

“

'Let's Spend the Night Together' also represented the apotheosis of noise evolved into an arrangement of perfect clarity and unorthodox form, an effortlessly pushing, pulsating, almost mechanical sound that could go on forever.

— *Bangs, 1974*

. . . like that bass whomp that Charlie gives the opening of that damn latest single which like the bricks smashing together in the second chorus of 'Hip Shake' proves he's still the greatest drummer in rock because the most subtle. This album is false. Numb. But it cuts like a dull blade. Are they doing the cutting, or are we? What do we want to kill? It's already died, enjoy the Rolling Stones while they move like waxen athletes through our community stating their perfect pall and putting it all into place for one moment since time don't wait and rock 'n' roll is only a moment while we wait for the next presence to assert itself. And honey, I ain't talkin' about no stars.

— *Bangs, 2002*

But and then at that time also, I recall with my old bud Mick, swam out scenes a good drifter cannabisealt off the boardwalk entirely, and we listened a tune or time or two, and to conclusion we did come, most specifically that this here makes hay jump and spindly-leg jeckyl hustle because it's funny and good as gone can be – 'Hot Stuuff' – when Mick comes on with that jive Rasta growly blab and actually nerves up to 'Allayoupeapalinnyaksitay, I know yall goin' broke, to everybody in Jamaica, livin' workin' in the sun, yer hot stuff', yeah, hot hicks wack on down, let those Jaymochan rude boys get their mitts on your gullet dad, they'll squeeze till you forget about tryina be anybody's badass, but slopfingered wimp as you are you're all right.

— *Bangs, 2002*

”

“

With its defiant lyrics about sexual frustration and the vapidness of consumer culture, 'Satisfaction' sharpened the Stones' rebellious image and articulated the anger of the youth culture that was just beginning to take shape.

— *DeCurtis, 1998*

Raw, dense, uncontrolled, and feverish in its rhythmic momentum, *Exile on Main Street* is the only studio double album the Stones have ever made, and it's devastating to listen to from start to finish. . .

— *DeCurtis, 1998*

The Stones persisted in their love of blues by covering Slim Harpo's 'Shake Your Hips' and Robert Johnson's 'Stop Breaking Down' . . .

— *DeCurtis, 1998*

. . . the Stones were perched swaggeringly on the cusp of the two decades. Beggars at the banquet on one end, exiles on *Main Street* on the other, the Stones faced down the cultural dislocation that shattered so many of their contemporaries, and it made their day.

— *DeCurtis, 1998*

”