

your touchtone keypad.

It's bad. Real Bad. The Real Bad only pompous jerks with too much money and delusions of godhood can ever hope to attain.

I mean even William Shatner could dis this album and no one would caution him to temper his words in light of his recording of "Mr. Tambourine Man". *You da man, Bill. You da man!*

L. Ron was possibly influenced by Shatner's work, because many of the songs had spoken-word lyrics delivered in Shatner's stone-cold signature style. For example, in the song "Funeral For a Planet", one hears spoken lyrics that go like:

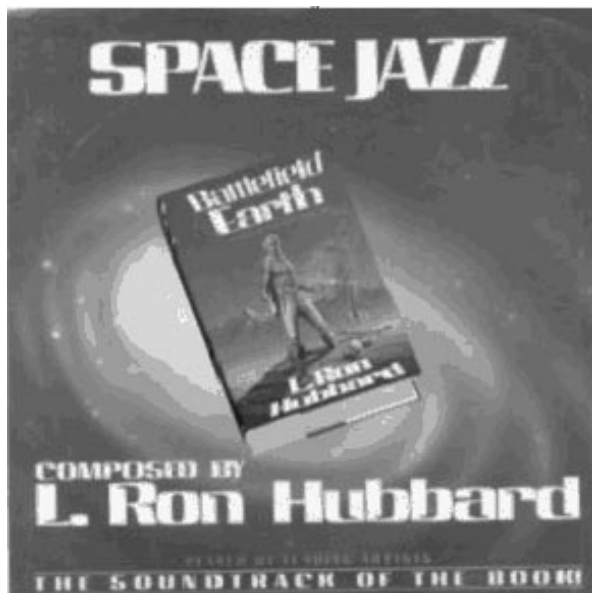
**VOICE 1** *What planet is that?*  
**VOICE 2** *I don't know, God.*  
**VOICE 1** *Why, it's dead!*  
**VOICE 2** *I hear a woman weeping.*  
**VOICE 1** *Let's get closer.*  
**CHORUS** *The Dead were not mourned... nobody cried...only trees wept. Poor earth...*

The original *Space Jazz* album was released in 1982 under the entirely unknown and forgotten Applause 9000 label. Its cover art was blue with a swirling galaxy. On top of the swirling galaxy was a picture of the book *Battlefield Earth*.

Its first and possibly last live performance was at The Woz's 1982 Us Festival. At a booth to promote Hubbard's *Battlefield Earth*, Chick Corea, who should know better, gave passing concert goers a sampling. Those who stopped to ask what the fuck an otherwise respectable jazz man like Corea was doing shilling for a bad Sci Fi author, plinking out loud, raspy monophonic computer tones while standing in front of a very tasteful ten-foot-tall replica of a Psychlo chained between two walls, well, those people were blocked by... errr... greeted by booth attendees dressed up like kilted Scotsmen with rayguns stuck in their immodestly large sporrans.

After a couple years of languishing on the charts, Scientology woke up to the fact "space jazz" was just plain gay sounding. BPI Records re-released *Space Jazz* under the much, much better name *Battlefield Earth* -- better because at least consumers knew what they were buying.

Curiously enough, although Hubbard pronounced *Space Jazz* the music of the future, it came no where close to ever being used as the soundtrack for the Travolta movie adaptation. They got some other asshole to do that.



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## Gerlado Rivera and the Case of Al Capone's Vault



By  
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**F**rom time to time you hear someone in the media comparing something to the opening of Al Capone's vault. It's an allusion to an over-hyped event that ends in a spectacularly embarrassing anticlimax. In short, a promise followed by a huge let down on a massive public scale.

And how did Al Capone and his "vault" come to refer to an anticlimactic event? In the writings of Marty Gervais? Bah. Gather round kids and let me tell you a story about a man. A once great man. Geraldo Rivera. No really. We're talking Geraldo Rivera.

Geraldo Rivera began his public life as an acclaimed investigative journalist who achieved national prominence when he uncovered shocking abuses in New York mental hospitals. However, he caused some controversy in the world of journalism when he abandoned his serious, hard-hitting news style to pursue a career in the world of tabloid TV.

His Tom Foolery reached an apex in 1986 when he hosted a glitzy special called *The Mystery of Al Capone's Vault* that promised — live on air — to open a sealed vault reputed to belong to the infamous gangster. What would it contain? For weeks, viewers were teased with the possibilities. Money? Gold? Jewels? Maybe the desiccated, bullet-and-ice-pick-ridden body of someone unfortunate enough to have crossed paths with Capone. I mean, baby, wouldn't that be totally cool to see a mummified corpse come tumbling out and break apart into dust before our very eyes?

Yeah, that sure would be sweet to see. And why not? America's recovery from the '81 recession was in full swing. Reagan was dealing with the Commies. The invasion of Grenada proved America could flex its military muscle, invade a golf course, and not become embroiled in another 'nam. For the first time in its history, America could put a lot of its past behind and worry about stupid, trashy stuff. Geraldo was the right man to take us there. He just needed the right project. But *what* project? Teen models being turned into porn stars? Roswell? Long buried photographic

evidence that Kennedy was baggin' Marilyn Monroe?

And then it happened. Chicago finally decided to demolish the Lexington Hotel, a filthy flop house that was once the palatial home of Al Capone. In the basement a sealed vault was discovered. Since Capone lived in the hotel, it was entirely possible this was his vault! Ah ha!

Geraldo hosted *The Mystery of Al Capone's Vault*. After about 110 minutes of padding, historical vignettes, rag time music, and Geraldo shooting up a hotel wall with a Tommy Gun, the vault was finally opened.

In it was found dirt and an old whisky bottle. The end.

The show had a 57 rating. Christ, The Beatles could only muster a 45.3 rating on *Sullivan*. It's the highest rated special in TV history (exceeding even the "Who shot JR?" 53.3 rating). People in 30 million American homes basically sat with eyes glued to their personality boxes to see a man in a thick mustache sweep out an empty closet. It was TV's finest moment.

Geraldo, sensing his career might be in jeopardy, decided to get back into the hard-hitting news business by taking on the War on Terrorism... I mean the War on Drugs. He'd fuck up the war on terrorism later. He hosted a special called *American Vice: The Doping of a Nation*.

Its climax was, on live TV again, watching six DEA agents storm into a vile drug den, seize the vile drugs, and cart the vile drug pushers off to jail where they'd get totally raped in prison. And then much like Lord Vader stepping into the corpse-littered hall of the rebel blockade runner, Geraldo was going to be right behind that Kevlar phalanx of machine-gun toting agents. He'd go right up to those vile drug people, get all up in their business, and call them a name. *Mano a mano*. It was gonna be so sweet.

Doors were smashed in! Vile drug people were wrestled to the ground! People screamed. Geraldo identified the man and woman in the house as a hooker and her pimp. The camera searched wildly for mountains of white drug powder right there on the coffee table, just like we imagined, but no drugs were ever found.

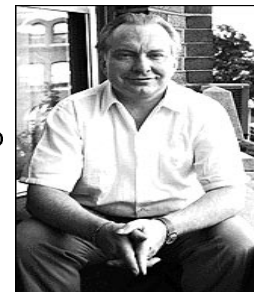
After the broadcast the woman, Terry Rouse, sued Geraldo for character defamation. She was not a hooker. Huh! In 1990 Geraldo gave in to Rouse's \$30 million defamation suit and they settled out of court for an undisclosed sum.

## Space Jazz

What would you do if you wrote — pound for pound — the worst book of all time? Kill yourself? Go back in time and kill your father while he was still a child so you might never soil the earth with your existence? Well, if you were L. Ron Hubbard and you just finished *Battlefield Earth* and you couldn't yet get John Travolta to make a movie version, well, all that was left to you was to write a soundtrack for your book. Yeah. **So, behold pitiful deluded fans of Mozart!** L. Ron trumped all your aural art forms with the ultimate evolution of music: **Space Jazz**.

Say it, brothers and sisters. **S p a c e J a z z**. Yeah!

*Space Jazz* was a 13 song double LP Hubbard ostensibly composed for the Fairlight Computer Musical Instrument (also known as the CMI). He enlisted the help of musicians within the Scientology fold including Chick Corea.



Lennon's *Double Fantasy* it was not. Hubbard boasted his revolutionary Space Jazz genre "antiquates past music like the cathedral organ wiped away blowing on a blade of grass." That's what it says on the liner notes anyway. The liner notes also feature a picture of L. Ron with his signature Very Yellow hair and double beer belly ogling a Fairlight deck. There's also a picture of a burning city.

What does *Space Jazz* sound like? Well, it sounds a lot like *Star Trek* incidental music if you strip out all the lush chords and play it on a \$19 monophonic toy keyboard, or maybe