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Like many a second rate poet – or musician, for that matter – who died young, Bangs has become something of a cult figure. His following, however, is limited to the set of music writers who admire his gonzo style – a Beat-derived spew of words that aims for Kerouac and occasionally rises to the level of the execrable Charles Bukowski. It's insultingly indulgent, the kind of adolescent self-aggrandisement – now widely influential in music publications – that makes it impossible for literate human beings to take rock criticism at all seriously.

— *DeCurtis, 2000*

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'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*

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