALLS, McRACKINS, ODD NUMBERS, APERS, LULABELLES, MULLIGAN STU, RUTH'S HAT, and more! The comp album of the year!!! **Recommended.**

The third full-length from these touring monsters!

special deal-o-rama

four full-length comps of 1990s pop-punk smash hits for just \$15!!!



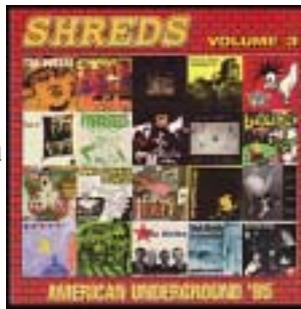
VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
Shreds Vol. 2 — 1994. \$6.
 The *Shreds* compilations, put out by Mel Cheplowitz and Shredder Records is the *best comp series of second wave American punk*. 20 poppy punk hits from underground 7"ers, including CUB, THE FONDLED, PLOW, SLUTS FOR HIRE, BEATNIK TERMITES, ATOMIC BOY, RED NO. 9, LOOSE CHANGE, WOOLY MAMMOTH, THE PHUZZ, TUGBOAT ANNIE, BUBBLE BOYS, and much more. An instant record collection that you can play in your car for pathetically little money...

SALE: Get these 4 Shreds Comps for just \$15!!!



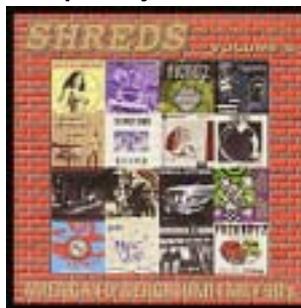
VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
Shreds Vol. 4 — 1996. \$6.
 Once again, Shredder Mel delved into the often-ignored world of underground 7" vinyl to preserve and promote some of the biggest poppy punk hits. Sixteen more smashes here, including THE BELTONES, DISCOUNT, THE DURFS, THE GRUMPIES, STOOL PIGEONS, ME FIRST, (YOUNG) PIONEERS, THE DETROIT COBRAS, THE DECIBELS, and a pig-pile more. I usually hate comps, but the Shredder series belongs in every serious collection of 1990s pop-punk!

SALE: Get these 4 Shreds Comps for just \$15!!!



VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
Shreds Vol. 3 — 1995. \$6.
 The 1990s were one of the most exciting periods in the history of American punk and nobody did as good a job of documenting the unknown hits as Shredder. This installment of *Shreds* includes 20 more smashes by the likes of MILLION SELLERS, PADDED CELL, STAND GT, PARASITES, THE CONNIE DUNGS, McCRACKINS, BUGLITE, GOB (CANADA), THE STRIKE, ROUND NINE, DR. BOB'S NIGHT-MARE and much, much more!!!!

SALE: Get these 4 Shreds Comps for just \$15!!!



VARIOUS ARTISTS CD
Shreds Vol. 5 — Early '90s \$6.
 The fifth and final installment of the Shredder compilations began with the beginning: little-known hits from the first years of the 1990s. Sixteen more songs here, including fare from THE OXYMORONS, THE FIENDZ, SEET THINGS, STRAWMAN, KILL SYBIL, THE REVELERS, THE FUCKBOYZ, and more. Solid poppy punk sounds, the foundation upon which the 1993-1998 explosion was based. **Pick up the entire Shreds series, it's very worthwhile!!!**

SALE: Get these 4 Shreds Comps for just \$15!!!

LISTING OF TITLES AVAILABLE FROM MUTANT POP RECORDS [UPDATED JANUARY 28, 2003]

POSTAGE: \$2 PER ORDER TO NORTH AMERICA; \$2 PER ITEM ELSEWHERE.

CASH, CHECK, OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO:

MUTANT POP RECORDS 5010 NW SHASTA CORVALLIS, OR 97330

BAND	TITLE	format	list
17 YEARS	Please Stop That	7	\$3.00
17 YEARS	self-titled	CD	\$10.00
30 AMP FUSE	Rewind	CD	\$10.00
7 SECONDS	One Plus One	CD	\$10.00
7 SECONDS	Out the Shizzy	CD	\$10.00
78 REVOLUTIONS PER MIN.	Figure It Out!	7	\$3.00
A RADIO WITH GUTS	Acoustic Series	SRCD	\$8.00
ABSOLUTE ZERO	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
ACADEMY MORTICIANS	Consumerism is an \$.T.D.	7	\$4.00
ACTION LEAGUE	What Do You Want From Me?	7	\$3.00
AFTER SCHOOL SPECIAL	Wrong	7	\$3.00
AIRBOMB	"Look Out!" [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
ALIENS AND STRANGERS	Bloodfix	7	\$3.00
ALIENS AND STRANGERS	Go-Go-Go Dragstrip!	7	\$3.00
AMERICAN HEARTBREAK	Please Kill Me	7	\$3.00
AMERICAN HEARTBREAK	split w/TOILET BOYS	7	\$4.00
ANGELIC UPSTARTS	Reason Why? [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
ANNALISE	split w/THE 'TONE [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
ANTI-DOMESTIX	This Demon Called Love	7	\$3.00
ANTI-FLAG	Mobilize	CD	\$10.00
APARTMENT 3G	New Hope for the Dead	CD	\$5.00
APARTMENT 3G	Punk Machine	CD	\$5.00
APARTMENT 3G	Shit No One Wants to Hear	CD	\$5.00
APERS, THE	Eyes Wide Open	CDEP	\$4.00
APERS, THE	Faster, It's Alright	7	\$4.00
APERS, THE	For You and Your Loser...	7	\$4.00
APERS, THE	Love is a Battlefield...	7	\$4.00
APERS, THE	self-titled [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
APERS, THE	split w/TRAVOLTAS	7	\$4.00
APERS, THE	Teenage Drama... [IMPORT]	CDEP	\$8.00
APOCALYPSE BABYS	Local Heroes	7	\$3.00
APOCALYPSE BABYS	Nuclear Rain	7	\$3.00
ASEXUALS	Love Goes Plaid [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
ASSMEN, THE	Burgerbreath	7	\$3.00
ASTHMA HOUNDS	Dan	7	\$3.00
ATTENTION DEFICIT	Adventures in Laissez-Faire	CD	\$10.00
ATTENTION DEFICIT	Gets Poked in the Eye	SRCD	\$4.00
AUTOMATIC 7	Syringe	7	\$3.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	10 Golden Greats!	7	\$3.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	10 More Golden Greats!	7	\$3.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	20 Golden Greats!	CD	\$10.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	All The Kids Just Wanna...	7	\$3.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	Fortune Teller [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	Go Bananas!	CD	\$10.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	Go Bananas! [IMPORT]	12	\$8.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	I'm a Kid	7	\$4.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	Karaoke Party!	7	\$3.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	Makin' Out	7	\$3.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	Murder/Suicide	CD	\$10.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	Murder/Suicide [IMPORT]	12	\$8.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	split w/MOTIVS [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
AUTOMATICS (USA), THE	split w/WILLY WONKAS	7	\$4.00
AUTOMATICS, THE	split w/LOPEZ	7	\$3.00
BANANA ERECTORS	Fed Up with High School Days	7	\$3.00
BANANA ERECTORS	Teenage 3K Worker	7	\$3.00
BARON AUTOMATIC	Way Funner	CD	\$10.00
BASEMENT BRATS, THE	It's All Right	7	\$3.00
BEARDS, THE	Funtown	CD	\$10.00
BEATINGS, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Bubblecore	CD	\$12.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Circles	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Lineage [w/CRAYONS]	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Live at the Orifice	CD	\$10.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Schoolboy's Dream	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	split w/PARASITES	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	split w/SHOCK TREATMENT	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Strawberry Girl	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Susie and Joey	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	Ultra-Vivid Lo-Fidelity	7	\$4.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	You're All Talk [Gold Vinyl]	7	\$3.00
BEATNIK TERMITES	You're All Talk [Green Vinyl]	7	\$3.00
BEAUTYS, THE	A#1 Sex Shop Employee	7	\$3.00
BEAUTYS, THE	Girl From Planet Fuck	7	\$3.00
BEAUTYS, THE	Liquor Pig	CD	\$10.00
BEAUTYS, THE	split w/BARNHILLS	7	\$3.00
BEAUTYS, THE	Thing of Beauty	CD	\$10.00
BELDONS, THE	Fatal Road	SRCD	\$4.00
BELL	Already There	7	\$3.00
BELTONES, THE	Cheap Trinkets	CD	\$12.00
BELTONES, THE	My Old Man	7	\$3.00
BELTONES, THE	Shitty in Pink	7	\$3.00
BEN GRIM	King-Size Special!	7	\$3.00
BENDER	Music for Four Ears	7	\$3.00
BEYOND LICKIN'	Lickers Revenge [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
BIKINI KILL	New Radio	7	\$3.00
BIKINI KILL	Reject All American	CD	\$10.00
BIKINI KILL	The Singles	CD	\$10.00
BLACK CAT MUSIC	One Foot in the Grave	7	\$3.00
BLACK CAT MUSIC	This is...	CDEP	\$6.00
BLACK JAX	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
BLADDER BLADDER...	No Go Girl	7	\$3.00
BLADDER BLADDER...	On the Job With...	CD	\$10.00
BLIND FLIES	self-titled EP [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
BLITZKRIEG	split CD w/PARADOX UK	CD	\$10.00
BLOW POPS, THE	American Beautys	CD	\$10.00
BLOW POPS, THE	Charmed, I'm Sure	CD	\$10.00
BLOW POPS, THE	My Carrie	7	\$3.00
BOBBIT	self-titled EP [IMPORT]	7	\$3.00
BOBBYTEENS, THE	Treat Me Right [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
BOBBYTEENS, THE	Young and Dumb	CD	\$10.00
BODIES, THE	Addicted to You	CDEP	\$6.00
BODIES, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$12.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	113o Uomo [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	8 Testicled Pogo Machine	CD	\$10.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Drugs & Masturbation	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Grilled Cheese	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Group Sex	CD	\$10.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Kill The Ramones	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Little Yellow Box	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Live Cincinnati 1999	SRCD	\$4.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Male Model	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Mega Anal	CD	\$10.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	New Wave Records	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Russian Robot	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Saucer to Saturn	CD	\$10.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	split w/MEATMEN	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	split w/MORAL CRUX	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	split w/PARASITES	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	split w/SCOOBY DON'T	7	\$3.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER	Suck	CD	\$12.00
BOSSMEN, THEE	Tune Up Girl	7	\$4.00
BOVER WONDERLAND	Forgotten Heroes	CD	\$10.00
BREAKAWAYS, THE	Where Did She Go? [IMP.]	SRCD	\$5.00
BRIDES, THE	Bad Attitude	7	\$4.00
BRIEFS, THE	Hit After Hit	CD	\$10.00
BRIEFS, THE	Love and Ulcers	7	\$3.00
BRIEFS, THE	She's Abrasive	7	\$3.00
BRIEFS, THE	split w/THE SPITS	7	\$4.00
BROCCOLI	Chestnut Road [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
BUCK	American Express	7	\$3.00
BUCK	Christmas in My Heart	7	\$3.00
BUCK	Hex Me	7	\$3.00
BUCK	Jerry Hall	7	\$3.00
BUCK	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
BUDDY BRADLEY	The End of the Day [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
BUGLITE	Sorry to Disappoint You	7	\$3.00
BUGLITE	split w/DUST BUNNY	7	\$3.00
BUGLITE	split w/SIDECAR	7	\$3.00
BURDENS, THE	split w/ROMEO'S DEAD	7	\$3.00
BURNOUTS, THE	Porno Queen	7	\$3.00
CAMPUS TRAMPS, THE	Stick Around [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
CANDY SNATCHERS, THE	Shut Your Mouth	7	\$3.00
CANDY SNATCHERS, THE	split w/SCREAMING BLOODY	7	\$3.00
CARBONA	split w/THE BREAKAWAYS	7	\$4.00
CARTER PEACE MISSION	Disco Stu Likes Disco Music	CD	\$10.00
CAUGHT INSIDE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
CAUSTIC SODA	Femalevolence [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
CHAMBERS, KEN	Take This Ride [IMPORT]	7	\$3.00
CHARLIE BROWN GETS A...	Commencement	CD	\$10.00
CHARLIE BROWN GETS A...	Save It For the Van	SRCD	\$4.00
CHARLIE BROWN GETS A...	split w/INKLING	7	\$3.00
CHELSEA	Live and Well [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
CHEMO KIDS, THE	New York Doll	7	\$3.00
CHEMO KIDS, THE	Radiation Generation	CD	\$10.00
CHERUB SCOURGE	We Eat Punks for Breakfast	CD	\$10.00
CHESTER COPPERPOT	Bitter Sweet Tunes	7	\$3.00
CHIXDIGGIT!	Born on the First of July	CD	\$10.00
CHIXDIGGIT!	From Scene to Shining...	CD	\$10.00
CHOPPER	Did You Hear That? [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
CHROMOSOMES, THE	INST-DL EP [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
CHROMOSOMES, THE	More Time to Relax! [IMP.]	CD	\$12.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
CHUBBIES, THE	American Swagger	CD	\$10.00
CHUBBIES, THE	Can I Call You Daddy?	7	\$3.00
CHUBBIES, THE	Didjahaftasaythat?	7	\$3.00
CHUBBIES, THE	I'm the King	CD	\$10.00
CHUBBIES, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
CHUBBIES, THE	She Wanted More	7	\$3.00
CHUBBIES, THE	Sleeping in His Tee Shirt	CD	\$10.00
CHUBBIES, THE	Suburban Rock Dolls	7	\$4.00
CHUBBIES, THE	What Girls Want!	7	\$3.00
CHUBBIES, THE	When I Was Your Girlfriend	7	\$3.00
CHUBBIES, THE	Your Favorite Everything	CDEP	\$8.00
CINGHIOS, LOS	Spaghetti Brats [IMPORT]	SRCD	\$5.00
CLAP, THE	Don't Say No	7	\$3.00
CLETUS	Grease, Grits, and Gravy	CD	\$10.00
CLETUS	Horseplay Leads to Tragedy	CD	\$10.00
CLETUS	Other People's Girlfriends	7	\$3.00
CLETUS	Protein Packed	CD	\$10.00
CLETUS	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
COLLISIONS, THE	Boy, What an Idiot!	7	\$3.00
COLLISIONS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
COMMIES, THE	Better Off Red	7	\$3.00
COMMIES, THE	Rock'n'Roll Alone	CD	\$10.00
CONE	Smile for Me [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	Driving on Neptune	CD	\$10.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	Earthbound for the Holiday	CD	\$10.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	Eternal Bad Luck Charm	CD	\$10.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	Missy & Johnny	7	\$3.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	No Chance	7	\$3.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	Songs for Swinging Nice Guys	CD	\$10.00
CONNIE DUNGS, THE	Turntable	SRCD	\$4.00
COOPERATIVE, THE	The Most Dangerous Band...	7	\$3.00
COPY MASTER	Five By X	7	\$4.00
COWS	Plowed	7	\$3.00
CRETINS, THE	I Feel Better Already	CDEP	\$8.00
CRETINS, THE	We're Gonna Get So Laid	CD	\$10.00
CRIMINALS, THE	Morning After [PIC DISC]	7	\$6.00
CRIMPSHRINE	Quit Talking, Clyde	7	\$4.00
CROCODILE GOD	Boss [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
CROCODILE GOD	Mind the Cat [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
CROPDOGS	The First Mission	7	\$3.00
CUB	Mauler	CD	\$10.00
CUB	split w/POTATOMEN	7	\$3.00
CUB	Volcano [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
DAMNED, THE	Alternative Chartbusters	CD	\$10.00
DAMNED, THE	Final Damnation	CD	\$10.00
DARLINGTON	Bowling Betty	7	\$3.00
DARLINGTON	Chrysanthemum	7	\$3.00
DARLINGTON	Giltrovery	CD	\$10.00
DARLINGTON	Live Dallas 1999	SRCD	\$4.00
DARLINGTON	Louder than Morrissey	CD	\$12.00
DARLINGTON	split w/HS DROPOUTS	7	\$4.00
DARLINGTON	split w/HUNTINGTONS	CD	\$10.00
DARLINGTON	Texas Punk Rock Sweethearts	7	\$3.00
DARLINGTON (as MESS)	Pretty Ugly	CD	\$10.00
DARLINGTON (as MESS)	split w/22 JACKS	7	\$3.00
DARYLS, THE	Punks!	CD	\$10.00
DARYLS, THE	Who Killed Bambi?	SRCD	\$4.00
DEAD BOYS, THE	Buried Gems	7	\$4.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
DEAD BOYZ CAN'T FLY	split w/THE FURIES [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
DEAD END CRUISERS	Deep Six Holiday	CD	\$10.00
DEAD END CRUISERS	split w/THROWAWAY GEN.	7	\$3.00
DEAD END KIDS	Something for the Sickness	7	\$3.00
DEAD KENNEDYS	Bedtime for Democracy	CD	\$12.00
DEAD KENNEDYS	Frankenchrist	CD	\$12.00
DEAD KENNEDYS	Fresh Fruit for Rotting Veg.	CD	\$12.00
DEAD KENNEDYS	Nazi Punks Fuck Off!	7	\$4.00
DEAD KENNEDYS	Plastic Surgery Disasters	CD	\$12.00
DEAD LIKE ELVIS	I Wanna Be a Blonde!	SRCD	\$4.00
DED BUGS	Songs for the Possessed...	CD	\$10.00
DED BUGS	Sugar Coated Snot Pops	CD	\$10.00
DED BUGS	The Night We Got Sick and Died	7	\$3.00
DEE STROY & THE D-FEX	When the D-Fex Come...	7	\$3.00
DEERHEART	Male	7	\$3.00
DERITA SISTERS & JUNIOR	United States of the World	10	\$8.00
DEVIL DOGS, THE	Devil's Hits [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
DICKIES, THE	All This and Puppet Stew	CD	\$10.00
DICKIES, THE	All This and Puppet Stew	12	\$9.00
DICKIES, THE	Free Willy	7	\$3.00
DICKIES, THE	My Pop The Cop	7	\$3.00
DIE CHEERLEADER DIE	self-titled	SRCD	\$4.00
DIG-DUG	split w/MILLHOUSE	7	\$3.00
DIG-DUG	Whoa, a Dig Dug Seven Inch	7	\$3.00
DILLINGER FOUR	split w/PINHEAD GUNPOW.	7	\$4.00
DILLINGER FOUR	split w/THE STRIKE	7	\$3.00
DILLINGER FOUR	This Shit is Genius	CD	\$10.00
DILS, THE	Class War	CD	\$10.00
DILS, THE	Dils Dils Dils	CD	\$10.00
DIMESTORE HALOES, THE	Everbody Loves You...	7	\$3.00
DIMESTORE HALOES, THE	Hate My Generation	7	\$3.00
DINKS, THE	Dawn of the Dinks	CD	\$10.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Choco-Berri Sugar [NO PS]	7	\$2.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Hit the Road!	VIDEO	\$10.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Hit The Rock!	CD	\$10.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Live Jersey City 2000	SRCD	\$4.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Motorbike T-Shirt LARGE	SHIRT	\$10.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Motorbike T-Shirt XL	SHIRT	\$10.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Night of the Living...	7	\$3.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	split DOUBLE w/KFM	7x2	\$6.00
DIRT BIKE ANNIE	Superscope	7	\$3.00
DIRTY SWEETS, THE	Bubblegum Damaged	CD	\$10.00
DISAPPOINTMENTS, THE	Let's Die...	7	\$3.00
DISCOUNT	Crash Diagnostic	CD	\$12.00
DISCOUNT	Half Fiction	CD	\$10.00
DISCOUNT	split w/CIGARETTEMAN	7	\$3.00
DISENCHANTED, THE	split w/THE TWENTY TWOS	7	\$3.00
DOA	Festival of Atheists	CD	\$10.00
DOGS, THE	Class of 1970	7	\$4.00
DOGS, THE	Fed Up!	CD	\$10.00
DONFISHER	Setting New Standards...	7	\$4.00
DOUBLE NUTHINS, THE	Got Into a Fight In Special Ed	7	\$3.00
DR. BOB'S NIGHTMARE	split w/STUNTMEN	7	\$3.00
DR. BOB'S NIGHTMARE	Stinkin' Thinkin'	CD	\$10.00
DRAGS, THE	VML Live 5/3/97	7	\$3.00
DRAPES, THE	All We Could Afford!	7	\$3.00
DROPKICK MURPHYS	Curse of a Fallen Soul	7	\$4.00
DROPOUTS, THE	Nobody Likes You	CD	\$10.00
DROPOUTS, THE	Puke	SRCD	\$4.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
DURFS, THE	Durfin' Safari	7	\$3.00
EASYS, THE	You're High Maintenance	7	\$3.00
EGGHEAD	Dumb Songs for Smart People	CD	\$10.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	2000	7	\$4.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	Electrify Me!	7	\$3.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	Get Off My Back	7	\$3.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	It's All Moving Faster	7	\$3.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	Rock'n'Roll Monster	CD	\$10.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	Spare Parts	CD	\$10.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	Takin' You Down	7	\$4.00
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN	Up From the Streets	7	\$3.00
ELEVATORS, THE	Songs from the Ladies...	SRCD	\$5.00
ELMER	Songs of Sin and Retribution	CD	\$10.00
ENGINE KID	Heater Sweats Nails	7	\$3.00
ENGLISH DOGS	I've Got a Gun! [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
ENGLISH DOGS	What a Wonderful Feeling...	CDEP	\$6.00
EPOXIES, THE	Need More Time	7	\$4.00
EPOXIES, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
ERGS, THE	3 Guys 12 Eyes EP	7	\$4.00
EVERREADY	All Time Low	7	\$3.00
EVERREADY	County Transit System	7	\$3.00
EVERREADY	Fairplay	CD	\$10.00
EVERREADY	Kalifornia	7	\$3.00
EVERREADY	Reinheitsgebot	CD	\$10.00
EVERREADY	split w/FIG DISH	7	\$3.00
EXPLODERS, THE	Electric Power	7	\$4.00
EXPLOSION, THE	Flash Flash Flash	CD	\$10.00
EXPLOSIVE KATE	You Are Not a Winner	SRCD	\$4.00
EYELINERS, THE	Do the Zombie	7	\$3.00
EYELINERS, THE	Here Comes Trouble	CD	\$12.00
EYELINERS, THE	self-titled 7"	7	\$3.00
FAIRLANES, THE	Bite Your Tongue	CDEP	\$8.00
FAIRLANES, THE	Hi, We're... [NO SLEEVE]	7	\$2.00
FAIRLANES, THE	Songs for Cruising	CD	\$10.00
FAIRLANES, THE	split w/DIGGER	7	\$3.00
FAVORATS, THE	Destination Outta Space	7	\$4.00
FAVORATS, THE	The Beauty and the Beach	7	\$4.00
FEEDBACKS, THE	Pop Invaders [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
FIENDZ, THE	Everybody's Favorite	7	\$3.00
FIFTEEN	self-titled debut	7	\$4.00
FITZ OF DEPRESSION	I'm the Man	7	\$3.00
FITZ OF DEPRESSION	Lie	7	\$3.00
FITZ OF DEPRESSION	Seemingly Vague	7	\$3.00
FLAKES, THE	Bip Bam Book!	7	\$3.00
FLAKES, THE	Wanna Meet The Flakes?	7	\$4.00
FLATUS	Aural Fixations	CD	\$10.00
FLATUS	split w/ANGER	7	\$3.00
FORGOTTEN, THE	Class Separation	7	\$3.00
FOSTERS, THE	Not Much to Me	7	\$3.00
FOUR LETTER WORD	Do You Feel Lucky, Punk?	7	\$3.00
FOXYMORONS	Rodeo City	CD	\$10.00
FRANTICS, THE	Downtown Delirium	7	\$3.00
FRIGG A-GO-GO	Everything Around Me	7	\$3.00
FRIGG A-GO-GO	Frigg-a-Licious!!!	7	\$3.00
FROWNIES, THE	Amateur Dramatics...	CD	\$10.00
FRUSTRATORS, THE	Bored in the USA	CDEP	\$8.00
FUMES, THE	Knock Out the Axis	CD	\$10.00
FUMES, THE	Self-Appointed Guardians...	CD	\$10.00
FUMES, THE	Ways to Enjoy Life	7	\$3.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
FURIOUS GEORGE	Gets a Record	CD	\$10.00
FUSES, THE	Dress for the New Bomb	7	\$3.00
FUSES, THE	I Wanna Burn	CD	\$10.00
GAIN, THE	Highway to Heck (live)	10	\$8.00
GAIN, THE	split w/CRUSH STORY	7	\$3.00
GAIN, THE	You Should Know	7	\$3.00
GAMEFACE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
GAMITS, THE	Endorsed by You	CD	\$10.00
GAMITS, THE	This is My Broomstick	CDEP	\$8.00
GARGAMELS, THE	Betty Fat...	SRCD	\$5.00
GERMS, THE	Forming	7	\$4.00
GOIN' PLACES	Warm Up	SRCD	\$4.00
GOOD RIDDANCE	Gidget	7	\$3.00
GOOD RIDDANCE	split w/RELIANCE	7	\$3.00
GRAND PRIXX, THE	Drive Me Crazy!	CD	\$10.00
GRAND PRIXX, THE	Seeing Stars EP	CDEP	\$6.00
GRAND PRIXX, THE	split w/SHE'S A GUY	7	\$3.00
GREEN DAY	1,000 Hours	7	\$4.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Appetite for Adrenochrome	CD	\$12.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Born in the Basement	CD	\$12.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Freaks on Parade [IMPORT]	CDEP	\$8.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Go! Stories [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Magic 8-Ball	7	\$3.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Re-Animation Festival	CD	\$12.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Travels with My Amp	CD	\$12.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	Vampire Girl [PIC DISC]	7	\$4.00
GROOVIE GHOULIES	World Contact Day	CD	\$12.00
GROVER	The Dorks'll Work It Out!	7	\$4.00
GRRRLSCOUTS, THE	Tonight!	SRCD	\$4.00
GRUMPIES, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
GUM	Bogus Punk Circle! [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
HAVENOT'S, THE	Kids All Right [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
HEADBANGERS, THE	Just As Rock! [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
HECTICS, THE	Come Booze Down with...	7	\$3.00
HELLACOPTERS, THE	1995	7	\$3.00
HEROMAKERS, THE	Shoulda	7	\$3.00
HEXTALLS, THE	Call It a Career	CD	\$10.00
HEXTALLS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS	self-titled EP	7	\$4.00
HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS	Before They Were Rockstars	SRCD	\$4.00
HISSYFITS, THE	Letters from Frank	CD	\$10.00
HISSYFITS, THE	Wish	CDEP	\$6.00
HISSYFITS, THE	Wish You Were Here [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
HITCHCOCKS, THE	Number Two	SRCD	\$4.00
HITCHCOCKS, THE	Psyche!	SRCD	\$4.00
HOMEBOUND	Almost	7	\$3.00
HORACE PINKER	Knives, Guns, and Ammunition	7	\$3.00
HORACE PINKER	VML Live 4/26/96	7	\$3.00
HOT WATER MUSIC	Fuel for the Hate Game	CD	\$10.00
HUNTINGTONS	File Under Ramones	CD	\$10.00
HUNTINGTONS	Get Lost	CD	\$10.00
HUNTINGTONS	Plastic Surgery	CD	\$10.00
HUNTINGTONS	The Good, The Bad and...	CD	\$10.00
HUTCH	The Last Cold I'll Ever Catch	7	\$3.00
I MONELLI	La Mia Ragazza... [IMPORT]	7	\$3.00
IDIOT BITCH	Set Your Polka Feet...	7	\$3.00
IMPOSSIBLES, THEE	Shut Up and Play	CD	\$10.00
IMPOSSIBLES, THEE	split w/LATEX	7	\$3.00
IMPOSSIBLES, THEE	Who Invited These Guys...	CD	\$10.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
IN CROWD	Helmet	7	\$3.00
IN CROWD	split w/SACRED MONKEYS...	7	\$3.00
INFATUATIONS, THE	Go! Go! To Morroco!	7	\$3.00
INFECTIONS, THE	Kill For You	7	\$4.00
INFERNOS, LOS	The Outlaw	7	\$3.00
INHALANTS, THE	Kill You	7	\$3.00
INSTIGATORS, THE	Never Has Been [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
INVALIDS, THE	Out of My Head	CD	\$10.00
INVALIDS, THE	Punker Than Me	7	\$4.00
J CHURCH	Altamont '99	CD	\$10.00
J CHURCH	Analysis, Yes, Very Nice	CDEP	\$6.00
J CHURCH	Ivy League College	7	\$3.00
J CHURCH	Kittums in a Coma	7	\$3.00
J CHURCH	Nostalgic for Nothing	CD	\$10.00
J CHURCH	Prophylaxis	CD	\$8.00
J CHURCH	Quetzacoatl	CD	\$8.00
J CHURCH	She Said She Wouldn't Sacri.	7	\$3.00
J CHURCH	The Dramatic History...	7	\$4.00
J CHURCH	Tide of Fate	7	\$4.00
J CHURCH	VML Live 7/14/95	7	\$3.00
JAKE AND THE STIFFS	If It Ain't Stiff...	SRCD	\$4.00
JAKE AND THE STIFFS	Spike	7	\$3.00
JAKKPOT	3-2-1-Go!	7	\$3.00
JAKKPOT	Young and Dumb [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
JAWBREAKER	Live 4/30/96	CD	\$12.00
JAWBREAKER	Unfun	CD	\$12.00
JETS TO BRAZIL	Orange Rhyming Dictionary	CD	\$12.00
JIMMIES, THE	Cheap	7	\$3.00
JIMMIES, THE	Countdown	CD	\$10.00
JIMMIES, THE	Never Mind the Rednecks...	SRCD	\$4.00
JIMMIES, THE	New Five Song CDEP	CDEP	\$5.00
JOE JITSU	Lonely Teen's Club	SRCD	\$5.00
JOHNNIES, THE	12 Steps to Nowhere	CD	\$10.00
JOLT	Emily	7	\$3.00
JOLT	Old Milwaukee	7	\$3.00
JON COUGAR CONC. CAMP	8 West	7	\$3.00
JON COUGAR CONC. CAMP	Melon	CD	\$10.00
JON COUGAR CONC. CAMP	Punk Explosion!	7	\$3.00
JUNIOR VARSITY	Go to the Ice Cream Social	7	\$3.00
JUVENILE WRECK	Sit on It	SRCD	\$4.00
KACZYNSKI FOR PRESIDENT	Dead End Road	7	\$2.00
KAISERS, THE	Squarehead Stomp!	CD	\$10.00
KAISERS, THE	What You Gonna Say?	7	\$4.00
KEROSENE 454	Race	CD	\$10.00
KEROSENE 454	Two for Flinching	7	\$3.00
KILL ME TOMORROW	Difficult	7	\$3.00
KILL-A-WATTS, THE	Kill Kill Kill Kill	7	\$4.00
KINDRED, THE	Love No More	7	\$3.00
KINDRED, THE	Treating Me Bad	7	\$3.00
KITTY BADASS	One Cell at a Time	CD	\$10.00
KLOPECS, THE	Born to Lose Again	SRCD	\$4.00
KLOPECS, THE	So Far, So Bad	7	\$3.00
KLOPECS, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
KOSHER	Bored in America	7	\$3.00
KOSHER	Death to Drama	CDEP	\$4.00
KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE	Girls, Cars, Sun, Fun!	7	\$4.00
KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE	Hi-Fi at Low Tide [TOS]	7	\$0.00
KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE	School's Out, Surf's Up...	CD	\$10.00
KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE	Shindig!	7	\$3.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE	Shindig! Part 2	7	\$4.00
KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE	split w/ THE STICKLERS	7	\$3.00
KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE	split w/JUNIOR VARSITY	7	\$4.00
LADY SPEEDSTICK	Saturday Night's All Right...	7	\$3.00
LARRY BRRRDS, THE	Rushville	7	\$3.00
LAZYBOY	Fill It	7	\$3.00
LEFT OUT	25 Cent Serenade	7	\$6.00
LEFT OUT	Have a Nice Day	7	\$3.00
LEFTOVERS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$6.00
LET'S GOS, THE	Bye Bye USA [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
LEXINGTONS, THE	split w/HABITUALS	7	\$3.00
LILLINGTONS, THE	Death by Television	CD	\$12.00
LISA MARR EXPERIMENT	4 A.M.	CD	\$10.00
LIVING DAYLIGHTS, THE	The Kids are Restless	7	\$3.00
LIZARDS, THE	Spazzmatic	CD	\$10.00
LIZARDS, THE	Uh, Oh, Chongo!	7	\$3.00
LOLI AND THE CHONES	Make Out Party	7	\$4.00
LOMBARDIES, THE	One Card Short	SRCD	\$4.00
LOOSE LIPS	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
LOST SOUNDS	Memphis is Dead	7	\$3.00
LOVEJUNK	Tribulations [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
LOWER CLASS BRATS	Glam Bastard	7	\$3.00
LYNYRD'S INNARDS	VML Live 2/7/96	7	\$3.00
MAD PARADE	God Bless America	CD	\$10.00
MAD PARADE	This is Life [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
MAD PARADE	We Stand Alone	7	\$3.00
MAINSTAY	Quarter Mile Turnstile	CD	\$10.00
MAN WITHOUT PLAN	Commence Primary Ignition	7	\$3.00
MANGES, THE	"R" Good Enough [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
MANGES, THE	Rocket to You! [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
MANSFIELDS, THE	Kill Your Radio!	SRCD	\$4.00
McRACKINS, THE	I'll Stick to Beer	7	\$3.00
McRACKINS, THE	We Love to Make Records	7	\$3.00
MEANDERTHAL	Dumb [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
MEANIES, THE	Just What You Need	7	\$3.00
METHADONES, THE	Ill At Ease	CD	\$10.00
MIGRAINES, THE	Live at CBGB's	CD	\$10.00
MIGRAINES, THE	The Night Has Eyes	7	\$3.00
MIGRAINES, THE	VML Live 4/27/96	7	\$3.00
MISFIRES, THE	Dead End Expressway	CD	\$10.00
MIXELPRICKS, THE	Bitter?	CD	\$8.00
MIXELPRICKS, THE	Family Size	7	\$3.00
MIXELPRICKS, THE	Livestock at Large	SRCD	\$4.00
MIXELPRICKS, THE	Majizmo	7	\$3.00
MIXELPRICKS, THE	split w/PINKY	7	\$3.00
MIXELPRICKS, THE	Suck Live	7	\$3.00
MOCK	Pity	7	\$3.00
MODEST MOUSE	A Life of Arctic Sounds	7	\$3.00
MONDO TOPLESS	Amazon Queen	7	\$3.00
MONDO TOPLESS	In the End	7	\$3.00
MONSTERS, THE	Skeleton Stomp	7	\$3.00
MOPES, THE	Low Down, Two Bit...	CDEP	\$8.00
MORAL CRUX	Victim of Hype	7	\$3.00
MOTARDS, THE	Kings of Blues	7	\$3.00
MR. CRISPY	Drug Free and Regretting It	7	\$3.00
MR. CRISPY	End of the Week	7	\$3.00
MR. CRISPY	Hopes and Schemes	SRCD	\$4.00
MR. CRISPY	split w/PETER THE GREAT	7	\$3.00
MR. T EXPERIENCE, THE	Alcatraz	CD	\$10.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
MR. T EXPERIENCE, THE	And I Will Be With You	7	\$4.00
MUFFS, THE	Alert Today, Alive Tomorrow	CD	\$10.00
MUFFS, THE	Big Mouth	7	\$3.00
MUFFS, THE	Hamburger	CD	\$10.00
MUFFS, THE	I Don't Like You	7	\$3.00
MUFFS, THE	I'm a Dick	7	\$3.00
MUFFS, THE	No Action	7	\$3.00
MULLENS, THE	Go Where the Action Is	CD	\$10.00
MULLENS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
MULLENS, THE	Step on the Gas [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
MULLETS, THE	Sit Down Mammaw	7	\$3.00
MULLIGAN STU	Dumb in Love	7	\$3.00
MULLIGAN STU	Trailer Park Kings	7	\$3.00
MUTE-ANTS, THE	Planet of the Mute-Ants	7	\$3.00
MUTE-ANTS, THE	Rollin' in the Thunder	7	\$3.00
MUTE-ANTS, THE	The Terrible Tunes of...	CD	\$10.00
MY PAL TRIGGER	The Riverview Mentality	7	\$3.00
MYSTIC ZEALOTS	Now That's a Monkey	7	\$3.00
NAKED AGGRESSION	VML Live 10/15/95	7	\$3.00
NANCY VANDAL	split w/CRANK [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
NASHVILLE PUSSY	Go Motherfucker Go	7	\$3.00
NE'ERDOWELLS, THE	Hello, It Is I, The Intolerable...	7	\$4.00
NERD GETS THE GIRL	Soda Shop Romance	SRCD	\$4.00
NERDS, THE	I Wanna Kill Your Plastic Slut	7	\$4.00
NEW BOMB TURKS, THE	I'm Weak	7	\$3.00
NEW BOMB TURKS, THE	Sinking Feeling [PIC DISC]	7	\$5.00
NEW BOMB TURKS, THE	Stick it Out	7	\$3.00
NEW SWEET BREATH	Go Away	7	\$3.00
NICOTEENS, THE	Turn Up the Suck	7	\$3.00
NILS, THE	Green Fields in Daylight	CD	\$10.00
NIMRODS, THE	Green Day	7	\$3.00
NITWITS	Great Day!	7	\$3.00
NOBODYS	I've Been Everywhere	CD	\$10.00
NOBODYS	split w/PINHEAD CIRCUS	7	\$3.00
NOGOODS, THE	Better Than Beer	SRCD	\$4.00
NOMADS, THE	She'll Always Be Mine [IMP.]	7	\$4.00
NOONER	split w/DRIVER ELEVEN	7	\$3.00
NOT REBOUND	Knock Around [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
NOTHING COOL	Taking Advantage of Stupid	CD	\$10.00
NUKE	Your Romeo	SRCD	\$4.00
ODD NUMBERS, THE	About Time	CD	\$12.00
ODD NUMBERS, THE	The Trials and Tribulations	CD	\$12.00
OHNO EXPRESS	split CD w/SOON [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
ONE CAR PILE-UP	Police Academy [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
ONE MAN ARMY	Dead End Stories	CD	\$10.00
ONE MAN ARMY	Last Word Spoken	CD	\$10.00
ONYAS, THE	Three More Hits From...	7	\$3.00
OVERWHELMING COLORF.	Sourdough	CDEP	\$5.00
OVERWHELMING COLORF.	Sourdough	7	\$3.00
PACHINKO	Who Shaved Pachinko?	5	\$4.00
PADDED CELL, THE	Love Punk Style [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
PANDORAS, THE	I Didn't Cry	7	\$4.00
PANIC	Get Welll [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
PANIC ATTACKS, THE	Watch the Skies	7	\$3.00
PANTHER	Broken Rock'n'roll Blaster	7	\$3.00
PARASITE, DAVE	Back to Demo [DOUBLE]	7x2	\$6.00
PARASITES	Pair	CD	\$10.00
PARASITES	VML Live 12/3/94 (1st Ed.)	7	\$3.00
PAT DULL&MEDIA WHORES	1984 [w/Guitar Pick]	7	\$3.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
PAT DULL&MEDIA WHORES	Feel It!	7	\$3.00
PAT DULL&MEDIA WHORES	Gimme the Whores!	CD	\$10.00
PAT DULL&MEDIA WHORES	It's About Time	7	\$3.00
PEA SHOOTER	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
PEABODY'S, THE	Are Chick Repellent	SRCD	\$4.00
PEABODY'S, THE	Dilemma	7	\$3.00
PEABODY'S, THE	It Only Hurts When I Think	SRCD	\$4.00
PEABODY'S, THE	Scared Shitless	CD	\$8.00
PEABODY'S, THE	split w/JUVENILE WRECK	7	\$3.00
PEEPS, THE	Stiletto	7	\$4.00
PET PEEVES, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
PETER & THE TEST TUBE...	Journey to the Center...	CD	\$10.00
PETER & THE TEST TUBE...	Loud Blaring	CD	\$10.00
PETER & THE TEST TUBE...	Mating Sounds	CD	\$10.00
PETER & THE TEST TUBE...	Rotting In	CD	\$10.00
PETER & THE TEST TUBE...	Soberphobia	CD	\$10.00
PETER & THE TEST TUBE...	Test Tube Trash	CD	\$10.00
PETTYFORDS, THE	Aloha Means Goodbye	CD	\$10.00
PHILIACS	Don't Touch Me	SRCD	\$4.00
PHILIACS	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
PHUZZ, THE	American Pop	CD	\$10.00
PHUZZ, THE	split w/RIGHT TURN CLYDE	7	\$3.00
PIGGIES	60 Days [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
PINHEAD CIRCUS	Downstroke Sweep	7	\$3.00
PINHEAD CIRCUS	Fall in Love All Over Again	CD	\$10.00
PINHEAD CIRCUS	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
PINK LINCOLNS	Back from the Pink Room	CD	\$10.00
PINK LINCOLNS	Pure Swank	CD	\$10.00
PINK LINCOLNS	split w/SUBMACHINE	7	\$3.00
PINK LINCOLNS	Suck and Bloat	CD	\$10.00
PINK LINCOLNS	VML Live 10/5/94	7	\$3.00
PINKERTON THUGS	Life, Liberty and the Pursuit	7	\$3.00
PINKOS, LOS	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
PINKOS, THE	To My Valentine	7	\$3.00
PLASTIC(S), THE	Nymphomania	7	\$3.00
PLUNGERS, THE	Here Are...	7	\$3.00
PLUS ONES, THE	It's a Calling	CD	\$10.00
PLUS ONES, THE	On the List	CDEP	\$7.00
POOH STICKS, THE	Young People	7	\$3.00
POP DEFECT	3rd Degree Road Burn	7	\$3.00
POP DEFECT	Without	7	\$3.00
POP DEFECT	¡Puro Desmadre!	7	\$3.00
POPSTERS	Every Minute [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
POPSTERS, THE	Everything I Want [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
PORCELAIN BOYS	Away Awhile...	CD	\$10.00
PRESSURE POINT	Life's Blood	CD	\$8.00
PRIMATE FIVE, THE	The Nova E.P.	7	\$3.00
PRODUCTS, THE	Fast Music	CD	\$10.00
PROMS, THE	Bubble Bath	7	\$3.00
PROMS, THE	Helpless Romantic	CD	\$10.00
PROMS, THE	Second Base	CD	\$10.00
PROSTITUTES, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
PROTEENS, THE	Hot Lava Treatment	CD	\$10.00
PROTEENS, THE	Professional Teenagers	SRCD	\$4.00
PROTEENS, THE	split w/GRAND PRIXX	7	\$3.00
PROTEENS, THE	split w/PEABODY'S	CDEP	\$8.00
PULLOUTS, THE	A Lot of Power Tool...	7	\$3.00
PUSHOVERS, THE	Letterbomb Your Heart	7	\$3.00
PUT-ONS, THE	self-titled	CD	\$10.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
QUADRAJETS, THE	61 Blues	7	\$3.00
QUEERS, THE	A Day Late and a Dollar...	CD	\$12.00
QUEERS, THE	Beat Off	CD	\$12.00
QUEERS, THE	Bubblegum Dreams	7	\$4.00
QUEERS, THE	Everything's OK	7	\$4.00
QUEERS, THE	Grow Up	CD	\$12.00
QUEERS, THE	Love Songs for the Retarded	CD	\$12.00
QUEERS, THE	Move Back Home	CD	\$12.00
QUEERS, THE	Surf Goddess	7	\$4.00
QUINCY PUNX	VML Live 1/12/96	7	\$3.00
RABIES	self-titled EP [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
RADIO WENDY	Kids in America	7	\$3.00
RADON	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
RAIL	Luke and Lauraland	7	\$3.00
RANCID	Radio Radio Radio	7	\$3.00
RANDUMBS, THE	In Search of the Abominable...	CD	\$9.00
RANDUMBS, THE	Things are Tough All Over	CD	\$12.00
RAYMONDS, THE	Out of their Vulcan Minds	7	\$3.00
RAZZELS, THE	3x3	7	\$3.00
RAZZELS, THE	Suck My First Impression	CD	\$10.00
RECEIVERS, THE	Drop Out	7	\$3.00
RECLUSIVES, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
REDMOND SHT. STARS	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
REDS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
REDS, THE	Under Control	7	\$4.00
REDUCERS S.F.	Backing the Long Shot	CD	\$10.00
REDUCERS S.F.	Crappy Clubs & Smelly Pubs	CD	\$10.00
REGISTRATORS, THE	Imagination World	7	\$4.00
REMOTES, THE	Bitch Bitch Bitch!	SRCD	\$4.00
RETARDED (ITALY)	Forget About the Things...	CD	\$12.00
RETARDED (ITALY)	Saturday Night I Wanna Go...	7	\$4.00
RETARDED (ITALY)	self-titled CD [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
RETARDED (ITALY)	split CD w/THE APERS	CD	\$12.00
RETREADS, THE	Dumb Kids	CD	\$8.00
RETREADS, THE	Say Cheese	7	\$3.00
RETREADS, THE	Uranus Is Mine	CDEP	\$6.00
REVOLVERS, THE	Marley	7	\$3.00
REVOLVERS, THE	She's Out of Your Life	7	\$3.00
RHYTHM COLLISION	Too Long	7	\$3.00
RHYTHM COLLISION	Happy as a Fucking Clam	7	\$3.00
RICHIES	Don't Wanna Know...	CDEP	\$6.00
RICHIES	Pet Summer	CD	\$10.00
RICHIES	Spring Surprise	CD	\$10.00
RICHIES	Why Lie? Need a Beer!	CD	\$10.00
RICHIES	Winter Wonderland	CD	\$10.00
RIFF RANDELLS, THE	How 'Bout Romance?	7	\$4.00
RIFFS, THE	Such a Bore	7	\$4.00
RIFFS, THE	The Lucky Ones are Dead	7	\$3.00
RIFFS, THE	Underground Kicks	CD	\$10.00
RIPPING TEETH	September 9th [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
RISE	Where to Find [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
RODMANS, THE	split w/GOD'S REFLEX	7	\$3.00
ROTTERS, THE	Pull It and Yell	CD	\$10.00
ROTTERS, THE	Sink the Whales	7	\$4.00
ROTTERS, THE	Sit on My Face, Stevie Nix	7	\$4.00
ROUND NINE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
RUTH'S HAT	Bye Bye Love	CD	\$10.00
RUTH'S HAT	I Don't Wanna Fall in Love	7	\$3.00
RUTH'S HAT	Sloppy Poppy Punk Band	7	\$3.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
RUTH'S HAT	split CD w/SEWING WN	CDEP	\$5.00
RUTH'S HAT	split w/RETARDED (ITALY)	7	\$4.00
RUTH'S HAT	Surf's Down [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
RUTH'S HAT	Too Much Box	7	\$3.00
S.C. VOLUNTEERS	self-titled EP	7	\$4.00
S.T.P., THEE	I Miss Your Lies [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
S.T.P., THEE	split w/BINGO	7	\$3.00
SANITY ASSASINS	split CD w/WHITE PIGS	CD	\$10.00
SATURDAY NIGHT KIDS	Total Knockout	CD	\$10.00
SCARED OF CHAKA	Automatic	7	\$3.00
SCARED OF CHAKA	How to Lose	CD	\$10.00
SCARED OF CHAKA	Masonic Youth	CD	\$10.00
SCARED OF CHAKA	split w/FATAL FL.GUIL.	7	\$3.00
SCARED OF CHAKA	split w/REAL SWINGER	7	\$4.00
SCARED OF CHAKA	split w/TRAITORS	7	\$4.00
SCARIES, THE	Missing You	7	\$3.00
SCRATCH BONGOWAX	Dogpile on Liz	7	\$3.00
SCRATCH BONGOWAX	Human Bean [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SCRATCH BONGOWAX	Let Me Be	CD	\$10.00
SCREAMING BLOODY MARYS	Live at The Bottom of the Hill	7	\$3.00
SCREECHING WEASEL	Anthem for a New Tomorrow	CD	\$12.00
SCREECHING WEASEL	My Brain Hurts	CD	\$12.00
SCREECHING WEASEL	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
SCREECHING WEASEL	Television City Dream	CD	\$10.00
SCREECHING WEASEL	Wiggle	CD	\$12.00
SCRUBS, THE	Makin' a Mess	CD	\$10.00
SEA MONKEYS	Bowery to Baghdad	7	\$3.00
SELBY TIGERS	Snoball	7	\$4.00
SEMPREFRESKI	Marco Goes to College	7	\$4.00
SERVO	Blueprint [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SERVO	Now We Are Six	7	\$4.00
SERVO	split w/LOVEMEN [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SERVOTRON	Join the Evolution	7	\$3.00
SEWER TROUT	Final Money Grubbing Fiasco	CD	\$8.00
SEX PISTOLS	split w/SOFISTICATOS	7	\$4.00
SHAKERS, THE	Reserve Chump 6/31/97	7	\$3.00
SHIFTERS, THE	Shattered	CD	\$10.00
SHINDIGS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
SHITBIRDS, THE	Famous Recording Artists	CD	\$10.00
SHOTWELL	Celery, Beef and Iron	CD	\$10.00
SHOTWELL COHO	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
SHOWER WITH GOATS	Just Another Day	CD	\$10.00
SHROOMS, THE	MiniHaHa!	CD	\$10.00
SICKO	A Brief History of Sicko	CD	\$10.00
SICKO	Count Me Out	7	\$3.00
SICKO	Laugh While You Can...	CD	\$10.00
SICKO	Three Tea	7	\$3.00
SICKO	Three Tea [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SICKO	You Are Not The Boss of Me!	CD	\$10.00
SICKO	You Can Feel the Love...	CD	\$10.00
SINKHOLE	Groping for Trout	CD	\$10.00
SINKHOLE	split w/NEW SWEET BREATH	7	\$3.00
SIT N' SPIN	Faster	7	\$4.00
SKIMMER	Bored Again	7	\$3.00
SKIMMER	Compitoenail [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
SKIMMER	split w/NAVEL [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SKIMMER	Tuffyclub [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SKIMMER	Uncool [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SKIPTRACER	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
SKIZMATICS	Youth Crew	7	\$3.00
SLACKER	A Day in the Life of...	CD	\$10.00
SLACKER	Covering the Bases	7	\$3.00
SLACKER	split w/CARAMEL SUN	7	\$3.00
SLAP HAPPIES	split w/WALTER KRUG	7	\$3.00
SLEATER-KINNEY	Get Up	7	\$3.00
SLEATER-KINNEY	You're No Rock'n'Roll Fun	7	\$3.00
SLIDE & QUESTION MARKS	Earworms [PIC DISC]	10	\$8.00
SLOPPY SECONDS	Come Back, Traci	7	\$3.00
SLOPPY SECONDS	I Don't Wanna Be a Homosex.	7	\$3.00
SLOPPY SECONDS	VML Live 12/29/94	7	\$3.00
SLOPPY SECONDS	Where Eagles Dare	7	\$3.00
SLOW GHERKIN	Death of a Salesman	7	\$3.00
SLOWPOKES, THE	split w/MICKEY'S KIDS	7	\$3.00
SMOKEJUMPERS, THE	split w/THE FIBRILATORS	7	\$3.00
SMOKING POPES	Before I'm Gone	7	\$3.00
SMUGGLERS, THE	Buddy Holly Convention	7	\$4.00
SMUGGLERS, THE	Rosie	CD	\$12.00
SMUGGLERS, THE	split w/HI-FIVES	7	\$4.00
SNOTBOY	Cooldest Girl in the World	7	\$3.00
SNOTBOY	I'm Gonna Break Up...	7	\$3.00
SOMETHINGTONS	Collision Course with Fun!	SRCD	\$4.00
SONIC DOLLS, THE	Bionik [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
SONIC DOLLS, THE	Electric Man [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SORE LOSER	Is Out to Save the World	CD	\$10.00
SOVIETTES, THE	T.C.C.P.	7	\$3.00
SPACE COOKIE	Your CD Collection Still Sucks	CD	\$10.00
SPACESHITS, THE	Backseat Boogie	7	\$3.00
SPACESHITS, THE	Showdown on 3rd [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
SPACESHITS, THE	split w/DEADLY SNAKES	7	\$3.00
SPAZBOY	Hang the Soundman	SRCD	\$4.00
SPAZBOY	So There We Were...	7	\$3.00
SPAZBOY	Spazboy Bloody Spazboy	7	\$3.00
SPAZZYS, THE	I Met Her at the 7-11	CD-R	\$4.00
SPECIAL FORCES	Posthumously Yours	7	\$3.00
SPENT IDOLS, THE	Chinese Suicide	7	\$3.00
SPENT IDOLS, THE	Punk Rock! [IMPORT]	10	\$8.00
SPIDER BABIES	split w/THE PERVERTS	7	\$3.00
SPITES, THE	Stayin' Out	7	\$3.00
SPITS, THE	19 Million A.C.	7	\$4.00
SPLASH FOUR, THE	Rules of Life	7	\$4.00
SPLURGE	Exit/Stretch	7	\$3.00
SPODIE	Pop Punk-a-Go Go	7	\$3.00
SPODIE	split w/PINCUSHION	7	\$3.00
SPRAINED ANKLE	self-titled [IMPORT]	CD	\$8.00
SQUIRM	Another Fine Mess	7	\$3.00
STAND GT, THE	Turn on the Cartoons	7	\$3.00
STAND, THE	Make Me a Believer	7	\$3.00
STARMARKET	self-titled DOUBLE EP	7x2	\$5.00
STICKLERS, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
STILETTO BOYS	A Company of Wolves	CD	\$10.00
STILETTO BOYS	All Alone [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
STILETTO BOYS	Rockets and Bombs [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
STILLWELL	My Eyes Are Blue Again	7	\$3.00
STINK	I Don't Want Anything...	7	\$3.00
STINK	New World Odor	CD	\$10.00
STINK	Radioactive	7	\$3.00
STINK	Splitting Nothing Three Ways	CD	\$10.00
STINK split double EP	w/PEACEFUL MEADOWS	7x2	\$5.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
STINKERS, THE	Stink Like a Dog [IMPORT]	SRCD	\$5.00
STINKING POLECATS	A Song For Your Boyfriend	CD	\$12.00
STINKING POLECATS	Pretty Girl [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
STINKING POLECATS	split w/DESTRUCTOS	7	\$4.00
STITCHES, THE	8 x 12	CDEP	\$9.00
STOOL PIGEONS, THE	Take Love, Give Love	7	\$3.00
STRAWMAN	Poltics of the Pavement	7	\$3.00
STRAWMAN	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
STRAWMAN	Shoot Me Up	CDEP	\$6.00
STRAWMAN	The Lottery	CDEP	\$6.00
STRAY BULLETS	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
STRIKE, THE	A Conscience Left Unbroken	CD	\$10.00
STRIKE, THE	Shots Heard Round the World	CD	\$12.00
STRIPED BASSTARDS	Lessons Learned	7	\$3.00
STUNTMEN	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
SUBMACHINE	Sex Deterrent	7	\$3.00
SUBMACHINE	VML Live 7/7/94	7	\$3.00
SUGAR FREAKS	Summertime	7	\$3.00
SUICIDE DOORS	split w/THREE YEARS DOWN	7	\$3.00
SUPERNOVA	Electric Man	7	\$3.00
SUPERNOVA	How Much More?	7	\$3.00
SUPERNOVA	Pop As a Weapon	CD	\$10.00
SUPERNOVICE	Timely	CD	\$10.00
SUPERSNAZZ	It's Alright	7	\$3.00
SUPERSNAZZ	Uncle Wiggly	7	\$3.00
SWINGIN' UTTERS	split w/UK SUBS	7	\$3.00
SWINGIN' UTTERS	Teen Idol Eyes	7	\$3.00
TANTRUMS (CAL.), THE	Motels	CDEP	\$6.00
TANTRUMS (WISC.), THE	See You Later	7	\$3.00
TEDIO BOYS	Go Country!!	7	\$3.00
TEEN COOL	Adolessons	CDEP	\$6.00
TEEN IDOLS	Full Leather Jacket	CD	\$10.00
TEEN IDOLS	Pucker Up	CD	\$10.00
TEEN IDOLS	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
TEXAS CRIFFER & PLOW U.	Also Appearing As...	7	\$3.00
THE TWERPS	Will Play for Food	7	\$3.00
THIRSTY	Getting Along Together	7	\$3.00
THROBS, THE	Far From Perfect	CD	\$10.00
THUMBS, THE	All Lesser Devils	CDEP	\$6.00
THUMBS, THE	Last Match	CD	\$10.00
THUMBS, THE	Make America Strong	CD	\$10.00
THUMBS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
TIC	The Ephemeral Harmony	SRCD	\$4.00
TILTWHEEL	split w/NOTICE	7	\$3.00
TOAST (UK)	Come Dancing With...	7	\$4.00
TOAST (UK)	Smart Kids, Dumb Music	7	\$4.00
TORINO 74	Driver [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
TORTURE KITTY	Yardsale	CD	\$10.00
TORTURROS, THE	I'm Not [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
TORTURROS, THE	Still Doin' Our Stuff	SRCD	\$5.00
TORTURROS, THE	Third Age Lobotomy [IMP.]	7	\$4.00
TOTAL CHAOS	VML Live 8/26/96	7	\$3.00
TRAITORS, THE	split w/THE FORCE	7	\$3.00
TRASSELS, THE	Grifter [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
TRAVOLTAS, THE	Modern World	CD	\$10.00
TRAVOLTAS, THE	Teenbeat	CD	\$10.00
TRIPLE BYPASS	Yeah, Yeah Punk Rock...	CD	\$8.00
TRUENTS, THE	Don't Look Back	7	\$3.00
TRUST FUND BABIES	Can't Trust Me	7	\$3.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
TUULI	Rockstar Potential	CDEP	\$8.00
U.K. SUBS	Day of the Dead	7	\$3.00
U.K. SUBS	War on the Pentagon	7	\$3.00
UGLY TRUTH	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
UNDEFEATED, THE	No Place Like Home	7	\$3.00
UNDERHAND	Connections	7	\$3.00
UNDERHAND	Desire	7	\$3.00
UNDERHAND	Under A Glass	7	\$3.00
UNITED BLOOD	Sons of Liberty	7	\$3.00
UNKNOWN, THE	On Our Own	7	\$3.00
UNKNOWN, THE	Still Unknown	CD	\$10.00
UNKNOWN, THE	Who Are We?	7	\$3.00
UPSETS, THE	Tommygun Heart	7	\$3.00
URBAN IDOLS	Sick Day Breakdown	7	\$3.00
V/A [MANGES/WIMPYS]	Hook Up Bikini Girls [IMP.]	7	\$4.00
VACANTS, THE	self-titled SRCD	SRCD	\$4.00
VACANTS, THE	split w/BEDROCKERS	7	\$3.00
VALENTINES, THE	Show Us Your Hearts	CD	\$10.00
VAPIDS, THE	Spit, Sweat, and Beers	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	3 Chord Rocket Science	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Behind the Redwood Curtain	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	California Ain't No Fun...	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Day Dreaming in an Empty...	CD	\$5.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Emergency Broadcast Sys. 1	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Emergency Broadcast Sys. 2	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Emergency Broadcast Sys. 3	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Emergency Broadcast Sys. 4	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	European Pop-Punk Virus	CD	\$12.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	For a Few Crash Helmets...	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Geek Monger Music + ZINE	CD	\$4.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Grease compilation	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Gross: Arizona Punk Comp.	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Invasion of the Insectoids	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Italia Punk 2000 [IMPORT]	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Killed by Crackle!	CD	\$8.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	My So-Called Punk Rock Life	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	No Band Photo v.1 *DOUBLE	7x2	\$5.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	No Guts... No Glory!	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Our Scene Still Sucks	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Popgun 2000 [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Puck Rock Volume 1	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Punk vs. Ska, Round 2	CD	\$8.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Shreds Vol. 2: 1994	CD	\$6.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Shreds Vol. 3: 1995	CD	\$6.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Shreds Vol. 4: 1996	CD	\$6.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Shreds Vol. 5: Early 1990s	CD	\$6.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Six on a Disc	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Tailgate Party 2	CD	\$8.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	That Was Now, This is Then	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	The Best of Bumfuck Egypt	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	The New Breed Vol. 2	CD	\$8.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Three for the Price of One	7	\$3.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Transylvania Style Punk Rock	CD	\$10.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS	Workers Comp	CD	\$8.00
VENDETTAS, THE	Can't Stop	7	\$3.00
VENDETTAS, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$10.00
VINDICTIVES, THE	Hypno-Punko	CD	\$12.00
VINDICTIVES, THE	Party Time for Assholes	CD	\$10.00

BAND	TITLE	format	list
VINDICTIVES, THE	The Many Moods of...	CD	\$10.00
WALLYS, THE	Clean Up	SRCD	\$4.00
WANNA-BES, THE	Saturday Night	7	\$3.00
WANNA-BES, THE	self-titled CD	CD	\$12.00
WAUKEES, THE	Shout It Louder! [IMPORT]	SRCD	\$5.00
WEAKLINGS, THE	Burnt Bridges & Broken...	7	\$3.00
WEAKLINGS, THE	No One Can Stop You	7	\$3.00
WEBSTER	Static	7	\$3.00
WESTON	split w/PLOW UNITED	7	\$3.00
WESTON	Teenage Love Affair	7	\$3.00
WHATEVER...	Snack Time	7	\$3.00
WHATEVER...	Snacktime	7	\$3.00
WHO CARES?	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
WILLIS	split w/SECOND HAND	7	\$3.00
WIMPYS, THE	Get On My Van [IMPORT]	CD-R	\$4.00
WIRETAPS, THE	Romulan Invasion	7	\$3.00
WONTONS, THE	Extra Spicy!	7	\$3.00
WONTONS, THE	Let's Wok! [IMPORT]	7	\$4.00
WONTONS, THE	Snake Eyes	7	\$4.00
WORKIN' STIFFS, THE	Dog Tired... And Then Some	CD	\$10.00
WORKIN' STIFFS, THE	Liquid Courage	CD	\$10.00
WRISTROCKETS, THE	Broken Record	7	\$3.00
WRISTROCKETS, THE	Double Vodka Collins	CD	\$10.00
WRISTROCKETS, THE	Humans are Stoopid	CD	\$10.00
YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	Sick & Tired of Me	7	\$3.00
YOUNG HASSELHOFFS, THE	Win a Date With...	CD	\$8.00
YOUNG PIONEERS	VML Live 5/30/96	7	\$3.00
YOUTH BRIGADE	split w/SCREW 32	7	\$3.00
YSCB	Party of Four	7	\$3.00
YSCB	Sweet Merciful Crap	CD	\$10.00
YUM YUMS, THE	She'll Come Around	7	\$4.00
YUM YUMS, THE	Singles'n'Stuff [IMPORT]	CD	\$12.00
ZEKE	SWPR	7x2	\$6.00
ZILLIONAIRES, THE	self-titled EP	7	\$3.00
ZOINKS!	Bad Move, Space Cadet	CD	\$10.00
ZOINKS!	split w/NO EMPATHY	7	\$3.00
ZOINKS!	Stranger Anxiety	CD	\$10.00
ZOINKS!	Well and Good	CD	\$10.00

MUTANT POP RECORDS • 5010 NW SHASTA • CORVALLIS, OR 97330

• SEND CASH, CHECKS, OR MONEY ORDERS MADE PAYABLE TO "MUTANT POP RECORDS."

QTY.	TITLE AND FORMAT	AMOUNT
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		
6.		
7.		
8.		
9.		
10.		
11.		
12.		
13.		
14.		
15.		
16.		
17.		
18.		
19.		
20.	WAVE 12 SRCDS (\$4 ea.): SOMETHINGTONS GOIN' PLACES DIE CHEERLEADER DIE	

If a selection is gone... Pick me something that rocks! Send a credit slip! Send alternates below!

A L T E R N A T E S

Your Date of Birth

 / /

Year You First Got Into Punk?

What zines do you read regularly?

1.
 2.
 3.

Feel free to say anything you wanna say on another sheet of paper. I actually read everything!

- I LIVE IN NORTH AMERICA, HERE'S 2 BUCKS TOWARDS POSTAGE + **\$2.00**
- ACTUALLY, I LIVE OUTSIDE OF NORTH AMERICA AND AM ADDING THE FOLLOWING FOR INTERNATIONAL AIRMAIL POSTAGE (TOTAL = \$2 PER ITEM) + _____
- I AM ENCLOSING A MUTANT POP CREDIT SLIP FROM A PREVIOUS ORDER, PLEASE NOTE THAT I AM SUBTRACTING THIS AMOUNT FROM THE TOTAL DUE. - _____

Total Enclosed 

\$

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

EMAIL ADDRESS _____