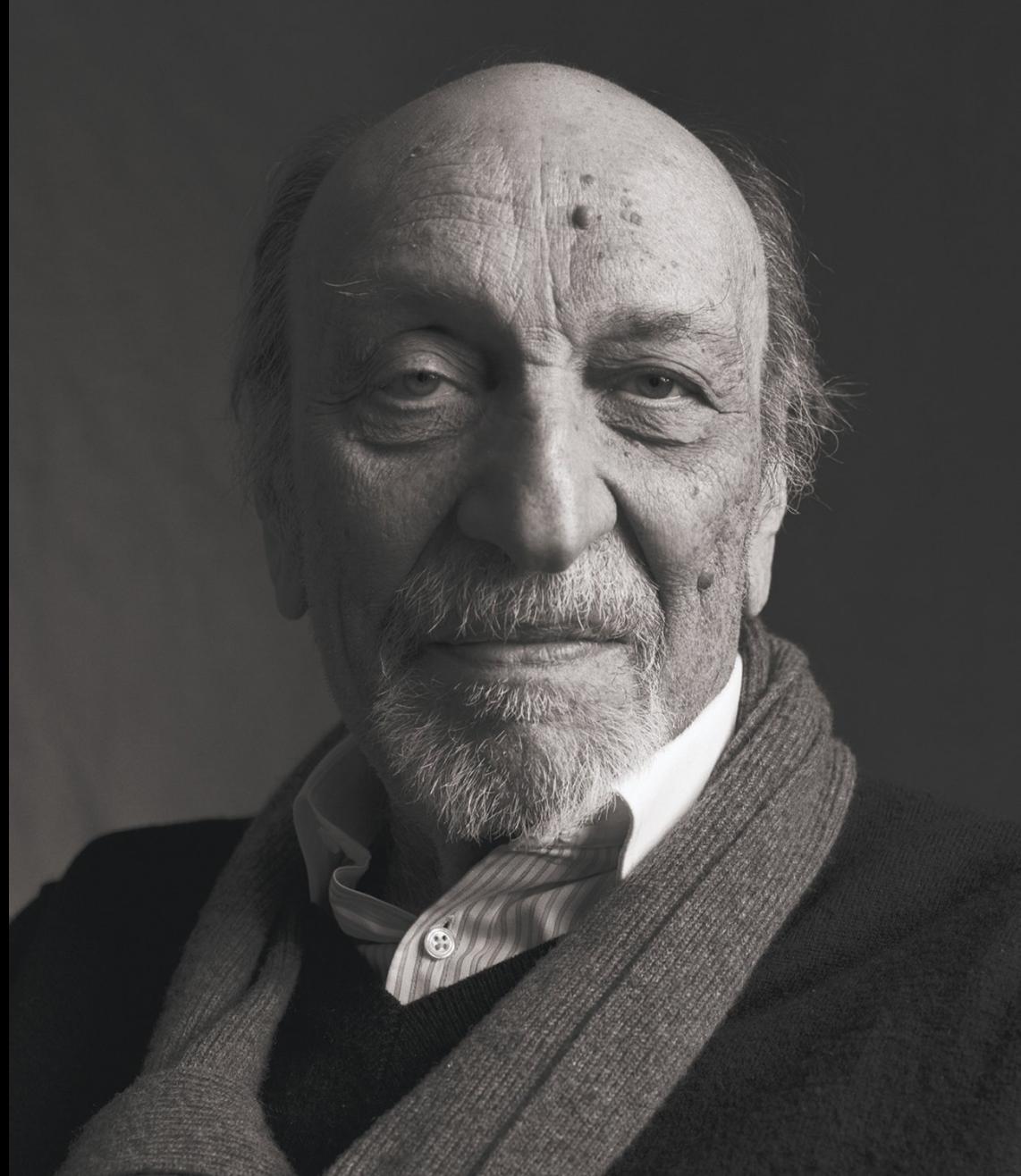


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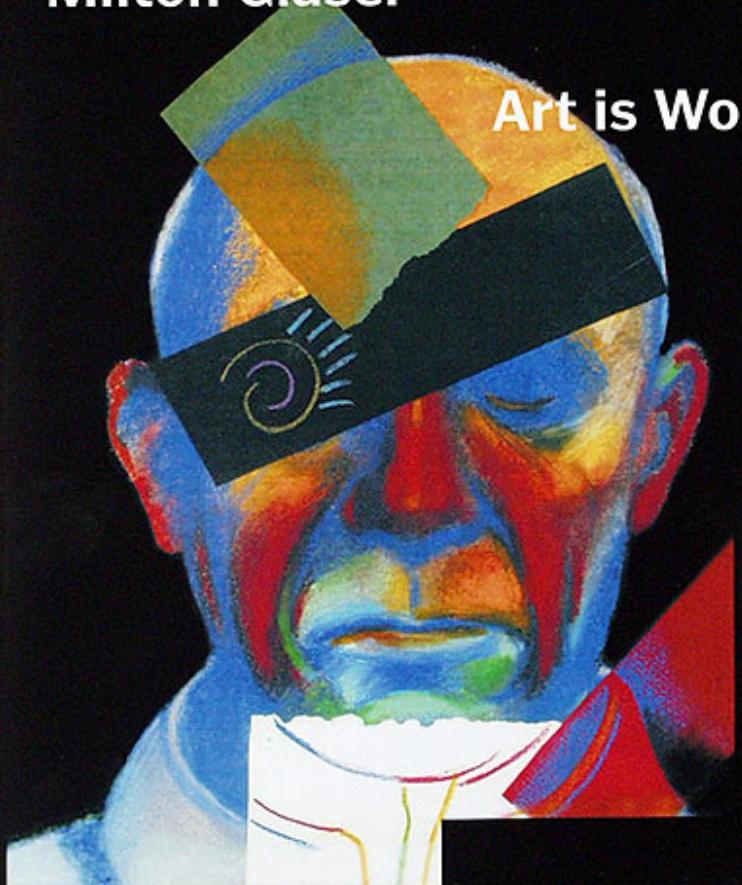




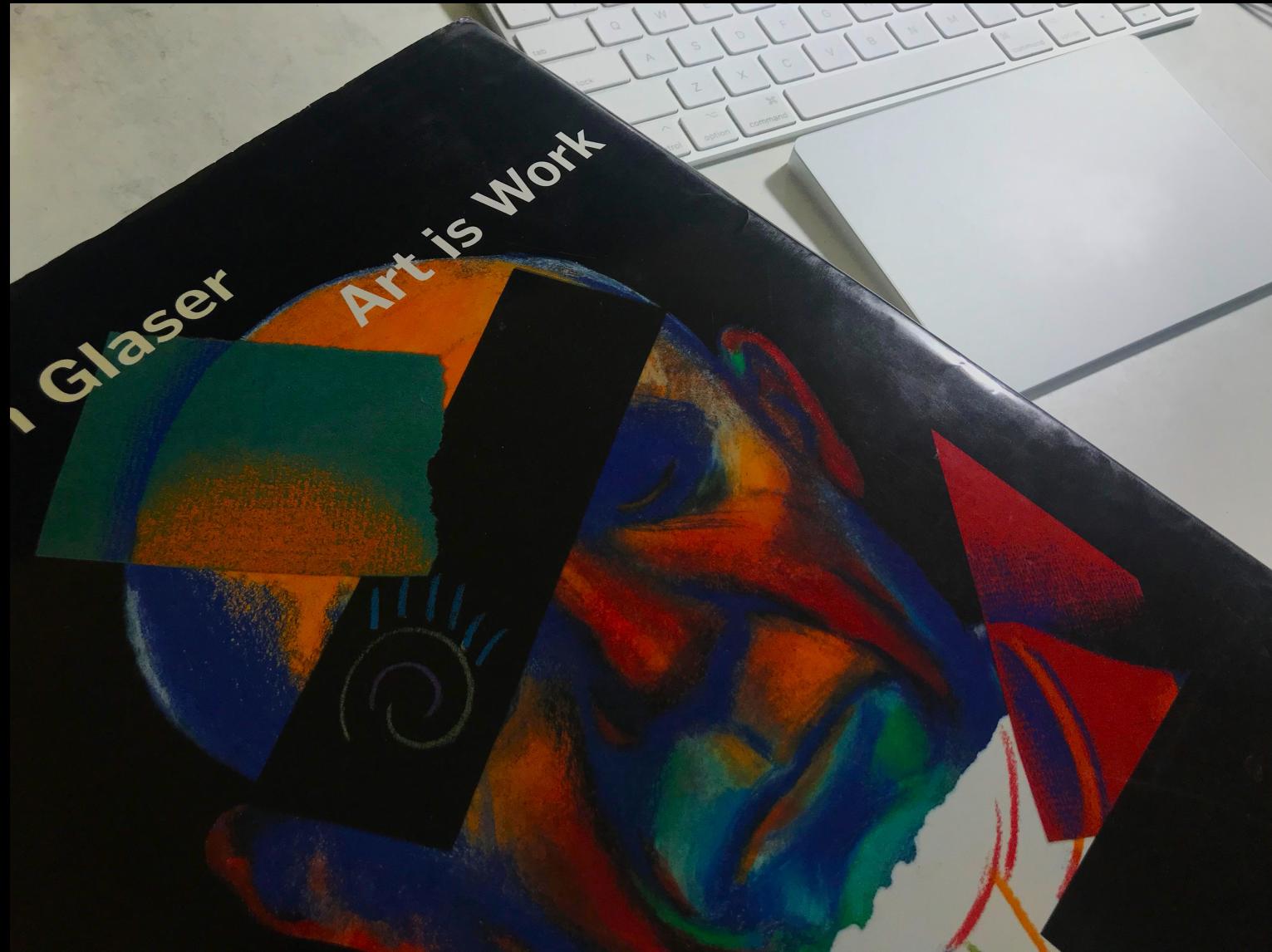
MAD MEN®

Milton Glaser

Art is Work



Graphic Design, Interiors, Objects and Illustration



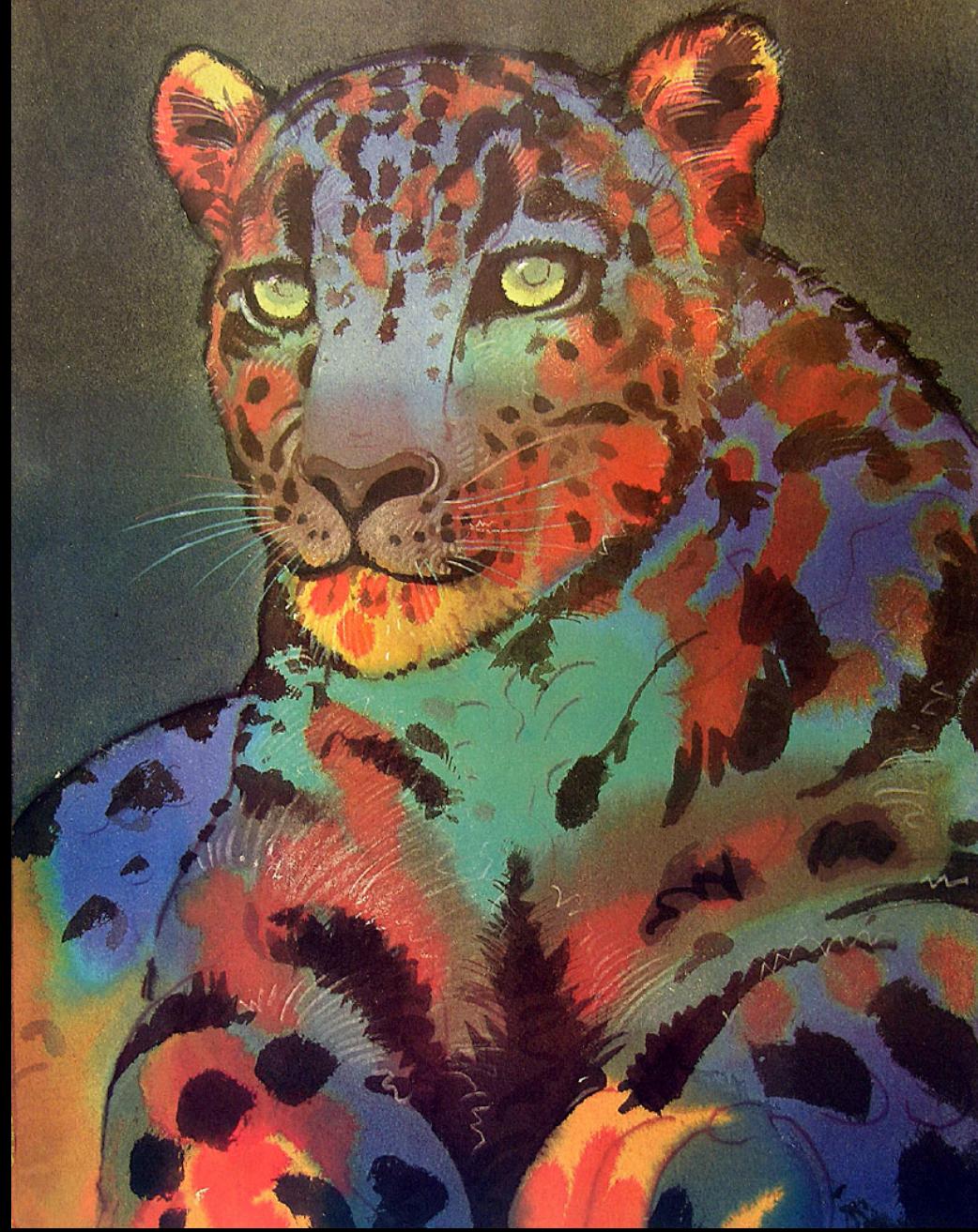
Art is Work



Milton Glaser

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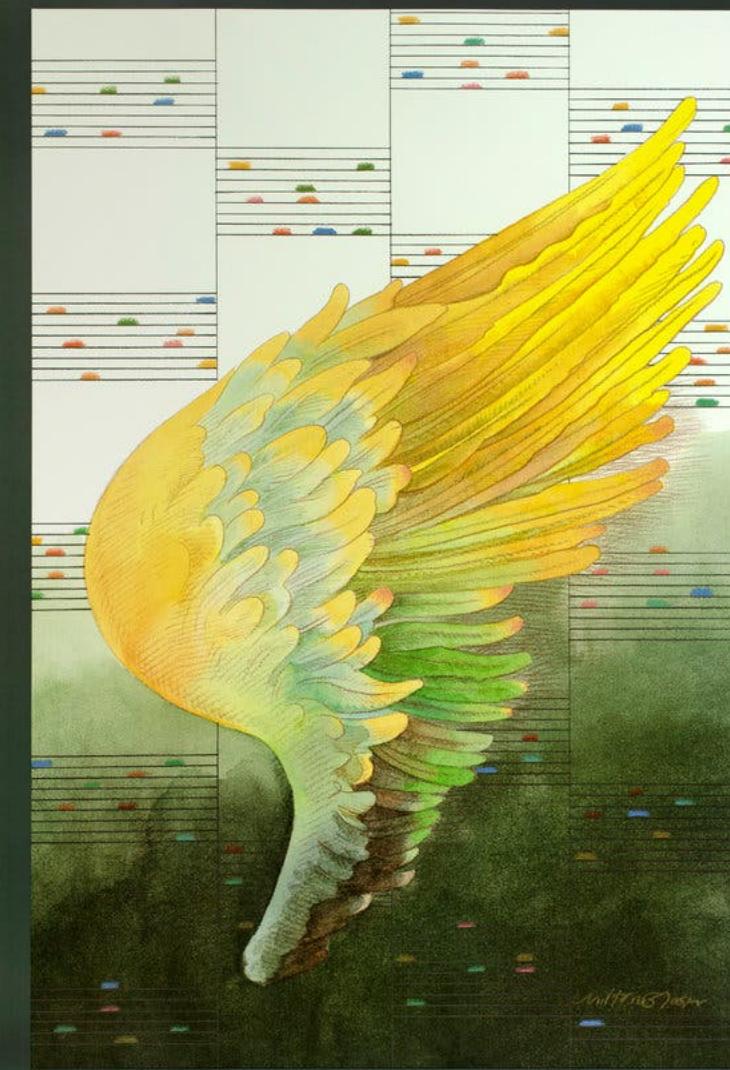
Milton Glaser “art is work”:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Aw64StSU8Z0>





DICK GREGORY ON POPPY

J U I L L I A R D



This poster made possible by a grant from TDK.





RIZZOLI GALLERIES: 712 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1982
835 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 12, 1982

Great Illustrators of Our Time



Glaser originally wanted to be a comic strip artist.
Most artists started out copying comic strips.

- 1- Linked to narration
- 2- Possesses a particular sense of form; graphic rather than tonal

“My entire vocabulary... could be analyzed
as a series of influences.”

~ Milton Glaser

“Artists provide a gift to culture
so people have something in common.”

~ Milton Glaser

Most Important Concern

“How to reconcile our sense of artistry...
with the demands of business.”

“Design is the intermediary between
information and understanding.”

Hans Hoffman

“Unpacking Graphic Design”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XUU7mBcP7sw>

A Word About Starting Out

- It's prudent to be open-minded
- School will supply basics
- Take advantage of opportunities
- All Designer's must fight obsolescence



Editorial Design Ability

- part of a Designer's skill set, specialist or not
- requires understanding of the communication
- should enhance the content



The Designer's Task

The Designer combines graphic materials—words, pictures, and other graphic elements—to ***construct a visual communication gestalt***
... another aspect of the Designer's task is to ***infuse content with resonance.***

~ Phillip Meggs

"Artists provide a gift to culture so people have something in common."

~ Milton Glaser

Most Important Concern

“how to reconcile our sense of artistry
... with the demands of business.”

What will sustain you?

Graphic Design is a **meritocracy**

No codified rules of acceleration
other than ***merit*** and ***need***.

Competent work is rarely rewarded.



Discipline: PUBLICATION DESIGN

Editorial Types

Magazine and Newspaper

Two divisions:

Promotion is the advertising and publicity of the publication.

Editorial gives the publication its image/format, packages its actual content.



Magazines

- Quality is an issue
- Intense/constant work flow
- Hierarchy
 - Design/Art Director
 - Senior Designer
 - Junior Designer
 - Intern/Assistant

Newspapers

- Different work; security
- Other medias impact
- Graphics Editor



Publication: M A G A Z I N E

a thousand miles

The first evening it hit me. Being away from family and friends, in a place that I had never seen and was totally different from everything that I knew. I felt like a stranger passing through, which is exactly what I was. The sun was setting, the top was down on the car; the wind was breezing past us as we drove the gently curving highway. The air was warm and calm, the huge vastness of the land-

I wondered how anybody could live without ever seeing any of this

scape swallowed us up. It was the most beautiful moment. I wondered how anybody could live without ever seeing any of this. It turned to dusk and the stars began to come out. We were the only car on the highway. It was the beginning of our journey and I had never felt better. There was nowhere to be, nothing we had to do.

The next day we drove straight south. Two hours without pass-

ing one car. The road slightly curved, weaving back and forth ever so subtly. The music played in our ears, all sorts of songs evoking all these emotions. A soundtrack

that would forever remind me of these days. I look over and there is a train, stretched out forever and ever. It chugs along side of us for thirty minutes before getting lost

in the gently rolling hills. While this country is beautiful I don't think I would fit in.

Through the mountains and along the river our trip takes us. Everything is green and lush, we are driving in a type of canyon. We make a stop for some much needed food. We are strangers. I feel so nameless and what

comes with that is freedom. We are away from everybody that knows our names. Back in the car the clouds come out and it begins to sprinkle. The drops lightly hit us as we turn the music up even louder and smile at each other while we sing along. We point out interesting things or we don't talk at all. We're both enjoying the break from ordinary life, and there is an understanding that it will never be like this again.

GOING FROM HERE We know the car is heading home. Back to reality, back to work, back to the lives that we have begun to carve out for ourselves. The country is changing before my



"where are we?"
I realized that I had no idea where we were, as I jumped out of the car at our unknown destination. It didn't matter, all we needed was some food and fuel.

eyes. It feels different. It's familiar, but at the same time I am coming back to it with something more. I feel like I don't want

to let go. Of this feeling, of my youth. The vibrancy and freedom it allows me. I always want the ability to be able to do this. Leave and forget it for a while. Learn something new, see things you've never seen before. Make one more memory.

-JM

Today is Tuesday. I have no school, I have no job, but I have one thing that keeps me from going crazy. Yeah, money is an issue, but hey... what college student doesn't have cash flow problems? This thing I'm talking about, yeah... way worth the drive, the time, the money, and the cold...

white wall

a true story

As I pop my truck into four-wheel drive, the fun has started. Even the drive is suspenseful because you never know when a crazy out-of-towner is going to fly over an ice patch into your direction; not to mention Cal-Trans is always in the way, spitting up rocks and salt, chipping my truck's new paint. On the way, you also have the occasional over-turned car on a freeway full of newscasters and rubber neckers that all just simply want to stare to get one single glance of who knows what, before they ram into the person in the front of them.

We were getting close. The drive is slowly coming to an end and the sun finally shining through the fog that held temperatures to a mere twenty degrees. The air is crisp, my heater is broken, and everyone is sound asleep except for one: me, the elected chauffeur. So occasionally I open a window or blare the radio to make sure these passengers of mine are just as pissed-off as I am. Hey it sucks when you partied until three a.m. the night before and wake up two hours later to find your buddies hung-over, not wanting to get out of bed, while I drive dangerously nodding off the whole way there. But that was beside the point. We are almost there.

While driving through windy roads full of ice as black as night and slushy side rails that look like a coke flavored iced from 7-11, we made it through the hard part. Now it was just a matter of finding a damn parking spot where we didn't have to hike five miles to reach the ticket booth where they charge you an arm, a leg, and your first unborn child. So after two hours of suiting up, tying your boots so tight to the point that you lose blood circulation in your left big toe,



Right: Northstar
Left: Northstar
Bottom: Northstar



“I swear angels sang, as the snow shimmered at the end of the rail where my perfect landing was supposed to be.”



Left:
Snowboarder
at Northstar
Bottom:
Northstar

The first run is always the best, especially if it's at the beginning of the season. You totally forget your sense of balance and which foot faces down the hill, but you go ahead with it anyway.

Toe, heel... toe, heel. Carving through the snow. Occasionally I hear a random cuss word when my buddy eats it, or boards over a rock, but that feeling is priceless. Near the bottom, we all gain our groove back, our confidence is building, why not hit the terrain park? So off we go, not knowing what is ahead of us. A few of my buddies go first, but now it's finally my turn. In front of me sits a 6-foot kicker (a big jump) followed by a 10-foot long rail that is about 3 inches thick. Hey, you only live once right? So there I am, it feels as if for that one second the whole world has stopped. Toe, heel... toe heel, down the whitewall I go. As my board hits the jump, it feels perfect. I'm not going too fast, but fast enough to hit the jump right smack onto the center of the rail.

I swear angels sang, as the snow shimmered at the end of the rail where my perfect landing was supposed to be. But then reality came back into place as my toe edge catches and slams me face down right into the snow, well... ice. Yeah brilliant me slid down the hill face first as a trail of red followed me. My tooth pierced all the way through my lip as warm blood trickles down my face, while I pray I didn't lose a tooth... it was awesome!!! By this time, I definitely need medical attention. After about an hour or so of waiting in a muggy room while looking like Mike Tyson they finally slap some Neosporin on me and wish me a great day. Yeah there's Tahoe first aid for you. But that is all I need to smile and think to myself, let's do it again!



With our equipment all together and in working order, MacEgan and I loaded up our mobile transport vehicle. We were a good number of clicks from our insertion point where we would rendezvous with the rest of our tactical strike team. Our ETA would be in an hour as long as we didn't have any vehicle malfunctions. If so, we would have to call in for emergency extraction by our fellow commandos, which could endanger the objective or even cause the mission to be aborted.

Nonetheless, we safely made it to the contact point without problem. Those we met up with the other four members of our team, all of whom will not have their identities revealed for the fact that they are classified. In the whole team were marks for proficiency.

In the staging area we quickly gathered, maps and all. I handed over a review of our maps, hand signals and equipment, etc. Then confidently made my way to a small and unassuming shack where our officers, inside were a well-hidden combat command. The officials briefed us on the rules of engagement as well as the mission objectives. Our goal is to infiltrate enemy territory, eliminate any enemy forces that are too numerous and most importantly, locate the enemy base and retrieve a well-guarded object that would be valuable for our side. This object's exact location and description, unknown. As local we'll ship us into the forest only part of the way, once there we are on our own.

Dawn

With that we trudged out, anxious for some action. We trudged on the sort of thing. In fact we were all exhausted. However, before long, we reached the point where the hazing would proceed. My fellow MacEgan gave a series of taps on the rucksack, gave us some last words of wisdom and then gave the signal to go forth.

We proceeded off, just like that but from the moment. Dressed in formation and ready for anything we walked heel to toe, decreasing the sounds of our foot steps. It certain happiness reflected in the air that would never pass through the rest of the mission. The forest itself was dark, thick and ever prepared upon the road. It slowly took up the incoming sun just, barely illuminating its way through patches in the canopy. With a tight hold on the back of my hands, attention was pulled back down. A large, dark and ominous clouded its way through the hair on the back of the hand. I only give it a moment before noticing the dark dagger at it was a magnificence compared to the danger at hand.

Just then the point man gave the signal to held. We took a stop, paused for a moment, then the alert signal followed. We assumed to take up defensive positions. The forest fell silent. Time began to move so infinitely into hyper-sensitive mode. As laid on my chest with my gun ready, my heart beat thumped upon the softest air it was knocking upon the gates of hell. Without hardly enjoyment, my eyes scanned the foliage for any sign of the unknown.

Hell breaks loose!

All of a sudden they opened up on us! My heart's constant knocking had finally gotten serious and it was the death itself. Three had bats watching on the adult lines, crossed back and waiting to strike. A portion of projectiles scattered overhead, one aiming to may a fraction of its path from my eye. The bat's offline was so unerring it made it impossible to focus my focus. It was coming from everywhere in a 360 degree radius. We were surrounded!

Bringing my hand to the left so as to get a position on one of my fellow comrades, the foliage shredded to say through my field of vision. One of the poor bitches was flagged, critically hit in the left eye. Furthermore past her was another (uninjured). She tried to stand despite the mass making a mere ghost attempt to gain some traction by pulling what little she could over the bloodied surface.

Coming back to my right as my fellow comrade's "MacEgan" called out in desperation. I could hear him very little, yet I knew he did not deserve a mercy. Instead he rolled his back forward, getting on his hands and knees. In an attempt to reply, MacEgan had only passed three feet apart when the top was sliced.

Time stood still and rapidly started to exist. Burning itself forever into my memory the scene played out. I flicked my round after round, round the plane upon his torso. With each shot, his body jerked in pain. Like a firework, shot in the night sky, the burning impacts exploded in a rhythmic form sending the top color of death flying through the air and landing atop the lush greenery of our environment. Fists devastated.

My return

All thoughts left my mind and I entered a realm of pure ecstasy where adrenaline and instinct came to a pure and perfect meeting. All thoughts left my mind and I entered a realm of pure ecstasy where adrenaline and instinct came to a pure and perfect meeting. There was only one option out of this and it wasn't going back home. With determination, I jumped to my feet, pushing my meat torso and thoughts out my way. With furious speed I lunged heading into the enemy perimeter. My legs cramped, my body twisted, and my fingers inebriatedly gripped off each round as I spun left with extended fire. Unopposed by them and them had come.

Rushing at full bore I perceived what felt like a gentle butterfly wing dancing upon my face. Coming from the blurriness of pure rage, I experienced what I could only imagine as the ending to an earth-shaking experience. Everything seemed to have itself upon a single point in space. What was once complete silence grew to a torridizing number as each shot rang off in my ear. The butterflies had now turned to bees, thousands of them, each one attempting to sting me with the force of a thousand again and again. Nevertheless, I was oblivious to the physical pain as I had been rolled up in my vest, this was the end. Like a frosty bulletproof vest my vest was full to the ground and I waited for the final blow from a freezing cyanide. With what energy left that I could muster, I turned towards the bawlers with arms outward and called out, "Please take me home!"

To my amazement, a voice answered back. "MacEgan not carrying and Pick your ass up and walk," MacEgan sternly ordered. "We have to hurry up and get over to the meeting point for the next round." As told, I got up off the ground. With rag hand I wiped the ink broken paint off from my goggles and replied, "Lured and lead off! MacEgan out!"

"All thoughts left my mind and I entered a realm of pure ecstasy where adrenaline and instinct came to a pure and perfect meeting."

by Matt Glower

SPLATOON

After being persecuted for years, Splatoon has finally found its place in the gaming world. Here's how it's doing it.

- The first few levels were largely fetches and the center mostly 3D-happy and messy.
- The very first level you've ever played is today. The series has suffered the harsh review frustration.
- First-person is a multi-modal action medium. Costs per unit anywhere from around \$10 to \$1000 or more.

“that one sentence
said everything that
I had felt over the past month”

Shining like a great firefly in the sky, the sunbeams down upon me, filtered like coffee through the brown compressed air. Streets littered with people, pushing, shoving, crowding, all in the same direction, but all going in different ways. The pungent odor of excrement saturates the guitars, but in all its my amusement, only seemed to bother one person myself - the person wandering and looking from within from the far reaches of the outside. Step by step, walking and engulfing the luxurious scenery, I find myself the main attraction. My tall stature overlooks over the native people's build. I have the haunting feeling of eyes gazing upon me as if I am some alien trying to flee.

Lost upon the streets and checking to find my way, the crumpled and tattered map pulled from my deep



58 Thailand
Come along the Chao Phraya River to see traditional Thai houses at the Bangsaen Artisan Craft Village. Experience living styles of the old days of the four regions of Thailand.

brokenTranslations

by robert evans

pockets deemed useless, the unrecognized characters drawn only made me feel more alienated from what I was used to. "Excuse me, do you speak English? Excuse my skills... excuse..." Asking one person to the next, hoping for a yes, although their response was dismally bounded silence. This new land, with its lush, yet antique scene, found myself surrounded full of culture, tradition, and people, but the underlying feeling of isolation and solitude filled every part of my body.

Choked by inadequate space, social tactlessness overwhelmed me, everywhere I turn, everywhere I went. Bodies were everywhere, until I felt all alone. The language was softest, so foreign, so elegant while harsh but the essence of learning the value of communication sparked what little reality into my muted self. Seeing each word fall upon their lips, the language was so beautiful, but to me it was nothing of dumbfounded absence. The language barrier between the people and I grew deeper and stronger than ever.

Embracing the very elegance of Thailand's exquisite culture, my heart raced as I'd had just run a marathon, but sharing this experience I felt a void & hollow feeling. Splashing into the culture yearning to divulge and blend in, I was the same thumb sticking clearly out without a voice. The senses and feelings I was bombarded with were rich with intricate resolution. What upon wave of fascination crashed upon me as curiosity was satisfied. I wanted to share the experiences of this foreign land with everyone, yet who was there to tell?

Passing along the street vendor I'm pulled toward one woman's voice. She is speaking to me but I have no clue of what she is saying. I slowly move towards one of the figurines that she sells, "20 Baht" she spoke quickly. I am dumbfounded at her words, it passer-by stops and I ask if he could translate. "She said that figurine is in the wrong space." I stopped, stared at her, then put my head down that one sentence sold everything that had felt over the past month. Was the figurine that was trying to fit in but was in the wrong place.

The misunderstood translations turned into broken translations. Like a string being pulled by gravity to the earth below, shriveling bit by bit, all I wanted to do was have the luxury and convenience of speaking the native language. Yearning to spell apart of this nation, this culture, my own culture, but with my own native ignorance, I came to this country expecting the language to be my own, and by what it was used to, English, pulled from this part of me, it then sucker me that there is so much out there that is yet to be explored, to be met, to be... translated.



59
travelocity



G3 with Goat Cheese Pesto

We tried many recipes and found that there were a limited number of ways to prepare our G3 product. This is our editor's favorite.

G3
4 large Yukon Gold potatoes
1/2 cup flour
(more may be needed)
1/2 tsp. salt & 1/2 tsp. pepper

Goat Cheese Pesto
1/2 cup goat cheese
1/2 cup olive oil
1/4 cup pine nuts
1/4 cup walnuts
1 bunch fresh basil
(remove stems)
2 tbsp. fresh parsley
(remove stems)

Garnish
Red seedless grapes
(about four per serving)

Procedure

Roast potatoes in 450 degree until very tender.

Peel and mash the potatoes, and add salt & pepper. Work in flour until dough holds together but is not too stiff. Roll into 1" ropes, cut into 1" pieces, press into cube shapes for presentation, and set aside.

Set aside a tablespoon of each of the nuts, and several leaves of basil.

In a food processor, combine goat cheese, olive oil, parsley, and the remaining basil and nuts. Mix until thoroughly blended but not smooth. A rough texture is desirable.

Place mixture on low heat and warm gradually. Do not allow this to boil.

Fill a large pot with water, 3" from top. Add two large basil leaves to infuse the pasta with a subtle flavor and bring water to a rolling boil. Drop cubes of gnocchi into the water and watch carefully. Gnocchi are done when they float to the surface. Do not overcook.

Place a serving of gnocchi on a plate and drizzle 2-3 tablespoons of the pesto onto it. Garnish with fresh basil leaves.



The grape brings sweetness and a touch of color. You may want to try other than grape tomatoes make a pleasant alternative.

Fresh basil is the primary flavor ingredient in the dish, and its vibrant color makes for a very dramatic presentation.

The plate can be painted in a number of exciting ways, have fun with the decoration.

Gnocchi Cubed is a textual delight and an ideal vehicle for the pesto.

[G] ³ gnocchi cubed

It is with great pleasure that we at BLTC give you

Gnocchi Cubed:

food of the future

High energy yield

The derivation of quick-burst energy from foodstuff is a dietary cornerstone of well-compensated individuals in professional sports. In order to facilitate higher yield carbohydrate-based dietary staples extensive research into the complex carbohydrate contained in the potato and certain common grains has been conducted. Results of this research have led to the development of a food product made of a mixture of reconstituted potato starch and egg.

disolved, this mixture is capable of providing a sudden calorie release in the human organism sufficient to allow operation at maximum output for up to three hours, and can be called upon for up to twelve hours after the time of ingestion.

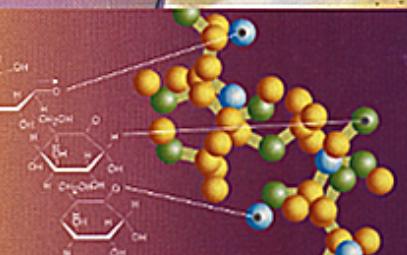
Pelability = marketability

The issue of high yield energy food solved, a secondary issue, marketability, naturally arises.

The aforementioned dietary mixture and preparation maximize yield, but according to research, would show flat or negative movement in the marketplace. With

"Known but unusual, an air of mystery surrounds this foodstuff"

on a molecular level
it becomes clear
that our gnocchi
is far and away
the finest source
of quick-burn-energy
available to mankind





CLUB SANDWICH

You grab your own sandwich and hold it in your hands, feeling the bread and the heat of the ingredients. There are no forks and knives involved, and if everything gets messy, it's your own private mess. Ironically, for a time in American history the sandwich was synonymous with polite and demure society.

The "Club Sandwich" also known as the "Clubhouse," was created in the kitchens of private men's clubs, in the clubs cars of American passenger trains. By 1911 America's cookbook gave a detailed recipe of the "Club Sandwich."

Club sandwiches were as popular as hamburgers on menus in the 1950s and 60s. After falling out of favor for a while, the need for simplicity, wholesomeness, and good taste has brought them back to life. Welcome to the Renaissance of sandwiches; the taste of the new era, the beat of flavor, and the energy for joy and experience.



energy beat

Ingredients:

- 3 slices of multi-grain bread
- 2 tsp of mayonnaise
- 2 small leaves of lettuce
- 1 big tomato
- 1 big slice of ham
- 1 big slice of turkey breast
- 2 crisp bacon strips
- 2 slices of Swiss cheese

nutrients:
The "Club Sandwich" is a good source of energy for the rhythm of the night. It contains protein, carbohydrate, good fats, and flavor for the soul.

assembling:
Preheat the oven at 350; put the 3 slices of bread in the oven until they are toasted; meanwhile cut the tomato in slices and get the lettuce ready;

once the bread is toasted spread over with mayonnaise and put the turkey breast slice on top of it; after, put 1 slice of Swiss cheese;

then 2 slices of tomato and 1 leaf of lettuce extended beyond the bread's edge; put a slice of bread on top, then put the 2 strips of bacon; over put 1 leaf of lettuce (extended); then 2 slices of tomato; 1 slice of ham; 1 slice of Swiss cheese, and finally on top the third toast with mayonnaise. The sandwich must be cut in a half and devoured while the toast is toasty.

Publication: N E W S P A P E R

WEDNESDAY
OCTOBER 14, 1998

The Fresno Bee

50 CENTS

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER FOR 75 YEARS

Visalia native is Nobel Prize-winner in physics

Robert B. Laughlin shares the award with two scientists.

By MATTHEW G. KREAMER
THE FRESNO BEE

VISALIA — No photographs lined the hallway walls of Robert B. Laughlin's childhood home in Visalia. Instead, blackboards were hung there to entice Robert and his siblings, Margaret, Julie and John.

The children used them for everything from homework to doodling. And Tuesday, after hearing that Laughlin won a Nobel Prize for physics, his sister, Margaret Martin, partially credited

their father and those blackboards.

"My brother is involved in what I call the blackboard sciences," Martin said. "What he does just

comes from him being in a room with a blackboard."

Laughlin, 47, of Stanford, was awoken by a telephone call from Sweden at 2:30 a.m. Tuesday. The voice on the other end of the line told him he was a Nobel Prize winner.

"He was pretty surprised and

pretty happy," said his wife, Anita.

While Laughlin may have been surprised to win a Nobel Prize, those close to him aren't shocked at all.

"His mother has been saying for years that he would win a Nobel Prize someday," joked family friend Jim Sorensen of Visalia.

Sorensen said Laughlin always has had an inquisitive streak.

"I've known him since he was a little kid," Sorensen said. "He was the guy who put radios and things together in the basement.



Robert B. Laughlin won the prize for his part in the discovery of a new "quantum fluid."

I remember him and his dad were always doing things like that."

Laughlin, a Visalia native, graduated from Redwood High School in 1968 and enrolled at the University of California at Berkeley, Anita said. In 1979, he earned a Ph.D. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Three years later, he took a job at the Lawrence Livermore Lab as a research scientist. It was there, in the early 1980s, that he did the work that earned him a share in the Nobel Prize Tuesday.

He and two other physicists — Horst L. Stormer and Daniel C. Tsui — discovered a new type of "quantum fluid" and each will receive about \$300,000 in prize money, Anita Laughlin said.

Neither Laughlin's wife nor his sister could explain exactly what the fluid is.

"As long as my brother's been a scientist, I've never understood what he does," Martin said.

In the mid-1980s, Laughlin

took a teaching job at Stanford University, where he continued to be a professor of physics.

Martin stressed the importance of continuing work such as Laughlin's.

"It's so important for our government to continue to fund pure science," she said.

Laughlin spent most of the day Tuesday on the telephone talking to family, friends and co-workers, Anita Laughlin said. "He's been talking on the phone since 3 a.m.," she said.

He also attended a reception at Stanford University. Tuesday evening, his wife said she didn't know where he was.

"I think he's lost," she said.

TUE, SEPTEMBER 17, 2002

JIMI HENDRIX

By Kin Bentley

IT'S hard to believe that on September 18, rock legend Jimi Hendrix will have been dead 32 years.

As teenagers in the sixties, my brothers and I were, I suspect, among the very few youngsters in this country who listened to and enjoyed Hendrix's psychedelic sounds.

But from 1967 till his death in 1970 at the age of 27 from a drugs overdose, Hendrix was a sensation in Britain and the US. And today he is consistently voted the greatest rock guitarist who ever lived.

Born in Seattle, Washington, on November 27, 1942, James Marshall Hendrix's descendants were African, European, Cherokee Indian and Mexican.

An unsettled home environment saw him spend part of his early life with his grandmother, a full-blooded Cherokee, in Canada.

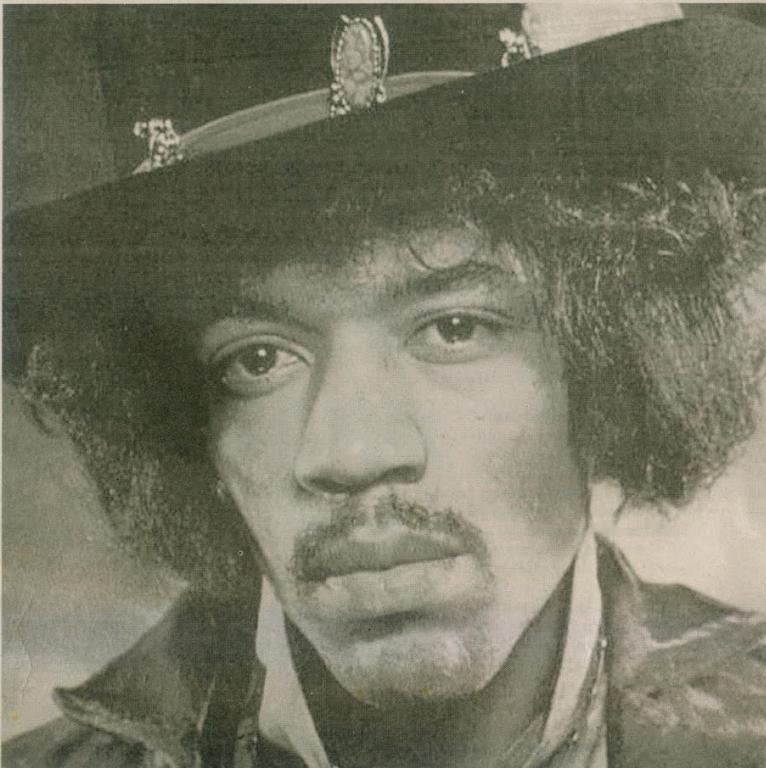
Hendrix played for rock 'n roll teenage bands, but was thrown out of school at the age of 16 – apparently for holding hands with a white girl.

In 1959, at the age of 17, he voluntarily enlisted to join the army. Fortunately, after 14 months as a paratrooper he suffered an injury and was discharged.

As the swinging sixties got under way, he decided to devote his life to music. For the next four years he worked around the US, playing backing guitar for various rhythm and blues bands including Little Richard, Ike and Tina Turner, Wilson Pickett and King Curtis.

But he was too much of an individualist for this sort of role, and was eventually drawn to

Still world's greatest rock guitarist ever



instant banning.

Many were the hours we spent listening to such songs as Voodoo Chile and Crosstown Traffic.

The album simply contains some of the most amazing and technically brilliant guitar-work ever recorded.

The Experience split up in 1969. Hendrix joined Billy Cox and played a poignant set at Woodstock that August. A highlight was his version of Star-Spangled Banner, in which he turns the US anthem into a mournful dirge, a searing musical condemnation of the Vietnam war. He makes notes soar frenziedly through the sky like missiles, before crashing down in distorted waves of destruction.

The following year, 1970, he did a one-off recording with Buddy Miles and Billy Cox, dubbed The Band of Gypsies. In Machine Gun, he evokes the staccato sound of machine-gun fire and ricochets. But it is also a song of broken love: *After a while your cheap talk don't even cause me pain, so let your bullets fly like rain*.

But to really know Hendrix, you have to move into the many mystical worlds he creates, and to hear the beauty of his love songs.

Those who enjoy The Corrs, might have heard the song, Little Wing, a Hendrix classic off the Axis album. This is the first verse:

*Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running round
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and fairy tales*

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We provide complete Property Management, Leasing and Real Estate Services for Residential and Commercial Properties.

3BR - Single Family /\$32,900
Single Family - 3 Bedroom / 1 1/2 Bath. Property has been COMPLETELY RENOVATED!!!

RENT to OWN

If you cannot qualify for a traditional mortgage through the banks, NO PROBLEM!

BUSINESS

MORTGAGE SOLUTIONS!

We provide complete Property Management, Leasing and Real Estate Services for Residential and Commercial Properties.

ATTENTION: HOME OWNER
2 bedrooms Property has been completely renovated and is currently occupied!! Both tenants are currently on leases and each unit is rented at **\$400**

EXCELLENT INVESTMENT
2 Family (DUPLEX)- Both units have 2 bedrooms and 1 bath. Property has been completely renovated and is currently occupied!! Both tenants are currently on leases and each unit is rented at **\$400** and **\$450**.

COMMERCIAL LOANS
We will consider applications on the following property types:
• Multi-family construction
• Retail Centres
• Office
• Mixed Use

N O M O N E Y D O W N
We help home buyers to purchase their home with ZERO money down, call us today to put together a proposal for an offer on your property.

OFFICE AVAILABLE
3 individual enclosed office space cubicles (with desks) at a great location, use of Boardrooms and general facilities. General Parking nearby. **275\$/each**
Location: Downtown

LOOKING FOR INVESTORS
Looking for additional investors.Investments are primarily focused in Real Estate Market. Multi-family construction, We provide complete Property Management

OFFICE AVAILABLE

3 individual enclosed office space cubicles (with desks) at a great location, use of Boardrooms and general facilities. General Parking nearby. **275\$/each**
Location: Downtown

LOOKING FOR INVESTORS

Looking for additional investors.Investments are primarily focused in Real Estate Market.

WE BUY HOUSES

HOUSES WANTED!!!!... Need to sell your house??...Have you been thinking of selling your house soon??

Free Property Seminar

Topic covered:Buying procedures, tax issues, and property values, Seating is limited, so please REGISTER NOW!!!

REAL ESTATE

Home Inspection Service

5% off if you are a first time home buyer. Certified and Licensed home Inspector. Call Now for 280\$

MORTGAGE SOLUTIONS!

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Single Family - 3 Bedroom / 1 1/2 Bath. Property has been COMPLETELY RENOVATED!!!

RENT to OWN

If you cannot qualify for a traditional mortgage through the banks, NO PROBLEM!

TWO BEDROOM for 850\$

Beautiful 2 bed/2 bath open floor concept condo comes with a lovely kitchen, charming living room w/ fireplace and balcony.

NEW AD

HOUSE FOR SALE

2 bed/2 bath open floor concept condo comes with a lovely kitchen, charming living room w/ fireplace. Now only **Sale for 280000\$**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

RENOVATED 1 BEDROOM

This great corner unit has just finished being renovated including new paint, flooring and appliance. Location: West River RD.
Only for 580\$

Are you looking for a realtor?
Maybe you just have some questions. Maybe you don't know what you want yet...

MORTGAGE SOLUTIONS!
We provide complete Property Management, Leasing and Real Estate Services for Residential and Commercial Properties.

3BR - Single Family /\$32,900

Single Family - 3 Bedroom / 1 1/2 Bath. Property has been COMPLETELY RENOVATED!!!

RENT to OWN

If you cannot qualify for a traditional mortgage through the banks, NO PROBLEM!

★ LAKE VIEW 1 BEDROOM

The suite is spacious and bright. Bedrooms each have queen bed, dresser and a large closet. Fully equipped large kitchen, full bathroom with tub and shower.

TWO BEDROOM for 850\$

Beautiful 2 bed/2 bath open floor concept condo comes with a lovely kitchen, charming living room w/ fireplace and balcony. Now only **Sale for 280000\$**

HOUSE FOR SALE

2 bed/2 bath open floor concept condo comes with a lovely kitchen, charming living room w/ fireplace. Now only **Sale for 280000\$**

★ CALL NOW ★

BY OWNER

The suite is spacious and bright. Bedrooms each have queen bed, dresser and a large closet. Fully equipped large kitchen, full bathroom with tub and shower.

RENOVATED 1 BEDROOM

This great corner unit has just finished being renovated including new paint, flooring and appliance. Location: West River RD.

★ Only for 580\$ ★

SERVICES

GARDEN MAINTENANCE

Experienced in maintenance work such as, lawn mowing/blow it clean, trimming, garden, pruning of plants, hedges, planting, and other maintenance and installation. Location: West River RD.

Are you looking for a realtor?

Maybe you just have some questions. Maybe you don't know what you want yet...

MORTGAGE SOLUTIONS!

We provide complete Property Management, Leasing and Real Estate Services for Residential and Commercial Properties.

STUDENT LOANS

Do you need a Student Loan? We provide all kinds of options to assist you financially. CALL US TODAY

★ MORTGAGE EXPERT ★

Residential & Commercial, Specialize in Residential Real Estate Finance & All Commercial Mortgages

NEED A SMALL LOAN

Do you need a loan? Do you need some cash fast? CALL US QUICKLY

BOOKKEEPING SERVICES

-Accounts Payable
-Accounts Receivable
-Bank Credit Card Reconciliations
Flexible rates starting at \$18 per hour.

CAREERS

GENERAL HELP WANTED
Seeking someone for general help, eg; filing, organizing, errands, answering emails. Must know how to type. \$10 per hour to start
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WEEKEND RECEPTION

We are seeking a general office assistant for Sunday afternoons between the hours of 11:30am to 5:00pm. \$12/H

GENERAL MANAGER

a non-profit social enterprise is seeking a full-time General Manager with business experience to lead and manage, the focus of the work will be on sales, marketing, \$60,000 per annum

Medical Assistant Training

Online Classes We want you to be successful. Just click the link and learn today.
★ ★ ★

ENGLISH CLASSES

English as a Second Language / Accent Reduction Instructor Lesson fees are: \$25/hr per person, \$20/hr per person for two students.

WEEKEND RECEPTION

We are seeking a general office assistant for Sunday afternoons between the hours of 11:30am to 5:00pm. \$12/H



THE DAILY GOTHAM

RESPONSIBLE NEWS FOR



A RESPONSIBLE WORLD

LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION IN GOTHAM CITY

PUBLISHED DAILY

2

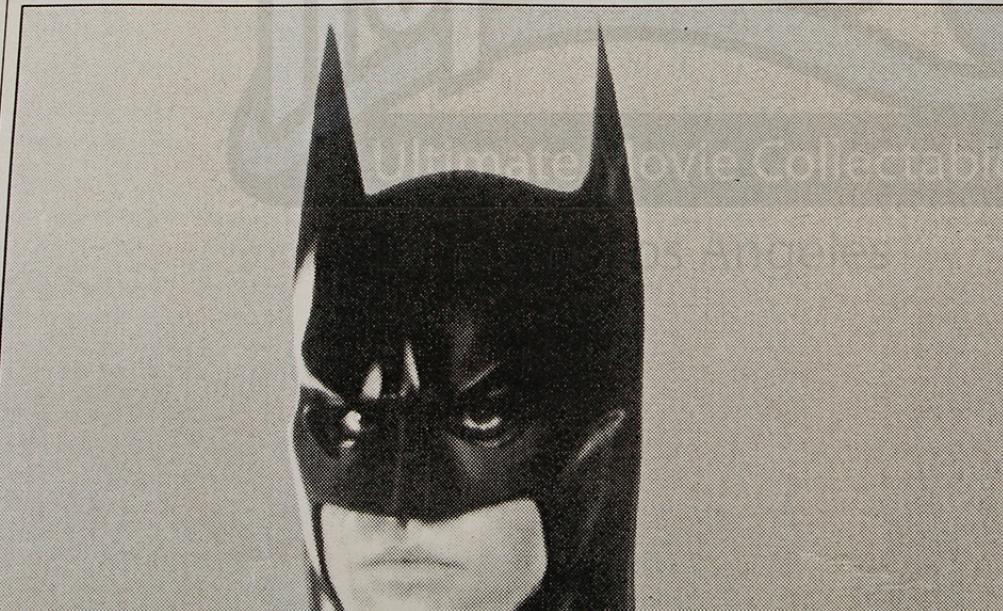
BATMAN MORE HARM THAN GOOD?

■ **Courts:** Gotham lawmaker is the prosecution's star witness. His credibility will be attacked.

GOTHAM CITY—The trial of a former state leader and an influential friend, set to begin today, is likely to turn into a gloves-off fight over the credibility of star witness.

For both sides, much will depend on Jones, a former friend, who resigned from his post while admitting to a串 of charges.

Jones' new testimony and conversations he secretly recorded after he agreed to cooperate with the F.B.I. are expected to form the backbone of the attorney's evidence.



■ **Enough:** When will Batman hang up his cape? Gotham citizens and police alike say he attracts evildoers.

GOTHAM CITY—When a chemical factory spewed a toxic cloud last July over Gotham

The so-called parachutists who caused accidents or disasters

Ponder the following questions
as we view David Carson's work.

- Who is the target audience?
- Where does the legibility reconcile with aesthetics?
- Where does intuition reconcile with method/process?
- What does the Designer bring to the communication?

BEACH CULTURE

The End of Summer

Bob Mould
Singing in the Rain

Anton Corbijn:
The Man Who Shot U-2

Erod Gerlach
Animal Magnetism

Nick Jones
On Apocalypse Beach

Special No-Enigma-Fests
Issue

Punk Gods; Soul Surfers:
John Doe
Henry Rollins
Iggy Pop
Rancid
John Hiatt

Mazzy Star
Rising

Bathing Suits
Yesterday and Today

Wedge People

The Shred—
Where Attitude Meets
Altitude

Robert Ferrigno
Turned On

Henrik Drescher
Waste Deep

Road Tripping:
Baja
Austin
Santa Barbara
Diamond Head



Content

APRIL 1987



DEPARTMENTS

A dynamic photograph of a skateboarder in mid-air, performing a trick. The skater is wearing a red t-shirt with a graphic, white knee pads, and a red helmet. The skateboard is tilted, showing its underside. The background is a solid dark blue.

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offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Transworld

summer's here

JUNE 19,

LIVE MUSIC

get some culture and check out:

Two faces for the '90s—John Wesley Harding (singer-songwriter), Beach Culture magazine.

www.santa-monica.com

mary's denim on bottled water
plus the usual mix of art, places at Yle

rd st. the ULTIMATE A-zine

b book

RESHOPS

BY STEPHEN GROVES OF PHOTONIC RESEARCH

b e a m h y

Bill Gould doesn't hang out at the beach more, and has been on the road for two days just inland to Ocean Beach as he can catch up on his life and enjoy "this" right, like the world. His peaceful, idiosyncratic feelings are healthy, rather than just fine. Because of that, everyone's

he was correct. A green, tropical jungle, all in it. The surf was happening and waves, oh perfect waves. Everyone laughed at me then, and head south to San Mexico, and just this past weekend he would like to, but it's not for years. Currently in San Francisco writing a book about his life and many "this" right, like the world. His peaceful, idiosyncratic feelings are healthy, rather than just fine. Because of that, everyone's

"This" was the way it used to be years ago, and my momma ate it with the beef. But, those chocolates jumping overboard by accident were it was meat. My first bite after being on tour for two months had been the same. When Bill Gould, it just hung around Ocean Beach, last time hanging along the shore or on my bed. It's different with our momma, who bounces and has our appetites. When the last go-hurting, the Parkinson's changes constantly, defining emotions and putting us loose, it's a fight

of trying. There's a band called Patch the Masses regaling with the rest of the band, the members. "We're the ones who are trying to bring back beauty, and encouraging people to do their best. That means trying enough to give them hope." Like most of Gould's life, though, anything that happens is more like the love of God and Mother Earth.

"With guitar? Music sometimes I am at the time. Maybe it's because of the great music I grew up on. In Del Norte, around 1970. Polyphonic, Quiche, what instruments of mine onto the vessels, in Del Norte still have a place. Polyphonic. It's not a new instrument, the guitar. I had to get back myself again at Rock Fest, under the name of no name. Now, I have three guitars and when I play I think I'm a guitar player. All country, R&B, blues, gospel, rock for us all together, blues, rock, blues, and you have to sing and play. The band is like us, together—just like my dad."



BEACH CULT URE

1990

david
The First Interview
lynch

sinéad
o'connor

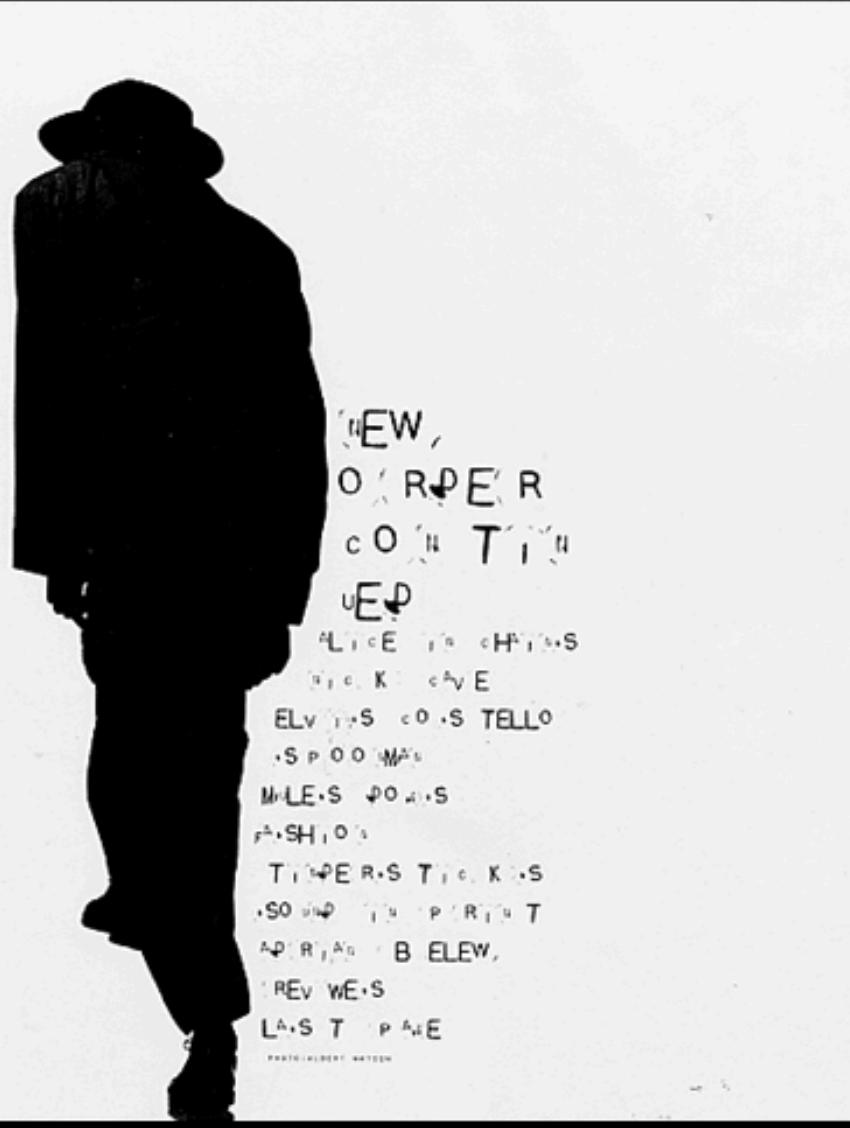
art.music surf + skate
style.attitude

the day
manson
met the beach boy

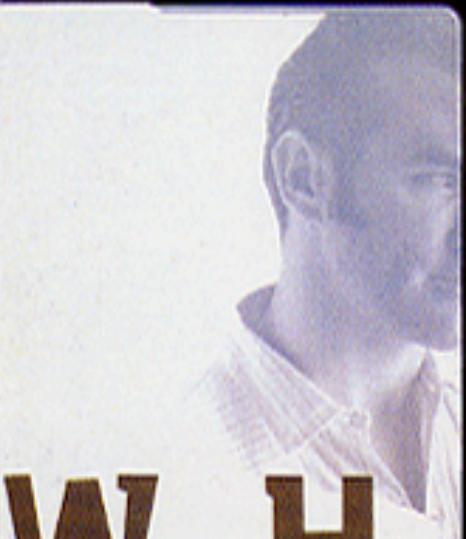
the birth of
the endless
summer



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i have no interest



W H O R
DOM

KISSEY

m o r-

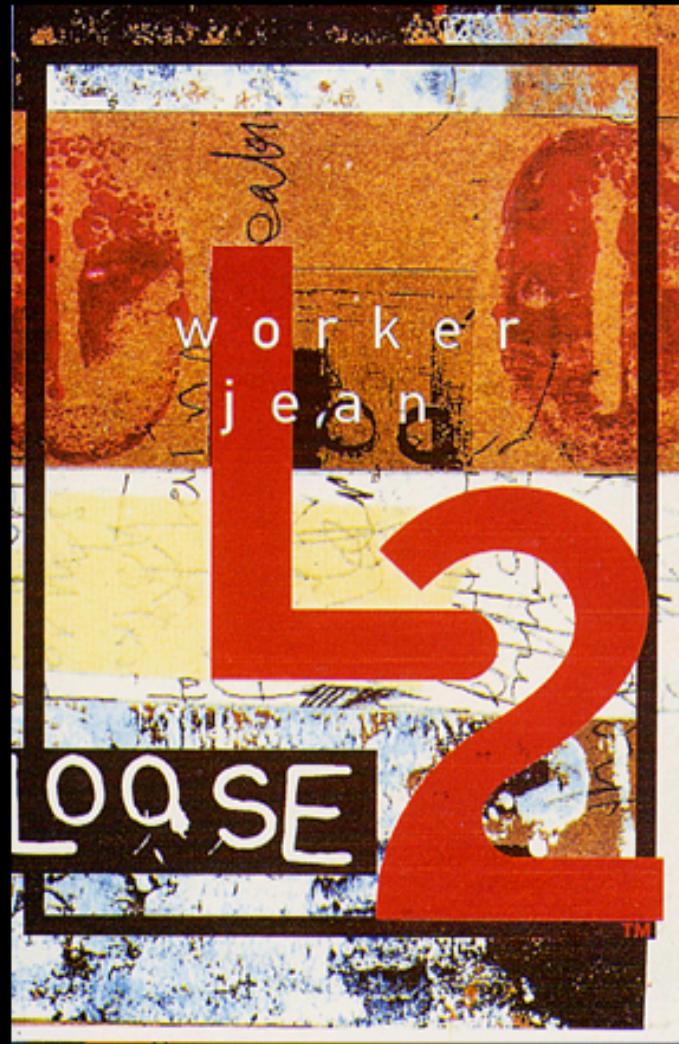
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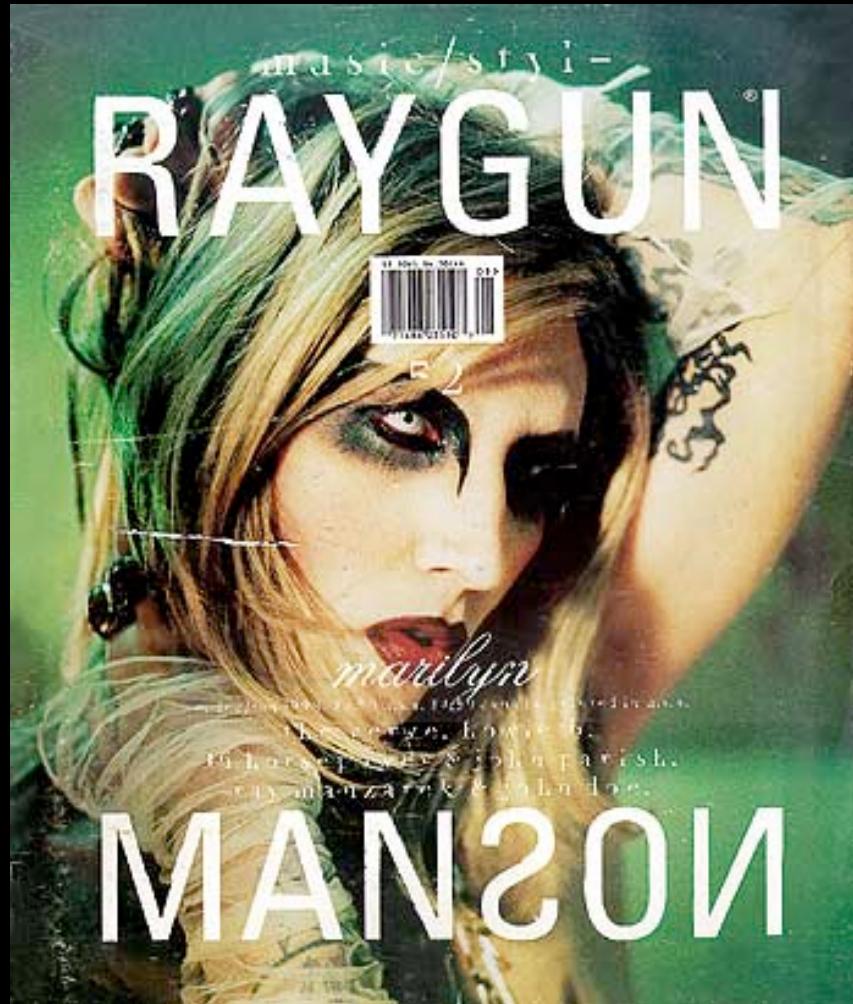
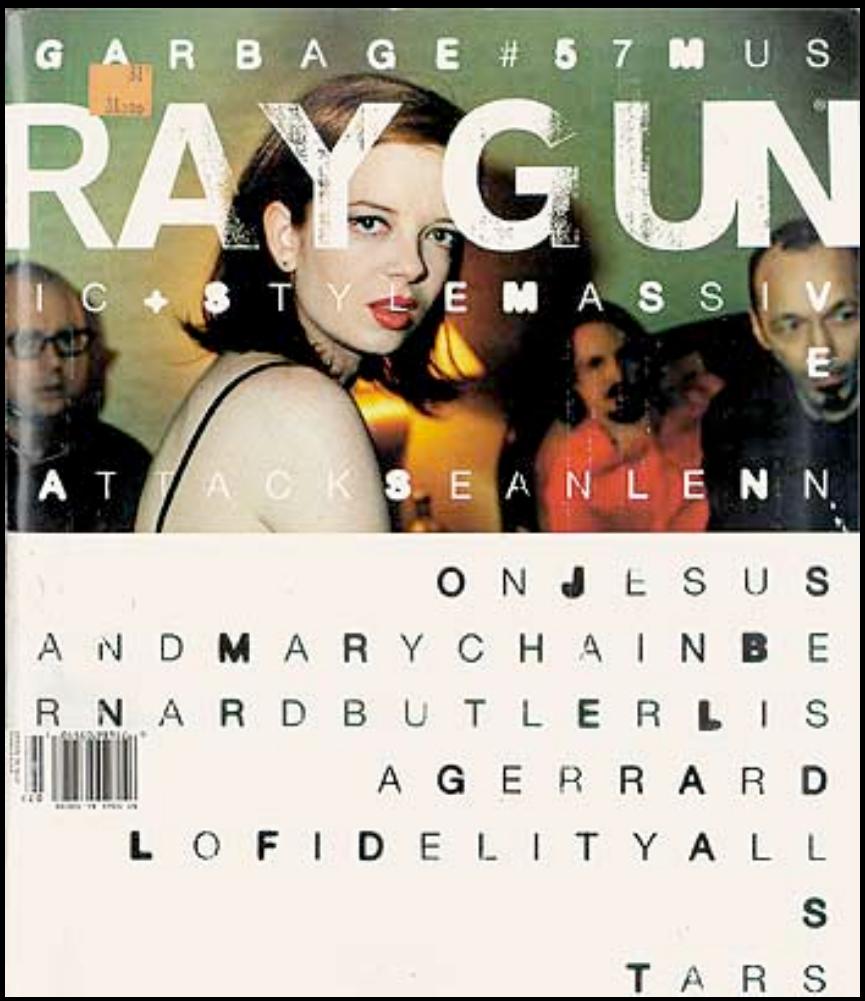
IN ANY
ASPECT

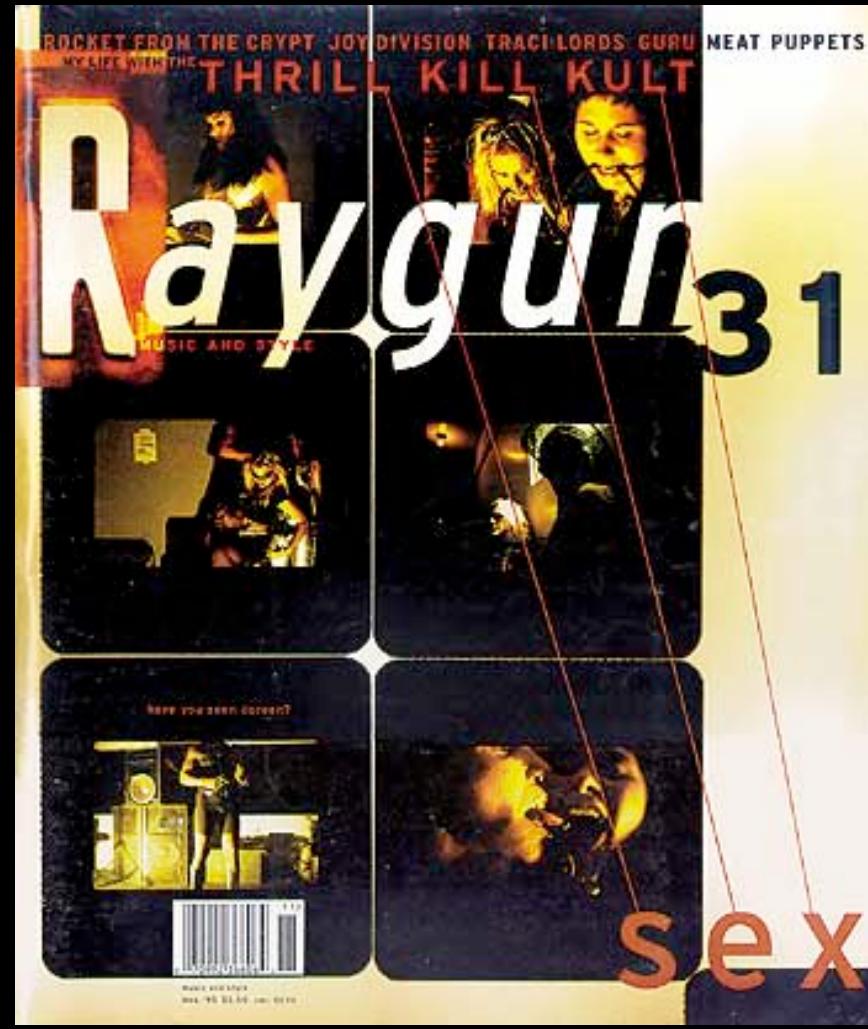
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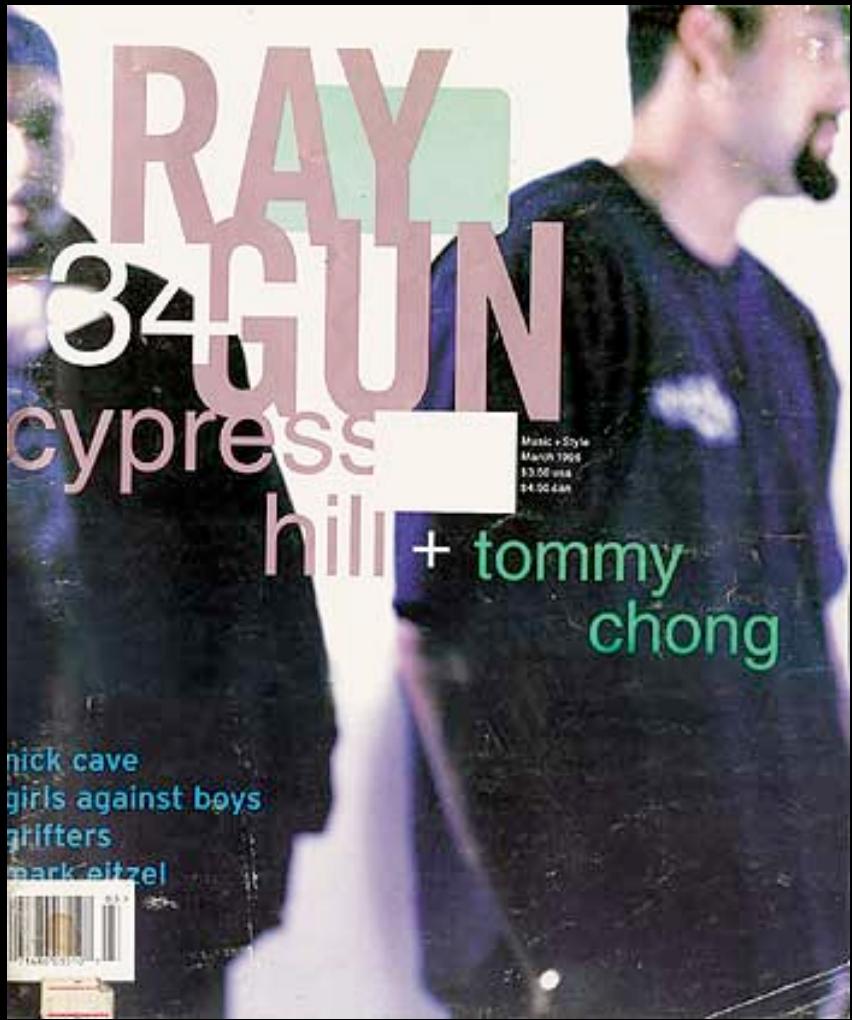
THE LONGEST MONK

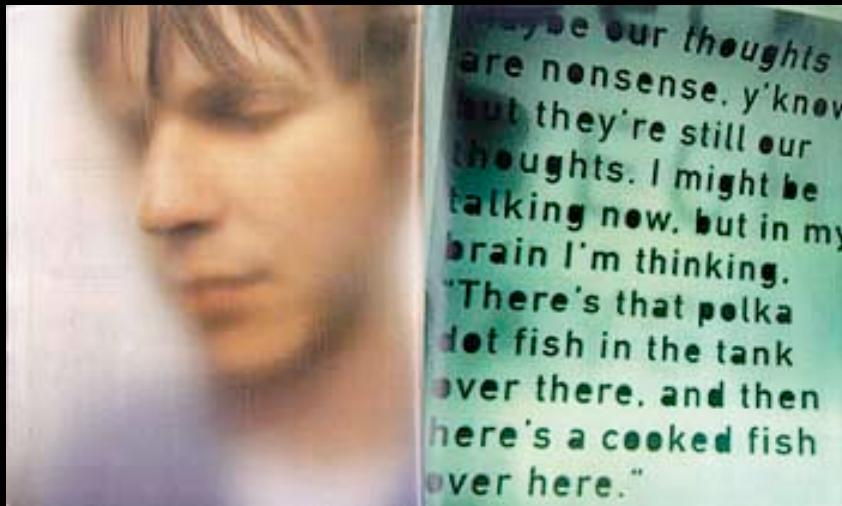
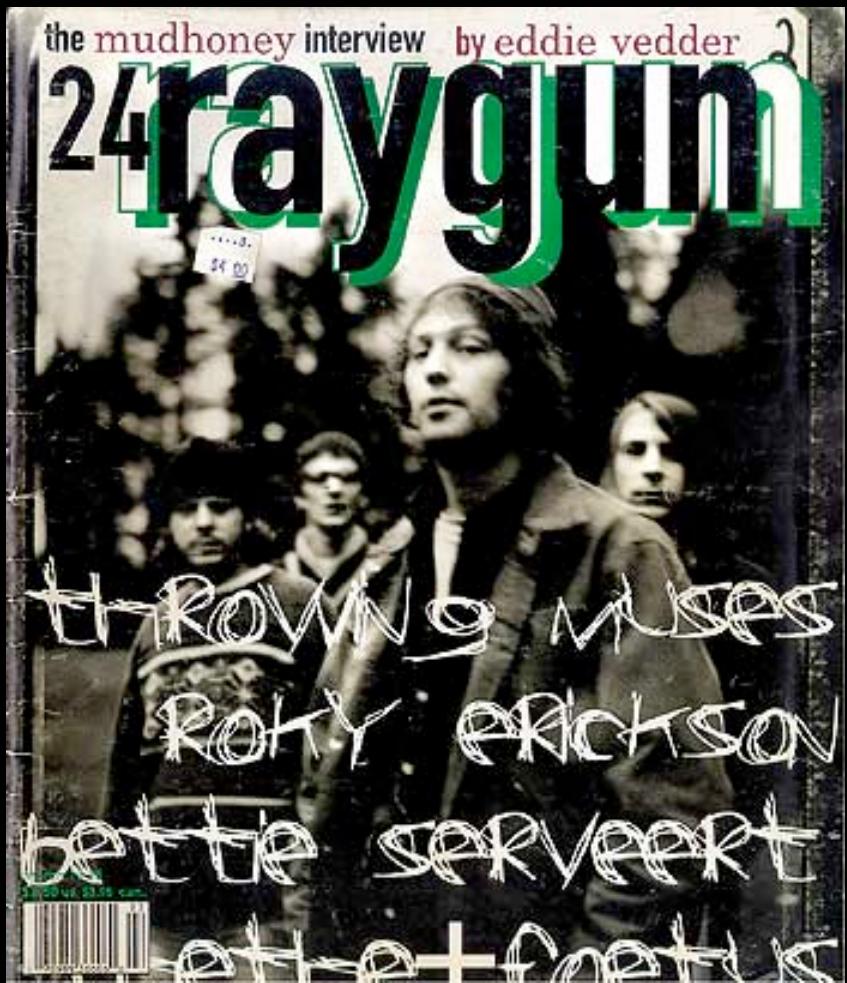




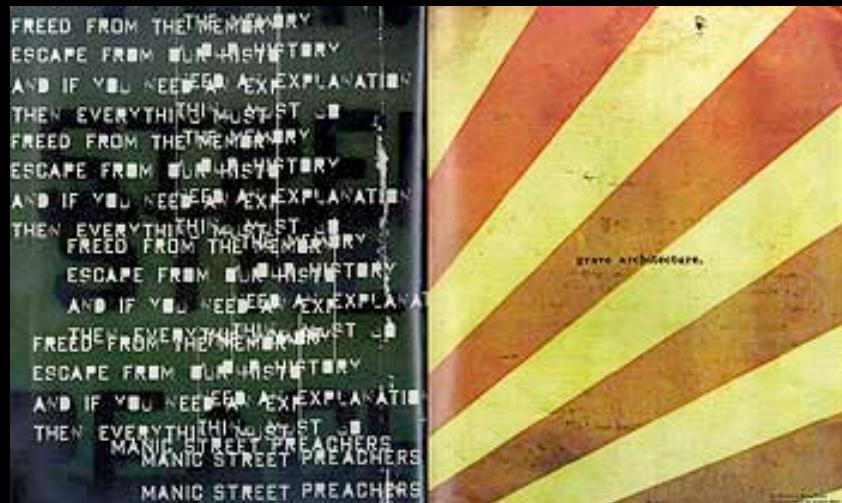


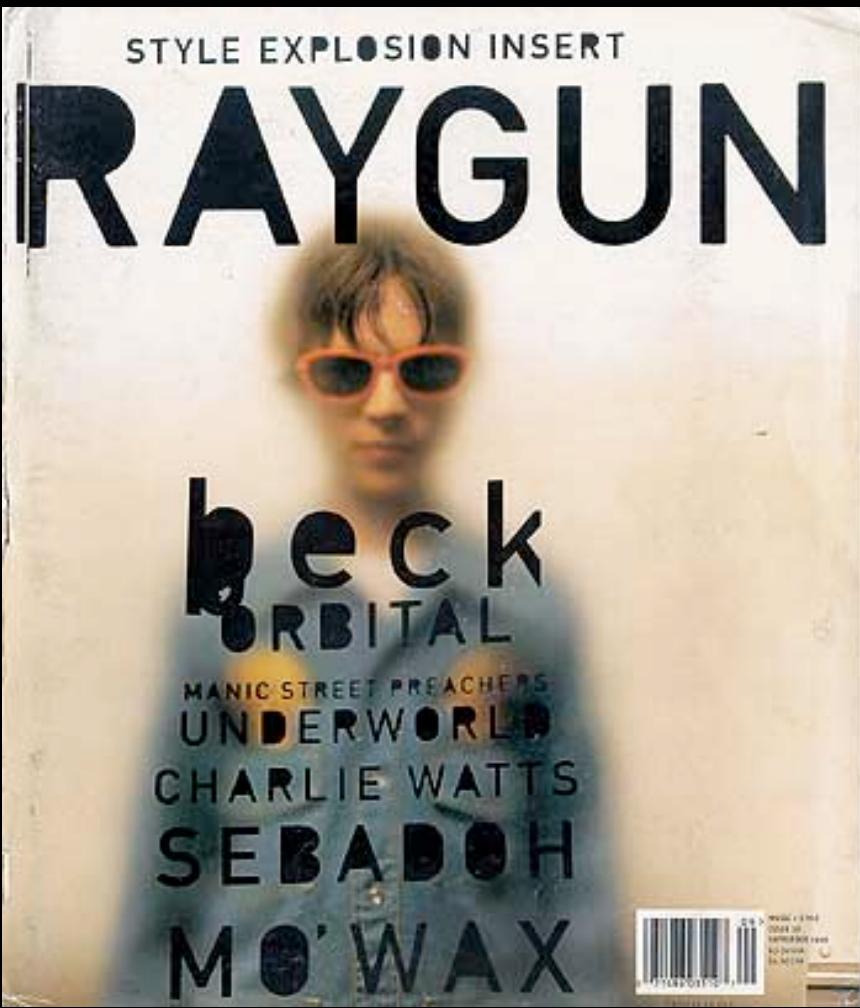






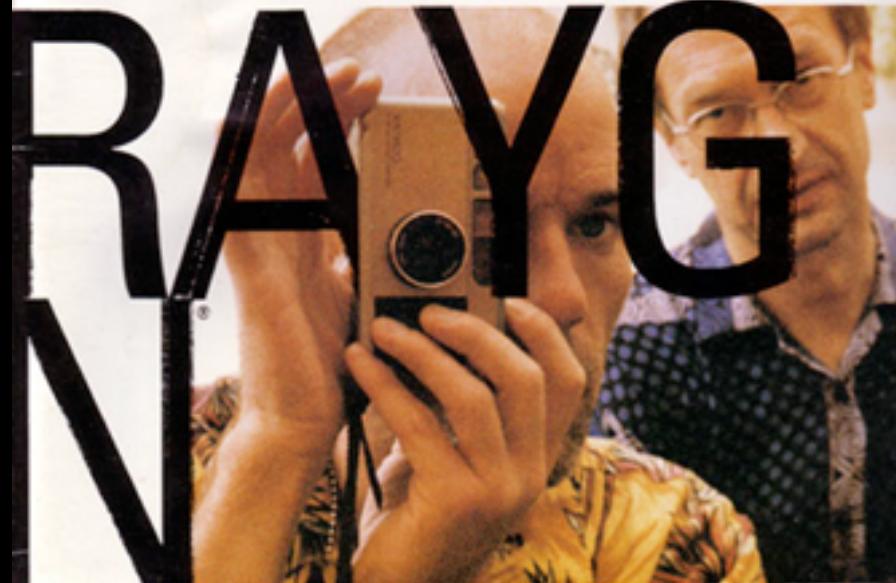
FREED FROM THE MEMORY
ESCAPE FROM OUR HISTORY
AND IF YOU NEED A EXPLANATION
THEN EVERYTHING MUST BE
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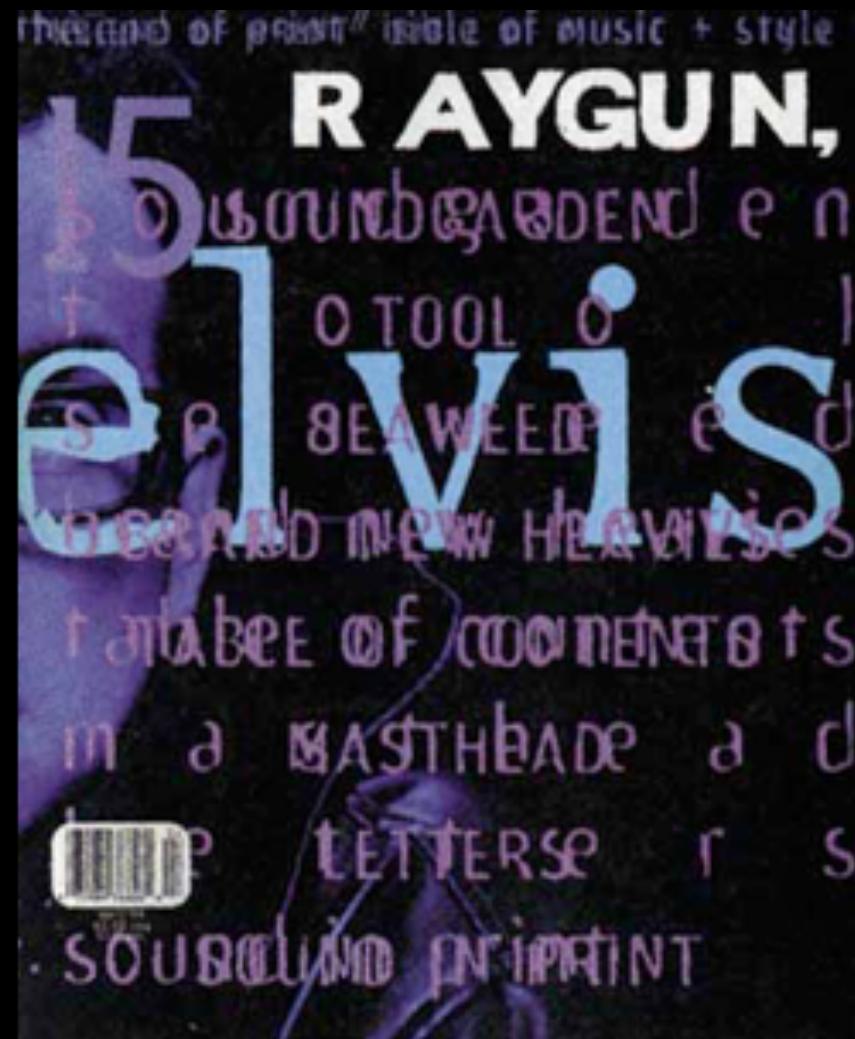
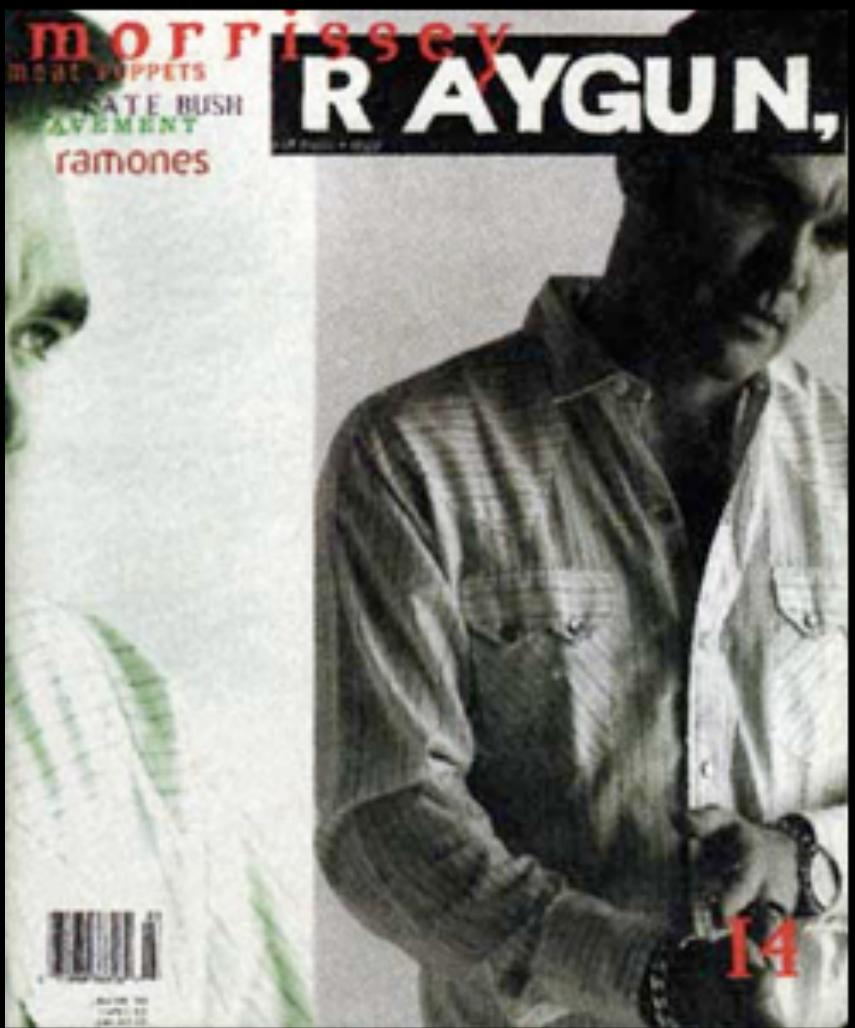
Goodbye pixies.
Hello Frank

DEPECHE MODE.
the 1st interview

BELLY. ultra
vivid scenes.
come. TOMMY
STIMSON. THE
THE. THE SOUP
DRAGONS.
JOHN CALE.
REDD KROSS
meets
debbie
GIBSON.
etc.

ISSUE #3
MAY 1991
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**Reading to do before next class:
“A Whole New Mind”**

CANVAS>Files>Reading Material>“A Whole New Mind”

See you Monday!