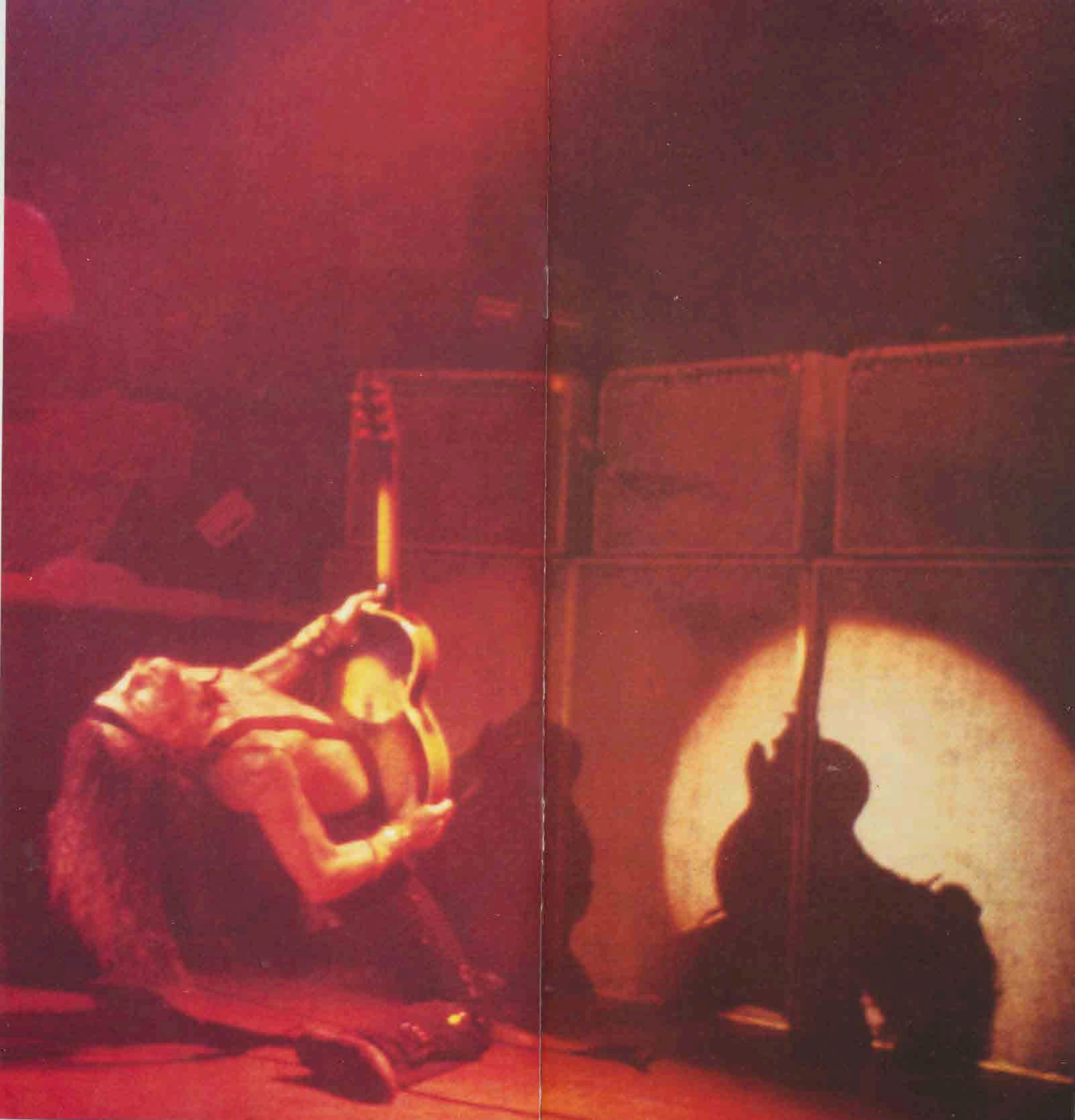






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Disc/Cassette One

1. Baby Please Don't Go (5:38)

(J. Williams) stereo RMS
 Music Corp. of America BMI
 recorded: 1967 personnel: Amboy Dukes
 Mainstream LP 6104 - The Amboy Dukes
 prod: Bob Shad

2. Journey To The Center Of Your Mind (3:34)

(T. Nugent-S. Farmer) stereo RMS
 Brent Music Corp. BMI
 recorded: 1968 personnel: Amboy Dukes
 Mainstream LP 6112 - Journey To The Center Of The Mind
 prod: Bob Shad

3. You Talk Sunshine I Breathe Fire (2:43)

(T. Nugent-S. Farmer) mono RMS
 Brent Music Corp. BMI
 recorded: 1968 personnel: Amboy Dukes
 Mainstream 45
 prod: Bob Shad

4. Gloria (6:07)

(V. Morrison) stereo RMS
 Bernice Music Ltd. 1965 BMI
 recorded: 1968 personnel: Amboy Dukes
 previously unreleased
 prod: Bob Shad

5. Call Of The Wild (4:46)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music and Rug Music ASCAP
 recorded: 1972 personnel: Discreet tracks (see Below)
 Discreet LP Call Of The Wild DS 2181
 prod: Lew Futterman

6. Great White Buffalo (4:57)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music and Rug Music ASCAP
 recorded: 1974 personnel: Discreet tracks (see Below)
 Discreet LP Tooth, Fang And Claw DS 2203
 prod: Lew Futterman, Ted Nugent and Jon Child

7. Stranglehold (8:22)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1975
 recorded: June 1975 personnel: A
 PE 33692 - Ted Nugent
 prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman

8. Stormtroopin' (3:04)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1975
 recorded: June 1975 personnel: A
 PE 33692 - Ted Nugent
 prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman



9. Hey Baby (3:59)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1975
 recorded: June 1975 personnel: A
 PE 33692 - Ted Nugent
 prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman

10. Motor City Madhouse (4:33)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1975
 recorded: June 1975 personnel: A
 PE 33692 - Ted Nugent
 prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman

11. Free-For-All (3:20)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1976
 recorded: May 1976 personnel: A
 PE 34121 - Free-For-All
 prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

12. Dog Eat Dog (4:03)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1976
 recorded: May 1976 personnel: A
 PE 34121 - Free-For-All
 prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

13. Turn It Up (3:36)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1976
 recorded: May 1976 personnel: A
 PE 34121 - Free-For-All
 prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

14. Street Rats (4:14)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1976
 recorded: May 1976 personnel: A
 previously unreleased alternate version
 prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

15. Magic Party (2:42)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1976
 recorded: May 1976 personnel: A
 previously unreleased
 prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

16. Hammerdown (4:07)

(T. Nugent) stereo RMS
 Magicland Music ASCAP 1976
 recorded: May 1976 personnel: A
 PE 34121 - Free-For-All
 prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies



Disc/Cassette Two

1. Cat Scratch Fever (3:38)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1977
recorded: January 1977 personnel: A
PE 34700 - Cat Scratch Fever
prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

2. Wang Dang Sweet Poontang (3:15)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1977
recorded: January 1977 personnel: A
PE 34700 - Cat Scratch Fever
prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

3. Live It Up (3:59)

(T.Nugent-D.St.Holmes) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1977
recorded: January 1977 personnel: A
PE 34700 - Cat Scratch Fever
prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

4. Homebound (4:43)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1977
recorded: January 1977 personnel: A
PE 34700 - Cat Scratch Fever
prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

5. Out Of Control (3:27)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1977
recorded: January 1977 personnel: A
PE 34700 - Cat Scratch Fever
prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

6. Oh Carol (live) (4:02)

(C.Berry) stereo RMS
ARC Music BMI 1958
recorded: live @ the Hammersmith Odeon, June 1979 personnel: A
previously unreleased
prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman

7. Just What The Doctor Ordered (live) (5:27)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1975
recorded: Nashville, TN - July 1977 personnel: A
KE2 35069 - Double Live Gonzo
prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman

8. Yank Me Crank Me (live) (4:42)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1977
recorded: Abilene, TX - November 1977 personnel: A
KE2 35069 - Double Live Gonzo
prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman

9. Walking Tall (live) (3:53)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1977
recorded: Abilene, TX - November 1977 personnel: A
previously unreleased
prod: Tom Werman & Lew Futterman



10. Need You Bad (4:17)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1978
recorded: May 1978 personnel: B
PE 35551 - Weekend Warriors
prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

11. Weekend Warriors (3:05)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1978
recorded: July 1978 personnel: B
PE 35551 - Weekend Warriors
prod: Tom Werman, Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

12. Paralyzed (4:01)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1979
recorded: February 1979 personnel: C
PE 36000 - State Of Shock
prod: Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

13. State Of Shock (3:21)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1979
recorded: February 1979 personnel: C
PE 36000 - State Of Shock
prod: Lew Futterman & Cliff Davies

14. Wango Tango (4:48)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1980
recorded: February 1980 personnel: D
PE 36404 - Scream Dream
prod: Cliff Davies

15. Scream Dream (3:18)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1980
recorded: February 1980 personnel: D
PE 36404 - Scream Dream
prod: Cliff Davies

16. Terminus Eldorado (4:14)

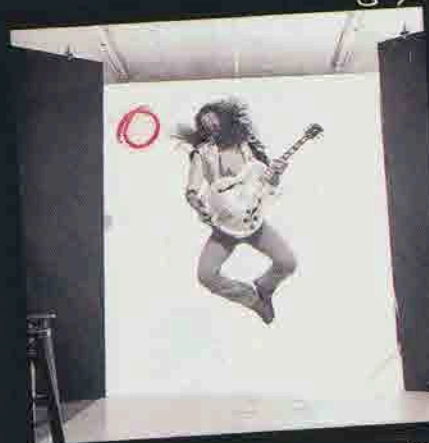
(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1980
recorded: February 1980 personnel: D
PE 36404 - Scream Dream
prod: Cliff Davies

17. Jailbait (live) (5:16)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP 1980
recorded: Texas - December 1980 personnel: D
PE 37084 - Intensities In 10 Cities
prod: Cliff Davies

18. Little Miss Dangerous (4:48)

(T.Nugent) stereo RMS
Magicaland Music ASCAP
recorded: February 1986
Alco LP 81632 - Little Miss Dangerous
prod: Pete Solley, Michael Verdrick and Ted Nugent





THE AMBOY DUKES PERSONNEL:

**On track #1
(Disc/Cassette One)**

Ted Nugent - guitar
Steve Farmer - guitar
John Drake - vocals
Dave Palmer - drums
Bill White - bass
Rick Lober - keyboards

**On tracks 2, 3, & 4
(Disc/Cassette One)**

Andy Solomon replaces
Rick Lober on keyboards
Greg Arama replaces Bill
White on bass

8

TED NUGENT PERSONNEL:

**Discreet
tracks**

PERSONNEL:

Ted Nugent - guitars,
vocals, percussion
Vic Mastriani - drums,
percussion and vocals
Rob De Lagrange - bass
and vocals

PERSONNEL A:

Ted Nugent - guitars,
vocals, percussion
Derek St. Holmes - rhythm
guitar, vocals

Rob De Lagrange - bass
Cliff Davies - drums,
vibes, vocals
Steve McRay - keyboards
Tom Werman - percussion

PERSONNEL B:

Ted Nugent - guitars,
vocals, percussion
Charlie Huhn - rhythm
guitar, vocals
John Sauter or David Hull - bass
Cliff Davies - drums, vibes,
vocals
Steve McRay - keyboards
Tom Werman - percussion

PERSONNEL C:

Ted Nugent - guitars,
vocals, percussion
Charlie Huhn - rhythm
guitar, vocals
Walt Monaghan - bass
Cliff Davies - drums,
vibes, vocals

PERSONNEL D:

Ted Nugent - guitars,
vocals, percussion
Charlie Huhn - rhythm
guitar, vocals
Dave Kiswiney - bass
Cliff Davies - drums,
vibes, vocals

9

A man who was punk way before punk and grunge decades before grunge, Ted Nugent has somehow managed to keep a virtual stranglehold on his dog-eat-dog brand of guitar rock for more than a quarter century now.



Out Of Control is the first comprehensive look at the first golden era of Ted.

“The fact is that a **bad fart** from me is far more intense than the best shot any of those new guys could take,” says the famed Motor City Madman, an endlessly self-confident character

who riffs with his mouth nearly as well as with his fingers. “My bone-twisting rock ‘n’ roll maneuvers are more grungy than anything the new guys could ever possibly dream of. Plus the fact is that I have so

much damn sex appeal that it completely neuters all these guys who have drooling down to a fine art.”

Sex—and that enduring male desire to master the wango tango—is undeniably a central theme and motivational force behind the Ted Offensive, as Rolling Stone termed his no-holds-barred musical assault in its 1979 cover story on the Nuge. From his



first recordings with the Amboy Dukes to his fevered reign at Epic when millions of not-so-innocent Americans caught his cat scratch fever to

his current duties providing

much of the fire in the belly of Damn Yankees, Ted Nugent somehow managed to remain one horny guitar god. But in truth he had an even more classic reason than women for getting into the rock 'n' roll free-for-all in the first place. Did his rebellious anger come from attending a Catholic

boys high school while growing up in the Detroit area? "Oh, I was well into my anger mode before then," Nugent admits. "My father was generally a militant disciplinarian who was very fearful of the manifestations of good rock 'n' roll. Of course, no one used the words 'good' and 'rock 'n' roll' together back then.

It was all dangerous then. It was all new territory. I would like to think I was one of the Lewis & Clarks of the rock world going into uncharted zones. I think my anger came from the angst and the friction between the support of my mother and the projected fear and resulting discipline of my father

trying to shackle my rock 'n' roll creativity."

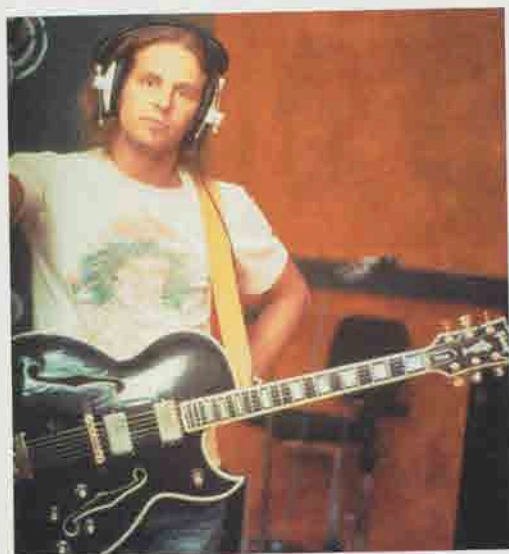


Nugent responded instinctively as a kid to the records that he heard on the radio by folks like the Ventures and Lonnie Mack. “I was just turned on by the twangability of the whole thing,” he says. Yet while the young Ted bought into the rock ‘n’ roll scream



dream in a big way, he was, interestingly, one of the few of his generation to reject the associated lifestyle of chemical exploration. “I never smoked dope, never got into drugs or drinking,” says Nugent.

“Instead I was into more amplifiers, multi-day jam sessions with anyone who had the balls to think they could whip me, and all the skirts



them bands then”—and the Lordes in his early and mid-teens. “We had audacity perfected, if nothing else,” he recalls. His Nugeness made his first big splash with the Amboy Dukes, which formed in 1966, and hit the charts with a version of Them’s “Baby Please Don’t Go” in 1967, before having a classic psychedelic smash with “Journey To The Center Of Your Mind.” While you can still catch Nugent playing a mind-twisting rendition of “Journey” at one of his annual Whiplash Bash New Year’s concerts or other solo shows, he

I could handle.” A man who takes great pleasure in his own political outdoor activities, and has even started his own successful magazine, Ted Nugent’s World Bowhunters. This interest, he says, helped keep him clean throughout his career. “As a hunter, I know how important it is to have all my senses at all times, including



my number one sense, my sense of humor which makes me the uninhibited, funny son of a bitch I’ve always been.”

Nugent started playing guitar at age nine, and played with outfits like The Royal High Boys—“my first combo,” the guitarist says proudly, “they didn’t even call

and the rest of the band—“a bunch of hopeless hippies” as he calls them—started clashing over, among other things, drugs.

“I’m all for independence and doing your own thing,” says Nugent, “but when I have to personally start dodging other people’s drool, that’s when I got pissed off.” For instance, I had to personally beat up Steve Farmer—

who wrote the lyrics for "Journey"—on a number of occasions before I finally threw him out." He says he's proud of his own work with the Amboy Dukes, and the work of some of the others who worked hard. "But there were a lot of lesser people who played in the Amboy Dukes," he says pointedly. "And some of them are dead now because they were so lesser."

Before splitting in 1975, the Amboy Dukes jumped around a few record companies, including Frank Zappa's Discreet label, and became officially known as Ted

Nugent's Amboy Dukes due to the growing drawing power of the band's resident axe maniac. In order to goose public interest further, he undertook a series of "guitar battles" with other local slingers. "That was a promotional plot by my booking agent at the time," says Nugent. "I was going up against people like Frank Marino, so I wouldn't call that a battle. It was more like an arm wrestle with a quad."

Confident in the extreme, Nugent happily confesses to having a well-functioning ego. "Quite frankly I have a gargantuan ego," he says. "And rightly so since I'm an ungodly energetic, ridiculously talented, unprecedentedly aware individual if I do say so myself. But my ego never even entered the equation because my enthusiasm absolutely dwarfed it." It was in part that enthusiasm that led to his stormtroopin' world domination phase while recording for Epic Records in the mid and late seventies. Producer Tom Werman went to see Nugent in his natural environment—playing on-stage—at a show in Chicago, and helped him get a deal with Epic.

"People with any sense could see I was a runaway freight train," says Nugent. "I had a real work ethic and the people on the street—the real rock 'n' rollers—were loving what I did. Tom Werman saw that we created more frenzy than bands outselling us 1000 to 1, and he recognized something.



Photo: Neil Zlozower

I was—and remain to this day—the best outdoors rock ‘n’ roll show on the planet. Anyone who follows me will pay the price.” For a certain type of meat-and-potatoes guitar rock fan, Nugent was just what the doctor ordered. He meanwhile credits his audience with part of the success of his live shows.

And together all of us were a force to reckon with. Our worst night was great. Our best night was scary.”

That force only got bigger with the 1977 release of Cat Scratch Fever, and that album’s still infectious title track became Nugent’s first and only Top Forty pop hit as a solo artist. To hear Ted tell it, massive pop

success didn’t change him much. “I’m fuckin’ immune to success,” he says, “but it sure changed some people around me. And that ultimately affected me.” Nugent says he had no idea the song would be such a smash when he wrote it. “I just knew it was a good rhythm & blues song, he says. That was just a matter of radio getting behind me and saying ‘This Nugent guy, we can’t stop him. He’s having way too much fun for one white guy, so let’s get a piece of him.’” The album also featured “Wang Dang Sweet Pootang”—which along with “Cat Scratch Fever” is, according to Ted, “the only love song anyone could ever need”—“Out Of Control,” “Live It Up” and “Homebound,” which became a decidedly un-Kenny G-ish instrumental FM hit.

“My crowds were on fire,” he says. “They always reflected my passion. There were the men digging the music, and the women who saw this uninhibited guy on-stage who turned them on. I never turned a groupie in my life, but the females I met on the road were absolutely riveting, and were definitely the main force behind my music.

“From there on, the Epic years grew increasingly frustrating for Nugent. Double Live Gonzo—his 1978 double-live album from which memorable versions of “Yank Me, Crank Me” and “Just What The Doctor Ordered” are drawn for inclusion here—was a favorite of fans, but not the beastmaster himself. “This will come as a great shock to some people, but of all the albums I’ve made, Double Live Gonzo has some of the only moments I’m ashamed of.”

By this time, Werman had dropped out of the production team, with Lew Futterman and Cliff Davies taking the technical reins. "They failed to grasp the quality of my guitar sound or pick the best performances," says Nugent. "Some of the stuff there is awful, including the version of "Great White Buffalo," one of my favorites."

Weekend Warriors—Nugent's 1978 studio effort which included "Need You Bad"—was a "great album, but the beginning of an era when the production let me down." Similarly, 1979's **State Of Shock** featured some



strong tracks like "Paralyzed" and an interesting cover of the Beatles "I Want To Tell You," but also in Ted's opinion, "a completely stupid drum sound." The highlight of 1980's **Scream Dream** was "Wango Tango," which he says "sums up what I'm all about. As for the wonderfully titled 1981 live album, **Intensities In Ten Cities**, Nugent loves a lot of the songs, especially "Jailbait" and "Your Love Is Like A Tire Iron" ("what a composition," he says), but again "the production sucked." When sales started dropping off

a bit, Nugent says, "we just started having more fun on-stage." In 1981 **Great Gonzos/The Best Of Ted Nugent** became his last Epic release.

Looking back on the early part of his career captured on **Out Of Control**, Nugent is understandably proud, but he makes it clear that it was not he who was out of control. "The music was always in control," he says. "It was the listeners who went out of control. Remember, I wasn't the victim. I was the perpetrator!"

—David Wild





ROCK-N-ROLL & BEYOND

The spirit of the Wild is alive and well and strong and free in Ted's World. Have you noticed! It's so simple, I don't know if I should laugh or throw up, so I'll just laugh at those who don't get it as they do the throwing up. Such balance. This ain't exactly the ultimate lump of

Nuge music, but it's as close as you're going to get to my recording maneuvers from hell. I cannot be caged, tamed nor corralled, and my recording career has been as erratic as the integrity of the souls who attempted to corner me. The only difference from them & me is that I am still kicking maximum wads of ass while many of them are floundering



like gaffed tuna on a sunlit beach, foaming at the mouth, seeking the eternal drool, deader'n hell, or still deceiving unsuspecting talents. There is the work ethic & the geek ethic. If they could keep up with me, it would only be long enough to kiss my ass. Good luck.

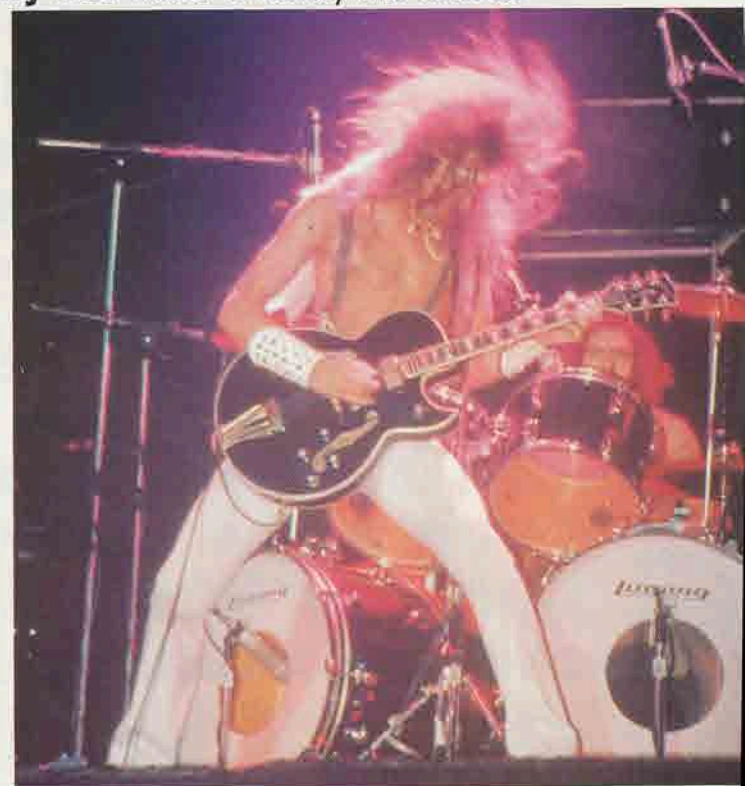
My musical vision & statement is as pure as it gets. I care only for the delivery of the spirit of my noise, and the positive reaction from those who share my zest for it. You see, my guitar and stage talents are surpassed only by my passion & craving for the big twang thang.



Inspiration comes from everything from short skirts to train wrecks. In the beginning there was Lonnie Mack, Duane Eddy, Dick Dale & the Deltones, The Ventures, Chuck Berry, Elvis, the Beach Boys, Stax,

Booker T, Motown, The Temptations, Four Tops, Billy Lee & The Rivieras, (Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels), Sam & Dave, the almighty James Brown, Wilson Picket, Gatemouth Brown, The Stones, Beatles, Yardbirds, Hendrix, and stacks & stacks & stacks of volatile rockin' bands from Aerosmith to Jackyl & everywhere. The spontaneity of my playing remains fresh because I crave

downtime silence & the sounds of indigenous biodiversity. I like waterfowl overhead, the growl of my trucks, sparring bucks in the mist, the swoosh of hawk wings, the crackling of a campfire, and the sounds of my kids' voices. And let's state it right here & now, in my own word & hand, the secret



of Rock 'n' Roll motivation, the one & only, awe-inspiring female animal. The girls, thinking, sensuous babes. Not groupies, I'm allergic to spandex. Big difference. The innocents at every turn, predators and prey embodied in one. The sexual stimuli behind every great musical endeavor since the dawn of man. Certainly every musical statement from this pup. The best Rock 'n' Roll is a primal moon howling rut crazed hunt for Wang Dang Sweet Poontang, with a pulse. I just want to say a gargantuan **THANX** to all the phenomenal ladies my life has been blessed with. You made the whole thing

a fuckin' riot. Good work. It is why I smile so damn much. I love you all.

Every forward motion comes from energy. All my positive energy comes from the joy in my life, and the ricochet factor off the negative bullshit the lesser scum masters have offered. Without negatives, there is no positives. So to all the inbred assholes who cheated and lied to me, thanx for the lesson in right over wrong. I was right & you were wrong.



A big greasy FUCK YOU to you all. Certain inept lawyers, accountants, managers, drug-infested musicians and shallow bought & paid for friends. Eat each others' shit & die like the dogs you are.

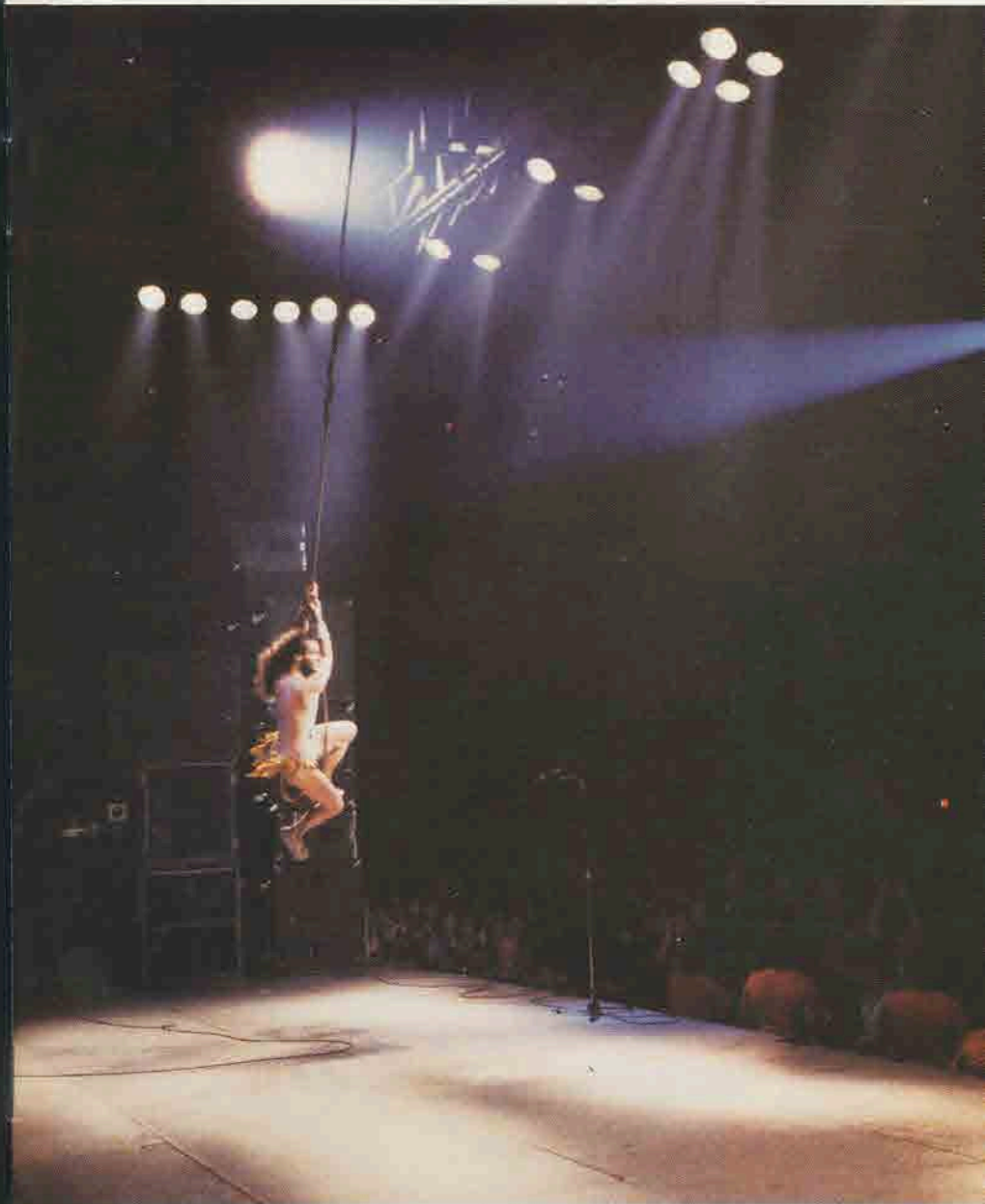
And to my loyal believers, honest friends of heart, a much bigger thanx from the bottom of my heart. My manager, Doug Banker, Fred Bear, booking agent, Dennis Arfa, Doug Morris & Atlantic Records, Michael Ostin & Warner Brothers, Derek St. Holmes, Michael Lutz, Gunnar Ross, Jack, Tommy & Michael, my road crew, Bobby Quandt, Tucker, Bobby Oberdorsten, Jeff Beutendorf, Bill Chrysler, Pablo Gamboa,

Brian Hendry, Sparky Anderson, Jim Douglas, Mark Newman, Earl Hines, all my TN World Bowhunter Directors, Members, & crusaders, Nancy Gilpin & family, Aubrey Watson, Ward Parker, Bruce Cull, Dennis Crawford, John Nieman, Shantell Coats, Helen Franklin, Cindy Brogden, Betty & Mark Ditzel, Peggy, Tanya, Bob & Debbie Miles, Terry Martin & Martin Archery, the Pollingtons, and all. We did good and haven't even warmed up yet.

And the source of all my power. I love my wonderful family. Starr, Sasha, Toby, Rocco, & Shemane. All that is good in life comes from the accumulative sensations of family. The ball was kicked off by my incredible mother, Marion D. Nugent. She was the Motorcity Madman! A ball of fire & laughter, always encouraging me to live it up and state my piece, focus on the positive and move away from the negative. Genius. Thanx Mom.

Am I the worlds greatest guitarist? Depends. As far as pure, unadulterated, spontaneous, uninhibited guitar sound reaction goes, nobody comes close. My playing comes from a perfect combination of heart, soul, guts, balls, attitude, sass, spirit, angst, sex, instinct, and sense of humor. Big on the humor. If it ain't fun, I'm outta here, pronto Tonto.

I mean who the hell else could conceivably come up with "WANGO TANGO" for chrisakes! Dinner music for fun gluttons. A full life is a balanced life,



and there exists no better balance than my life of rockin' & huntin'. Fresh out of the wild where my soul & ears are cleansed, my innate savagery glows with nary a shackle of bullshit. Ultimately natural. Silence wants volume.

I live overdoses of both. It is this Spirit of the Wild, my natural hunting lifestyle, that has steered me straight. No drugs, no alcohol, no poison, and a focused appreciation for a peaked level of awareness. Like my instincts to hunt & survive, my wild game nourishment is clearly reflected in my uninhibited musical statements. Cute, huh.

So it is 1993, and the Nuge is having the time of his life. I'm such a Damn Yankee. I genuinely appreciate all of the support from the millions of bright eyed, bushy-tailed, workin' hard, playin' hard Americans out there, who share this fun music. I see **YOU** at the shows and feel you when I'm mouthing off on radio & TV, or giving my hysterical interviews in print. I'm guilty, guilty, guilty as hell, and there is no break in sight.

It ain't the guy with the most toys that wins, but rather, the lucky son-of-a-bitch that connects, truly connects, with the most good people, that really wins. That just might be me. I welcome communication at every opportunity. Please connect with me at, **TED NUGENT WORLD BOWHUNTERS Headquarters** 4133 W. Michigan Ave. Jackson, MI 49202



phone 517-750-9060 FAX 517-750-3640. Live it up! Sometimes you spend years building something that may be destroyed overnight. Build anyway.

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Art Direction: Risa Zaitschek
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Much appreciation to Jeanne Christiansen at Madhouse for her constant vigilance.



Photo: Neil Zlozower

Ted Nugent is represented by Madhouse Management, Doug Banker, Manager, P. O. Box 15108, Ann Arbor, MI 48106

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MANAGEMENT**

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Fax: 517 750 3640

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