BY WOLFMAN JACK

Foreword

First off, if it wasn't for border radio, I doubt very much if there ever would've been a Wolfman Jack—at least not the Wolfman Jack you and I have come to know.

It was those 250,000 watts, baby, each and every one of 'em making their way across the continent, getting into every city, every little town and hamlet, cuttin' through the night like a knife through a thick fog.

We will probably never again see the likes of it. Times have changed, and it's hard to imagine anyone like Dr. Brinkley doing his thing over the airwaves again. Or the voices of Reverend Ike and . . . well, even the Wolfman has never really been the same as back in the days of XERF and XERB.

Border Radio succeeds in its attempt to explain to you not only how this phenomenon of broadcasting affected the industry but also how it

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influenced a whole generation of people—people like George Lucas. Border radio inspired his motion picture *American Graffiti*, which took me outta the shadows and gave a whole new dimension to my career.

In this book you'll get quite a vivid picture of outlaw broadcasting, so to speak. And you'll realize how something like this could only have happened when it did, with the characters it did.

But most of all, *Border Radio* reminds us all of the magic that enlivened the airwaves when hundreds of thousands of watts were let loose, and all of us involved were allowed to shuck and jive and explore new areas of broadcasting. And you'll learn how the magic was destroyed by everyday forces like politics and greed.

Ya know, it's a fact that everything ever broadcasted stays out there in the stratosphere, and sometimes, through some fluke of transmission, old sounds return exactly as they were originally heard. So if one night you're cuddled up in bed with the radio on and the moon gleaming through your window, and suddenly you hear a strange static followed by a howl, or a plea to get a goat-gland operation, or a voice tellin' you to send a few hard-earned bucks for a reverend's down-home church, listen closely . . . you are most likely in tune with the magic that was border radio.

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