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The future will provide every imaginable opportunity to create, from scratch, any stimulating experience. Analog art forms are already rampant; drawing and painting by computer and duplication of music are examples. Holography further bestows third-dimensional presence to that which the mind has evoked. Man has never before been able to play Creator so easily. The only pitfall to this great frontier of the manifestation of the will in all its forms, is the one obstacle which science (and economics) can never remove: *lack of personal imagination*. In fact, the easier it becomes to create--the tools, ingredients and schematics abounding--the fewer the personally imaginative minds which survive. It's like a world full of Frankensteins, each creating monsters which look just like Karloff. That's why the *package* has become more important than the *contents*. I see a new aristocracy; one peopled by what used to be called "non-conformists". An elite of those removed from herd thinking and capable

of utilizing the new tools--nuclear, laser, electronic or whatever. And employing those tools towards creations sometimes attractive, sometimes repugnant--but always personally imaginative. And always, because of that exercise of rare personal imagination, containing much substance.*** I think of Rock not as music but as a social force, a motivation, a commodity upon which a large part of a national economy is based. Sort of in the same class as weight loss. The two have much in common. A naturally slender human can be attractive because he or she is a package deal and not sacrificing to modify to others' standards. A musical selection created as music, and which happens to fall into a Rock category can be good music, but when written as "Rock", is forcing a card to meet existing standards of dubious value. At best, the result will be reinforcement of a social and economic force, and at worst, another spot on the dial of awful sameness. Which brings me to the point: Each week I am informed of one or more requests for assistance in a Rock-oriented project. From sponsorship of Rock operas to arranging for meetings with Rock artists, The new (and Satanic) wave is moving away from Rock and, like it or not, soon Rock will be as much nostalgia (in fact, to many it already is) as the Circus Maximus was to my grandpa. Sure, there will be lasting Rock selections which will survive on the aforementioned musical merit, and others on their aforementioned social "merit." Sort of like "Old Black Joe" or "Brother Can You Spare a Dime" are remembered. But I'm not interested in hearing, discussing or sponsoring any new Rock endeavor. In 1959, maybe, but not now. Christian zealots have helped to relegate all Rock to a wholly undeserved position in Devildom, for which I am eternally ungrateful. Thanks, but no thanks. For every set of lyrics like "Sympathy for the Devil," there are ten thousand of crap. Likewise with music. "The Court of the Crimson King" is an example of a rare exception to an overwhelming rule of mediocrity. The amount of real Satanic Rock which has been produced is proportionate to "Satanic" music of other eras, be it Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" or Irving Berlin's "Stay Down Here Where You Belong." *** To those who are aware of what they surmise is my relative satisfaction, my deviant discomfiture gives secret pleasure. Any leader will be reacted to in that manner. I have given of myself in these ways; I have allowed myself to be weak so that others could feel strong and powerful, knowing that it is important for the oppressed to feel sovereignty from time to time. Just as all things cycle, I know that it is good exercise for my emotions to feel *genuine* sadness. Then, the next time around, it is *my* turn for joy. I used to marvel at how, when things were going worst for others, I was in better shape than ever. If this means that I am the embodiment of Evil, so be it. I have never been much of a "misery loves company" guy, simple because I never met anyone who was miserable at the same time I was. One cannot share with oneself. Why do I feel *sympathy* for certain people? Because I can afford to. Being the kind of cynic who feels that nobody really gives a shit about others' problems, has made me discriminating. I can muster up a little *real* compassion for at least a select few. Lip-service sympathy is easy for me, and *might* help someone else. Real sympathy, consequently, really means something. With most, lip-service sympathy is an arduous task. With all the gut-wrenching needed to get an "I'm sorry" out of the mouth, just how can you expect any genuine compassion from most people? Their egos are so much on the line all the time that productively supportive sympathy is damn near impossible to extract. *** Increasing activity in the area of robotics is supposedly frightening to those who can see themselves rendered useless by a machine. Not so. People will always be given "something to do" to keep them from self-destructing. The dead don't spend money for new things, much less food and rent. So don't worry about a robot taking over your job. The company store depends on your business.

RENEWALS: If address label reads 5/XVIII or 6/XVIII, send \$10.00 (\$15 couples) & NOV SHMOZ KAPOP?