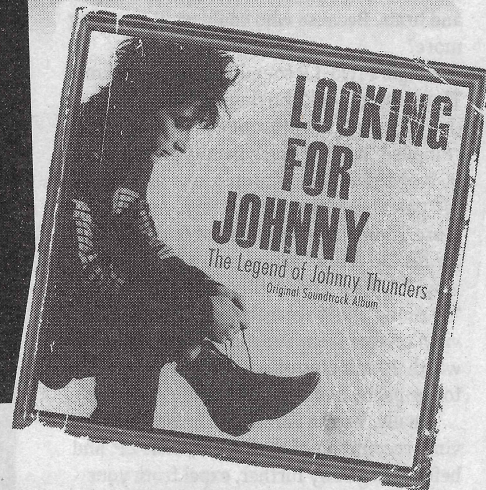
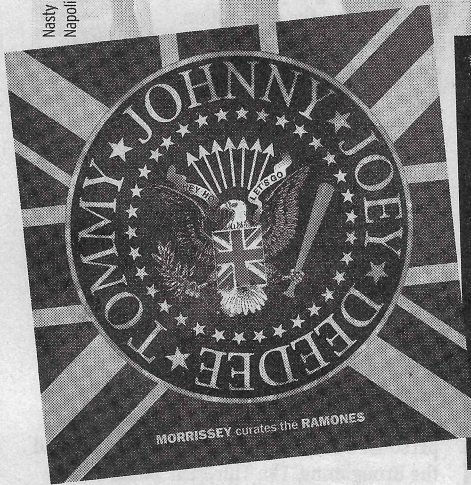
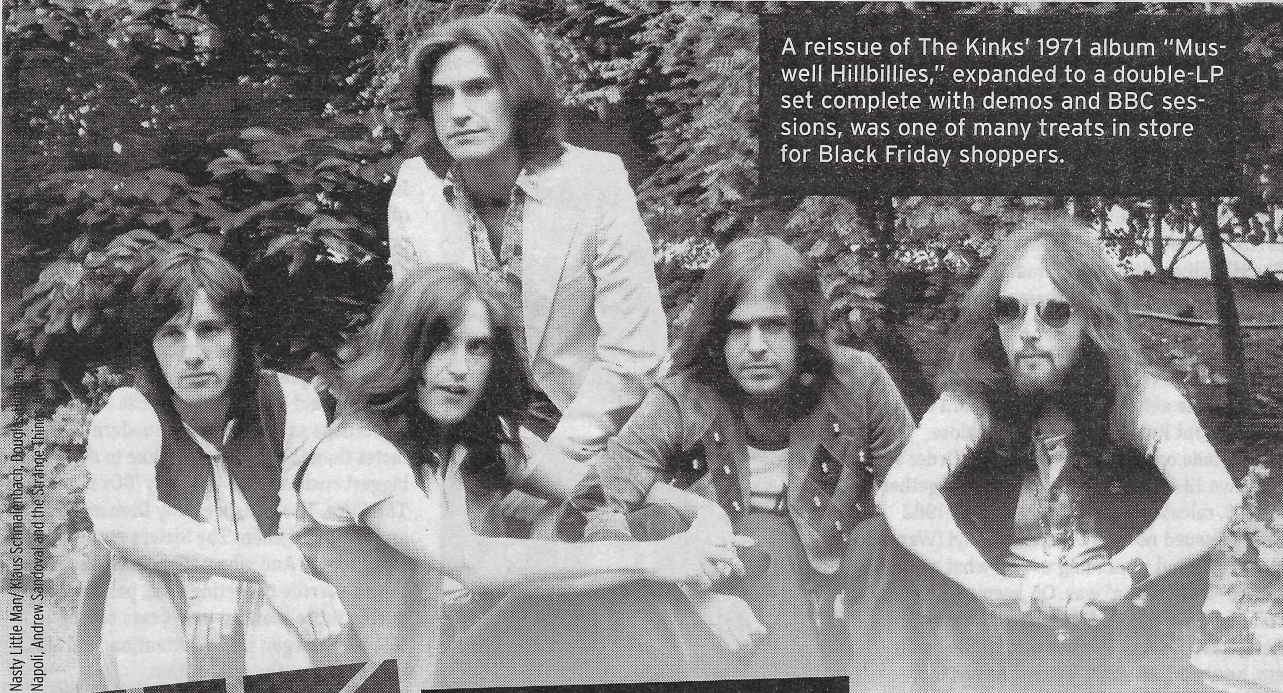


COLLECTOR'S CORNER

A reissue of The Kinks' 1971 album "Musswell Hillbillies," expanded to a double-LP set complete with demos and BBC sessions, was one of many treats in store for Black Friday shoppers.

Nasty Little Man / Klaus Schmalzbach, Doug Scharmer, Napoli, Andrew Sandoval and the Strange Thing



SPIN CYCLE

SHOP OWNERS TAKE DIVERGENT PATHS FOR BLACK FRIDAY, AKA RECORD STORE DAY 2.0

THERE ARE TWO WAYS to spend Record Store Day's Black Friday addendum.

You could head on down to your favorite record store, which in my case is Rainbow Records in Newark, Delaware, and load up on a small treasure trove full of shiny new releases.

Or you could head on down to your other favorite record store, Jupiter Records in Arden, Delaware, where they eschewed the Record Store Day thing altogether, taken the money they would normally have spent on 180-gram limited editions, and invested instead in a 1,500 strong collection of prog-

through-punk oldies, and kept that under wraps till Black Friday dawned.

Or, you could do both. Which, naturally, is the most sensible option.

RSD first, and I think we would all agree that the pickings were slimmer than in many years past. Slimmer, but, in many ways, more grandiose. Jimi Hendrix's "Hear My Music" (Dagger Records) is four sides of outtakes, jams and demos from 1969, with and without the Experience, and blending familiar titles ("Valleys of Neptune," "Message to Love," "Ezy Rider") with unfamiliar treatments. The oft-mooted possibility that we near the bottom of the Hendrix barrel is not necessar-

ily contradicted by every cut here, but hey, not every moment of "The Basement Tapes" screams "must-hear, essential release-worthy masterpiece" at you, and you just bought six CDs of that. A double album of Jimi jamming and trying things out is just as valuable.

Elvis Presley's "Showroom Internationale" (Legacy) is another that the less-than-rabid fan might view with disdain ... another Vegas live album, culled for vinyl from the sprawling "That's the Way It Is" box set that devoured so much of our free time this summer. Nothing new, then, and no matter how vibrant the performance (and Presley himself) might be, if your love of the Pelvis

faded with the draft, then this isn't going to alter your opinion. But it is a great show, sounding terrific, rocking along ... and his advice on how to make the acquaintance of a lady should be filed immediately into every young man's bag of tricks.

Legacy also rewrapped the Kinks' "Muswell Hillbillies," expanding the original LP into a double via demos and BBC sessions, to remind us that the succession of quintessential Kinkiness that powered the ban through the 1960s, and would be rekindled in the late 1970s, did not pause for breath after "Lola." The Hillbillies' title track remains one of Ray Davies' most affecting anthems, and while "Holiday" and "Alcohol" both gained in stature when the album hit the road, already they are cast in gold. Overall, neither the original album nor the extra disc are 100 percent bona-fide brilliant Kinks. But they come close.

A decade on from the Kinks, New Order's first two 12-inch singles were bound together for U.S. release on the five-track 1981-1982 EP – reissued now on cool, clear vinyl (Warner Bros.), and reminding us just what a great record "Temptation" was. Or, keeping with compilations, there's "Morrissey Curates The Ramones" (Sire), a 17-track best of the brothers, heavy on the early years ... heavy, too, on the iconography of cretins, pinheads, glue and brats. Because who could want anything more?

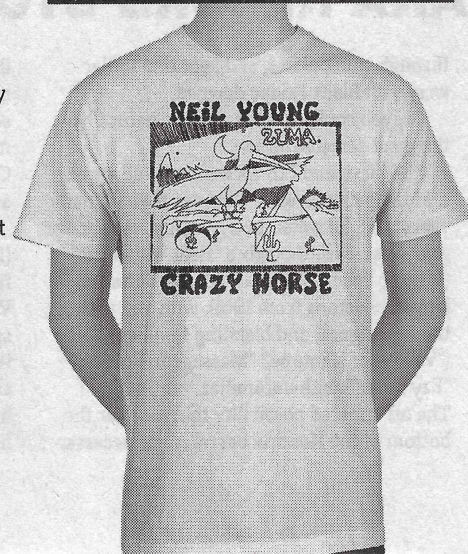
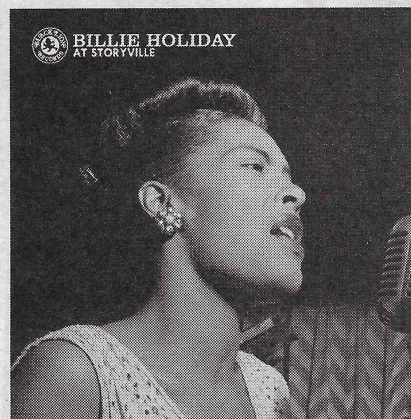
Jungle's two-LP soundtrack to the Johnny Thunders movie, "Looking for Johnny" (Jungle) drops in with a more-or-less self-compiled "best of" track listing, great liners by biographer Nina Antonio, and all on lovely red patent-leather colored vinyl. And there's more Thunders in the form of four outtakes for his "So Alone" album, and a 10-inch blue vinyl EP "Real Times" (Remarquable Records). "So Alone" itself recently landed a regular vinyl reissue from Drastic Plastic, and is well worth 40 minutes of your time – a real time to the party, and catch Thunders at his best.

Finally, Varese Sarabande unleashed a vinyl recounting of the first Genesis LP, and before we go any further, expel from your mind all visions of hogweeds, of lambs, of Phil Collins and of "Mama." Forget "Trespass" and "Foxtrot," and whether anyone can dance. Discover Genesis as the world first heard the band: a fresh-out-of-school British prog band, deeply in thrall To the Moody Blues, writing songs that they thought were vaguely Bee Gees-esque that were produced by Jonathan King, who made them sound as great as they were ever going to.

If Genesis had not gone on to anything else, this would be regarded as one of the lost classics of a gilded age. As it is, its contents have been reissued so often, and its makers have reviled them so frequently, that you need to be very forgiving just to play it. But when you do ... Oh, come on! A teenage concept album about the Bible. How can you resist?

I'll tell you how. By sharing the growing

disquiet about RSD, and how it has oozed out of its original "Back to Wax" parameters, to become a seasonal cash cow, loaded with



limited editions which, really, are of no more actual value than the equally "limited" colored vinyl and picture disc pressings with which the new release racks were assailed in the late 1970s. And scarcely more limited. Not while a dozen Internet sources are already vying to sell you copies, and sometimes for less than you'd have paid on the day.

To people who feel that way, and all those who are just beginning to agree with them, Jupiter Records' RSD offering was the best of all worlds – and the line at the door at opening time would certainly seem to agree. This was, after all, a doozy of a collection, one of those once-in-a-blue-moon offerings that was painstakingly created in the late 1970s/early 1980s by someone who definitely knew their post-punk British onions, but who wasn't afraid to work backwards from there.

Perhaps saying more for modern musical tastes than the tastemakers like to admit, the biggest rush was for the early '80s likes of The Cure, The Banshees, Joy Division, Echo and the Bunnymen, The Sisters ... and more and beyond. And why not? Even at the time, it was a fertile collecting area, particularly during those months-into-years before U.S. labels began paying attention, and U.K. imports were the only option.

That, of course, was nothing new. How many Clash fans of the age grew up thinking "Give 'Em Enough Rope" was the band's debut album, because that's how the band's label chose to present it? How many Arthur Brown fans were frankly shocked to discover that the man who ignited the Crazy World did not then lapse into eternal silence? How many Edgar Broughton Band fans might there have been had the band's U.S. career had not faltered after "Wasa Wasa"?

And how many people triumphantly exited Jupiter Records as Black Friday weekend marched on, armed with the albums that are a part of that equation? Spin Cycle's own personal haul included releases by Brown and the Broughtons, The Third Ear Band, String Driven Thing, Hapshash and The Colored Coat, The Pink Fairies, Glenn Phillips, Viv Stanshall, a bunch of posthumous Marc Bolan LPs (dodgy, I know, but the itch must be scratched), Mick Farren, Wah!, Unicorn and The New Age Steppers. In other words, the kind of off-the-beaten-track, curiously culty and whacked-out weirdness that makes certain that every day is Record Store Day if you just pick the right ones to visit. **GM**

– Dave Thompson

A prodigious writer, fierce music lover and longtime record collector, Dave Thompson is the author of Goldmine's "Standard Catalog of American Records 1950-1990, 8th Edition" and "Record Album Price Guide, 7th Edition," both of which are available at www.krausebooks.com. Thompson is hard at work on the 8th edition of the "Record Album Price Guide," which is scheduled to be released in spring 2015.