



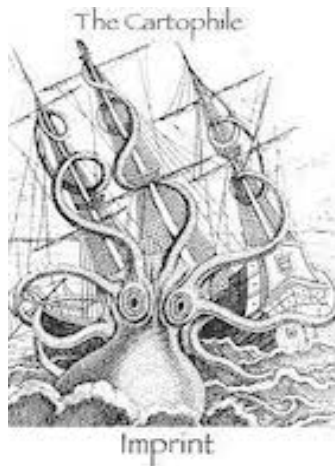
W-FON 92.3

DOORS

1. LED ZEPPELIN - STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN	133. POLICE - ROXANNE	265. TED NUGET
2. WHO - WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN	134. QUEEN - BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY	266. YOUNGBLOND
3. BEATLES - HEY JUDE	135. HUEY LEWIS - TURN ME OUT OF ROCK AND ROLL	267. BEAU BRUM
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5. VAN HALEN - JUMP	137. CHAMBERS BROTHERS - TIME	269. ELINDA PAT
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16. WHO - BABA O'RILEY	148. LED ZEPPELIN - GOOD TIMES BAD TIMES	280. RED SPEE
17. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - BORN TO RUN	149. CREAM - WHITE ROOM	281. STARSHIP
18. U2 - RATTLE AND DANCE	150. SANTANA - BLACK MAGIC WOMAN	282. BEACH BO
19. LED ZEPPELIN - ROCK 'N ROLL	151. DIRE STRAITS - SKATEWAY	283. JOHNNY &
20. BOSTON - MORE THAN A FEELING	152. CHICAGO - I'M A MAN	284. PHIL COLL
21. ROLLING STONES - JUMPING JACK FLASH	153. LED ZEPPELIN - OVER THE HILLS	285. STEVE MI
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38. YES - ROUNDAABOUT	170. SPENCER DAVIS GROUP - SOME LOVIN'	302. ROMANTIC
39. FREE - ALRIGHT NOW	171. BAD COMPANY - ROCK 'N ROLL FANTASY	303. FOREIGNER
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41. B.O.C. - DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	173. CARS - YOU MIGHT THINK	305. LOU REED
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48. BYRDS - 8 MILES HIGH	180. BRYAN ADAMS - HEAVEN	312. SAN THE
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73. CARS - JUST WHAT I NEEDED	205. U2 - NEW YEARS DAY	337. U2 - BAD
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80. ELP - LUCKY MAN	212. BEATLES - I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND	344. ROLLING S
81. HEART - CRAZY ON YOU	213. B.O.C. - GODZILLA	345. YARDBIRDS
82. BEATLES - I AM THE WALRUS	214. KINGS - LOLA	346. ALFICE CO
83. DOORS - LOVE ME TWO TIMES	215. DOOBIE BROTHERS - LISTEN TO THE MUSIC	347. TRAFFIC -
84. ROLLING STONES - UNDER MY THUMB	216. ROLLING STONES - PAINT IT BLACK	348. CREAM -
85. ROBERT PLANT - BIG LOG	217. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - COVER ME	349. BOB SEGER
86. VAN HALEN - YOU REALLY GOT ME	218. AEROSMITH - WALK THIS WAY	350. ROLLING S
87. WHO - MY GENERATION	219. THE TROGGS - WILD THING	351. PAT TRAVE
88. PINK FLOYD - BRAIN DAMAGE/ECLIPSE	220. JAMES GANG - FUNK #43	352. LED ZEPPI
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90. DOORS - ROAD HOUSE/BLUES	222. POLICE - KING OF PAIN	354. BRUCE SPR
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Skullcrushing Hummingbird

Issue 2 / Spring 2023



Laurence Wilhelm Lillvik - Editor

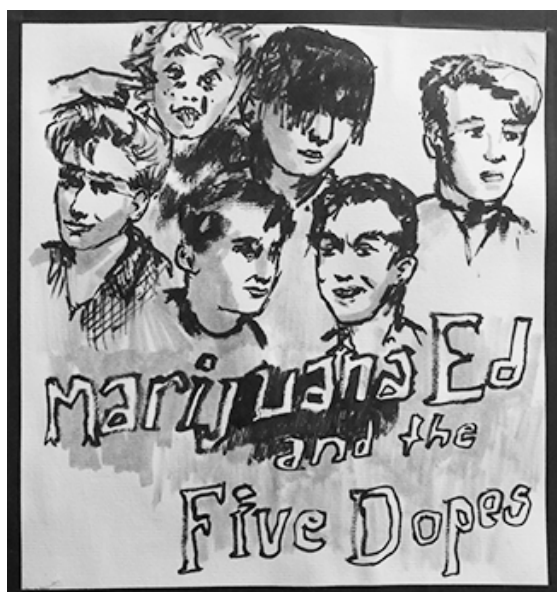


fig. 1

Contributing Artists:

Cover / Theresa Arrison

Inside Covers / courtesy of Michael Coumatos

Figure 1 / Sara Kolp

Figures 2, 6 / Trevor Rieck

Figure 3 / Loser Phony

Figure 4 / Stephen Kozlowski

Figure 5 / Rachel Mulder

Figure 7 / Kier Cooke Sandvik

Figures 8, 10, 13 / Paul Haines

Figure 11 / Laurence Lillvik

Figure 12 / Michael Henrickson

Figures 9, 15 / Catreena Stone

Figure 14 / Wyrnfoot

Figure 16 / courtesy of Kirk Branstetter

Figure 17 / Sam Mallery

Figure 18 / Joy Waller

Figure 19 / Drew Jones



fig.2

First Exposure / Carl Lillvik

In November 1953, I was a just turned 14-year-old farm boy in my first year in high school when Bill Haley and the Comets appeared a year or two before they became famous. Sitting in the high school auditorium listening to them play “Rock Around the Clock” was a confusing experience. I had never heard music like that. My experience with live band music was an accordion, trumpet, and sometimes drums that were played at the Nordic dances our family attended.

While everyone was clapping, screaming and some of the girls danced in the aisles, I sat trying to catch and understand the words over the rhythm. I was used to listening to Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and late at night Country and Western music on WWVA from Wheeling West Virginia on AM radio. It took most of the performance to adjust to the words but the rhythm had me moving in my seat. Later, when the movie Blackboard Jungle came out, I knew I had heard the theme song before but didn’t connect it to Bill Haley and that day in the auditorium until years later.

That connection also brought back a memory that after Bill Haley’s concert a boy in the senior class was allowed to have his band play some sort of version of “Rock and Roll” to the same crowded auditorium. The only thing I remember of that appearance is the name of the band “Marijuana Ed and the Five Dopes”. I didn’t know about marijuana then. For that band to be allowed to play – I don’t think the faculty in that small South Jersey town knew what it was either.

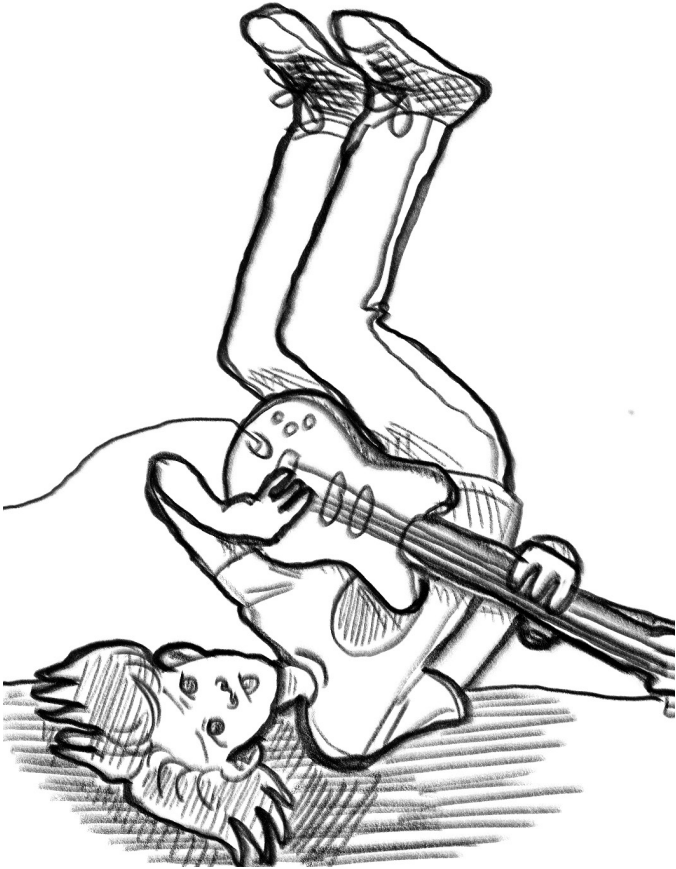


fig.3

A Brief Rebuttal to the Absurd Contention That Rock and Roll is Dead / Kerr Mahnke

if at any time you
find yourself wondering
if you are
alive or dead

is rock and roll
alive or dead
and you find yourself

listening to something
that makes you wish
it would never end

and that it could end
right now you may be
listening to rock and roll

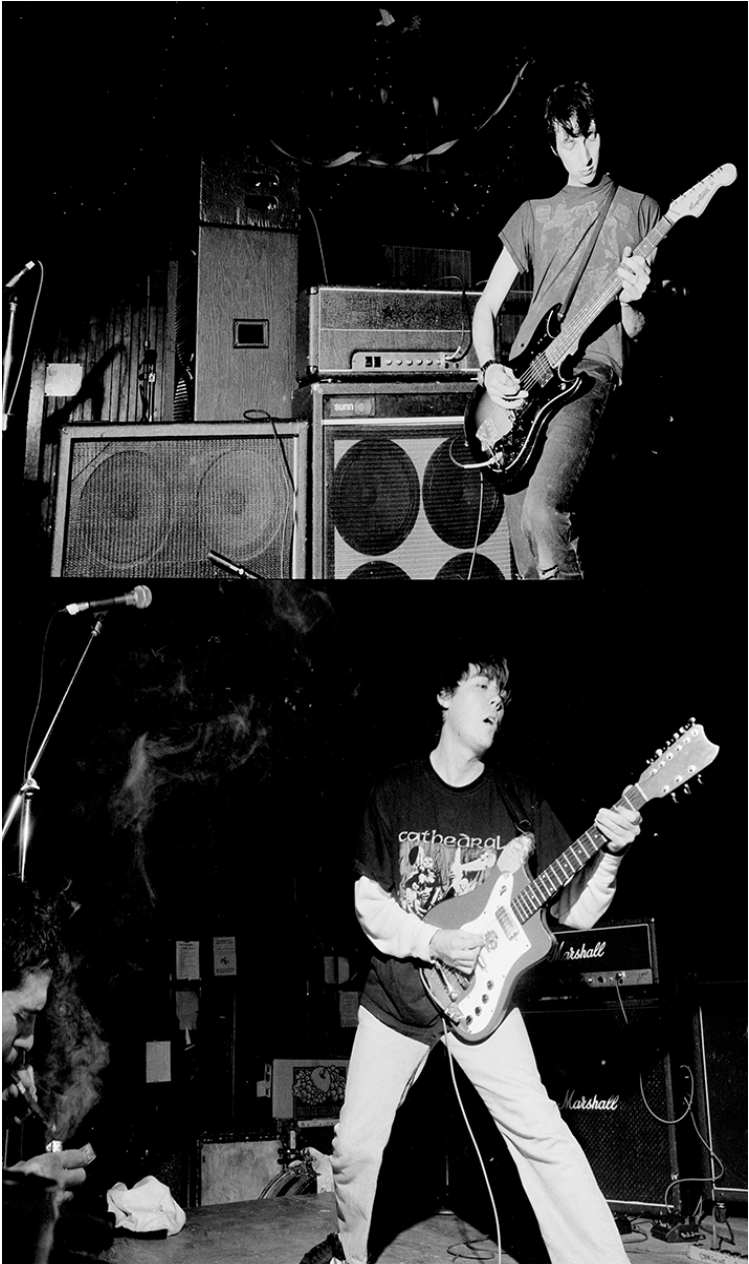


fig.4 - The Champs. Reed College. 1997.

Shake. Hip. Memphis. / Kevin Stack

This drives her nuts, this calling him “Oldvis”.

And she loves him, my aunt, loves Elvis.

As they do, when they are of a certain age
and from Nashville, as she is.

I say Fat Elvis / Skinny Elvis, which is Big Boys.

I say Memphis, which is Byrne in this usage.

(See “Cities”, Fear of Music, Talking Heads, Sire Records, 1979).

I Elvis one more time [here].

I tell you about my aunt, but with like a life thing [here],
so you know I’m poeming.

I say Hip.

Then again one more time I Elvis [here],

but with like a lyric to show I know the rules.

I dox my aunt again [here] but with the view from my duration,
not hers, which is Bergson.

I say Shake.

[Here] I refrain “Oldvis”, to get it to the top of your inbox,

which is for lightness, which is Calvino,

which, for those of you about to rock, is a salute,

from we to you,

which is Young, Young and Johnston.

Shake, Memphis.

Hip, Memphis.

Shake. Hip. Memphis.

Shake. Shake. Shake.

Memphis. Hip. Shake.

[Here] I exhale The Cult Electric,

Which is Astbury/Duffy.

A Brief Introduction to The Cramps / Gentleman Bandit

The Godparents of American Goth are famous all over again thanks to Wednesday — do you know the score?

I haven't watched Wednesday, because I haven't flown much this year, and it's the sort of show I might watch on a long plane ride. I hear that cute camera girl from X did a dance to "Goo Goo Muck" and the youngsters have thereby discovered The Cramps. This is excellent news. The Cramps are just what the world needs right now.

Lux Interior (vocals and best name in Punk) and Poison Ivy (guitar) are the two defining figures of The Cramps. Feast your eyes upon them:

They met when Lux picked Ivy up hitchhiking on a California highway. They rapidly got married, moved to Akron, and started playing together in 1972. They played around locally without achieving any kind of success, eventually moving to New York City in 1975 and forming The Cramps just as the music called Punk was coming together in venues like CBGB and Max's Kansas City. It was them, The Ramones, Blondie, Talking Heads, Television, The Dead Boys, and so on — The Cramps were veterans compared to most of those kids, but they fit right in.



fig.5. Lux and Ivy

Early Punks were about equally inspired by their immediate predecessors in the avant garde (Velvet Underground, Stooges, David Bowie, Suzy Quatro) and the roots of rock and roll from the 1950s. Lux and Ivy, hardcore record collectors, were obsessed with the darker turn that Rockabilly took around the end of that decade — underground figures like Hasil Adkins and Link Wray who donned the leather jackets and greasy pompadours when the mainstream youth culture was moving on to new things, and garage bands like The Trashmen and The Groupies who took that outlaw sound further into the realms of distortion and chaos. This music had its heyday a mere 10 years prior to The Cramps formation, but that decade saw the simple three-chord grooves of the 1950s give way to Sgt Pepper's, The Mamas and the Papas, Pink Floyd, and Hippiedom as a whole. The Cramps didn't go for all that. They liked it tough, crazy, sexy, and evil — “Psychobilly,” as they and their legion of imitators called themselves.

“Goo Goo Muck,” for example, was first written and performed by a nearly-unknown band called Ronnie Cook and The Gaylads. The Cramps strip out the saxophone lead, leaving Ivy to pick it in her signature overdriven and reverb-drenched style over the backing chords of Kid Congo Powers and the tight danceable drums of Mr. Nick Knox. Up front, Lux Interior (often seen in beat up old suits, bondage gear, or naked save for a pair of women's panties and a biker jacket) conveys a sense of menace and degeneracy that was (by all accounts) authentic. You could tell me Lux Interior did anything — rape, murder, cannibalism — and I wouldn't be the least bit shocked. Still, he was a sweetheart by all accounts.

“We really are different from most folks,” Lux told Yahoo News in 1997. “We’ve had a hard life... I’ve been in jail for selling dangerous drugs. I’ve taken every drug in the book. I’ve been in all kinds of trouble. My best friends in school are all in jail or dead now. One of my best friends was one of the guys who shot those people at Kent State. He would’ve shot anybody for any reason. He also dropped a cement block off of an expressway onto a car one time and almost killed someone. His best friend, who I hung around sometimes, blinded a guy — he took his thumbs and pushed this guy’s eyeballs in. These were the hoodlums that I knew.”

Despite their impeccable proto-punk pedigree in New York, The Cramps are mostly associated with Los Angeles (where they relocated in 1980 for the release of their first LP, *Songs the Lord Taught Us* and stayed for good). I hit that Hollywood rock scene right around '91 (“The Year Punk Broke,” they called it), and Ivy and Lux were subterranean royalty who haunted the clubs alongside Billy Idol and Rozz Williams, not rich enough to remain aloof yet too famous to make friends. They both looked fabulous at all times. We worshipped them in their demonic junkie glamor, and they drank it up. They were The Cramps.

The Cramps hit their peak early, in my opinion. For whatever combination of reasons, they didn’t release their first singles until 1977; and finally got around to a full-length LP in 1980. All my favorite Cramps songs come from the 70s — “Human Fly,” “She Said,” “TV Set,” “I Can’t Hardly Stand It” — and by their third studio LP (*A Date With Elvis*, 1984) the band began a gradual musical diminishment, opposed by a rise into outlaw rock stardom and international touring which continued until Interior’s death in 2009. They never stopped touring or releasing good records, and their live shows were legendary all the way to the end.



fig.6 Beti

If you want an introduction to the greatness of The Cramps — the unique and masterful territory they occupied at the peak of their powers — I would direct you toward the 1984 compilation album *Bad Music for Bad People*. It's like a Greatest Hits album from '77-'81, except they didn't have any hits. I heard it for the first time when I was maybe 13 or 14, discovering Punk all at once in the late 80s just before Alternative Radio Rock blew up. I'm listening to it now, in fact, as I write this article; and I still get all worked up when I hear Ivy and Knox lay down the ominous intro for "Human Fly" — there's nothing like it.

I saw some kid on Twitter, who had never heard of The Cramps until he saw whatever episode of *Wednesday* that was. He said it was a corny novelty song like "Monster Mash" and he didn't get what the fuss was about. Everyone's entitled to their opinion, of course, but you should appreciate that you're going to sound like an idiot saying some shit like that to anyone who understand who The Cramps were. Starting their career in '75 means they predate Siouxsie, Bauhaus, Joy Division, The Cure, or anyone else you might think of as the first Goth band (though it should be noted that a band called Suicide was already doing their thing in New York, and their influence on The Cramps is unmistakable). *Lux Interior* (like an expensive car, you know?) is part of a chain of inspiration from Jim Morrison and Iggy Pop to Nick Cave and Trent Reznor, and from there to millions of young art-damaged junkies fronting bands and getting into fist-fights in sleazy nightclubs the world over. whole *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack. There is no end in sight to the profound influence of The Cramps on the long running train of Rock.

Poison Ivy's still out there, but she keeps to herself. There won't be any more of The Cramps. I wish I could be those young *Wednesday* fans, hearing them for the first time again.

Lizard 92 / HL Milne

Their metal stripping off bones with bristles as she dropped
Her mind bones body bones former bones
Your spinning ancient brittle lengths new soft malleable pushable palates
She lay on the floor lay and lay and laughed and lay they were aghast
He watched hungry with his true self out slapping it across faces
Other bones righted her to vertical
I don't remember anything else



fig.7

DAVID LEE ROTH



AMBITIOUS EXHIBITIONIST

fig. 8



fig.9 The Bugs

On Songwriting

All the sailors sing it in their sleep
But the delicate soap bubble of melody
Is punctured by linear thought.

fig.10

somewhere a song / Michael Walsh

everyday communique
goes into the fireplace
half-opened mail crumbled
into a future ball of flame

somewhere a song was lost
in the hurry-up shuffle to get it down
in the transition from almost brilliant
back to the ground right here

a blurred future's ballet
entwined with another time
where what seems to be is
not this everyday eternity



fig.11 Toody Cole. 2023

10 Lps I remember the exact moment I first heard them and they blew my mind.

The Who - The Kids Are Alright Soundtrack - Older kids' garage at end of street. The Who became my first favorite band. This includes the Rolling Stones Rock and Roll Circus version of A Quick One (While He's Away) . It took me 20 years before I saw the video of the performance. 1984.

Butthole Surfers - Rembrandt Pussyhorse - Read about Buttholes in Thrasher magazine and rode my bike to Seaview Square Mall's Record World at which I would later be an employee. It remains a top 5 album and "Whirling Hall of Knives" still makes me levitate. 1986.

Bob Dylan - The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan - Chris S. drove me to school and we'd drive 15 minutes out of the way on backroads across frozen ponds. On certain stoney days the harmonica in Girl From North Country seemed to last forever as it panned back and forth through the side door speakers via the Alpine Tape Deck of his Honda Civic. 1989.

Beastie Boys - Check Your Head - Freshman year at Emerson College bought this on release day at Tower Records around the corner on Mass Ave. This echoed up and down Beacon street for weeks. "This is the first song from our new album!" 1991.

Sebadoh - III - Sammy introduced this classic soon after it was released. "It's the bassist from Dinosaur Jr." This was way more than that. 3 bands in one and encompassing all the moods and more. Pretty, scary, angry, stoney, brilliant. 1992.

Slint - Spiderland - First summer back home in Jersey from College in Boston. Friend in HS threw this on as we were waiting for a party to start. I'm sure I asked a half dozen times who it was. 1992.

Big Star - Third - Spigs busted into a fungal apartment party and threw this on. I was out of sorts in another room and heard the Velvet's "Femme Fatale" sung in French drifting in. Needed it. 1993.

The Modern Lovers - s/t - Sitting at Dot's Cafe with Skoz. Every song blew me away. He's like "how did you go to school in Boston and not know this?" I even used to walk through the Fenway with my heart in my hand. 1996

Devo - Are We Not Men? - I dropped by Kirk's house to say hello, he wasn't there but Coma was. We'd only met once before. He's like "want to listen to the greatest album of all time?" 1997

Guided By Voices - Bee Thousand/Alien Lanes - Tink loaned me a cassette with both albums. It didn't leave the tape deck for a year. Kicker of Elves. 1998

Bonus 7" single: Dead Moon - Dagger Moon - This was on a jukebox at Kirk's that someone won on The Price Is Right. Slayed me. 1997 (see fig. 11)

Paladin's Derringer / Scott Tienken

Treatise: HipHop Solutions to Science's Mysteries

Proof: Paladin's Derringer

Operators: Double Knot, Little Giant, Soft Serv

West Point preppin with the Back East Pineys
Barrens for the Baron, heppin' wit both of the Plineys—
the elder, the younger, copaseptic (1) like medals be shiny
reppin, rappin, rockin Willy Words, Marky Gold, & the raddest cosines, g
stoic, stylin, this dandy's tomes be crazy pilin,
when not lock steppin, Grand Thought plantin splinters in his heinie,
the liblab (2), the con-serv-ah-twa (3) , the militaristic spins on deus ex
machiney (4)

COSMIC INTERLUDE:

then transported. . .then transported. . .then transported,

our juny (5) bon vivant be oh so uncivilly war deported

(SAMPLE: a ballet teacher giving instruction 'and thus. . .and one. . .and
two. . .')

THEN BACK IN POCKET WITH ORIGINAL BEAT OF CHOICE
or POSSIBLY A FASTER BEAT TO CONVEY HECTIC WAR SCENE)

but kapowww (6) a little big bang logjam, these new digs be the death
dock,
bang-bang, the juny dandy sprayin shrapnel like juny trent flailing those
legs amok,
four pointer, the west pointer gotta reconnoiter, this american war be a
stone age crock,
slam-bam, catchin flak, trenchin with bumpkins, tolerating nonsense like
boom chockalock (7)
damn, pone and taters, again, makes a cultured man itchy-triggy-fingy on
his new age flintlock,
what a damn sham, dying shame, since self evident logics dont sum for
fool dredders (8) of .58s cocked



fig.12 Sir Richard Bishop as Alice Cooper

COSMIC INTERLUDE:

then transported. . .then transported. . .about to be consorted. . .

(SAMPLE: 'Ring it Up' (9))

THEN BACK IN POCKET TO ORIGINAL BEAT THAT GETS PROGRESSIVELY SLOWER)

rink a dink a doo, the marks give the wheel a twirl,
but not Palladin, oh no, the fast gun heavy bar slung, sipping on second
rate sasparill(a)
killing time, smugly, in this last chance berg when he'd rather be brandied
up and fondlin' the finest of espadrilles,
in frisky frisco, ooo, just look at that craftsmanship, hey boy, her girl,
he'd snap, a sip or two of that siskiyou whiskey'll do for me and the ma-
demoiselle

lord save me, that organ grinder, the player piano, this bartop aerialist's
derring do,
that's right, painfully transported back to the dusty barren, plotting the get
got about to go down in this two bit saloon,
the derringer, a juny revolver (10), snug in his derriere pocket, not a .58
but a chrome and lead polished thirty nine plus two
this Boone, not Daniel, this essence enacted by Richard, chuckling bout
the sawbuck finder's fee he sported to his stringer back in frisky frisky
deux
'you're gonna get me killed one day,' hrumphing to that pigeon de stool,
all in all, id rather be quotin archimedes, flirtin up the ladies swashbuck
style, not riding four days to a saloon,

still, gimme this west, the lateral to north and south, where the only re-
construction im down with is Emmental into a fondou
so, barman, a grain, a scruple, a dram or just ounce'll do, lil sumpin to
canoodle with this poodle afore doodling double dipsy mon tres jolly
chou,
until later, the last course, debutante on either arm, platonic, pfft, dont be
fooled (SAMPLE: Paladin's long, deeply self-satisfied laugh)
still intending mucho harm, a flash flood back in his suite, jiminy tamma-
ny, hey you?!
that knockin that knockin transported back to his catnap room above the
saloon,
then some cannon, an outer law to his out, bumrushin bushwhackin
down paladin's door, boom-boom,
too soon, too soon, quickie tricky finky too late the derryringer hol-
stered while his chest starts to drool,
so there the warrior dandy bleedin, wish he was back at West Point, or,
better still, back in frisky frisco tuckin in some bourgignon du boeuf (11),
pontificating to a poodle, his pocket jingle jangle with mad gold dubloons,
showgirl on either arm, intending mucho harm, pluckin those frilly knick-
ers like a banjo out of tune,
but oh no, hey boy, hey girl, thus our farce must end, such be the fate of
renaissance lads, this we must conclude

- 1 sic - this Operation's term, also punnable with standard 'sick'
- 2 both a library and Madlib shout out
- 3 ampin snooty bad french accent of conservatoire
- 4 deus ex machina pronounced like Deuce X. McChiney
- 5 junior
- 6 a particularly wild and guttural Brian 'Wheels' Wheeler (former longtime
voice for the Portland Trailblazers) sample here, aka Wheelerism
- 7 Wheelerism
- 8 Dred Scott reference, unlike Wheelerisms, is not, what is classically
considered an anachronism, though given this Treatise's discovery of the
Fifth Dimension, anachronism is a moot concept
- 9 Wheelerism
- 10 shorthand for derringer in his derriere pocket
- 11 the french to be mispronounced as 'boof'



7.7.86-RFK

Drums

Space

The collective sigh

After re-birthing

fig.13

Not a Ba(n)d Name / Michael Walsh

Trichotomy

A
Bass
Drum
Voice
Thing

Not
A Tracheotomy

A
Bass
Drum
Whole ecology
Of something

Awesome
Drug
Drum
Broken

Theology
In between
Invisible lines

A period
Again a
Period

Step One: Remember to bring a body. Preferably your own. Find yourself accompanied by a friend or loved one- In an emergency, it is imperative to understand you may get separated in the chaos during worship.

Should that be the case do not panic. you will find your way back to them eventually

Step Two: Know Th

a trinit... understanding of true unity

and the right position for proper chanting during...

You... **Step Three: Remember**

It is important to prepare one's body for proper participation

a vessel through which

Creation

A Sense of Self

Invocation

The Music will move you among the worshippers. There may be a few errant... within the flock, but they are part of the ritual. ... is just as crucial.

Embrace them

fig. 14

Loud Enough / Molly Toth

I was never cool and I always felt like I was trying too hard but I loved hardcore. I would scrape together all the money I had to drive to Pittsburgh or Cleveland for shows in basements, on back porches, in bars. I looked older than I was so at 17 I could get in with no problem, could even buy beer if I wore makeup. I would drive back home on fumes, covered in bruises, booze, sweat, vomit — my own, others’.

Nothing was ever loud enough for me. Nothing was fast enough. Nothing hurt enough. I’d launch all 90 pounds of my body into raging circles of men flailing with their fists clenched and I’d feel positively electric. I’d gleefully submit myself to the churn, the crush of bodies and the vibration of bass. I was never more embodied than in those moments, my body both fully my own and fully beyond my control.

I was the French Club president and the yearbook editor and I could not explain the bruises when I showed up to school on Mondays. I could not possibly make anyone understand what it meant for me to plant my feet and let the tide of bodies break against me, to be subsumed. I could never explain what it meant to let my body feel something, finally. To say, “do your worst” in humid, dark rooms full of swinging limbs and surging bodies, knowing this communion of skin and sweat was the only kindness I could show myself, the tinnitus and dull aches tethering me to the earth.

Trumans Water 2003 Tour Diary Excerpt / Kevin Branstetter

June/Aalborg

The stoniest night of the tour. Hooked up with a lot of folks we partied with last tour. These Danish sure know how to party. For about three hours there was a constant barrage of joints to the point where it was really hard not to have two joints in yr hand. Seriously. I finished by turning green and sitting in a chair for a couple hours. I held off the urge to puke and rode it out. Miraculously I felt pretty good when I woke up the next day. I dunno why...

June Oslo

Willie and Julio are braggin about all the girls they bagged while we sit next to a group of about thirty mentally challenged scandinavians on the ferry from Fredrikshavn to Larvik. It's pretty damn windy out there. I see a tanker in the distance with foam spewing over the deck. We seem to be stable though...

Tiger shirt man is keepin it real, walkin to and fro assuring himself that his sea legs are well attached. The quiet voiced yelling man is quite a kick as well. I tried to bust out my MD recorder to get a good cross section of the gentle loonies but somehow there's no charge left after charging it up last night... Something is rotten in the state of Denmark (and it ain't just the cow dung). It makes me wax nostalgic for the old days in Missouri, farmin, drinkin, losin fingers...

I'm starting to heal up a bit. All my gouges are beginning to itch at the same time. I wish I had an aloe plant handy. I got some chocolate milk....

The shows are getting a bit calmer since we got up north. We're also getting a bit stonier... But, at the same time it's fun to concentrate on playing well. That's something I never do. I always try to play as well as I can while being all over the place. After almost thirty shows I can do pretty much anything I want on the guitar. I just changed my strings last night for the second time this tour. I shoulda done it earlier. I like hearing what I'm doing right now. Sometimes I don't really care. Only three more shows. Then back to Paris.

The swells are getting larger, and some asshole worker just woke up Kirk and Kevin who were sleeping with their heads under a couple chairs. God the swells are big, God the Norwegians are tight asses. Gee, the extra-planar-attentive entities are entertaining. Fuck, this onboard cover band sucks. I guess that's being redundant though using "cover band" and "sucks" in the same sentence. Boy, are we haggard looking. Funny thing is we all took showers and shaved yesterday. Well, I didn't shave yesterday but I did a couple days ago. But I'm a slow-mo face hair grower. The point being that for how clean we are we look like shit. Usually, we're a lot dirtier.



fig.15 Trumans Water

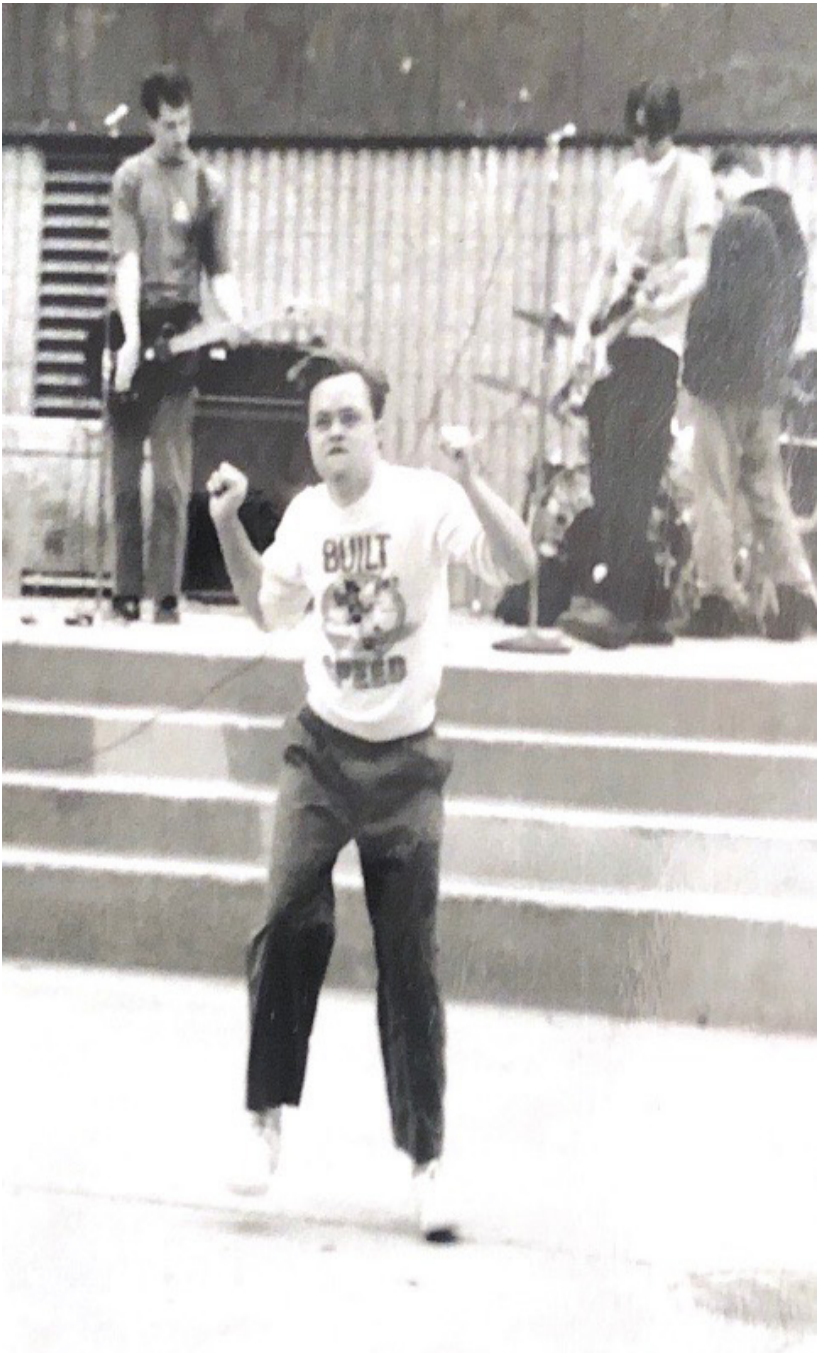


fig.16 Trumans Water and Unknown Dancer

What the hell kind of cruise to geriatric paradise is this? All there are are geezers and mentally challenged folks on this boat... (Scandy-femmes keep well over the decades... Can't say as much for the menfolk.) Not surprising though for how much the fucking crossing costs. They really gouge ya good.

Headed to the land of forbidden expenditure. We can't spend shit in Norway it's so damn expensive. Time to tighten our belts and put on our super sniffers for free grub and booze. Every drop counts up here...

I'm bored. I just wanna spend some moola on some overpriced snack foods. Damn my life of consumerist brainwashing. Maybe I'll just sit back and think about products I'd like to purchase... AHH!!! No, outer body experience, outer body experience. The one other time I did it sober it was from extreme boredom and not a little fatigue... I flew around a mall in El Cajon for about five minutes till my girlfriend at the time pulled me back in by shoving a skirt in front of my empty shell for approval. She shook me a little and my joyous endeavor was cut short. Maybe it was for the best. I don't think I would have ever come back at that point in my life if I didn't have anyone to pull me back. Although if I pulled it off now, I could see not bothering to come back. Who needs this bunk mortal coil. It makes me think back to the mentally challenged folks around me. Doesn't anybody realize that they are the only sane ones around. They're doing what comes naturally while the rest of us are milling around fretting and complaining and stressing about what will happen next; what we're supposed to do. Fucking trained seals, are we. Sure, I'm glossing over the concept but, Jesus, the only reason mentally challenged people have problems is because all of us idiots are trying to pull them into our reality and make them react the way we do. See the world as we do, it's the only way to see it. This reality is becoming very tedious....

Talked with Kenneth. He was pretty funny. We smoked a bunch of joints and drank a fifth of Johnny Walker along with his brother and his buddy Styler. Styler was the most interesting. He's a philosopher. He had real thoughts of his own. We saw the Stacy Branstetter look alike again (our long dead cousin, R.I.P.). It was unsettling. It took about four pints of beer before I was able to talk to her at all. We just kept smiling at each other.



fig. 17

The Song I Etched into My Ankle / Sam Mallery

I think it was 1990. One of my friends had heard that to make “jail-house” tattoos, you just needed a sewing needle, and something called India Ink. We all had access to sewing needles, then one of us acquired India Ink, and soon we all had tattoos. Shaky, misshapen, dot-based tattoos.

Joe’s “Sonic Life” tattoo on his left arm was first. While it was obviously crooked, it truly did resemble the ballpoint-pen doodle art from his Sonic Youth shirt. This early success provided an illogical air of confidence among the rest of us. After some moments of consideration, my friend Tom—who later in life would complete medical school, become a doctor, decide he hated it, quit, enroll in classes to become an auto mechanic, bail on that, and then finally land a full-time job in the pro shop of a bowling alley—decided to write FUGAZI down his right calf.

The F and U were big, bold letters, but the G, A, Z, and I got progressively smaller and smaller. This was not intentional typographical flair, but rather decided upon in the moment because sticking yourself with a sewing needle hundreds of times fucking Hurts.

I also wanted a music tattoo but decided to take a symbolic route. One of the only things I could reliably draw was crescent moons with faces. Instead of putting my art in public view like Joe’s arm or Tom’s leg, I would hide it on my ankle below the sock line. I sat on my mother’s living-room floor and slowly pecked a tattoo onto my body.

There was meaning behind my moon. A song by 7 Seconds had the following lyrics, and I liked them: "...let the moon be your guide." So that was it. In life, I would choose to always follow my heart, by following the moon. There's an implied corollary there, right? Three decades later I asked myself, "Hey, what's the name of the song you symbolically tattooed to your foot?" I didn't know. Suddenly I had a mission.

I knew the song was from the late 80's when the band transitioned from being one of the most anthemic hardcore acts of all time to being something that sounded like U2. I started listening to their albums from that era.

Every song that came on sounded like the singer, Kevin, was about to belt out my moon lyric, but it never happened. I got eight tracks into the album Soulforce Revolution before remembering the song I liked was from an EP. I hit Stop. The heavily gated snare drum rested for a beat.

Some quick sleuthing allowed me to pinpoint an EP titled Praise as the likely home of my foot song. Looking at the cover art rang more bells. I found it online and listened. Toward the end of the second song Kevin sang something that sounded like "...let the moon be your guide," but wasn't. Did I mishear these words so long ago? Has the symbolic meaning of my tattoo, my one instruction for how to navigate life, my soulforce revolution, has it all been baseless? Was my tattoo not rock 'n' roll at all?

I suffered for a few minutes, but thankfully the next song, called You Live & Die for Freedom/Siren, put my worry to rest. This was the song I have on my foot. In it, Kevin sings, "...the moon can always be your guide."

I think.

As I sit here today, often overwhelmed with the feeling that I have yet to earnestly begin my life's true work, I wonder if my old pal Tom, somewhere out there keenly advising others on bowling equipment, has done a better job of following his moon than I. That's okay, though. It's my foot. It's still up to me where to put it.

Walking Around the Edge of Lake Monona with the Ghost of Otis Redding (Madison, Wisconsin - December 1988) / Frank Spignese

You know I tried to do a Dylan song? True story.
Must have been '64 or '65. It was in LA
after a gig and Bobby and his guitar player came backstage.
They were all wired and excited about this new song he'd written.
Bobby gave me Just Like a Woman to make as a record.
I didn't do it. Mind you, I dig his work like mad
and that song was mean and sad
and Cropper was all excited to play on it.
We took it into the studio but it just didn't click.
I couldn't hit the bridge.
All that shit about amphetamines and pearls.
Now what the fuck do I know about amphetamines and pearls?
But I dug that part about little girls breaking.
Looks like the lake might ice over early this year.
I like to watch the kids when they skate and play hockey.
There was a father and son out here ice fishing last early December.
It was almost the anniversary if I remember.
The father and son sang some songs together.
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.
They sang it again and again waiting for the fish to bite their lines.
They packed up and went home just before the sun went down.
The father said to the son that they couldn't be late for dinner
and I watched them walk off into the night
wishing I could go with them.



fig.18 Frank Spignese reads from SkullHum Issue One in Tokyo.

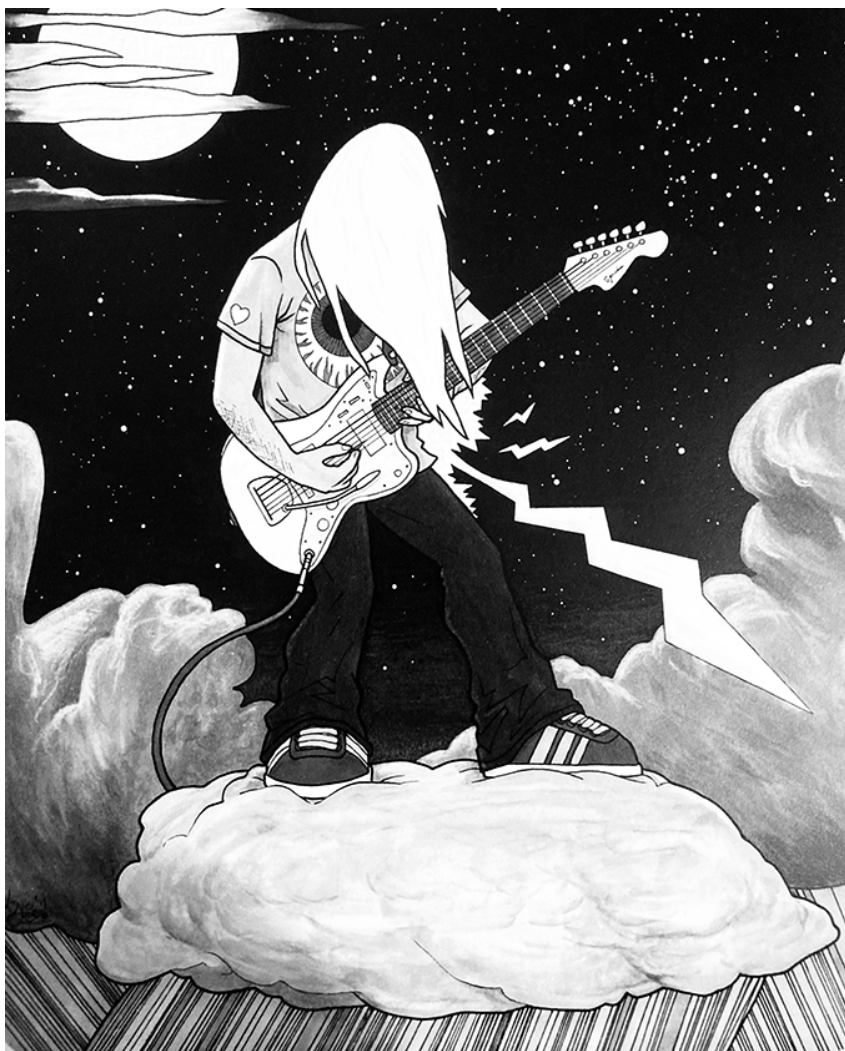


fig.19 - J Mascis

Thanks for checking out Issue Two of **Skullcrushing Hummingbird - The Zine**. I plan on this being the first of many music themed issues.

I turn fifty in a couple of months and I'm a little bummed it took me this long to put together an International Arts and Lit zine featuring the work of friends and acquaintances. Assembling the words and images into something cohesive really scratches a mental itch. I love it.

Thanks to everyone who contributed, both those who were in the first issue (SkullHum family forever) and those who hopped on board with this one (like my dad, whose piece inspired two separate Marijuana Ed and The Five Dopes artworks. This was a story I'd heard growing up but it's nice to get the big picture. I didn't realize Marijuana Ed & co. were students, I always thought it was a touring band and I could never find anything about them on the internet! I think something magical happened when my dad saw those rock shows in 1953 that seeped into my DNA.) - LWL

All mail and contributions to future issues are welcome:

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L YOUR LOVE TONIGHT
E OF LOVE
EN - NO SURRENDER

1 HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER
IN THE EVENING
TCHY KOO PARK
DRELY NIGHTS
BUY ME LOVE
RN TURN
MVA VO
EN - BORN IN THE USA
INTO THE FIRE
CX SILVER
JUT
JOBVE STRANGER

TOO HARD
NIGHT UP IN YOU
EXPRESS
ME DO
I IT ALL TOO HARD
RAIN GENIE
DINNERS AND HELL RAISERS
JUNICE
ION D7 & 60
OF THE SEASON
I
WALK OF LIFE
ID TO YOURSELF
CK ON

BLIND BY THE LIGHT
OUT OF DENVER
HARLEY SHUFFLE
HE WAY TO ROCK
WAYS
WILD HORSES
UNITE SUN
MEMOR OF 60
LBREACK
KONCANCE
GOING TO CALIFORNIA
ERRY FIELD
HE OF BUSINESS

I FUN FIM
NO RETURN
HAPPY
TA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE
OF LOVE
GHT BEFORE
HROUGH THE GRAPEVINE
DOGGIE WITH STEU
ING
N - DEVIL MEDLEY
CK STEADY
TURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN
AIN
RIDE
IPPER
BY HOLD ON
ISE
SUGAR MAGNOLIA
LIEUN
ANGING DAYS
DREEM
RTS SO GOOD
LING ALRIGHT
POWER
DELLS - CRIMSON & CLOVER
TIC FRINGE
EEN THE RAIN
PARADE
MY CAR

STAY OR GO
UNDERCOVER OF THE NIGHT
ONQUISTADOR
SINFUL
I'M NATIONWIDE
GAMES
SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL
THE LOSERS
DO ROLLING STONED
AIN LIGHTNING
ALL THE WAY
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN
BELONGS TO THE CITY
ING UP THE COUNTRY
RACCOON
HEARTBREAKER
KAFFAT IN AMERICA
SHINY STAR
BODY WANTS SOME
N'T THAT A SHAME
GIVE IT TO ME
THE CHAIN
ONE WAY OUT
SONE
AROUND YOUR FINGER
ME - IT'S NO SECRET
U WEAR IT WELL

N
I HAVE YOU
IS TIME
YOU
OLIV
THERE'S NO WAY OUTTA HERE
TUNBLIN DICE
M ME
OF THE WITCHES
LEAN
YOU
UNCLE JOHN'S BAND

27. WEISSER - HYPNOTIC
276. ANIMALS - DON'T BRING ME DOWN
577. AEROSMITH - WALKIN' THE DOGS
687. CCR - HEY TONIGHT
679. DEREK AND THE DOMINOS - BELL BOTTOM BLUES
680. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - PROVE IT ALL NIGHT
681. JAMES GANG - WABAY
682. DAVID BOWIE - YOUNG AMERICAN
683. ZZ TOP - TV DINNERS
684. ROLLING STONES - MISS YOU
685. BLIND FATHER - CAN'T FIND MY WAY HOME
686. ALKMAN BROTHERS - REVIVAL
687. SEARCHERS - NEEDLES AND PINS
688. BAD COMPANY - SILVER, BLUE AND GOLD
689. JOURNEY - JUST THE SAME WAY
690. TOM PETTY - THE WAITING
691. DONOVAN - ATLANTIS
692. LED ZEPPELIN - I'M HIRANT SONG
693. MOODY BLUES - GO NOW
694. URIAH HEEP - STEELIN
695. BEATLES - ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
696. ANIMALS - S-F - NIGHTS
697. MOLLY HATCHETT - FLIRTIN WITH DISASTER
698. FOREIGNER - DIRTY WHITE BOY
699. ERIC CLAPTON - AFTER MIDNIGHT
700. JACKSON BROWNE - TENDER
701. JOHN COUGAR - LONELY OLD NIGHT
702. MICK JAGGER - MEMO FROM TURNER
703. PHIL COLLINS - I DON'T CARE ANYMORE
705. GENESIS - THAT'S ALL
706. DIRE STRAITS - EXPRESSO LOVE
707. STING - IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY
708. RED SPEEDWAGON - ROLL WITH THE CHANGES
709. BOSTON - SMOKIN
710. ELP - STILL YOU TURN ME ON
711. BAD'INGER - COME AND GET IT
712. NIGHT RANGER - ROCK IN AMERICA
713. ROLLING STONES - IT'S ALL ABOUT NOW
714. BEATLES - SOMETHING
715. DOORS - LOVE HER MADLY
716. STEVE MILLER - SPACE COMBO
717. WHO - SONG IS OVER
718. ROBERT PLANT - BURNING DOWN ONE SIDE
719. STYX - LORELEI
720. EAGLES - DESPERADO
721. KINGS - TIRED OF WAITING
722. FOREIGNER - COLD AS ICE
723. ROLLING STONES - BITCH
724. 7 AND THE MYSTICANS - 36 TEARS
725. JEFF BECK - GOIN DOWN
726. LED ZEPPELIN - DOWN BY THE SEASTIDE
727. BEATLES - HELTER SKELTER
728. NAZARETH - LOVE HURTS
729. JOE WALSH - TURN TO STONE
730. CARS - IT'S NOT THE NIGHT
731. ROBERT PLANT - PLEDGE PIN
732. ROD STEWART - EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY
733. DEF LEPPARD - TOO LATE FOR LOVE
734. GENESIS - FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME
735. FOREIGNER - LONG WAY FROM HOME
736. JOE COCKER - THE LETTER
737. FLEETWOOD MAC - SAY YOU LOVE ME
738. BAD'INGER - NO MATTER WHAT
739. POLICE - SYNCHRONICITY II
740. CCR - FORTUNATE SON
741. RUSH - CIRCUMSTANCES
742. DAVE MASON - ONLY YOU AND I KNOW
743. BEATLES - HE CAN WORK IT OUT
744. TALKING HEADS - TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
745. NEIL YOUNG - DOWN BY THE RIVER
746. DON HENLEY - DIRTY LAUNDRY
747. STARSHIP - LOVE TO LOVE
748. BOB SEGER - COME TO POPPA
749. LED ZEPPELIN - LENON SONG
750. EAGLES - BORDER SONG
751. GEORGE THOROGOOD - BAD TO THE BONE
752. GAS - ONE THING
753. AC/DC - SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES
754. WINGS - VENUS & MARS ROCK SHOW
755. PAT BENATAR - THAT'S MY RIGHT
756. LYNNYRD SKYNYRD - WHAT'S YOUR NAME
757. JOHN LENNON - WATCHING THE WHEELS
758. EL - ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN
759. APRIL WINE - I LIKE TO ROCK
760. JANIS JOPLIN - MOVE OVER
761. PHIL COLLINS - INSIDE OUT
762. BILLY JOHNSON - ROCK ME TONIGHT
763. UFO - LOVE TO LOVE
764. BOSTON - DON'T LOOK BACK
765. KINGS - ROCK AND ROLL FANTASY
766. DOORS - PEOPLE ARE STRANGE
767. J. GEILS - CENSAUS
768. POLICE - SYNCHRONICITY I
769. MOODY BLUES - THE VOICE
770. B.O.C. - BURNING FOR YOU
771. JUDAS PRESTON - LYNNYRD MIDNIGHT
772. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - PROMISED LAND
773. DOOBIE BROTHERS - ROCKIN DOWN THE HIGHWAY
774. STEVE MILLER - ROCKIN ME
775. WINGS - BENNY AND THE JEES
776. LED ZEPPELIN - NO QUARTER
777. DOORS - WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER
778. SURVIVOR - I CAN'T HOLD BACK
779. U2 - RATTLE AND BURN
780. BOB SEGER - ROCK AND ROLL NEVER FORGETS
781. BRYAN ADAMS - STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART
782. ARTHUR BROWN - FIRE
783. TOM PETTY - WOMAN IN LOVE
784. RED SPEEDWAGON - 157 RIVERSIDE
785. YOUNGBLOODS - DARKNESS DARKNESS
786. BAD COMPANY - SHOOTING STAR
787. DOORS - BREAK THROUGH
788. GOLDEN EARRING - TWILIGHT ZONE
789. STEELY DAN - SHOW BIZ KIDS
790. PINK FLOYD - PIGS
791. JOHN WATIE - MISSING YOU
792. CSN - ALMOST CUT MY HAIR

808. JOHN COUGAR - PLAY GUITAR
809. WHITE AIRD - IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY
810. EDGAR WINTER - FREE RIDE
811. CCN - WOODEN SHIPS
812. CCR - GREEN RIVER
813. PAT BENATAR - HELL IS FOR CHILDREN
814. MR. MISTER - BROKEN WINGS
815. ROBERT TROWER - DAYDREAM
816. BRAINBOB - STONE COLD
817. ALLMAN BROTHERS - JESSICA
818. NEIL YOUNG - MY MY HEY HEY
819. SAMMY HAGAR - BABY'S ON FIRE
820. JOHN COUGAR - CROAKIN IN DOWN
821. BTO - YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET
822. POLICE - INVISIBLE SUN
823. UFO - TOO HOT TO HANDLE
824. WHO - GOIN MOBILE
825. SIMPLE MINDS - ALIVE AND KICKING
826. AEROSMITH - SHEILA
827. ANGEL CITY - MARSHALLEES
828. BEATLES - AND YOUR BIRD CAN SING
829. TED NUGENT - HEY BABY
830. QUARTERFLASH - FIND ANOTHER FOOL
831. BABY'S - I'M 17 IT TIME
832. GEORGE THOROGOOD - ONE BOURBON ONE SCOTCH
833. SURVIVOR - EYE OF THE TIGER
834. KINGS - WELL RESPECTED MAN
835. RUSH - DISTING EARLY MORNING
836. BILLY IDOL - EYES WITHOUT A FACE
837. SPIRIT - MR. SKIN
838. LED ZEPPELIN - GALLONS OF POLICE - WALKIN ON THE MOON
839. U2 - RATTLE AND BURN
840. U2 - THICK AS BRICK
841. AEROSMITH - SAME OLD SONG AND DANCE
842. BEATLES - SLOW DOWN
843. INXS - THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY
844. ROMANTICS - TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP
845. TOM PETTY - LISTEN TO HER HEART
846. DOORS - SOUL KITCHEN
847. ZZ TOP - VELCRO FLY
848. TEN YEARS - BABY WON'T YOU LET ME
849. LYNNYRD SKYNYRD - YOU GOT THAT RIGHT
850. BOSTON - PIECE OF MIND
851. AC/DC - SUN CITY
852. ELECTRIC PRUNES - TOO MUCH TO DREAM
853. PINK FLOYD - SHINE ON YOUR CRAZY
854. JACKSON BROWNE - THAT GIRL COULD SING
855. LOVERBOY - WORKIN FOR THE WEEKEND
856. POLICE - CAN'T STAND LOSING YOU
857. EAGLES - HEARTACHE TONIGHT
858. LED ZEPPELIN - RAIN SONG
859. SCANDAL - THE WARRIOR
860. CCR - I PUT A SPELL ON YOU
861. ZZ TOP - UNDER PRESSURE
862. STEVIE NICKS - TALK TO ME
863. ALLMAN BROTHERS - MIDNIGHT RIDER
864. RUSH - NEW WORLD MAN
865. CHANTAYS - PIPELINE
866. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - CADILLAC RANCH
867. MOOTERS - ALL YOU ZOMBIES
868. PETE TOWNSHEND - LET MY LOVE OPEN THE DOOR
869. JOURNEY - ANYWAY YOU WANT IT
870. HONEYMORN SUITE - FEEL IT AGAIN
871. HEART - HOW CAN I REFUSE
872. HEAD EAST - NEVER BEEN ANY REASON
873. NIGHT RANGER - DON'T TELL ME
874. STEVE MILLER - JUNKER
875. PINK FLOYD - ONE OF THESE DAYS
876. SCANDAL - GOODBYE TO YOU
877. JOHN COUGAR - I NEED A LOVER
878. HONEYMORN SUITE - SEA LOVE
879. OUTFIELD - SAY IT ISN'T SO
880. LYNNYRD SKYNYRD - I AIN'T THE ONE
881. SAMMY HAGAR - CAN'T DRIVE 55
882. DAVID BOWIE - MODERN LOVE
883. RED SPEEDWAGON - DON'T LET HIM GO
884. ROD STEWART - TWISTING THE NIGHT AWAY
885. ASIA - ONLY TIME WILL TELL
886. ROBERT PALMER - ADDICTED TO LOVE
887. FLEETWOOD MAC - WORLD TURNING
888. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - 10TH AVENUE FREEZEOUT
889. STYX - GRAND ILLUSION
890. KINGS - LOW BUDGET
891. MOOTERS - AND WE DANCED
892. STEELY DAN - MY OLD SCHOOL
893. POLICE - DEMOLITION MAN
894. DOORS - BACK DOOR
895. BILL THORPE - CHILDREN OF THE SUN
896. J. GEILS - LOVE STINKS
897. WHO - JOIN TOGETHER
898. JOHN FOGERTY - CENTERFIELD
899. HEART - EVEN IT UP
900. WINGS - 1985
901. CANNED HEAT - ON THE ROAD AGAIN
902. ZZ TOP - ROUGH BOY
903. ROLLING STONES - DANCE LIKE A SISTER DANCE
904. PAT BENATAR - SEX AS A WEAPON
905. RED SPEEDWAGON - TIME FOR ME TO FLY
906. ELTON JOHN - MADRAS ACROSS THE WATER
907. JAMES GANG - BOMBER
908. ROMANTICS - WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU
909. GENESIS - JUST A JOB TO DO
910. TALKING HEADS - LIFE DURING WARTHIE
911. BOX TOPS - THE LETTER
912. JOHN COUGAR - ROCK IN THE USA
913. BRYAN ADAMS - IT'S ONLY LOVE
914. DAVID BOWIE - HERGES
915. DOORS - CRYSTAL SHIP
916. HEART - NOTHING AT ALL
917. ASIA - SOUL SURVIVOR
918. HONEYMORN SUITE - SHE'S A NEW GIRL NOW
919. DOORS - 5 TO ONE
920. TOMMY TUNONE - 867-5309
921. THE ALARM - STRENGTH
922. BEATLES - SHE SAID SHE SAID
923. LED ZEPPELIN - TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT

SKULCR

USHING

HUMMI

NGBIRD