

"WHY DON'T YOU LET HIM WEAR YOUR HAT?," "THAT DRUMMER IS DYNAMITE...IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW TO PLAY!!," "SOUTH BRONX!!," "BLUE CHEER!!" (So, put, together, is that like Bronx Cheer?), "GET A JOB!" (yeah, whatever, wonder what corner of The Bowery HE's working?!), and, when introducing "Strychnine," Lux asks the audience to guess which lethal liqueur The Cramps hold the sole patent to, he's barraged with answers, all wrong - "PAINT FLUID!," "CARBONAI!," "EX-LAX," "GIVES YOU THE RUNS, SON!," "LOVE POTION #9!," "DRINKING THE TOPS OF PAINT CANS!," and so on, but it doesn't stop there. You can actually hear a dope deal transpire between tunes (well, one joint, not much of a dope deal, but further proof that Punk didn't wise out all the old standbys from the

Hippie band if hipsters it was music denied gonna selves, celebra hope) c first ter politics goes de live at were o witness later (Cramps support acquire rot in t without Keeper the Mo you wh all!" - Gregor perfect Nick K in the record, of The band fe long w but Kn "Nick Anywa availab

a special gig the band did for CBGB's 20th anniversary in 1993 (I'm the son of a bitch that owns one of 'em). There's some real rarities, here, like a live version of "Uranium Rock," "I Can't Hardly Stand It," and "Baby Blue Rock," an hilarious early draft of "Twist and Shout"/"Drug Train," plus, most of your early Cramps faves in, arguably, their definitive live versions. Other blasts from the past, that will affect YOU in the future include (but are not limited to): "Sweet Woman Blues," a variation on Eddie Bruce's Sun Rockabilly classic that starts with a wild instrumental interlude that wouldn't be out of place on "Ventures on Peyote." The aforementioned, as well as several takes of an also-unreleased "Rumble Blues," feature Gregory's replacement, Kid Congo Powers. "Rumble Blues," natch, is an homage du fromage to Lux and Ivy's (and yours, if you have any sense) fave axe-murderer, Link Wray's signature toon, with Lux raving semi-coherently, like a cross between "The Crusher" and Howlin' Wolf. Capping this session is a radically different version of "Lonesome Town" with the addition of some lovely, tear-inducing (because it SOUNDS like tears!) slide guitar, which, seemingly, served as the template for the later live version brought out on the "Date with Elvis" tour, in memory of the recently deceased Nelson. Another demo session, cut at the instigation of one-time band manager and Roctoberfraynt, Art Fein, wielded strange, but, wondrous, fruit, indeed. "I'm Five Years Ahead Of My Time," the outstanding Psych-Punk anthem, takes on a new life in The Cramps' hands, while retaining the sounds of The Psychedelic Jungle, where they found it in the first place. A stomp n' shout workout of "Hanky Panky" relies heavily on Tommy James' hit version (which, even after thousands of listens, STILL sounds ready-made for a Cramps overhaul), but it'll have you jumping around the floor, or into your bed, like a raving lunatic, which you probably are if you've followed me this far. These sessions are noted for

their rarity, because it was the only time (that you or I know of) that a substitute drummer was used for Nick Knox. Terry Graham from the Gun Club sat in on these recordings, as Knox was being treated for a rare eye infection that later rendered him sightless in one eye, making it necessary for him to wear dark shades, which made him resemble a much handsomer, young, Roy Orbison. But whereas some people thought Roy WAS blind, Nick's own optical condition was far more severe than that of Orbison's. Radically different early workouts include "Call of The Wight" (from the aforementioned session), "Journey To The Center of a Girl" (with a great intro that sounds like The Third Bardo doing "Sloop John B.," "Jackyard Backoff," "Everything Goes," which sounds as much like a forerunner to the band's only near-hit "Rikini Girls With Machine Guns" as it does the

Cuts "s/t" (Birdman Records, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA, 90050) Genuinely 60s sounding psyche that doesn't seem retro at all. Direct, unpretentious, raw garage punk with pixie dust scattered on it.

"Damaged Goods -The Cheap Sampler Volume 3" (POB 45854 London E11 1YX) This British label is so good and powerful that you need this sampler just so you can be seduced by Fabienne Delsol, knocked around by the Armitage Shanks and have your wallet lifted by thee Headcoatees.

The Damnells "Bastards of the Beat" (Epic Records) Well well well, you fell in a well. Damn. Well...

Dead Boys "Live! At CBGB 1977" (MVD) This was shot with multi cameras at the legendary dive club in the year of holy punk starring the band that, as proven here, was **b a s i c a l l y T H E** perfect/quintessential/stereotypical/ultimate/realest/fakest/best/worst/purest punk band ever. Just seeing Stiv be so fucking Stiv and look and sing and move like he does in such a primary source document: quite simply the video dictionary definition of punk. I can't believe I've never seen this and this exists. Rod Swenson who shot this apparently has a bunch of footage of bands that likely is all in as good a shape (as good as videotape ignored for a quarter century can be expected to be). Can't wait to see what other treasures he has hidden.

just like "Owner of a Lonely Heart," then morphs into a Slade-type tune, with a bit of the "Ghostbusters" hook and the line "I'm still makin' time..." The next track is a too crisp remake of "Makin' Time" that sounds like a Joan Jett cover version. I love Slade, Joan Jett covers and the "Ghostbusters" hook, so I'm not complaining, but this record definitely had its eyes on the arena, with a few stabs at nostalgia thrown in, so it's not a lost masterpiece. But if any of these songs had made it to the radio in the 80s (and they could have) you would get pumped when they got played in the supermarket or on a "rock of the 80s" show.

Crimson Sweet "Boulevard" ep (Shake It 4156 Hamilton Ave Cincinnati, OH 45223) If everyone in NYC was a s cool and rocking as Crimson Sweet I would move there and live in the subway (or sewers). This record rocks more than a bag of rocks!

Crossfade "s/t" (Columbia Records) Worst record this century so far.

The C*nts "Eat My Nuts" (Disturbing) Fucking awesome, Chicago's first punk band might as well be Chicago's last punk band. Stupid fucking songs that are funny and involve rocking.

Carolyn Currie "Kiss of Ghosts" (Etherean Music, carolyncurrie.com) Singer-songwriter music that has a bit of a wood elf vibe, mostly because of the timbre of Currie's voice, but the production is a little too elfy.

Cut Copy "Bright Like Neon Love" (Modular Recordings) The tomorrow-est record ever. 80s visions of the pop future are defrosted and cloned.

Dead Brothers "Flammend' Herz" (Voodoo Rhythm) This is so brilliant I don't know what the hell it is. Ostensibly the soundtrack to a movie about a tattoo parlor in Germany this combines gypsy music, the Godfather soundtrack, 30s Jazz, haunted house music and silent film accompaniment sounds. Genius and confounding and delightful.

The Deep Eynde "Shadowland" (Disaster) Monster horror punk that scared my dog and stabbed my cat. Then they used my pets skulls for decorations.

Deep Purple "Live in Paris 1975," "New Live & Rare" (Purple Records, Aizlewood Mill, Nursery Street, Sheffield, S3, 8GG, UK) **Smoke on the Water: The Deep Purple Story** by Dave Thompson (ECW) Deep Purple, in their heyday, was in my opinion the one band that should have been allowed to indulge in endless guitar and drum solos in concert. Their musicianship and the flavor of their "jams" was something the Phish's of this world will never capture or understand. Both of these live CDs are awesome, with the "New Live & Rare" being the lesser of the two, in part because of the insanely long "Space Trucking" jam that makes the Paris show (the band's last concert with Ritchie Blackmore before he went solo) an awesome event. The book that was recently published should help convince any skeptics, or suckers who consider the band one hit wonders on the basis of the book's title tune ("Hush") was a better song to be One Hit Wonders to, anyhow). Thompson is a solid writer and the band's story flows pretty smoothly through his interpretation. While it is certainly for fans (it includes a 60+ page discography), the many trials, tribulations, tensions and silliness in Purple's history make this pretty universal for anyone who has been in or who is interested in bands.

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