

STEVE BUCHANAN: Hanna Reitsch (*The World's First Jet Pilot*) Buchanan is, I guess, slottable into the avant-garde category, though he's got a better command of the vocabulary than most artists working similar territory. Laurie Anderson, for instance, is thoroughly delightful, but she has a well-developed schtick. You know what to expect. Not so with Buchanan; if you heard the heady mix of Can-ish raving over a clock drumbeat, mid-period Soft Machine improv and Zappa abandon of "Coyote Rappin'," you'd think you had the composer pegged. Until you heard the ten "Cybernetic Primal Therapy" excerpts, which resemble 463 people each reading a page of Thomas Pynchon's "V." simultaneously while McClintic Sphere's band natters

in the background. Or until you heard the Hendrix/Magma workout called "Freedom" (sure wish that one was recorded better). Anyway, Mr. B has sampled and compiled this C60 of what he may feel is his Greatest Hits of a sort, and outside of the anti-Reagan sentiments shown by the song titles, there isn't a whole lot of cohesion here. Doesn't matter, though. Ms. Reitsch, wherever she is, should be proud. (Violet Glass Oracle, 6230 Lewis Ave., Lot 105, Temperance, MI 48182) — Ken Egbert

CHANGE OF SEASONS: Up North Under *Opalescent Skies* True to their aim and influences, this Toronto quartet does avoid easy pigeonholing with several musical