

NEW

BRAIN DAMAGE

JUNE 1974

#1

(formerly Who Took The Shelves)

America's Only Musical Encyclopedia

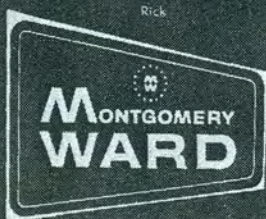


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THE SEEDS

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• EVIL HOODOO • GIRL I WANT YOU • PUSHIN' TOO HARD
• TRY TO UNDERSTAND • NOBODY SPOIL MY FUN • IT'S A HARD LIFE
• YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED • EXCUSE, EXCUSE • FALLIN' IN LOVE



RECORD DEPT.

Lou Reed: O.D.'d on Life Itself
Rock Retrospective #257
LESTER BANGS **I**nterviewed!

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STARS ON
THE HORIZON:



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SPECIAL ISSUE: It's Not Coming Back!

Sly Shoots Up • Rod Nods Out • Cream Staff Committed to Rest Home

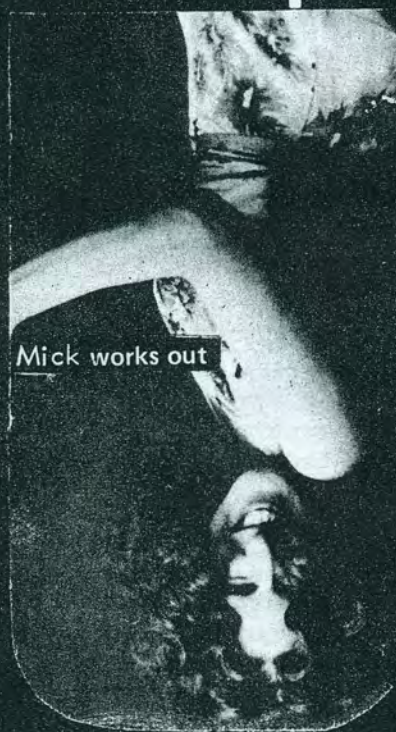
America's Only Magazine

CREEM

MICK JAGGER On Top

LESTER BANGS on Slade

LESTER BANGS on Mott the Hoople



EXCLUSIVE
CREEM Reverses
Its Stand
on the
new Stones album
for the
Third Time!



The new Stones LP?

BEN EDMONDS... ...Dies! (R.I.P. 1928-1974)

- *Paul Pounds Pud*
- *Bolan Beats Off*
- *Duane Kicks Bucket*



LESTER BANGS Interviews Himself!



STAR TREK

A PARAMOUNT TELEVISION
PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION
WITH NORWAY PRODUCTIONS

BRAIN DAMAGE

C/O METAL MIKE, DEPT. A
6621 YUCCA #2
HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028

FROM THE LOG OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE

Mar 26

Taco Dago
apt 64
associate editor
North Hollywood

Dear associate,

Time to move. can you meet the ~~deadline~~ deadline. If you got the frequency of the spheres we'll set in line type. ~~Some~~ Some say the ~~dark~~ path of life is filled with pit holes but i know ~~xxx~~ its only a horse with no name. (pass the coke) rockin with ral is where its at. If youll hop on that ventura Freeway you can blaze a stairway to the stars. beautiful as a foot your imprint will emblazon the morph dwarf what sits at the top of the steps. Step inside. inside this house you walk down the hall until your meet your destiny. destiny waits but not ~~gax~~ not for no one. at the bottom of the ~~pe~~ pepsi bottle in the corner you will find your fortune etched in ink. there your destiny sits crouching like a lizard in the sun. waiting for the sun. waiting for the ~~xxx~~ rain. gimme gimme honey dont you act that way again. Hey little girl its all over for you. don't want your love or satisfaction. all i want is psycho action. everybodys tryin to be my baby. Everybodys' tryin to be my girl. Everybodys trying to be my baby. Everybody in the whole damn world. courtesy carl perkins 1956, ##%*%(%#J# cosmos culture music. Starship. Starship.



the editor

BRAIN DAMAGE
C/O METAL MIKE, DEPT. A
6621 YUCCA #2
HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028

AN OPEN LETTER

North Hollywood, Ca.
July 22, 1974

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I'm disillusioned. Disillusioned firstly because here we are in the middle of 1974, the decade half over, and nothing has happened. But hell, that's to be expected. The only happening thing on the whole West Coast at the moment are the amazing (so they tell me) Los Angeles Dodgers. Big deal. I hate baseball!

No, the thing that really bothers me is this: what I had thought was a true brotherhood of rock critics has turned out to be nothing but a bunch of guys who all hate each other just like our parents, our grandparents, and our older brothers and sisters in the straight world. But let's start from the beginning...

You hold in your hands a fanzine that was conceived in late 1973. The idea for this zine germinated one afternoon when I stumbled home with a dazzling 15-strong cache of the previously unheard of Lou Reed SOUNDSVILLE! album. "Hey," I yelled. "What ever happened to the surf music revival?"

"It's right around the corner--it's all coming back!!" chirped one of the to-be BRAIN DAMAGE editors.

"Aw man yer fulla lima beans, your not gonna see klear till your wipe that snot offa yer nose and onta yer ugly face where it beelongz! Why dont you flake off and go print a fanzine ya lousy wimp!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" shot back the second editor.

What began as a harmonious project of three-way creativity ended in a cesspool of bad blood when third party Mark Shipper pulled out of the project shortly before completion, leaving behind a string of broken promises, and taking with him his money, his printing know-how, and \$12 worth of Metal Mike Saunders' line tape (the last eventually returned). I hear that the editors are no longer speaking with the ex-publisher in question, nor do they have much intention of doing so. I don't know exactly which side to take, but I'll say this: I used to think that Mark was my brother. Now I don't know anymore.

You might say there's a lot of history and a lot of symbolism in this whole project. If I were Greil Marcus, I might say this fanzine reflects "the reality of the 70's." I might say it too if I only knew what the hell it meant. One thing I do know: the quicker you get your bids in for those remaining Lou Reed albums, the quicker I'll be able to afford a new 12-speed bike....

Words don't come easy to me. I don't write a helluva lot (mainly to my parents back in Chicago), and I hope you appreciate how hard it was for me to express myself here. I also hope you sent Metal Mike & Gene 50¢ for this zine, seeing as how they blew over \$250 on this whole ridiculous project. But in case you happen to miss the meaning of this fanzine the first time around, don't worry too much....it's not coming back. (P.S.: Special thanx to Emrique Ramirez Jr. for the acid punch).



Love your brother,

Wayne

Wayne Davis

WHO TOOK THE SHELVES

JANUARY 1974

"published when we feel like it"

35¢ cheap

EDITORS: Mike Saunders
Gene Sculatti

PUBLISHER AND EDITORIAL
DIRECTOR: Mark Shipper

CONT. EDITOR: Wayne Davis

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Ramirez Jr.

INSPIRATION: Harpo Valley

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Who Took The Shelves
6621 Yucca #2
Hollywood, Ca. 90028

.....
Our head typist (and Metalmania Records pres.) hits the Warp Five level listening to Sweet Baby James.

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Many people have been asking me why FLASH #3 has been so long in coming. To them I can only say: please understand. I am just like other people. I have to do the laundry. I have to mow the lawn. I have to fix the car. I have to paint the house. I have to hose down the walls so my records won't melt. I have to get a job. You see, the problem is in a word, the slump. We're in the midst of a rock 'n' roll slump that may last for another five years unless something drastic occurs (like The Standells reforming or the Raiders getting a hit).

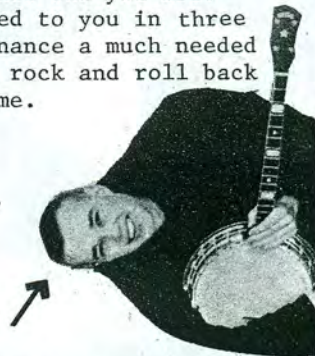
In FLASH #2 I stated that there was enough good rock and roll in the bargain bins of America to last us all five years. Well, that was four and a half years ago, and now America is just about cleaned out. So are most of the other countries with the notable exception of Thailand. Yes, in Thailand there is a booming bargain bin scene, helped along by the fact that the natives have no idea of what to look for in their bins. Consequently they take all the Led Zeppelin, Glen Campbell, 10cc, and Ray Campi albums, leaving behind such treasures as the Fenderbenders' astonishing Tribute To Greg Shaw album, or even better, the Fuzzboys' (easily the most advanced group on the under-rated Baltimore punk scene) two incredible LPs on the Watusi label.

I guess I should level with all of you and tell you the purpose of BRAIN DAMAGE (formerly Who Took The Shelves). We are hoping to take the money raised from this magazine and funnel it into the Mark Shipper Washing Machine fund (because I'm just like you--why go to the laundromat when I can be putting out fanzines?). So if you like this issue, send 35¢. If you like it and would like to see another by, say, May 1975, send 50¢ to reserve your copy! If you don't send anything we know who you are!

Your subscription (returned to you in three months) will enable me to finance a much needed utility room and thereby get rock and roll back on its feet. Have a good time.

Mark

Mark Shipper
Publisher



Mark Shipper--he's just like everybody else!

p.27? 56 1/2?

Cover photo: Bern Elliott & The Fenmen pose in the lobby of a West Tottenham record shop, December 1964 (WPTS archives).

LETTERS

Dear Guys,

Kim Barnes' piece on the Atomic Enchilada was a welcome and timely bit of appreciation, but I have one major gripe. As I remember it, the Enchilada's epic "Took My Mind (For a One-Way Ride)" on the Extinction label hit the #135 slot in New Guinea, not #137. Will you look into this.

Alan Bigrocks
New York, NY

(Ed--Say, you sound like the kind of guy we could use more of. Have you ever thought of putting out your own fanzine??)

Hey Surfer Guys,

...Can't object too much to your California chauvinism; after all, ya do live there....You guys got a pretty good zine going, even if you are all Dagos!

Crescenzo Capece
Brooklyn, NY

(Ed--Say, you sound like the kind of guy we could use more of. Have you ever thought of putting out your own fanzine??)

Dear WPTS,

I've never written a magazine before (mainly because I don't know how--Ralph helped me with this one), but in this case I must make an exception. Reg Shaw's piece on my career was superbly well researched and authoritative. Quite frankly, I'm amazed that he managed to unearth the obscure rockabilly singles cut during my grade school years!

That is, I was amazed until yesterday when I checked my closet and discovered that my sole copies of these 45s had disappeared.... Will you please ask Mr. Shaw to return these singles before I call the cops.

John Fogerty
Berkeley, Ca.

Dear Earthlings,

I just don't see how you can seriously call the Mekki Mark Men "far out." Granted, they were the first group to introduce the trifonic synthesizer into rock...but their compositions were mostly unadventurous and their lead theramin player was a 3rd-rate Plutonian hack.

So many groups have recorded infinitely more rewarding music. For openers, I suggest you try Tangerine Dream, Ash ra Tampl, Klaus Schulze (especially his incredible IRRLICHT), Jun Kumi-kobo, Floh De Cologne, and any of Guru Guru's early LPs. The ever expanding imagination knows no boundaries...existence is everywhere!

Hot Scott Fischer
Venus



"Get those 45s back here before I call the cops!" writes John Fogerty (above, far right) of Berkeley, Ca., authentic pop renaissance rocker whose pounding piano style forms the backbone behind the wild rockabilly sound of his new group, the John Fogerty Trio.



Dear WPTS,

Your slander of Mark Shipper disgusts me. With all the fine things going on in rock fandom, aren't there better topics to write about than a person's alleged misfortunes??

Jon Landau
Boston, Mass.

(Look--if a brilliant young magazine editor quit his job for a life of drug abuse, hocked his record collection to promote a calypso band called the Droogs, murdered Jim Dippy, started a record company as a front for cocaine dealing, and had Stephen Holden ghostwrite his column for a well-known national magazine, wouldn't you want to know about it???)



The late Jim Dippy.

Dear Fellow Punkoids,

How can you guyz innerview Lester Bangz and not me??? Man you make me sicker than a bowl fulla shit festering upon a three foot pimple waiting just to smack ya right inna middle of yer ugly face!! Don't you realize I tot Bangz everrthing he knowz???

Robot A. Hull
Granola, Michigan

(Yer dead right of course--so howcum you don't shuddup and move back to Walled Lake where you belong?)

Dear WTTTS,

Just received the first 43 issues of Who Took The Shelves, and I had to let you know how excited I am. Your mag sure does fill a void, not only in being a magazine by and for method-up lunatics like me, but in being chock full of some of the most interesting pornography on the scene today...by any chance would you be interested in a 72-page article on Question Mark & The Mysterians?

Lester Bangs
El Cajon, Ca.

Dear Shelves,

When you read this I'll be gone. Ten minutes ago I turned on the gas with the Downliners Sect blasting on the record player, and my final moments are being spent writing this note of explanation.

It's been a good life. And I've spent many happy hours with my record collection and my wife Suzy, but...After four years of prophesying the return of pop music, things suddenly clicked together this morning and it all became clear: It's not coming back.

Reg Shaw
Burbank, Ca.



by Kim Barnes

In the whole spectacular canon of British rock 1964-'67, one of the most shamefully overlooked aggregations were six hirsute lads from Tottenham-On-Rye, with the astoundingly outre nomenclature of the Unit 4+2. Originally formed in the fall of '61, their earliest beginnings seem to go back to the spring of 1957 (if we can believe Nik Cohn's copious and amusingly perfunctory liner notes to Big Beat Boom which also featured songs by Earl Preston's Realms, Rory Storm's widely hated Hurricanes, Jet Powers' Curlylocks, and an incredibly gauche pre-Dreamer Freddy Garrity track called "If Your Mama Could Only See), when the aptly titled Lankershire-On-Whole-Wheat Daffodils bloomed on the scene.

The Daffodils contained what later was to become the nucleus of the ill-fated Crumpets, two of whom went on to challenge Earl Preston's Realms in the Manchester-On-Toast Big Beat Crown. The outcome of this shashingly enthralling battle was that Realm drummer Ian "Google Eyes" Powell became a Daffodil overnight. With the addition of Powell, the frenziedly enterprising Daffodils (managed by Ian Ramwood-Essex, later to become Sounds Incorporated mentor) were able to persuade A&R head Colin Ormsby of Poly Ester Org. into changing their name to Unit 4+2 and releasing a very obscure and critically dismissed disc entry (#86 in New Musical Express, #71 in Melody Maker, and minimal airplay on Radio One's Jimmy Saville's Big Beat Pop Box Show), "When O-Levels Are Over," in the spring of 1963. It is unfathomable that a record of this caliber fought out and lost to such abysmally dreary entries as the Richmond Brothers' cursory reading of "I've Got You By The Tail," or the Fourmost's painfully blase interpretation of Chuck Berry's "I Left My Heart In San Francisco," or, worst of all, the In-Sect's vaudvillian travesty, "I'm Gonna Pull Down Your Pence."

No matter, as Unit 4+2 persevered, and with their second effort, the blithely entertaining neo-folk ditty, "Concrete And Clay," they scored triumphantly, entering the British charts at a rather impressive #57, then zooming to the coveted Top Ten in two weeks. In the U.S., the record jumped on the Hot 100 at an exceedingly excruciating 88, meandered up two notches

to #86 for the last two weekends in March 1965, before taking a stunningly magnificent leap to #15, which rather auspicious position it maintained for the duration of that delectable spring.

Despite oddly inconsistent, yet quite acceptably impressive chart listings in Samoaland, Sumatra, and New Hebrides, their third single, "Woman From Liberia," was an unqualified failure in both their homeland and abroad (the respective placings for these three aforementioned markets being #45, #23, and a not totally unspectacular \$12.75).

With this dismal reception to their third 45, the group was jolted by the even more abysmal event of the unscheduled Feb. '66 departure of their guiding light and founder, bassoon virtuoso and the co-writer of their first two hits, Jamie Bonwit-Teller, who left to pursue a most startlingly unrewarding solo career (two release; "Away Ye Faithless Brigands" and "Forsooth Vermouth" on Pye-On-Rye Records, the former which attained #30 in Britain, the latter which missed charting completely as it was released the same week as "My House" by the lugubrious Moodies). The subsequent releases, like "Woman From Liberia"'s followup, "Woman From London-On-Tyne," "Girl From North Dakota," and "Big Leg Mama From Tokyo" (inexplicably released six months and twelve days later in America by Fraternity Records under the title "You Better Sit Down Guys," an idiocy still causing much argument among hard-core Unit 4+2 fans) achieved little if any commercial success, and also paled esthetically compared to their exceedingly impressive predecessors from the previous year.



Unit 4+2 during their budding Australian psychedelic phase.

Following this turn for the worse, the remainder of the group minus Jamie packed up and moved to Australia, where they enjoyed rejuvenation for some six months. The transplanted group's first effort, "Bonwit's A Dimwit" (backed by a catchy rollicking ditty titled "So's Your Ma"), crashed into the Australian charts at Number 27, eventually reaching a torrid #3 during May 1967, following which they made an auspicious Cable Four TV debut showing alongside the ever-popular Easybeats for the Melbourne Palsy Telethon.

(cont. on p.11)

THE HEAVY METAL CONSUMER GUIDE

by



Bobby Crisco

"Head Over Heels" (Capitol). Only my critical responsibility compels me to listen to this nonsense. The dumb ideas and amorphous songs juxtapose prismatically with the idiotic cover. F.

"Houses Of The Holy" Led Zep (Atlantic). Powerful, incisive, and genuinely moving. Sometimes I think Roberta Plant is one of the finest female singers we have around. A.

"Nitzinger" (Capitol). Great group. Great record. The blatant male chauvinism of "Louisiana Cock Fight" is disturbing, but I sure could look at their girl drummer all day. This may be even as good as "Who's Next." D plus.



Bobby flips over new Zep album.

"Bang" (Capitol). I don't trust any record with a 'B' in the title, and this one has not just one, but two. I may be being otiose, but their songs aren't much better either. Endemic insubstantiality. C minus.

"Master of Reality" Black Sabbath (Warner Bros). If I called this the best new album of 1973, I just might be right. This whole effort feels like a pop masterpiece. Ozzy Osbourne's voice defies description by contradiction itself; it has to be one of the amazing vehicles of our time. Some remarkably epigrammatic lyrics here, too: "Alright now!/Won't you listen?" I hate to be pejorative, but docked three notches for time--34:23. C plus.

"Boomerang" (RCA). Vanilla Fudge meets Emerson, Lake & Palmer. Sententious and silly. A minus.

"Budgie" (Decca). Fairies wear boots--John Kay said that, I think--an observation that underlines the imagery going on here. Lots of fun. Best cut: "Rape of the Locks." B plus.

"Fireball" Deep Purple (Warner Brothers). They had a couple psychedelic outings before this, I think, like LOVE IT TO DEATH and MADE IN JAPAN. But this one cooks. "Fools" may be a message to the people listening to their records: Then again, it may not. A minus.

"Dust" (Kama Sutra). Sounds like heavy metal thunder--Ozzy Osbourne said that, I think--and these guys have all the moves down cold, and then some. Metal stampede: "Loose Goose." A plus.

"Survival" Grand Funk (Capitol). Mark Farner's a genius, and so what? Look at the cover. Listen to the album. If they don't watch it, they may catch mercury poisoning from their spinachburgers. C plus.

"Space Ritual" Hawkwind (UA). One of the most respected critics around, Hot Scott Fischer of St. Louis, Missouri, tells me this is where the music of the future is headed. Hope you have fun on Venus, Scott. D minus.

"Metal In My Mainline" Lou Reed & The Velvets (Pride). It's about time MGM released some of those outtakes from the WHITE LIGHT/WHITE HEAT sessions. One line, however, makes me wonder about Lou's politics: "Queers in dresses/Fags in clothes/The New York Dolls make me/Hold my nose." Otherwise, a powerful, unequivocal record. A minus.

"Funhouse" The Stooges (Elektra). Sometimes I think the only reason for Iggy Pop, Ron Asheton, Dave Alexander, and Scott Asheton's existence is to upset people like me. I sure can't imagine anyone listening to their pecuniary, revolting, mordantly vile music. The bass player is sort of cute. Iggy is not. C.

"Explosives" The Sonics (Buck-Shot). Riddle: What rhymes with The Dipper, lives in LA, and makes a living off of arthritic nostalgia (hint--it's not Wilt Chamberlain). Ans: Mark Shipper. F minus.

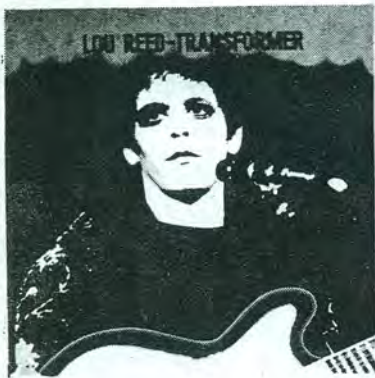
"Watt" Ten Years After (London). Like most aesthetes, Alvin Lee is an ironist. Like most ironists, his insouciant brand of humor wins a lot of fans. He's seen better days, however. The only honest thing about this album is the vinyl. no rating.

"Look At Yourself" Uriah Heep (Mercury). I followed Heep's advice, but all I saw was this aging longhair in the mirror. I guess they meant something about checking out your soul instead. The music just gave me a headache. Crescenzo Capece and Ken Highland like it, so it can't be too good. B minus.

"Ursa Major" (RCA). Well, their last names are patronymics, and their first names all start with a letter of the alphabet. I pondered on that for awhile, but just came up with endless convolutions. Then I listened to the music... All the stars in the universe.

This column was originally rejected by Popular Mechanics, @Nov. 1973.





LOU REED:

(BERLIN, Lou Reed (RCA 0207).
(SOUNDVILLE! Various Artists (Design DS-187,
a product of Pickwick International).)

by Wayne
Davis

"My Most Embarrassing Experience..." That was a theme we had in the third grade. If I had to write it again, I'd include hearing Lou Reed's new album for the first time. Nothing's more mortifying than hearing an ex-genius (hardly beats being an ex-Beatle but what the hell) wheeze his way through an LP this uniformly dismal! Lou apparently feels guilty about everything else under the sun, so where was the shame that might have suppressed this ignominious heap of rubbish??

Maybe Lou Reed actually thinks "Caroline Says" is a work of genius; he said so of "Walk On The Wild Side" so you know his brain's fried to some point this side of no return. Both sides of the coin are less than encouraging, really. If Reed thinks this stuff is more inspiration from Long Island's greatest rock poet, he's just another 197x casualty. And if he knows what garbage this is, it makes him the biggest crook since Neil Young.

And you know...the first time I heard LOU REED (RCA 4701) it was BAD (got worse after that). Several of the songs had been recorded in vastly superior versions back in the Velvet Underground's MGM days (part of an unreleased 4th MGM album the way some tell it), and you really had to wonder where Lou Reed got off being backed by lame English cats. If he had to use idiots from Limey land, why not the Flamin Groovies (idiotic as anybody but they sure used to be some band)???

TRANSFORMER was worse. Just look at David Bowie's track record--he hasn't produced shit outside of "All The Young Dudes"... He ruined Mott the Hoople, tried to wreck the Stooges, and finally ruined himself as well. I bet Bowie's really a subversive huckster who's out to undermine rock 'n' roll--dupe of the Reds probably, you know how much they hate rock and roll--and look at Bowie, he's a foreigner what's more--even Bobby Darin never had the gall to try and produce the Trashmen (The Stooges).

Anyhow, Bowie must have fucked up Lou Reed's head so badly he'll never rock again. The real Lou Reed would never sing monotone dirges with a voice so wrecked it's positively pathetic, like on BERLIN. It just can't be true; say it ain't so....

And so you begin to long for the days when R&R meant rock and roll (not rest and rehabilitation). Some people do, that is. I spend most of my time longing for 1971 and the days of heavy metal--don't give me any shit about 1965, or how it was the greatest year in pop history--c'mon man--if songs like "Love Me Hard" weren't some of the highest manifestations of true pop consciousness yet I don't know what is. When I'm not mourning for the heyday of Black Sabbath, though, I sometimes reminisce a bit for the days when rock singers sang about hot rods, the latest dances, and (most important by a long shot) girls.



Lou Reed listens to Berlin.

And you know what? Lou Reed used to sing about hot rods too!!! This has to have been one of the best kept secrets in pop--Greg Shaw didn't know--Alan Betrock didn't know--Lou Reed's new fans wouldn't wanna know--I didn't know (don't know much of anything so how would I possibly know).

But you've seen the album, one of those sleazy 1964 Pickwick Records jobs--"The Sounds of England!! The Sounds of Surfing!! The Sounds of New York!! The Sounds of the West Coast!! The Sounds of Chicago!! The Sounds of the Motorcycle!!" It even comes complete with a bogus picture under each sound, like a pic of a guy doing

O.D.'d On Life Itself

a wheelie under "The Sounds of the Motorcycle." I never would have paid cash for it if it hadn't been for a dime and I was buying over 40 other LPs from the same bin--had to be garbage! But I was buying garbage that day anyway (Gary Stites, Jimmy Griffin, Jimmy Jones, Frankie Avalon, Barry and The Tamberlanes) so who cared! It was only after one astounded listen to this "SOUNDSTYLE" gem of an album that I took an even more beeboozled close look at the cover and realized that the photo under "You're Driving Me Insane" was actually a close ringer for Lou Reed and Sterling Morrison!!



Lou Reed used to sing about hot rods too!

And so it turns out that "Cycle Annie" by the Beechnuts and "You're Driving Me Insane" by the Roughnecks are none other than Lou Reed & The Primitives, an early group of Lou's that had a single on Pickwick Records (a Long Island based low-rent company, that's why) called "The Ostrich" and even appeared on a TV bandstand show somewhere (John Cale included) when the 45 showed signs of airplay.

Anyway, that's not important, it's just more useless trivia that only people like Shaw and Betrock would bother to collect. What's important is that the two cuts are G-R-E-A-T!

"Cycle Annie" sounds a lot like the famed "Waiting For The Man," only it's all about cycles (= hot rods = cars)! It's one of Lou Reed's best vocals ever to boot! Everybody else quotes from lyrics so I might as well too:

Here she comes...
Now little Cycle Annie she has got a guy
named Joe
And he trails her around just everywhere
she goes
Now I ain't saying nothing baby, I ain't
saying that I mind!
But when both of them get on that bike, Joe
sits behind you know y'all better...



Lou rocks out.

"You're Driving Me Insane" is less cosmic, but still a killer because Lou feigns a Mersey accent while the rest of the group does whoops and dog barks in the background. The phoney accent vanishes during the bridge, where Reed forgets and lets slip with some greasy Long Island phrasing. The song's great anyway; it sounds like the Chartbusters or some of the other early U.S. garage imitations of the Beatlemania bilge.

So you have the beginning and the end of Lou Reed, from "Cycle Annie" to "Berlin." It sure is something to realize that he was just a schmuck like the rest of us in 1964, doing stuff so off the wall it's hilarious. Hilarity being one of the integral parts of rock and roll, of course. Now he's just a 1973 schmuck like the rest of those washed-up 30 yr-old stars. If he's laughed more than once in the last 3 years, I sure haven't heard about it. What a bum! And what (LOU REED, TRANSFORMER, BERLIN) garbage!

--Wayne Davis



The album that started it all.

THE

ROLLING STONE

LESTER

INTERVIEW

BANGS



In the early 1960's, Lester Bangs served

his journalistic apprenticeship covering folk hoots (such as the above) and hootenannies for BOP MAGAZINE.



...all the way from Detroit by way of El Cajon, Lester Bangs speaks out...



"...skunk hunk 'a junk gettin' a goodly pawfulla' hupmobile halfhitch hippies 'stead 'a gettin' het up and tryin' some bongo congo prongo bed-spring roundmound boxcar broachin!!"



In early 1966, Bangs realized folk hoots (see opp. page) were on the way out, and moved north to form a folk duo with S.F. historian Reg Shaw.

So we finally decided it was time to come to terms with Lester Bangs... One of the men of letters of the Aquarian Generation, Mr. Bangs has haunted us through more corridors of the counterculture than we would care to count. A man of many occupations, Lester has been a shoe salesman, a shoemaker, a shoe repairman, a rock critic, a journalist eruditis, a proficient musician—all of these and more, and yet the sum total of his personality is more than just these individual facets. Somehow he truly speaks for a large mass of people, articulating their desires and hopes with the stroke of his pen, and that is what makes him so remarkable.

After numerous hassles with Bangs' agents, several near-misses, and two cancellations due to B's busy schedule, we finally arranged for an interview at Bangs' spacious Detroit mansion. After a few big tokes of Panama Red, we got down to brass tacks. --B.F.T.

Where did it all begin?

Back in the trees, probably. I consider myself a beatnik, you know. My main extracurricular activity as a child was beating it down to the drugstore for a bottle of lemon extract and a quart of 7-Up, reading William Burroughs, and learning to swallow cans of nutmeg.

You've been widely regarded as a rock critic par excellence for quite some time. At what point in your career did you become cognizant that you were hitting your professional stride?

My infamous "Exile On Main St." review in the June '72 CREEM. It was me at my most. Nothing but metamorpho reversal in the bone minimal, galatic freshpress sense. My roots are quasi-knapsack Kerouac, trek visionary stuff. One part's scholastic poison tongue, one part belladonna heavy putsch. Romilar's the jag. I'm Maynard G. Krebs in fruit boots...

Where did the famous Bangs style come from? Surely you must have found inspiration among other practicing rock writers of, say, the mid-to-late Sixties...

Flattery ain't gonna getcha nowhere with this low brow! Where I gleaned my style and stickum is fer me ta know and you to find out! It's a matter of bein' in the right place at the right time. Got me, kiddo? Shoes in San Diego, suburb wattage in Dee-troit, get down in Beantown, hash browns at sundown! When yer hungerin' for pie and mish-mash meth visions, ya tend to role yer pole at both ends. Fer me, it's all food. Rock is art, art is rock, rock is cock, rock is sock hop jukejoint moptop pud blood.

Does this mean you condone drugs?

Skunk hunk junk bunk!!!! A while back me an' Al "You Got Me Runnin'" Niester was faking it at this MCA cornpone convention

in beautiful Studio City, California, an Al looks at me sideways after an afternoon of Coors, Millers and Blue Nun and sez: "BANGS, YER A REAL PUNK AN' I LIKE YA CUZ IN MY OWN CANUCK CORNY WAY, I LIKE PUNKS!" From there on, it was all downhill! The rock world sucks, it's a rancid octopoid lunger sliding snotwise down over yer creepoid face from yer not-so-hot halo of etheric lactose dogpus!

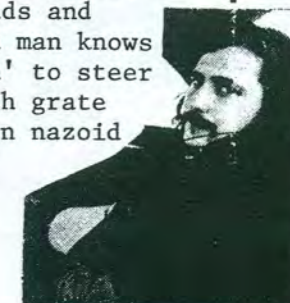
In your rapid rise to fame, you've inspired lots of imitators. What about complaints that Robot Hull and his style of writing have infiltrated CREEM to a lethal degree? Does it bother you that others are now making names for themselves with styles they've appropriated largely from you?

I don't see how you can say that, man, when we just recently took steps to purge CREEM of Hull and his ilk. Let me tell ya, those guys make me madder than a hot tin taco boiling in a vat of smoldering wax ready to pop in yer eye and make yer blood spill!! They had me all suckered into printing their stuff, I admit, but there's no way you're ever gonna hear from those ten cent creeps again unless they get outa them murk candleflicker dope dens, forget about the purity and yipyap of our yipyup boozo culture, and get a bit more crap flap hapsash mope scope!!! Every tabloid dorkoid with a typewriter and a masterworks system thinks he can become a rock critic, but ain't none of 'em can touch me in sheer openended capacity for infinite conceptual rolling and tumbling straight out to the buzzo fuzz-plug sonority vortex!

Let 'em try! Anybody what thinks the vinyl vomit output ought to be anything more than passgo tenets of slanteye rupee religiobfuscation has gotta nother think comin' Bud! Until they start clocking their rocks to Linda Lovelace jackin' off 14 braying donkeys with her nostrils, a perfect niptip beauty droolin' at the sight o' her own perfect pearly tits and roundy mound 'bush and arco droolo calves swimming around and around in swooning paradiddles of gutquese sperm symbolizing your whole life, why, Jack, they don't know what a house of sin's all about!! And fuck 'em becuz' it's safer'n dingin' the dong on a middling old milktoast marianne schoolteacher parcheesi player with goosemaid nodes on her nips! It's bettr'n most anyplace at all for pickin' up a goodly pawfulla' hupmobile halfhitch hippies, hot ooze Tamale taco honeys who don't care about nothin' but gooseloose moosejawin', no-beg leg and tit snatchin', bongo congo prongo bedspring boxcar broaching, all the while jabberin' beatnik talk of seasons and phases and styles and fads and fashions and fandoms and fuckmodes and fondues and fondles and man knows what, cookin' that juice overtime and gettin' het up and tryin' to steer their oozin' snitch snatches of pulsing heat into the utimasoch grate plates until at the end the farm kinder are kindled like blazin nazoid limfire wif yer big left toe!!!

In other words you're one of the poets of our time?

Sure am!



One of the poets of our time—or just a lookalike bystander on the next bus back to El Cajon??

74 REVOLUTIONS



—PER MINUTE

by Murph the Surf**

It's been a rough week in Hollywood... The price of uppers has gone up, the TV's showing nothing but reruns, and those hot August days are getting mighty fierce. Strolling up to the drugstore early Monday morning, I ran into three ex-members of Shady Lady--an event sure to kill the joy in anyone's day.

Then I rounded the block and noticed the huge Meadowlark Lemon billboard looming over Tower Records. Something's going on--a fact you were already aware of if you've heard about RSVP Records' extravagant press party for the towering Mr. Lemon. Sopors the size of basketballs circulated freely, decimating the counter-cult attendees, whereupon Bo Belinsky took the podium and addressed the gathering on behalf of the Christian Athletes for World Peace while Yoko Ono yodeled "Give Peace A Chance" in the background. Bizarre.

Any mystery was cleared up once I heard the record. All you folks who have been ignoring Meadowlark Lemon's talents all these years--check out your minds, and hang your heads in shame. What "Wild Thing" was to The Troggs, "I Want To Hold Your Hand" was to The Beatles, "She's Lost You" was to The Zephyrs, and "Monster Mash" was to Bobby Pickett, well, that's what "Shoot A Basket" is to Meadowlark Lemon. It's his supreme accomplishment. (Back in 1966 as the copy editor of a local sports publication with a 4000+ circulation, I used to hobnob with all my heroes--Ron Perranonski, Jim Fregosi, Del Shannon--and that at the time seemed to be the ultimate. But this, this is something else altogether...) Yes, it's what we've been waiting for all these years. It's Meadowlark Lemon's masterpiece in vinyl for all time.

So what's the record sound like? Phenomenal. It opens with a machine gunning down unidentified Vietnamese peasants--an overt allusion to the "shoot" motif--like Iggy Stooze's belch only more lethal. Then a dozen Austrian monks chanting, "Shoot a basket, Shoot a basket."



Meadowlark wows his fans at Madison Square Garden.



Fuzz guitar follows like you haven't heard in years, the most vicious power chording since "I'm Gonna Make You Mine" by the Shadows of Knight. And what lyrics:

Don't wanna shoot you
Or knock you down
Just gimme that ball
When I'm in town

Guitars screaming
I dig that noise
No dudes for me
Move over boys
Just let me SHOOT!
(the chanting monks re-enter at this point)

The monks then give way to a tape-delay dribble down the court, accompanied by a runaway descending heavy metal dinosaur riff, a jolting atomic bomb explosion (like Love's "7 And 7 Is' only better), and what sounds like six million screaming fans phased through a sonic oscillator. Then back to the fuzz guitar. Pink Floyd will head for the hills, the Stooges will call it quits after one listen to this 45.

It's like that Music of Bulgaria LP everyone went dippy for back in 1966, only brought to rock and roll terms--stuff you and me and the kid down the block can understand. Noise. Garble. Rhythm. Christ, what sound. The band is ultimately unimportant--famous cats I'm sure (James Williamson and Buck Dharma are rumored to be the unnamed guitarists), but irrelevant, because the show belongs to Mr. Lemon. Meadowlark is one of those rare souls who doesn't follow trends, he creates them. Innovations, ideas, entire mythologies, you name it. What "Da Doo Ron Ron" was to the 1963 concept of sound, "Shoot A Basket" is to 1973. This is the most important social statement since "White Christmas."

This single is hardly confined to mere regional success, not for a moment. The possibilities boggle the mind... They could sell this one at Laker games, church bazaars, surfer stomps. A more perfect three minutes of Top Forty energy hasn't surfaced since "I Can't Explain." You won't read any Jerry Garcia testimonials for this one--the mere sound alone will do him in. Bobby Bonds of the Giants will cringe when he hears this record. Reggie Jackson, the terror of the AL West, will run for cover. Wilt Chamberlain will catch the first plane for Haiti. It's that potent.

While this side is not likely to excite Ed Ward, Ken Barnes, Greg Shaw (hates sports), the Duke of Panorama City, and Lester Bangs, the enthusiastic responses will be unlimited. Billy Altman, R. Meltzer, Mark Volman (holder of a Dodgers box seat for five years now), Adny Shernoff, Mike Saunders, and the rest of America will go ape. Hop to it.

POOPLINE



BY MORT SHIPPER

The album everyone is talking about this month is Yoko Ono's new LP, XGHIMENXZZ. The way I see it, though, all this effort proves is that if you're crazy enough to marry the world's biggest has-been, you might as well take after him and make records too. You couldn't do any worse...and I couldn't either, but Yoko has actually managed to, somehow. If you think Yoko's crazy (I sure do, just look at that album cover!) then the craziest of all had to be the reviewer in this magazine who after one too many listens to Black Sabbath, raved about Yoko's last LP, "...the best female rock 'n' roller since the Shangri-Las!" He had to be kidding--what about Janis??

People over in England are asking another question: what about PETE SINFIELD (Atco)?? I agree...what about him?? And while we're at it, Dobie Gray didn't keep his promise to drift away one bit. He's got a new one called LOVING ARMS (MCA). If he keeps this up, he's going to be back on Charger Records quicker than you can say Thijs Van Leer....

One thing that really burns me up but good is this guy named Mark Shipper over in Panorama City. Not only did he have the gall to swipe my name, but now he has the nerve to start producing records! "Need Your Love" by THE DROOGS (BuckShot) sounds like a bunch of L.A. kids imitating the Music Machine, and what could be worse! History is fine as long as it's kept in the past--which is where this kind of music belongs. There's nothing worse than listening to the garbage of ten years ago revived....

That is, until I opened EXPLOSIVES (BuckShot) by The Sonics! This dork Shipper has really outdone himself with this one. Everyone knows the Tacoma-Seattle-Portland area is good for nothing but making airplanes, unemployment checks, and constant rain... Everyone except the five guys who played in this group, that is. You might find an LP containing twelve takes of the same song interesting, but I don't, especially when their neighbors the Kingsmen said it all in 1964 with "Louie Louie" ("send us to music school" was what it said)... It's a wonder pop music ever survived with junk like this around--I sure am glad I had the sense to never turn on the radio until 1969, and this LP is one more reason why.

As if that wasn't enough, then there's the ROLLIN' ROCK record label. Rollin' Rock is dedicated to nothing but folk music (no matter how many "Savage," "Juicy," "Wild authentic American," and "Vicious"'s you describe it with, it's still folk music) of the kind that flourished briefly during the mid-1950's. Their proudest claim is that each record features an "authentic slappin' bass." They must have trekked all the way to the Mississippi to catch one--everyone knows that bass fish don't slap, they bite!

LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS: "You suck," says Steven H. of Boston..."You stink," writes Pete T. from Rhode Island..."Eat it!" suggests Vince A. of N.Y....look, don't you guys have any more imagination than this?? CONFIDENTIAL to MR. G. SHAW: What do you mean Rick Wakeman never played bass guitar for the Chocolate Watchband? Jerry Garcia told me so himself! Just who do you think you are to disagree with the spokesman of a generation??? Outa space, as Billy P. says, so I'll see you next time....

THE ABYSMALLY ENTHRALLING...

Retrospective #257 cont.



Unit 4+2 minus Jamie.

The Easybeats' hard-rocking style apparently influenced Unit 4+2's musical direction greatly, as evidenced by their following Australian hits "Sunday's On My Mind" and "Tuesday's Not Far Behind," slashing pop concoctions which peaked in the native charts at an astounding #2 and #8 respectively. Unfortunately, the group's next effort, "Prism Glass Mantra," foreshadowed the coming 1971 Australian psychedelic rage by too wide a span, and failed dismally despite its placing at a lofty #16 on the nearby New Zealand pop charts.

After the failure of their next fine disc, "Insects And Daffodils," a jaunty introspective acid-rocker, and the abrupt departure of bassist Roger Wilson Ellis to join the Vince Melouney Experience, the group packed up once again and moved this time to New Zealand, where they enjoyed moderate success for a while on the Zilch label (#45 and #58 locally for "Where's My Mind" and "Drop Drop Drop/Banana Boat Song"), enthralling countless New Zealand teens and rock aficionados until their career was abruptly cut short when they were eaten by a roving herd of man-eating tigers on an ill-fated tour of the New Zealand backwoods in March 1968.

* * * *

Aside from a welcome tribute by Robert John with his 1971 chart topper "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" (a delightfully oblique comment on our heroes' tragic denouement), Unit 4+2's musical legacy has merited scant notice in recent years, a situation that seems exasperatingly unfair considering their vast mastery over the musical spectrum.

Thanks to their incredible versatility, they could be performing an obscure R&B tribute one moment (witness their spirited although somewhat inept "Wha'd I Say?" on the Newcastle 1962 R&B Festival LP, Eng. Pye 24385, unfortunately out of print for the last eleven years), and yet segue into a polka the next, switching then to a folk-influenced (yet well within the rock tradition) tango the next, all the while maintaining their equal roots in the British pop-rock and Scottish hog calling tradition. Even disregarding their heavy influence within the seminal West Tottenham scene, Unit 4+2 were a fine and even sometimes enthralling group, and all their records are ripe for rediscovery.

—Kim Barnes



Juke Box Jury

BY
REG SHAW

It's All Happening!

Oct. 20, 1978

It's all happening at your fingertips, no further away than your own AM radio dial. It's amazing to think how it's been several years now since the beginning of the pop renaissance--just as I predicted, the best groups have been recording for the AM airwaves without losing face in the public eye, and we've all been the winners as a result. The great records just continue to pour forth, with no end in sight. The big problem these days is not finding things to listen to, but deciding among the many contenders for the best 45 of each month.

This month's winner so far has got to be America's new single (Warner Bros 0892), a record so powerful it's got me speechless. America is a band I've always liked without being overly impressed, but with the guiding hand of Mike Curb they've taken an old Frankie Avalon song called "Gingerbread" and turned it into one of the anthems of the 70's. No meaning of life here, but the lyrics sure say a hell of a lot anyway: "Gingerbread, gingerbread/Jump into my bed/Make me some 'a that sweet bread/Send your lovin' to my head."

Another pop masterpiece is Billy Paul's new one, "Me and Mr. Murphy" (Col. 4-87398). He's toned down since that raucous punk-rocker a few years back, "Me and Mrs. Jones," and this effort is really something. All the facets of pop craftsmanship are here--catchy melody, strong hook, great production, and a savage whispering vocal.

The runners-up to these two greats are numerous. "Alberquerque Sunset" (Asylum 292) by the Eagles is fabulous, and Dr. Hook have a winner with "Spread Yer Legs" (Col. 87426), a reworking of the old Guess Who hit "Share The Land" if I'm not mistaken. Another killer is Loggins & Messina's re-recording of one of their early hits, now titled "Your Mama Don't Dance '78." This is one of those records they ought to release at the start of each summer, just like "Summertime Summertime" by the Jamies, or "Summer Means Fun."

Meanwhile, War keep coming with one after another. "Daddy Funk" (UA 3859) is a stunning slice of pure pop, the kind this group has been providing for years. And dig how those conga drums build to the most searing climax heard since "The World Is A Ghetto" (UA 2341). Speaking of which, Climax themselves are back with "Julie My Love" (MGM 32589), and they sure sound good. MGM has been quite a hotbed of pop activity lately, revitalizing the careers of such veterans as Edwin Starr, Leapy Lee, John Prine, the Doobie Brothers (remember them?), and Soupy Sales. All have had some great 45s out lately, but the best has to be "Bobby Socks To Stockings" (MGM 32631) by Little Jamie Osmond. Produced by his pop Jimmy, this one has the mark of a true pro.

Ever wonder what happened to all those Nashville rockers of a few years back? They all settled down and laid back a bit, but their stuff is still satisfying. One good example is the big hit "Chicken Pickin'" by Hank Wilson (Shelter 273). Also "Praise The Lord" (GNP Crescendo 10135) by Rev. Delaney Bramlett, a name that almost rings a bell somehow. Could be a big left-field C&W hit if it weren't for the uncredited girl shrieking along with Delaney. Best of all is Michael Murphy's "I Wanna Be A Cowboy" (A&M 4562). If they keep making records like this, I may move to Texas myself and get in on a bit of the action!!

Thumbs down go to the Raspberries and "Loco-Motion" (Capitol 3910). If they ever want to get another hit, they're going to have to get out of the nostalgia bag and make a serious comeback. Ditto Rick Nelson and "Polka Party" (Decca 51764), an even weaker effort than "Beer Party" or "Stag Party." Sure he's got a 20-year contract with Decca to fulfill, but this is no way to go about it. Unless he's trying to embarrass Decca into dropping him....

Another disappointment is the Rolling Stones' fifth annual comeback single, "Oh Bianca" (COC 005). I'd hoped it would at least be an "Oh Carol!" ripoff, but it's just another one of those dismal reggae tunes. Someday I'd like to get my hands on the idiots who encouraged that music in the first place...

JUKE BOX JURY (cont.)

By the way, remember Helen Reddy? Oh, I know how we used to sneer at her stuff, but even a cursory listening will reveal that her old hits were really quite solid R&B. She's back on the comeback trail with a remake of "I Am Woman" (20th Century 457), best version of the song I've heard recently outside of Barbara Streisand's (Col. 4-87390).

There's some great reissues out this month, especially "Ooh Baby" (London MAM 113) by Gilbert O'Sullivan and the timeless "Bad Bad Leroy Brown" (ABC 12784) by Jim Croce. Great rock 'n' roll is never dated; there's always a new generation that hasn't heard classics like these, and they just might make the charts. Ditto "Rockin' On the Roof" (Rollin' Rock 037) by Ron Weiser, one of the few artists who has taken the chances needed to successfully update rockabilly for the 70's. Lots of psychedelic fuzz dobro on this one.

And then there's the real surprise of the month. I never thought I'd say it of a record by this group, but "Meditations On A Falling Snowflake" (Threshold 319) by the Moody Blues is really incredible. The Moodies build up an instrumental drone with flute and mellotrons that reminds me of those great Jethro Tull singles of the early 70's, and on top of that the song has lyrics that hit to the core of the teenage situation:

Ragas rockers little dramas
Wish upon a star
Don't escape your own nirvanas
Be just what you are

I always get a kick when readers send me copies of their unusual homemade records. Don't seem to be many white rock groups anymore, but that's no problem when the teenage spirit is flourishing the way it is today. "Power To The People (Smash The State)" by King Afro & The Mongoloids (Ghetto 213) is a driving raver that never ceases to amaze me, especially considering that it was recorded on a primitive 4-track tape deck in the group's communal living room. Get your \$1.50 off to King Afro today and get a copy of this great 45. Records like this are vital to the rock & roll process, if you know what I mean.

Before I go, I wanna remind you once again to send in your \$1.75 to reserve a copy of the next Who Put The Bomp. Scheduled for October 1982, it will focus on the fourth and final installment of our wrapup on the surf music revival. Other features will include the genealogy of the Pointer Sisters sound, Barry White, and George Harrison in retrospect. A full 283 pages plus a complete Barry White discography, it'll be our biggest issue yet, so don't miss it.

Plenty more to talk about, but it'll just have to wait, because right now I'm gonna hop in my car and cruise around until I hear a Loggins & Messina record. See ya later, and don't forget to keep a boppin!

THE HOT SCOTT FAN CLUB

Do as dozens have done and join the most comprehensive musical organization this side of the Milky Way. Within 15 solar hours of your joining, you will:

- *Receive, absolutely free, three dozen of the worst albums ever made
- *Cruise the solar system searching for the remains of Amon Duhl I
- *Receive a 3' X 12' color poster of The Can.

Don't delay to do as others have done. If you can't tell a Guru Guru from a Jun Kumikobo, this is your last chance. Get your 15 astral credits in to Scott Fischer, c/o Amon Duhl Relief Fund, Box 2203, Venus!! Do it today!



The Can.

FOR ONLY \$5 TO BOX DH the uncensored



FLASH #3--just off the presses. Imagine a young Panorama City genius sweating and starving, managing a young punk rock group while his publishing desires go by the boards. Imagine having no time to surf, no time to cruise in your car, no time to do all the things that make life worth living. Imagine the state of his mind when he finally gets over to the print shop. Read his life story here in Flash #3: "Mark Shipper--the early punk period--the fat period--his lifes and loves--long nights in Panorama City--the power struggle behind BuckShot Records--the Duke of Rock and Roll." Read also as Mark Lindsay and Paul Revere interview Mark, and as today's top writers ponder on the meaning of the Chocolate Watchband. All yours for only \$5 to Box DH. You may think this ad sounds like pompous bullshit....It is!

they've tried to suppress him for 20 years

ROCKIN'
ROCK ON



By Ron Weiser

The editors of this rockin' and rollin' magazine have asked me to explain the way I feel about rockabilly music and what it means. Rockabilly is 100% Southern American music made by wild crazy guys who wear tight, faded levis with pink and purple inlays, and play savage, wild music that will turn you too into a frantic, mother-humping, wild boppin' cat!!! We would still be hearing this seething, white-lighting hot (slurp! slurp! slurp!) maniac music, if it weren't for the mother-dog 100% anti-American record industry Mafia!!!!!!!

In the frenzied Fifties, rockabilly was heard all over the world, by such true 100% savage Southern rebels as JOHNNY CRAWFORD, FRANKIE AVALON, BOBBY RYDELL, AND PAUL ANKA!!!! Today, thanks to the money-mad efforts of the English (fag) companies and saboteurs, this wild, juicy American sound of youth has been replaced by 100% homo-sexual intellectual (ugh!!!!!!) longhaired Communist beat-groups: such as the Beat-off Beatles, the dick-suck Dave Clark Five, Rolling Stools, and Gerry & The Pissmakers!!

While the 100% wild, rebellious Southern

rockabilly hepcats were rockin' and dancin', the perverted record executives in their white belts and hippie wigs were trying to replace our music with the synthetic (ugh!) Philadelphia snot-nosed plastic imitation 100% manufactured faggot idols like Carl Perkins, Charlie Feathers, Andy Williams, Gene Vincent, Ray Campi, Perry Como, Jim Morrison, Jack Jones, Herb Alpert, and Bobby Vinton (sick-yecc!!!!!!).

When are they going to learn the kids want to rock and bop and go WIIIIIIIIILLDD, no matter what the stinking mother-humping mafia-run record industry says????? The teenagers have expressed their desire for 100% juicy, frantic, bass-slappin' wild rebellious American rockabilly music through my monthly magazine RANCID ROCK, and by buying my 100% legal releases on RANCID ROCK RECORDS; these are not bootlegs, I pay royalties; just out is VOL III, ROCKABILLY HEAVEN, including unreasoned wild rockers by Mac Curtis, Charlie Feathers, Johnny Crawford, Pat Cupp, and Ray Campi!!!!!!

Send in your \$\$\$\$ for this fantastic savage record and you won't be sorry!!!! Help support RANCID ROCK recordings and fight the flea-bitten Communist-run faggot Record Mafia!!!! I guarantee that once you let these authentic, wild 1000% American rockabilly records into your home, you'll go WILD from rockin' and boppin', slippin' and slidin', peepin' and hidin', fuckin' and suckin', beatin' and eatin', screwin' and doin', jerkin' and workin', humpin' and bumpin' and smokin' and jokin' and smellin' and sellin'anddrinkin'andthinkin'andblinkin'andwooin'andfightin'andbitn'andscreamin'.... (Ed--the last 14 pages of Ron's column were unintelligible, but luckily he enclosed the following ad we're using to fill the space!)

Dear Fans,

RON WEISER STEPS OUT!

After years behind the controls at Rollin' Rock records, I had a vision one day while listening to a wild boppin' Jerry Lee Lewis track and realized it was time for me to record on my own. And here it is, rockers, the savage All-American rockabilly you've been waiting for: five wild originals and my unprecedented 17-minute version of "Mystery Train." Recorded while I played slapping bass and screwed a red blue-jeaned 42 yr-old nymphet under a pulsating black light of GENE VINCENT, this cut will have you climbing the walls from sheer frenzy!!!!

All those years of playing slappin' broomstick and jumping around like an orangutan on my pool table to Ray Campi's wild rockabilly music have gone into this, my debut album. For only \$13.75 cash or money order to ROLLIN' ROCK records, you can hear me go wild to such savage orgasmic rockers as:



Ron rocks out.

Good Rockin' Tonight
Good Rockin' Next Week
Sunset Strip Rock
Bluffside Rock
Rockin' On Venus**
Rock Ron Rock***

Rockin' In The Closet
Rockin' On The Roof
Mystery Train (17 min!!)*

---ALL AUTHENTIC 100% SAVAGE SOUTHERN ROCKABILLY---



*Saxophones on "Mystery Train" played by Jim Horn, Jim Price, Ace Cannon, Boots Raldolph, Papa John Creach, Bobby Keyes, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Spike Jones, and Sounds Incorporated.
**Leon Russell plays organ courtesy of Shelter Records.
***Background vocals provided by the Blackbirds, Clydie King, Rita Coolidge, Janis Ian, Cathy McDonald, Bonnie Bramlett, and the London Symphony Orchestra.

All fuzz dobro played by Ray Campi.

Classified

ENLARGE YOUR COLLECTION!! Amazing new scientific discovery doubles or triples your collection in size... Your dreams come true! Satisfied users are saying "...no longer am I ashamed to show my collection to members of the opposite sex..." and: "Words cannot express my gratitude. Before I couldn't even fill up a broom closet with my collection! Now I have moved my wife out of the bedroom, put the kids up for adoption, and have filled up a two car garage with records!!" Adults only. Only \$5 to Box 253, Elmhurst-A, New York.

WATCH ME DO IT in the privacy of my own home: Compiling discographies, filing records, and doing things with a dust-cloth that have never been done before! 50 ft. full color. Only \$4.95 from Cheri, Box DH, Panorama City, Ca. 91328.

PERSONAL TO BARBARA: I met you in the check-out line at Woolco. You were buying Brian Poole & The Tremeloes and Wayne Fontana's solo album. Call me up and let me teach you what punk rock really is. (213) 466-1664.

FETISHISTS! Do you nurture a deep desire to explore the underside of the English Invasion with someone of similar tastes? I'm your man! Let's get together and discuss the Quarrymen, Merseys, Sorrows, and Downliners Sect. You should enjoy: long walks, discrete phone conversations about the Tottenham sound, and Dave Clark Five On Tour. No fatties or post-Liverpool fans please. Photo of Denny Payton ensures prompt reply. Box 202, St. Louis, Mo. 60431.

REMEMBER THE SOUNDS of yesteryear? Remember when music was music?? When rock and roll was rock and roll??? Do you remember the first time you heard Blue Cheer in the back seat of your car? IF THE ANSWER to these questions is YES! then Metalmania Records is for you. Our exclusive unreleased Black Sabbath LPs, savage Deep Purple bootlegs, and wild vintage Alice Cooper recordings are 100% guaranteed to set you shakin! Recorded with authentic 100% All-American fuzzbox, and savage snarlin' bass, these recordings represent the purest in vintage metal music. For a 100% free authentic catalog, send \$1.50 to 6621 Yucca #2, Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

IF ALL THIS intrigues you, why not send \$5.50 for a subscription to the next 12 issues of Who Took The Shelves. Chock full of stuff beyond your wildest dreams, you'll be sure to receive years of delicious anticipation waiting for these issues. Do it today!

JUST IN CASE you're wondering who did what:
Unit 412 (Gene & Mark & Mike); Bobby Crisco (Mike); Bangs Interview (Gene & Mike); Murph the Surf (Mike); Poopline (Mike); Juke Box Jury (Mike); Rockin' Ron (Gene & Mike); Classifieds/Letters (Mark & Gene; Mike); Typing (Mike); Graphics and Layout (Metal Mike). Concept by Emrique Ramirez Jr. . . .

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These films are of an explicit nature, and feature young good-looking people frolicking in the way nature intended! They are of remarkable clarity, and come in both B&W and color.

SERIES A: CHERYL is an extremely innocent looking 17 year-old on the way home from school. Jim drives up in a '73 Lincoln flashing his Rock Writers of The World membership card and the fun begins. Cheryl gets in and Jim whips it out. She can't believe it. It's Ral Donner on Ember Records! Cheryl will do anything for it and she does. Lots of high energy jams in this one!

NAKED WOMEN & MEN GETTING IT ON!! 8MM

ADULTS ONLY

SERIES B: GREG is too busy to clean the dust off his massive collection so he invites Donna (a buxom 16 year-old) and Lucy (her mother) over to help him out. The action starts when Lucy is caught slipping a rare Girlfriends record into

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her pantyhose. "Naughty girl" says Greg and proceeds to take her into the bedroom for a spanking session. Donna slips in and joins Greg and Lucy in the fun. Meanwhile, Lucy has unraveled Greg's rare Yardbirds tape on her tongue and runs it around Greg's pulsating body, licking so furiously that the tape actually plays music!! "I'm A Man" they sing on into the night!

SPANKING • BONDAGE • MAN-HUNGRY WOMEN

SERIES C: RON is fingering his way through the discount bin at Zody's when he looks up and sees Diane walking away with the Pat Cupp album he was trying to find. She won't give it to him so Ron gets rough! He follows her home and climbs through the window. As she puts the LP on the stereo, Ron leaps out, clad in only a dustcloth. He takes it off and whips her with it. Diane loves it and reciprocates by wrapping a Charlie Feathers discography around Ron's bulging cock! Ron starts moaning so Diane goes to work with her mouth as Pat Cupp wails "Rocks Off Rock!" Lots of wild, weird action in this one!

JUST IN CASE you're wondering who did what:
Unit 4+2 (Gene & Mark & Mike); Bobby Crisco
(Mike); Bangs Interview (Gene & Mike); Murph
the Surf (Mike); Poopline (Mike); Juke Box
Jury (Mike); Rockin' Ron (Gene & Mike);
Classifieds/Letters (Mark & Gene; Mike);
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Mike). Concept by Emrique Ramirez Jr . . .