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NEON

THE FIRST INTERDIMENSIONAL MUSIC MAGAZINE

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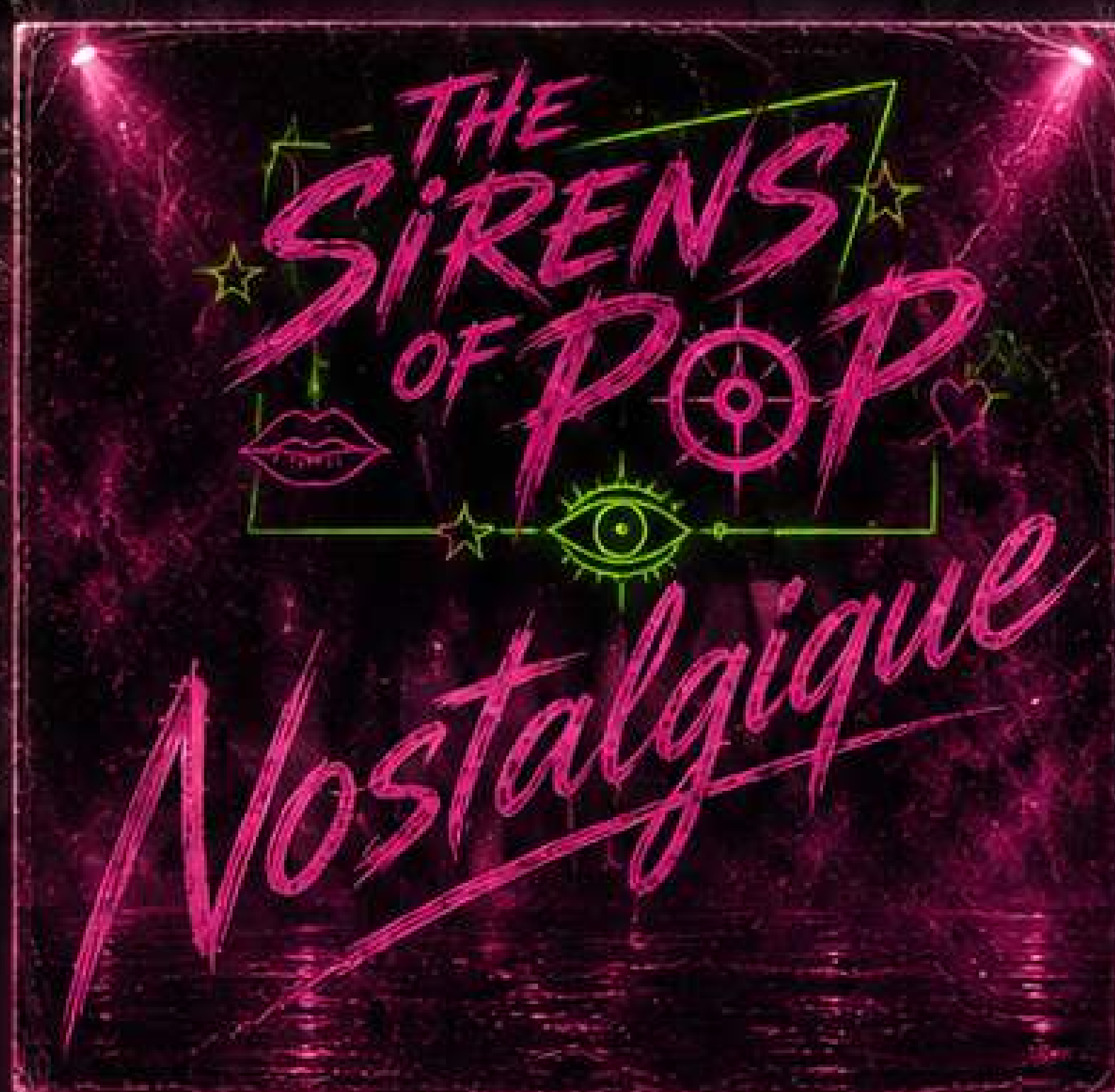
OFFSPEC • THE SKINTS • FATALIST



LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.



COMING SOON



THE SIRENS OF POP



WELCOME TO NEON

Music has no borders. Neither do we.

Every generation discovers its own soundtrack.
Every city has its local heroes.
Every underground scene believes it has found the next big thing.
We simply found a few more worlds.
NEON was created with one mission:
To celebrate the artists, the stories, and the music shaping every corner of the multiverse.
From sold-out arena tours to underground basement shows, from legendary performers to tomorrow's breakthrough voices, you'll find them here.
This is Volume 6, Issue 1.
Whether you've been reading NEON for years or you've just picked up your first copy...
Welcome.
Turn the page.
The music is waiting.
— The Editors

SLUMBER PARTY WITH THE SIRENS OF POP 4-6

Off Stage with The Newest Sensation, The Sirens of Pop. A Candid interview with the new Queens of the Pop World.

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From the camera of Joseph "Shutters" Schutes.

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Jeff "ReeB" Cleary 🤘

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About NEON

NEON is the first interdimensional music magazine, celebrating the artists, stories, and sounds shaping every corner of the multiverse. Every issue is built around one exclusive cover story, alongside new music, reviews, features, and discoveries from across participating dimensions.

Editorial Policy

Every issue of NEON is independently produced by KTX Retro Interdimensional Broadcasting Co. All interviews, photography, artwork, and editorial content are presented as part of the ongoing KTX-01 multiverse narrative.

From The Archives

NEON has documented music across participating dimensions since Fall 2020. Some featured artists, venues, and transmissions may no longer exist in their original timelines.

SLUMBER PARTY WITH THE SIRENS

Three friends.
One night.
Zero filters.

WORDS: JEFF "REEB" CLEARY

PHOTOGRAPHY: JOSEPH "SHUTTERS" SCHUTES

When the Music Stops

The pizza box never really stood a chance.

By the time the first slice disappeared, the conversation had already drifted somewhere else entirely. Old records. Strange radio stations. Favorite songs. Childhood memories. The kind of stories that only surface after everyone forgets they're being interviewed.

Spend five minutes with The Sirens of Pop and one thing becomes obvious—they don't perform a friendship. They live inside one.

Vesper talks with the confidence of someone who has already decided where the road leads. KiKi, or “Glitch” as she likes to be referred to as, jumps from one idea to another, turning every conversation into a spark waiting to catch fire. Juni doesn't interrupt often, but when she speaks, everyone else naturally stops to listen.

That chemistry isn't manufactured.

It's simply there.



"People always expect us to be serious."

Vesper laughs at the assumption. "We make dark music. That doesn't mean we're dark people. Most of the time we're just making each other laugh."



Judging by the amount of teasing flying around the room, she's probably telling the truth.

Glitch reaches for another slice before anyone else notices.

"He's going to write that down, isn't he?"

She points toward the notebook sitting beside the camera.

"Great. Now everybody's going to know I stole the last piece."

The room erupts in laughter.



Behind the Signal

For all the mystery surrounding The Sirens of Pop, the most surprising part of the evening wasn't the conversation.

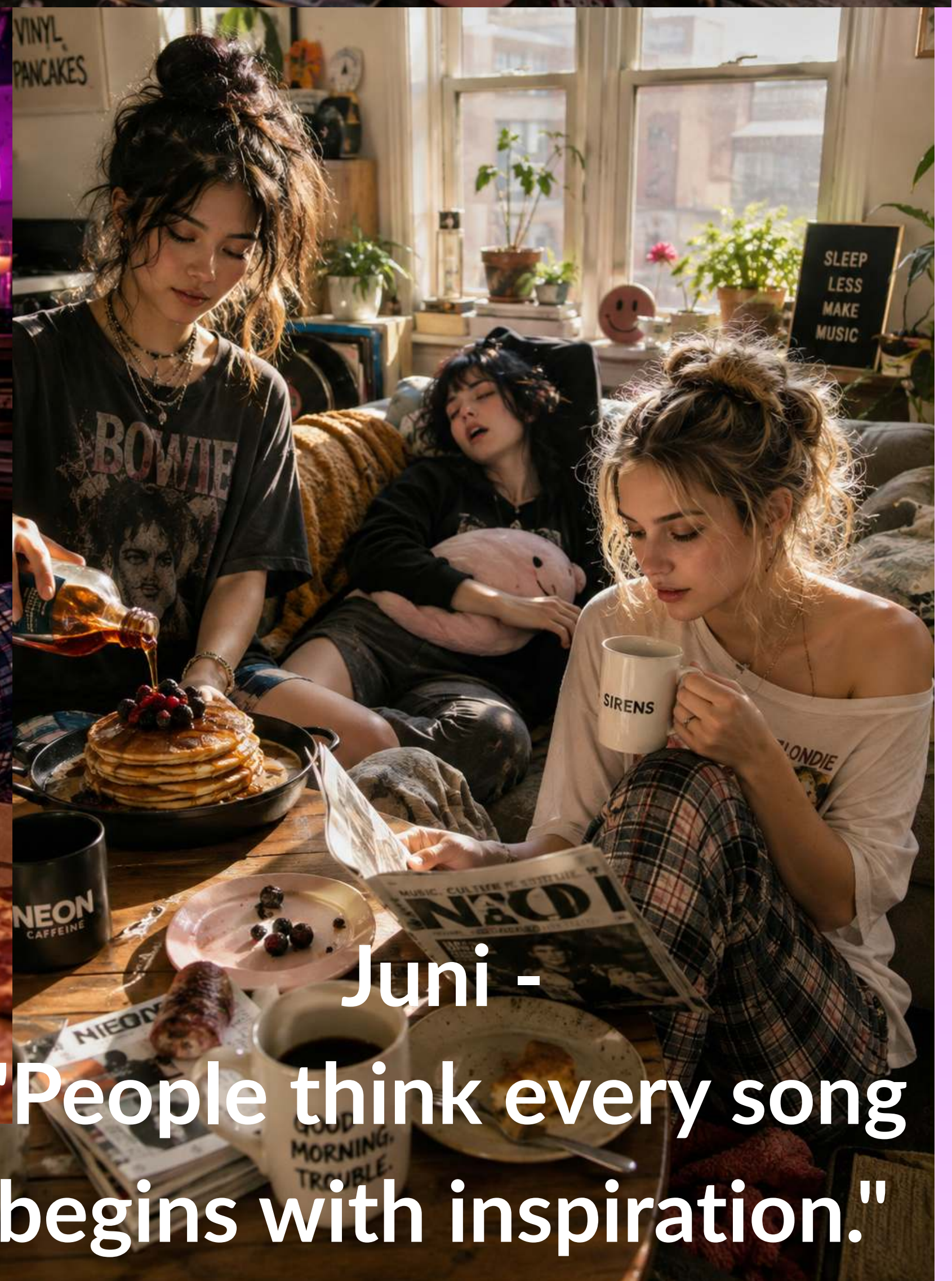
It was how ordinary it felt.

No rehearsed answers.

No carefully crafted image.

No pretending.

Just three musicians enjoying the rare luxury of being offstage.



Juni -
"People think every song
begins with inspiration."

She pauses for a moment before continuing.

"Sometimes it begins with silence. You have to be willing to listen long enough to hear what's hiding inside it."

It's the kind of answer only Juni could give.

As midnight creeps closer, nobody seems particularly interested in ending the conversation.

Albums are pulled from shelves.

Old photographs are passed around.

Someone starts arguing about the greatest late-night records ever made.

Nobody wins.

Before packing up his camera, Joseph "Shutters" Schutes asks if there's one thing they hope readers take away from tonight.

The three of them look at each other.

Vesper smiles.

"That we're real."

Glitch shrugs.

"And maybe don't leave pizza unattended around me."

Juni simply nods.

"The music will tell them the rest."

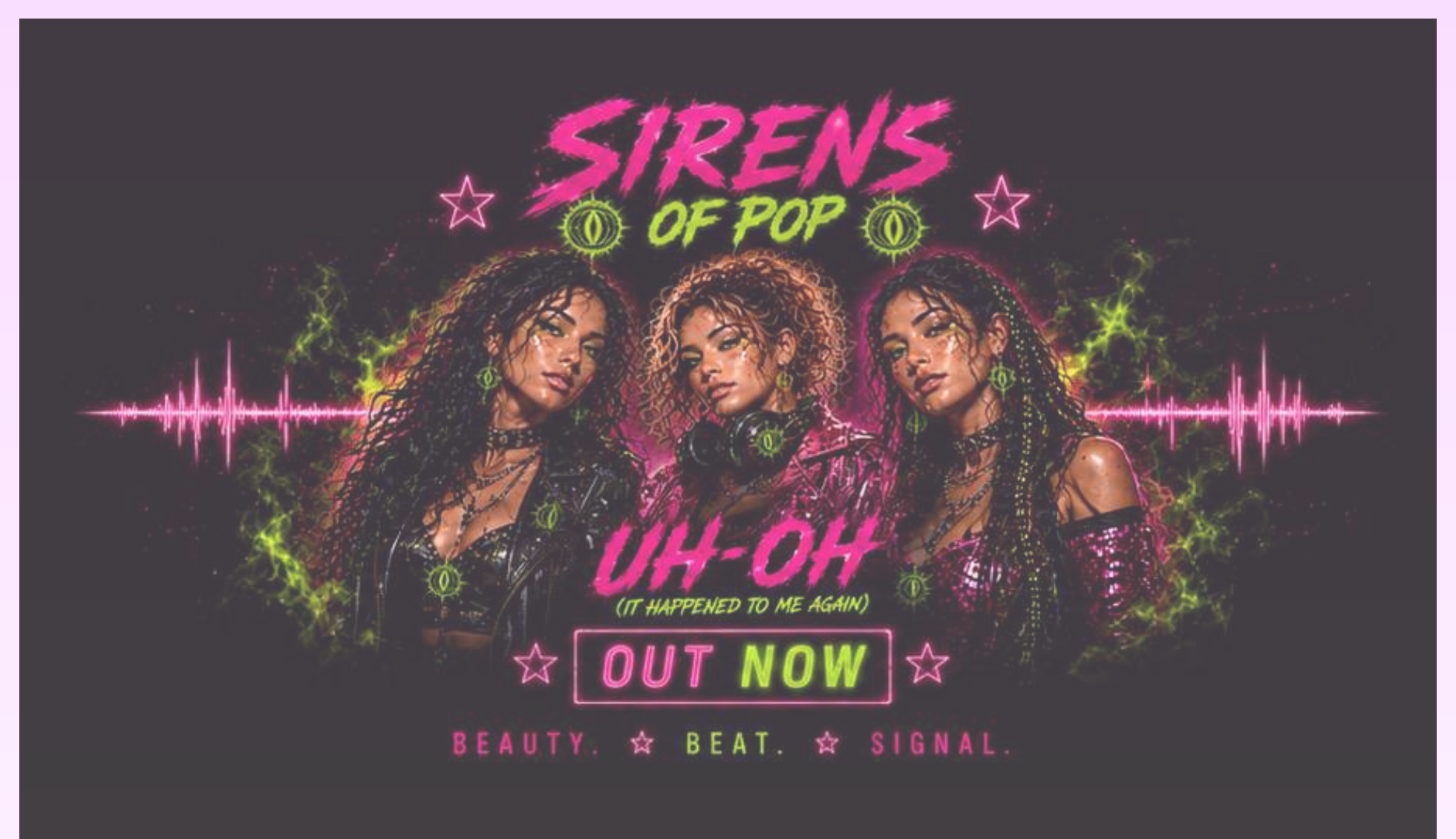




PHOTO ROLL, PLEASE !



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FROM THE CAMERA OF JOSEPH "SHUTTERS" SCHUTES



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STRANGE FREQUENCIES

THE NIGHT THE DEAD WOKE THE PYRAMIDS

In September 1978, the Grateful Dead went looking for a “place of power.” Apparently, nobody suggested a shower.



A total lunar eclipse unfolded over Giza while the concert was happening, producing the surreal sequence captured in the photograph on this page. Ancient pyramids. The Sphinx. Nubian musicians. The Grateful Dead. And a lunar eclipse hanging over the entire operation.

You couldn't pitch this as fiction without somebody telling you to tone it down.

The recordings weren't exactly blessed by the gods, either. Technical problems rendered the entire first night's multitrack recording—and part of the second—unusable. And despite the enormous undertaking, Jerry Garcia wasn't satisfied enough with the performances to approve the planned live album that could have helped recover the cost of the adventure.

Usable recordings finally received an official release thirty years later, as *Rocking the Cradle: Egypt 1978*.

So what did we learn?

The pyramids survived.

The Dead survived.

Most of the recordings survived.

And somewhere in Egypt, an electrical grid probably still flinches whenever somebody starts noodling in E minor.

Welcome to STRANGE FREQUENCIES.

So they went to Egypt.

Because when you're the Grateful Dead in 1978, apparently booking a normal venue is for cowards.

For three nights—September 14, 15 and 16—the band set up shop at the Giza Sound and Light Theater, in the shadow of the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. Getting there meant hauling tons of equipment into the Egyptian desert, dealing with brutal heat and discovering that an ancient civilization's neighborhood electrical system wasn't necessarily prepared for a traveling American rock show.

They overloaded it.

Naturally.

But simply playing beside the Great Pyramid wasn't ambitious enough. The Dead also experimented with using the King's Chamber inside the pyramid as an echo chamber for their recordings.

Yes.

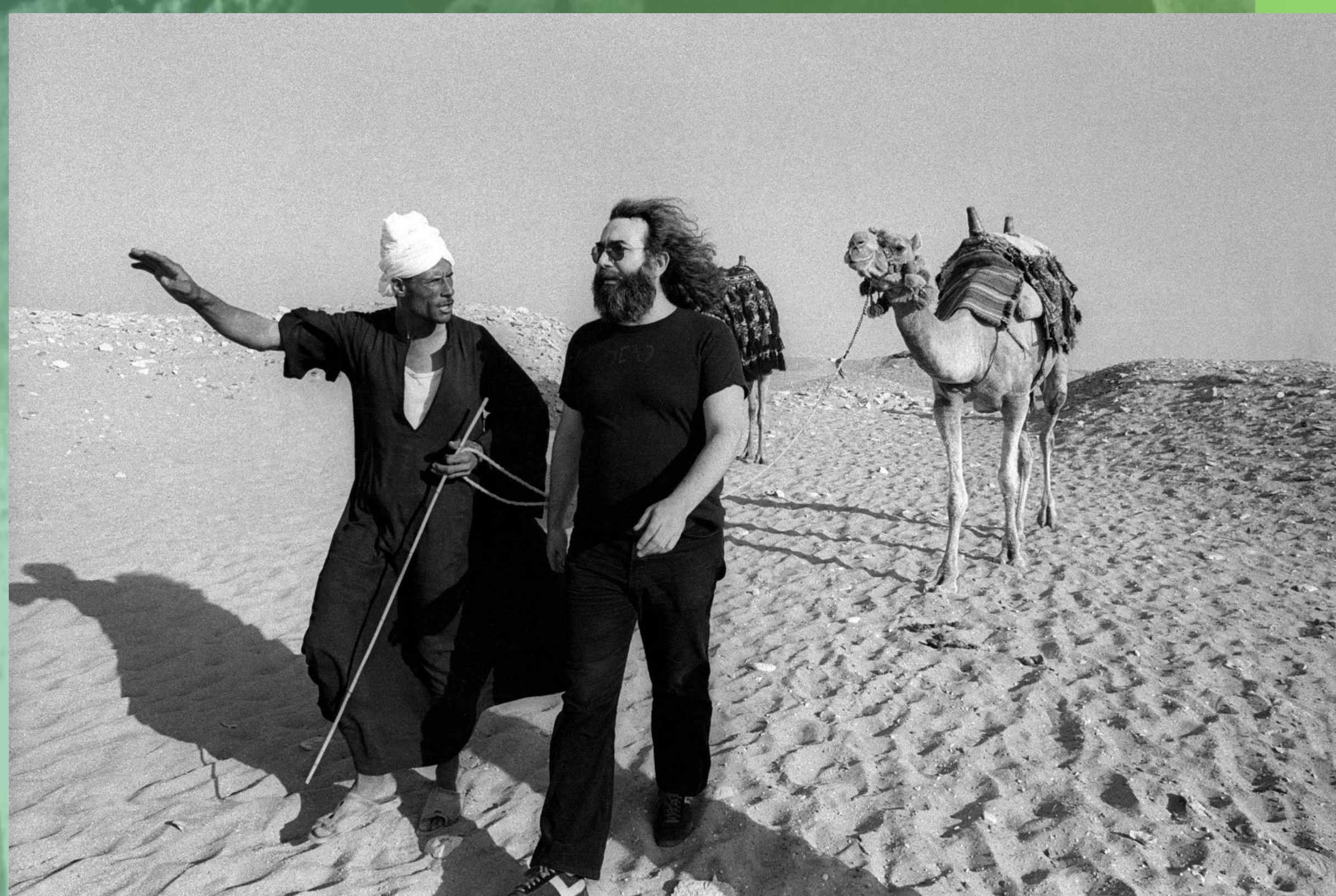
The Grateful Dead tried to use the Great Pyramid of Giza as a fucking audio effect.

It didn't work.

Things got considerably more interesting when Egyptian-Nubian musician Hamza El Din joined the concerts with Nubian singers and percussionists, combining traditional rhythms with the Dead's improvisational psychedelic sprawl.

And then, on the final night, nature apparently decided the production wasn't ridiculous enough.

The Moon disappeared.



ON THE RADAR

Three tracks. No bullshit. Hit play.

OFFSPEC — “BROKEN”

Big hooks. Sharp edges. Zero wasted time.

“BROKEN” hits hard, gets stuck in your head, and doesn't bother asking permission first.

Turn it up. You'll understand.

STREAM IT:

OFFSPEC — “BROKEN” on Spotify

WATCH IT:

OFFSPEC — “BROKEN” video



THE SKINTS — “HOME”

Warm groove. Killer hook. Pure Skints.

“Home” slides in easy, settles into your head, and gives you one hell of a reason to start looking forward to

Sour Tooth.

Consider this your warning. Autumn is coming.

STREAM / DOWNLOAD:

The Skints — “Home”

WATCH IT:

The Skints — “Home” video.



FATALIST — “PLAN B”

No warm-up. No mercy. No fucking around.

“PLAN B” comes out swinging and never lets up. Heavy, vicious, and built to be played at irresponsible volume.

Click this shit. It might melt your face.

WATCH IT:

FATALIST — “PLAN B”



BLOW IT UP. START AGAIN.

Jeff "ReeB" Cleary, Editor-in-Chief

Fall always comes with the same instructions:

Get back to work.

Get back to school.

Get back on schedule.

Get back to normal.

NEON has a better idea.

Don't..

We spend an incredible amount of time convincing ourselves we're not ready.

We need more experience. More money. Better equipment. A better plan. Somebody's approval. The right opportunity.

Meanwhile, the idea sits there collecting dust.

Stop being a pussy and just give it a shot.

Seriously. What's the worst that happens? It sucks?

Good. Now you know it sucks.

Change it. Break it. Try something else.

And if it works?

Run with it.

Some of the best things you'll ever create will start as stupid ideas. The joke you took too far. The song that didn't fit. The project nobody understood. The thing you almost talked yourself out of doing because you weren't sure anyone would give a shit.

Do it anyway.

You don't have to know where it's going. You don't need somebody standing beside you saying it's a good idea.

And you sure as hell don't need permission.

Make the thing.

Write the song nobody asked for. Start the band that makes absolutely no sense. Change your sound. Publish the magazine. Dig up that abandoned idea and find out whether there's still something alive inside it.

Maybe it works.

Maybe it falls flat on its ass.

Either way, you're further ahead than you were when it existed only inside your head.

Fall is supposed to be the season when everybody gets serious again. When summer ends, schedules return, and we dutifully shuffle ourselves back into the daily rut.

Fuck that.

This Fall, try something you're not supposed to be good at. Make something you're not sure anybody wants.

Follow the ridiculous idea just to see where the bastard goes.

Blow it up. Start again.

Normal isn't going anywhere

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ONE NIGHT ONLY!

DEE GENERATE & THE MALCONTENTS

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• THE FIRST INTERDIMENSIONAL NEWSPAPER •
• SUNDAY EDITION •

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TO HIDE.

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NEON

VESPER
"THE COMMANDER"

JUNI
"THE RECEIVER"

SIRENS OF POP

THEY CONTROL
THE FREQUENCY.
THEY OWN
THE WORLD.



DEBUT SINGLE

UH-OH

(IT HAPPENED TO ME AGAIN)

★ OUT NOW ★

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE SIGNALS ARE RECEIVED

SCAN TO LISTEN



JOIN THE TRANSMISSION



BEAUTY. • BEAT. • SIGNAL.



WE DON'T FOLLOW THE CHARTS. WE CONTROL THE FREQUENCY.

