TO BE PLAYED AT MAXIMUM VOLUME

Alan Gann

Recommendation on the back cover saved this twelve year old sci-fi nerd from a lifetime of John Denver A.M. bubblegum and silly love songs.

One minute and twenty-two seconds into Soul Love Mom came running inside and screamed. I was grounded and yard mowing money went to replace Dad’s Altec 604s.

But I was converted believed world would end in five years everyone would dye hair neon yellow be bisexual and wear turquoise jumpsuits.

Turns out turquoise isn’t my color but Ziggy—wild burning Ziggy—doomed star-bound Ziggy—you shattered me exactly how I needed to be.