

Jeffrey Morgan: official biographer of Alice Cooper & The Stooges

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Sunday, March 18, 2012

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #307**

**ICH BIN EIN JEFFREY
MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #307!**

Them murderous master race ratzis may have been lousy at winning world wars and taking over the world, but what they lacked in dictatorial smarts they more than made up for on the Krautrock 'n' roll front lines—as evidenced by these three formerly Verboten videos.

**SIZZLING VIDEO OF THE
WEEK #1: Ian Hunter and
Mick Ronson – Live At
Rockpalast – Gruganhalle,
Essen, Germany – April 19 &
20, 1980 (MVD Video) :: First
up we have everybody's
favorite deuce on the loose,
that joined at the fret titanic tag
team of Hunteronson who
separately and together did
more for the advancement and
preservation of beefy, but
never beefcake, kick like a
mule rock 'n' roll than anyone
else on the planet—especially
Riki Monsoon, who shredded
strings for such theatrical
mascara wearers as Lou
Reed; David Bowie; Mott The**

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Hoopie; and Bob Dylan.

[2011.02.27](#)[2011.02.20](#)[2011.02.13](#)

This one shows them on their *Welcome To The Club* world tour wherein they plow through a number of Mott classics from “All The Way from Memphis” and “All The Young Dudes” to a number of solo Hunter classics from “Once Bitten Twice Shy” and “Cleveland Rocks” to a book ended beginning and end featuring Ronson soloing on “FBI” to begin the show and “Slaughter On Tenth Avenue” to end it— both of which, frankly, are worth the price of admission alone.

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SIZZLING VIDEO OF THE WEEK #2: Roy Buchanan –

XML

Live At Rockpalast – Markthalle, Hamburg, Germany, February 24, 1985 (MVD Video) :: They’re *still* calling Roy Buchanan “the world’s best unknown guitarist” and I have to agree, even though I was buying his records back in the ’70s. But if *you’ve* never heard of him, let alone heard him play, let alone *seen* him play, then this performance, which was recorded a mere three years before his controversial death at the age of 48, is essential viewing to put it mildly.

Buchanan is also the world’s most visually *unlikeliest* guitarist you’ll ever see, what with his cocky beret and rummy whiskers and professorial corduroy jacket. But once you’ve witnessed him effortlessly blaze through

everything from Henry M's "Peter Gunn" to Booker T's "Green Onions," you'll understand why Roy Buchanan will always remain *the* guitarist's guitarist. As always, the standout centerpiece of the show is his jaw dropping seven minute version of "The Messiah Will Come Again," which cleans *everybody's* clock from James Marshall to James Patrick and literally *has* to be seen to be believed—and even *then* you'll doubt what your unbelieving eyes are beholding.

SIZZLING VIDEO OF THE WEEK #3: Public Image Limited – Live At Rockpalast – Zeche Bochum, Germany, October 31, 1983 (MVD Video) :: Last, but certainly not least, is this quaint little full-length exercise in musical restraint by that suave stylist Mr. John Lydon, who pulls out every stop to show all and sundry why PiL are one of the minimalistically greatest—not to mention metronomically gratest—regressive art rock combos to ever hit the boards. Then again, with a set list that impressively includes everything from "Public Image" and "Flowers Of Romance" to "(This Is Not A) Love Song" and "Anarchy In The U.K." how can you go wrongo, boyo? Bonus points for including rehearsal footage of "Annalisa" and "Chant."

Be seeing you!

Sun, March 18, 2012 | [link](#)

Sunday, March 11, 2012

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #306**

**NUMBER ONE WITH A
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #306!**

Phil Spector – *Back To Stereo* (Philles) :: After the Supreme Court refused to overturn the life sentence of convicted murderer Phil Spector—thus ensuring that he'll stay behind bars where he can't threaten anyone anymore—every record company that the disgraced producer ever worked for jointly agreed to delete all of Spector's original mono recordings from their back catalogues and then have Academy Award winning Lucasfilm sound sculptor Walter Murch digitally remix the original studio multi-tracks into THX benchmark stereo and 9.1 surround sound at Skywalker Ranch. As one veteran record executive explains in the liner notes to this ten disc box set: "I've been *waiting* to get back at that bald-headed bastard ever since he pulled a gun on me during the recording of 'He Hit Me (It Felt Like A Kiss).' *Mono*. What does that woman slayer think this *is*, anyway? 1950?"

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Andre Williams – *Hoods And Shades* (Bloodshot) :: The first thing you notice is that the album cover comes gang bangin' atcha straight outta some

kinda drive-by ghetto blasted vintage blaxploitation one sheet: I'm talkin' 'bout a tricked out pimp daddy flashin' dual solid gold JAIL and BAIT knuckle rings with his meaty mitts wrapped around two dishy thunder-age bikini-clad gun-toting foxes; a Cagnesque exploding oil refinery; a double barreled pump action guitar; a trench coated machete wieldin' maniac escapin' a fiery inferno multi car collision via a danglin' helicopter ladder; *plus* a sinister as sin cadre of terrorist fist-jabbin' Unabomber lookalikes.

And with songs like the moralistic "A Good Day To Feel Bad" and the animalistic "Jaw Dropper" and the hoodooistic "Mojo Hanna" you'd better *believe* that this one's got the ginchiest gonad-grabbin' goods 'cause Williams has forgotten more about life than you'll *ever* learn so mebbe it's about time for you to pick up on what he's putting down, y'hear?

SIZZLING VIDEO OF THE WEEK: The B-52s – *With The Wild Crowd! Live In Athens, Georgia* (Eagle) :: I've said it before and I'll say it again: show me a live-in-their-hometown reunion album and I'll show you a lazy litany of last gasp let down expectations—but not *this* time I won't 'cause *this* is the most kinetically frenetic fun fiesta since their pulsating *Party Mix!* radically redefined what a remix record *should* sound

like. And now that you can actually *see* them in action on this outta sight two hour video in their Day-Glo get ups in front of a vertiginous *Time Tunnel* backdrop, you'll agree that these kitschy camp runamuck jive bombers haven't missed a strategically placed lick since their "Private Idaho" and "Love Shack" hit single heyday. Not only do they rock harder than ever, their witty retro-ironic antics jibe with today's pop culture landscape in a kooky cool way that vitally resonates even more than it did thirty years ago. That's why the line to elect supersexy Cindy Wilson into the Rock Hall starts *here*.

Be seeing you!

Sun, March 11, 2012 | [link](#)

Sunday, March 4, 2012

JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA BLACKOUT #305

HEY HEY IT'S JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA BLACKOUT #305!

Davy Jones – 1945-2012
(R.I.P.) :: And in *other* news, David Bowie just announced that he'll be changing his name back.

The Monkees – Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn & Jones Ltd. (RCA) :: While the Beatles and Stones spent 1967 getting doped up and recording their hippy-dippy stoner albums *Sgt. Pepper's* and *Satanic Majesties*, these hardcore radical Yankee outlaws were

singing about drug pushers (“Salesman”); horny teenage sluts (“She Hangs Out”); a naïve girl getting brutally gangbanged by the Hells Angels (“Cuddly Toy”); promiscuous groupies on the prowl (“Star Collector”); and suburban surreal estate (“Pleasant Valley Sunday”). That’s right, a Hells Angels gangbang. Who you gonna believe: me or your own ears?

SIZZLING PLATTER OF ALL TIME: Rolling Stones – *Live At Altamont* (December 9, 1969) :: And speaking of the Hells Angels, you can watch *Gimme Shelter* over and over again until the cows come home but you’ll *never* be able to truly understand the horrific tragedy of Altamont until you’ve lived through this harrowing audio experience.

If *anyone* in the entire history of rock ‘n’ roll ever deserves to be awarded a Purple Heart for bravery far above and beyond the call of duty, it’s the five anonymous fearless audience members who had the guts to tape the individual pieces that collectively comprise this complete hour and a half concert, which was recorded during the middle of the night in what was, literally, an outdoor combat zone patrolled and brutally enforced by a hostile horde of Hells Angels.

What makes this aural document the most historically *important* Rolling Stones live concert ever is that, unlike a

sterile soundboard tape, this revelatory recording plunges you right *into* the front row at Altamont *as an actual audience member* instead of as a safely detached spectator—and it's nothing short of astonishing to hear how *rapidly* events inexorably deteriorate.

Minutes into the first song one audience member cheerfully says: "Have a good time!" To which another replies with equal ebullience: "You too!" By the *third* song everything's already irrevocably doomed. "Let me *outta* here!" someone yells, only to be anxiously told: "There's nowhere to *go*, man!" When the singer impotently demands to know "who's fighting and what for?" an irate man instantly bellows back at him: "Who do you *think*?" Next a woman screams: "*Get a doctor!*"

By the time Sam "Everything seems to be ready, are you ready?" Cutler takes the microphone to announce: "We've also lost, in the front here, *a little girl who's five years old*" and the band breaks into—wait for it—Jimmy Reed's "The Sun Is Shining," everything has become so surrealistically appalling that you don't know whether to laugh or cry. When they eventually get around to playing "Brown Sugar" in public for the first time, one person has been murdered and who knows how many others have been injured.

“...like *one* of you could control *one little girl...*” the singer admonishes.

And the band played on.

Be seeing you!

Sun, March 4, 2012 | [link](#)

**Sunday, February 26,
2012**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #304**

**AND SPEAKING OF
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #304!**

Automan – *Backseat Surprise*
(Unkle Dunk) :: It's a good thing that Darrell Dwarf—*double d*, geddit?—Miller is a better singer songwriter than he is an album cover designer 'cause his “record design, concept and graphics” suck worse than an unplugged Hoover with a full bag.

And speaking of full bags, I'm *all* for having some anonymous skirt's double d's displayed on an album cover but the next time around he *really* oughtta hand-jive some Ohio Players jackets for inspiration first—at least *they* didn't neuter their nude cover photos by running them as a pseudo-solarized negative image. That said, the music *is* an appealing power pop pud that owes more than a little to the kind of boozy bar band bombast that made the '70s famous.

MEDIA CULPA: And speaking of the '70s, here's an acidic flashback to the September 1976 issue of *Cheap Thrills* when I was just a callow youth who wrote the following record review and actually thought it was funny; then again, I *did* edit the rag, for Pete's sake.

And speaking of Pete Townshend, who recently wrote a public apology for using offensive words like "blacks" and "queers" and "rape" when he wrote *Quadrophenia* in 1973, I likewise echo his sentiment that: "One day I would be made to apologize. I do so here. Now."

Thankfully, after decades of intense sensitivity training, my writing style has now evolved over the past 36 years to the point where I would *never* write something as irresponsibly heinous like this today:

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: The Ohio Players – *Contradiction* (Mercury) :: It's long been a proven scientific fact that all women have brains the size of a pea. *I* know it, *you* know it, and the *Ohio Players* know it. Just like *Pleasure; Pain; Fire; Water; Ecstasy; Money; Leather;* and *Greed* before it, *Contraception* continues the Players' search for the Eternal All-Nite Party and the funky, foxy All-Nite Lay that goes with it in some secluded upstairs bedroom.

I mean, just dig these liner notes: "I'll only use you when absolutely necessary..." Right *on!* And how about these lyrics: "Women are feminine and that's all right with me 'cause they make my manhood feel good." All *right, indeed!* And dig that naked broad ridin' that horse inside the fold-out sleeve! Thumpa Thumpa City! You *betcha!*

Them Ohio Players *know* that a woman's proper place is either in the kitchen makin' dinner or in the bedroom makin' babies. So keep the OP on the turntable at ALL TIMES 'cause you never know when you just might be in the mood to put your lady in her proper place (and we all know where *that* is).

Next to the Ohio Players, Barry White is a fag and all women nuthin' but slaves. Do you hear me? SLAVES! Alright, it's time to get down. *You* know what to do. Now get *to* it.

Beulah, peel me a grape.

Be seeing you!

Sun, February 26, 2012 | [link](#)

**Sunday, February 19,
2012**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #303**

**ME WISE JEFFREY
MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #303!**

SIZZLING VIDEO OF THE

WEEK: Wally Cox –

Underdog: The Complete Collector's Edition (Shout! Factory) :: In what can only be seen as a sign that the universe is finally unfolding as it should, the pop culture vultures at Shout! Factory have released this definitive archival nine disc (!) twenty-four hour long (!!) box set which painstakingly restores every single animated *Underdog* episode, as originally aired on NBC beginning in 1964, in its original four part story arc, along with the “Go Go Gopher” and “Commander McBragg” shorts that accompanied it. Impressive, I know.

Even better, both *Underdog* and his secret identity Shoeshine Boy are voiced by the legendary Wally “Mr. Peepers” Cox, who was blessed with one of the most originally distinctive and instantly identifiable voices the world of animation has ever known. Indeed, it's nigh on impossible to imagine anyone else having the right rhyming dynamic drawl needed to imbue *Underdog* with life other than Cox. So be a model citizen and buy this absolutely essential box set *now* to see for yourself why *Underdog* still rules the skies half a century after his dynamic debut!

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE**WEEK: Van Halen – A**

Different Kind Of Truth (Interscope) :: Telling the truth to lazy musicians has *always*

been my job, which is why I wrote a feature record review of *Diver Down* in the August 1982 issue of CREEM titled “Seller’s Market” that was so devastatingly dismissive, word got back to me that Van Halen was up in arms about it to the point of being downright white knuckle irate—which was only fitting since I was plenty peeved myself after shelling out my hard-earned shekels for that lousy album.

Amazingly, this new one has everything that *Diver Down* didn’t including, most crucial of all, an over abundance of cheeky trademark cheap asides by Roth which range from the sassily self-congratulatory: “I *told* ya I was comin’ back. Say you *missed* me. Say it like you *mean* it...” to the authoritatively admonitory: “Aw, this next part should *really* confuse things; everybody, let’s stay focused. A little more volume in the *headphones* please?”

And speaking of volume, not only is this the *loudest* Van Halen album ever, it’s the flat out speed freak *fastest* one in that almost every song is played in an out of control double time style that’s ridiculously relentless. Refreshingly devoid of any keyboards or ballads, some might say that it’s a *guy’s* album because it doesn’t have a “Jamie’s Cryin’” on it—but that’s the back to the basics *point*, as ably evidenced by the overtly overpowering

album cover image.

As good as the two last gasp Roth reunion tracks on *Best Of Volume 1* were, neither of them gave *any* indication whatsoever that these guys were still capable of recording an entire long player as dynamically youthful and octave spanning as this one is. It may not be as thoughtfully mature as *Fair Warning* but it's easily the exhilarating auditory equivalent of *Women And Children First*, if not more so, and that's a musical miracle in itself.

In fact, as it stands right now, the only way Van Halen could possibly be improved is if they hired back fired founding bassist Michael Anthony—to sing background vocals.

Sammy *who*?

Be seeing you!

Sun, February 19, 2012 | [link](#)

**Sunday, February 12,
2012**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #302**

**I CAN'T EXPLAIN JEFFREY
MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #302!**

**The Who – “Tattoo” (Decca) ::
Best song title ever!**

**Van Halen –
“Tattoo” (Interscope) :: Best
song title ever!**

The Beatles – “From Me

Tattoo” (Parlophone) :: Worst song title ever!

SIZZLING REISSUE OF THE WEEK: The Who –

Quadrophenia Maximum: The Director’s Cut: Super Deluxe Edition (Polydor) :: This definitive four disc edition of the ‘Oo’s masterpiece lives up to its exhaustive title by including over two dozen demos *plus* a profusely illustrated book written by the album’s big nosed songwriter that’s one hundred English pounds—er, pages.

SIZZLING VIDEO OF THE WEEK: The Who –

Live At The Cow Palace (November 20, 1973) :: When the ‘Oo went on their 1973 “whirlwind” tour of North America to promote *Quadrophenia*, they weren’t kidding around because within twelve days it was all over but the drinking.

Luckily, this privately recorded two hour black and white videotape—a three camera shoot which was “liberated” from promoter Bill Graham’s personal archive—captures the band’s opening night in San Francisco as they struggle with a dodgy quadraphonic sound system and a druggy quadriplegic drummer who passes out not once, but twice, after imbibing animal tranquilizers and booze.

Then, with the cameras still rolling, the big nosed guitarist steps up to the microphone

and asks the music question: “*Is there a drummer in the house?*” At which point teenage audience member Scot Halpin accepts the offer, is allowed up on stage, and actually sits down behind Keith Moon’s drums. Then things *really* get interesting.

SIZZLING BOOK OF THE WEEK: Richie Unterberger – *Won’t Get Fooled Again: The Who From Lifehouse To Quadrophenia (Jawbone)* :: Even the biggest ’Oo fan will be impressed by this painstakingly researched digest that comprehensively covers the band’s most prolific post-*Thomas* period. I learned more about the ’Oo in the first 25 pages than I did in the last 25 years! Bonus points for quoting a CREAM Magazine interview that I did with “Old Big Nose” back in 1975 about the ’Oo’s legendary rock opera *Bible One*.

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Pete Townshend – *Live At The Roundhouse (April 14, 1974)* :: What makes this audience recording of Pete’s first ever live solo concert so charming to listen to is the fact that it actually *is* a solo performance in that the bulk of the show consists of Pete playing his electric guitar accompanied only by a primitive rhythm generator. “This next one is a little bit more complicated,” he says prior to playing “Big Boss Man” as he strives to set the machine to a new preset

rhythm. “Fox Trot 2 on the beat box.”

The crowd is a rowdy boisterous lot that results in a lot of banter between the artist and his audience of hard core fans. “*I come from a rough neighbour’ood*,” he warns a heckler before launching into an eclectic selection of songs ranging from Jimmy Reed’s “Goin’ To New York” to Tim Harden’s “If I Were A Carpenter” and an even more arcane assortment of ‘Oo songs ranging from “Tattoo” and “Happy Jack” to “The Seeker” and “Let’s See Action.”

He even takes a break to spin two demo recordings of “My Generation” and give a prototypical Professor Pete pontification on how they were made in his home studio. “Note the stutter!” he proudly points out as the first tape plays.

Bonus points for rewriting “Magic Bus” to include this new inspirational insecurity verse: “I’m so nervous, I’m sure it shows. Don’t say anything about my great big nose!”

The Who – *Bible One* (Eel Pie) :: Coming soon!

Be seeing you!

Sun, February 12, 2012 | [link](#)

Sunday, February 5, 2012

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #301**

**ELVIS HASN'T LEFT
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #301!**

**SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE
WEEK – AUDIO DIVISION:
Elvis Presle—er, “Jon
Burrows” – *Elvis Found Alive*
(MVD Audio) :: If there's one
thing I like to hear done right—
mainly because it's nigh-on
impossible *to* do right—it's an
exceptionally executed flim
flam scam of a sham that
transcends your typical garden
variety put on of a con.**

And I'm not talking about
some kind of officially
approved parody like Stan
Freeberg's Jack Webb-
sanctioned “St. George And
The Dragonet” satire or a
“Weird” Al Yankovic squeeze
box subterfuge, I'm talking
about something that actually
purports to *be* something else;
a Grade A artifice that would
do Sgt. Bilko proud.

You know, like the Masked
Marauders really being Dylan
and the Stones; or Klaatu
really being the Beatles; or
Orion really being Elvis. Those
great pretenders may have
fooled a few people for five
minutes, but I'm here to tell ya
that *this* ain't no fake Elvis
Presley pastiche, no suh. Son,
this is the *real* TCB deal.

That said, this album wasn't
actually recorded by The King;
it was waxed by former Nixon-
appointed FBI Drug
Enforcement Agency special

agent “Jon Burrows” who, until recently, was living incognito in suburban seclusion within a DEA witness protection program—you Memphis Mafia members know what I’m talkin’ about, don’tcha?

Elvi—er, “Jon Burrows” dives into an eclectic song selection that includes “Every Breath You Take” (by the *Police-Sting*, geddit?) and “Wanna Be Startin’ Somethin’” (by a former son *in law*, geddit?)

The Kin—er, “Jon Burrows” also revisits a number of past hits ranging from the obvious “Heartbreak Hotel” to the obscure “Hawaiian Wedding Song.” And don’t you dare miss the triumphant album-ending “Elvis Is Back” rap which is influenced by Tyler Durden’s “This Is Your Life” single as produced by the Dust Brothers.

So buy it; listen to it; run it through an FBI spectrographic voice analyzer; and see if you don’t agree with me that *Elvis Found Alive* is the absolute best Elvis Presle—er, “Jon Burrows” album you’ve heard since the ’68 comeback special—which is only fitting since this *is* a comeback album in its own right.

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK – VIDEO DIVISION:
Joel Gilbert – *Elvis Found Alive* (MVD Visual) :: And if you *don’t* believe me that Elvis Presle—er, “Jon Burrows” recorded this album, then you

have to watch this two hour documentary which conclusively proves otherwise.

Joel Gilbert, the rockumentary filmmaker who discovered the lost George Harrison tapes which confirmed that Paul McCartney *is* dead, now follows up that cinematic exposé by *showing* the whole world who “Jon Burrows” really is and how he came to be influenced by Captain “Shazam” Marvel—all spoken by the Takin’ Care of Business man himself in his own on-camera words.

And while I don’t know what Joel’s *next* rock ‘n’ roll revelation will be, here’s hoping he’ll uncover the arcane secret behind Bob Dylan’s mysterious 1966 motorcycle accident! What’s that? He already *did*?

Be seeing you!

Sun, February 5, 2012 | [link](#)

**Sunday, January 29,
2012**

**JEFFREY MORGAN’S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #300**

**299 COLUMNS LATER IT’S
JEFFREY MORGAN’S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #300!**

Poly Styrene – 1957-2011

(R.I.P.) :: Even if the only song that Marianne Joan Elliott-Said had ever recorded was 1977’s epochal inaugural sax-soaked X-Ray Spex single “Oh Bondage Up Yours!” it *still* would’ve been enough to

cement her position as one of rock's most engaging female vocalists; luckily, there was more where that came from.

And now, a word from our sponsor:

Hello, I'm Jeffrey Morgan, founder of the international humanitarian aid organization **Rock Critics Without Borders**.

When I created RCWB at the dawn of rock 'n' roll back in 1954, one of my primary goals was to spread the literal word of rock music around the world through the expert applied use of informed rock criticism. For over fifty years my missionaries have traversed the far-flung corners of the globe and converted millions of ignorant savages to this enlightened cause. Thanks to my pioneering work in this field, thousands of government departments have been created over the past half century which do just that—and a whole lot more.

Some of these officially sanctioned RCWB affiliated agencies include: **Plotzen Roll** (Israel); **Her Majesty's Official Ministry of Popular Music** (England); **Heil Rockenplatz** (Germany); **Rockit Unit** (USSR); **Rock 'n' Roll Canada** (People's Republic of Canuckistan); and the **Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll** (USA).

Under my direct leadership, the research and development wings of these departments have been responsible for creating the most exciting innovations in the history of rock 'n' roll.

In the 1950s, in partnership with Tip Top Tailors, I introduced the tradition of rock musicians wearing suits and ties on stage so wary parents would feel more at ease with this new form of entertainment.

Then in the 1960s, I teamed up with Consolidated Edison to develop the powerful electrical infrastructure needed to provide terawatts of clean renewable energy to every major outdoor peace and love festival from Altamont to Medicine Ball Caravan.

And in the 1970s, I joined forces with the elite scientists of Dow Chemical to invent the weapons-grade pyrotechnics which made the theatrical rock era possible.

Yes, **Rock Critics Without Borders** has been there every decibel of the way but we're not finished yet. I've just signed a memo of understanding with Weyland-Yutani and the Union Aerospace Corporation to expand my ministry off world to other planets. If there's life on Mars, you can bet that I'll find it and convert it.

The first sixty years have been

great, but I guarantee that the best is yet to come. You have my word on it because my name is Jeffrey Morgan—and I *am* rock 'n' roll.

Be seeing you!

Sun, January 29, 2012 | [link](#)

**Sunday, January 22,
2012**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #299**

**I'M SEARCHING FOR MY
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #299!**

JC Brooks & The Uptown Sound – *Want More*

(Bloodshot) :: Look, that album title may be rhetorical but my answer is an unabashed YES because this is the down 'n' dirty album of unsifted grit that the Rolling Stones were trying to make when they recorded *Black And Blue* fuelled by Wonder Bread instead of Natty Dread. I'm tellin' ya, this soulful excursion of funky delicacies is the hottest hip-shaker you'll hear this side of vintage James Brown. I didn't think they *made* groovalicious records like this anymore but, boy howdy, this is one time I'm glad I'm wrong because JC is the new JB with power to spare. Bonus points for mainlining one of the best smack songs I've ever heard and then having the additional brainpan smarts to call it "Sister Ray Charles."

**Sacred Balance – *Sacred
Balance* (self released) :: I'm**

not kidding, the drums on the first track are so brutally bludgeoning they sound like they were helmed by John Bonham fresh from recording *Physical Graffiti*. Then, luckily for my heart, things settle down after that into a more reasonable groove, fronted by the ever impressive Chloe Charles—no relation to Sister Ray—whose expressive vocals, as always, are gracefully ethereal and worth the price of admission alone.

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: The Diodes – *Action/Reaction* (Bongo Beat) :: Just when you thought that there's nothing new or notable to listen to these days, along comes this innovative quartet of fresh-faced modern day swingsters who are aesthetically savvy enough to harmoniously fuse the best of today's anarchic proto-punk bands with the kind of infectious new wave pop musik that'll easily infiltrate your brain and super-saturate your senses!

Now normally this is the part of the review where I'd compare these four cool cats to someone else so you'll know what to expect, but The Diodes are so gosh-darned *original* that it's nigh-on impossible for me to do so!

First and foremost, guitarist John Catto has an uncanny aptitude for being able to write the prototypical three minute pop song at a moment's

notice! Toe tapping tunes like “Rock It” and “That Was The Way It Was” are primo primed note-perfect examples of what I’m talking about—and that goes double for the title track! But it’s the radio friendly first single “Catwalker” that’s destined to propel The Diodes up to the toppermost of the poppermost and *keep* them there!

Then there’s singer Paul Robinson, who delivers the lyrics with a dynamic double-tracked drawling diction which draws on a rarely used mid-Western aesthetic that’s additionally overtly European but never obviously so!

That leaves the anchoring rhythm section of bass boss Ian Mackay and skin stoker Mike Lengyell to make sure that the exuberant heavier than heavy proceedings keep from soaring up into the supersonic stratosphere!

I predict great things for The Diodes because *Action/Reaction* proves that they’re years—if not century-spanning decades—ahead of their time!

Be seeing you!

Sun, January 22, 2012 | [link](#)

**Sunday, January 15,
2012**

**JEFFREY MORGAN’S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #298**

**MAMMY! DON’T YOU KNOW
JEFFREY MORGAN’S**

MEDIA BLACKOUT #298!

David Lee Roth – *A Little Ain't Enough* (Warner Bros.) :: But seriously, *this* is the greatest Van Halen album that the original line-up never stayed sober long enough to record so you'd *better* believe that their new one had best come close to being as good as this grievously over-looked melodic hard rock masterpiece is. Bonus points for appearing not once, but twice, in period costume blackface on the inner sleeve's ersatz 1880s daguerreotypes. Points deducted for not having the diamonds to use said portraits as the front and back cover photos.

Chickenfoot – *Chickenfoot & Chickenfoot III* (E1) :: How come Michael Anthony and Sammy Hagar didn't invite Gary Cherone to these exhalin' alumni albums?

Van Halen – *Van Halen III* (Warner Bros.) :: Oh, right.

Tyler Bryant & The Shakedown – *From The Sandcastle* (self released) :: You may recall me telling you about how this young 'un *almost* smoked Jeff Beck off the stage at Massey Hall last year. Well, this seven track record of his ain't no different in that it expertly grafts destorto eletrobooze with an unbridled youthful enthusiasm that'll have you rocking out like all get out while your irate neighbors pound the wall with

a broom so's you'll shut it down all pronto like *but don't you listen to 'em*. Besides, if you play this one as loud *I* do, you won't be able to hear them anyway anyhow anywhere.

Rockpile – *Live At Montreux 1980* (Eagle) :: These sweet sixteen trax on wax feature Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds playing just about everything that you'd wanna hear from "So It Goes" and "I Knew The Bride" to "Crawling From The Wreckage" and "I Hear You Knocking." Bonus points for covering Duke Ellington's "Take The A Train." Just kidding; whaddya think this *is* anyway, a *jazz* festival or something?

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Elliott Brood – *Days Into Years* (Paper Bag) :: So even before I get the chance to slap this guy's record on the old Victrola, I see him on the telly lookin' vaguely like a latter-day Jim Morrison what with the long hair and the beard and all and he's strummin' away on an acoustic singin' his songs and I'm thinkin' to myself: *this* guy don't need *my* help.

But just in case he *does*, I'd better tell ya that this ten tracker contains electric gitboxes battlin' with banjos for sonic supremacy while the singin' songwriter serves up a McCartney-esque mélange of melodic pop songs that echo the marryin' man at his most heartfelt sincere ("Lines") and

most hellaciously searing (“Hold You”). However, even *that* ace aural analogy won’t prepare you for “My Mother’s Side” which sounds like Dylan fronting Led Zeppelin at Newport in 1965—only better.

Bob Dylan – *The Original Mono Recordings* (\$ony) :: *Anything* to make a buck, huh? At least with Miles Davis, the ghoulish graverobbers at \$ony had the common decency to wait until Miles was *dead*.

Be seeing you!

Sun, January 15, 2012 | [link](#)

Sunday, January 8, 2012

**JEFFREY MORGAN’S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #297**

**HICKORY DICKORY
JEFFREY MORGAN’S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #297!**

Andrew Dice Clay – *Dice Rules: Live At Madison Square Garden* (Vestron Video) :: Boy, what a difference two decades can make, huh? Vestron Video isn’t around anymore and, for the most part, neither is Dice. But this concert film from 1990 shows why he’s *still* the only comedian to sell out Madison Square Garden two nights in a row—and get a standing ovation, before he even says a word, just by shrugging his shoulder and lighting a cigarette. *Hey wussa madder you can’t take a joke oh!*

David Lee Roth – *DLR Band*

(Wawazat!) :: Boy, what a difference a decade and a half can make, huh? Wawazat! Records isn't around anymore and, for the most part, neither is Roth. But this...

Van Halen – *A Different Kind Of Truth* (Interscope) :: ...never mind.

Various Artists – *Insomniac's Electric Daisy Carnival Experience* (Ultra DVD) :: This trippy two hour documentary by Kevin Kerslake contains music and performances by Underworld, Chemical Brothers, ReSeT!, N*E*R*D, Kid Cudi, Daft Punk, Will.I.Am, Travis Barker X A-Trak, Swedish House Mafia, Steve Aoki, Simian Mobile Disco, Mstrkrft, Moby, Laidback Luke, Kaskade, Fedde Le Grand, DJ AM, Deadmau5, David Guetta, Boys Noize, Benny Benassi, Afrojack, Above & Beyond, 112th Planet and a whole host of other spell-check challenged band names that may or may not mean anything to you but sure help to jack up my word count so I don't have to type as much original content this week as I did last—which is a laugh and a half considering that last week's column was nothing but a cut and paste job culled from ten of my 2011 columns.

But since I still have a long way to go to meet my weekly quota even after *that* exhaustive run-on paragraph, it behooves me to tell ya that this must see celebration of life

is the best audio-visual exhibition yet of how endemic rave culture has become, from the brain bleachin' beats to the far-flung fashions to the theatrical choreographed concepts.

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Dex Romweber Duo

– *Is That You In The Blue?*

(Bloodshot) :: Given Dex's depressionist "Vincent Van Gone" painting on the front and his baleful Victorian gaze on the back, you'd be excused for thinking that this was some kinda downer disc on the inside—but the twangin' saxabilly rave up that opens this album immediately puts a steel-capped boot to *that* theory. Armed with a hypnotic voice that sounds like a monster mash-up between Iggy "Frankenstooge" Pop and Belá "Lounge Lizard" Lugosi, this here Dexter dexterously dishes out an imaginary Lo-Fi soundtrack to a lost Rodriguez and Tarantino double creature feature that the Cramps never got to score. Bonus points for the Enoesque "Kitchen Utensils" percussion credit given to skin smasher Sara; and for waxing a cover of Billy Boy Arnold's "I Wish You Would" that actually gives Bowie's version on *Pinups* a run for its money in the sonic corrosion department.

Be seeing you!

Sun, January 8, 2012 | [link](#)

Sunday, January 1, 2012

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #296****HAPPY NEW JEFFREY
MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #296!**

Here, in random order, is my 2011 Top Ten list of records, as they appear on my official ballot for this year's annual *Village Voice* Pazz & Jop critics' poll, which I've been voting in since 1939. Well, it sure *seems* like it.

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S TOP
TEN RECORDS OF 2011:**

01. **Andy Creeggan** – *Andiwork III* (Bongo Beat) :: This wonderfully weird and wonky record is one of the most creatively inventive instrumental musical albums to come down the pike since Columbia released the avant garde album *Peanuts: The Incomparable Comic Strip Comes To Life* in 1962—and that's definitely *saying* something you blockhead!
02. **Daniel Jamieson's Danjam Orchestra** – *Sudden Appearance* (OA2) :: From the frantic ten minute rain-soaked *noir* bop of "Alone Together" to the hepper than hip twelve minute title track to the sensitive and sensuously smooth take given the Charlie Chaplin standard "Smile," this is one album that'll be in heavy rotation on your turntable for weeks.
03. **Hot Club Of Cowtown** – *What Makes Bob Holler: A*

Tribute To Bob Wills And His Texas Playboys (Proper) :: Wherein this Hot Clubbin' trio document their affection for the King Of Western Swing and each one of these fourteen tracks will transport you back to the much simpler days when all manner of swing was king and country swing in particular ruled the roost.

04. T-Model Ford and GravelRoad – *Taledragger* (Alive) :: T-Model Ford is this gravelly voiced gazillion-year-old bluesman who's got more hot spunk loaded in the little finger of his left hand than you've got in your entire spuzzy wang dang doodle—and that goes *double* for all youse loose wimmens; *triple* for all youse tight ones. Believe you me, this is the authentic blooze sound that Jimmy Page sold his sordid soul to snatch, but never managed to snare.

05. James Lee Stanley and Cliff Eberhardt – *All Wood And Doors* (MVD Audio) :: C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon now; *trust me*, Babe: can't you see that I am not afraid to say that this tastefully acoustic guitar session is nothing less than a bluesy stripped-down symposium that showcases how truly timeless The Doors' greatest hits really are? Bonus points for being accompanied by erstwhile Doors members Robbie Krieger and John Densmore; *plus* previous Monkee Peter Tork. Hey hey, they're the Doorkees!

06. **Ben Waters** – *Boogie 4 Stu: A Tribute To Ian Stewart* (Eagle) :: This tribute to the Rolling Stones' late lamented co-founder and ace ivory tickler is not only a more than worthy heartfelt tip of the hat to the man, it's an exemplary exercise in the kind of countrified boogie blues rock that Stu excelled in playing all his life. And keyboardist Waters, who used to play with Stewart, even managed to reunite the perfect group of musicians to help him record his rockin' requiem: the aforesaid Stones themselves.

07. **Levin Torn White** – *Levin Torn White* (Lazy Bones) :: These three wise men take everything that you *thought* you knew about heavy industrial progressive rock and transmute it from traditional fusion into a new element of audio contusion that you won't find on any heavy metal periodical table. You haven't lived until you've heard how the spasm-inducing slaw firm of Levin Torn & White effortlessly commands this volatile new source of aural energy that kids a quarter of their age only *wish* they could corral.

08. **Kate Reid** – *Doing It For The Chicks* (self released) :: Living up to the title of her debut album *I'm Just Getting Started*, this brazen hussy now has the nerve to actually use her latest tell-all album as a *recruitment tool* to conscript

innocent sweet young things into her service, as evidenced by her oral offer on the title track wherein she actually admits: “I’m merely on a divine plan to convert you all to the dark side of the bedroom!”

09. **Carl Dixon** – *Lucky Dog* (DD) :: “Lucky” ain’t the word to describe a guy who got seriously smearcased in a horrific head-on collision only to improbably survive and then ambitiously thrive, but it’s one heckuva good start. You can take it from me when I tell ya that *Lucky Dog* is a classic rock fan’s delight because it sounds just like it was recorded back in the halcyonic ’70s.

10. **Done On Bradstreet** – *Done On Bradstreet* (self released) :: This butane barn-burner was recorded in 1970, released in 2011, and well worth the 41 year wait. Anchored by the authentic hallmark sound of the late ’60s, it’s a vital energizing example of classic rock at its finest that’ll jack you back to the days when bands like Steppenwolf and Lighthouse ruled the royal roost.

Be seeing you!

Sun, January 1, 2012 | [link](#)

**Sunday, December 25,
2011**

**JEFFREY MORGAN’S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #295**

**MERRY JEFFREY
MORGAN’S MEDIA**

BLACKOUT #295!

This is Bob “Media Blackout” Hope coming to you live from the Big Room upstairs where I’m filling in for Jeffrey Morgan, who’s away this week celebrating Christmas by listening to some of the latest rice-paddy platters in Da Nang Trong province. You know what ‘Da Nang Trong’ means, don’t you? That’s Vietnamese for “Exit strategy? We don’t need no stinking exit strategy.”

No, but I’m really thrilled to be here on the road to ruin, as my good friend Joey Ramone would say. In fact, most of the Ramones are up here, although it took them a while to clear customs. They were forty pounds overweight, and that was just their hair. Yeah, and I hear Joey’s going to record a new Christmas song with Bing Crosby as soon as the old groaner recovers from that “Little Drummer Boy” duet he did with David Bowie 35 years ago. Just wait until he finds out that Joey’s been taking sarong lessons from Dorothy Lamour. Isn’t that wild?

Hey, how about a few reviews!

John Lennon – *“Happy Xmas (War Is Over)”* (Apple) :: Hippie.

Various Artists – *We Wish You A Metal Xmas And A Headbanging New Year* (Armoury) :: Look, even I can only take so much of Bing

singing “White Christmas” before I get a hardcore hankerin’ to dreck the halls with gobs of metal. That’s why I’ve been listening nonstop to this twelve track compilation of carols, which features everyone from Lemmy to Alice to Dio. I’ll be deaf for Christmas, if only in my screams.

Christina – “*Things Fall Apart*” (ZE) :: Originally released in 1981 on *A Christmas Record* and *still* the most mentally disturbed Noël number ever released.

Rhonda Silver – “*Chri\$tm\$a\$ On Credit*” (Silver Shadow) :: You can forget all about Eartha Kitt mewing out the high-priced “Santa Baby” for the umpteenth year in a row because this is the *new* torch song for today’s troubled times. You’ll sign up for a government bailout when you hear sultry songstress Silver croon: “You know that Santa’s got the blues ’cause he ain’t got no green. Looks like Mrs. Claus has picked his pockets clean!” In other words: Cash is king.

Johnny Cash – *The Johnny Cash Christmas Specials: 1976-1979* (Shout! Factory) :: What’s the best way to have a cool Yule this year? By watching this four disc box set containing the Man In Black’s holiday television specials. Cash doing Christmas would be reason enough to watch at any time, but what *really*

makes this a seasonal must see is the truly eclectic line up of guest stars, including everyone from longtime stage stalwarts June Carter and Carl Perkins to country legends Merle Travis and Roy Clark to seminal Sun rockers Roy Orbison and Jerry Lee Lewis.

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Mr. T – “*I Told You Hannibal: I Ain’t Gettin’ On No Sleigh!*” b/w “*Shut Up, You Crazy Yule!*” (T-Neck) :: Boy, I wanna tell ya, ain’t that something?

Be seeing you!

Sun, December 25, 2011 | [link](#)

Sunday, December 18, 2011

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #294**

**THE GIRL CAN'T HELP
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #294!**

Lindsay Lohan – Stacked 'n' Smacked (Playboy) :: I'll take Miss February 1955 *any* day.

Maxeen – *Maxeen* (Side One Dummy) :: Despite having a glam band name and an album produced by vintage Ramones producer Ed Stasium, this album's pretty vacant *and I don't care*.

2Pac – *Nu-Mixx Klazzics* (Death Row) :: This grave robbin' rehash vaults Tupac Shakur into first place on the 'Most Records Released By A Dead Musician' list: 293, thus

breaking the previous record of 292 which was formerly held by Jimi Hendrix. But once you get past the obvious Slade influence in the album title, there isn't anything else here worth noting unless you want to hear half a dozen new vocalists making topical references to al-Qaeda in an attempt to make Tupes more relevant to a new generation of post-9/11 homies. File under: Slayola.

Foo Fighters – *Everywhere But Home* (Roswell) :: Anyone else would've popped a few antacids and gotten a quickie divorce but *noooooooooo*. So thank heaven for nagging wives and upset stomachs or else we'd never have this three-hour documentary to kick around. You get so much blast for your buck on this single disc delight that it's kinda hard to know where to begin. The Toronto show? The Washington show? The Reykjavik show? Look, isn't it about time that you recorded over that old VHS copy of *Live! Tonight! Sold Out!* and stepped into the twenty-first century? Or would you rather take the easy way out—you know, like your denim-clad grunge hero did—and administer yourself an extra strength shot of Terminalin? Nah, I didn't think so.

Natural Dreamers – *Natural Dreamers* (Frenetic) :: Imagine Lou Reed being so depressed in 1966 after the first Velvets album tanked that he loaded

up on smack and scotch, stumbled into a studio, and recorded an amateurish half hour of rudimentary jangling discordant instrumentals before finally overdosing. Well, this record is worse.

The Wildhearts – *Riff After Riff* (Gearhead) :: Ever wonder what KISS would sound like if they were influenced by the Monkees and produced by Todd Rundgren? Me neither.

SIZZLING PLATTERS OF THE WEEK: Ike Turner And The Kings Of Rhythm And Blues – *A Black Man's Soul* (Tuff City) & **Sam And The Soul Machine** – *Po'k Bones & Rice* (Tuff City) :: If you're in the meat market for some ultra fine 'n' funky make-out music to slip on before you slip it in, then these two are right up your back alley. Ike's *A Black Man's Soul* is a percolatin' slice of pudenda poppin' screwdoo whose trippy spatial stereo separation will have you bouncin' up against the buckboard. Then, just when you think that you've spunked out for the night, "Unca" Sam Henry's previously unreleased organ-driven *Po'k Bones & Rice* will get you back up and *keep* you there for the duration. Music so drenched in slick shiny sweatola it could only have been recorded in '69—if you catch my drift.

Be seeing you!

Sun, December 18, 2011 | [link](#)

Sunday, December 11,

2011

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #293**

**TAKE ME DOWN TO
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #293!**

Guns N' Roses – *Chinese Democracy* (Geffen) :: Ain't nothin' like the real thing, baby. Two ways of taking that.

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Slash featuring **Myles Kennedy** – *Made In Stoke 24/7/11: Special Edition* (Armoury) :: Look, I'll be the first one to admit that I ditched Slash's former band after the inexcusably ineffectual and downright embarrassingly execrable "*The Spaghetti Incident?*" album—and the fact that they had the additional appalling taste to include one of Charles Manson's hackneyed songs on it as a yellow bellied "hidden track" didn't help matters much either.

I could go on, so I will. It's morally bad enough that gratuitous gore hounds like Roberta Zombie and Brian Warner have actually stooped to sample cheerleader Chuck and his cadre of convicted murderers on their albums, but at least they never added insult to injury by actually *recording* one of his songs. Luckily for them, they were too young to have lived in Los Angeles in the '60s because you can bet that Manson wouldn't have spared any of

their hip little hides *had* they hung their hats there back then—right, Trent Reznor? Record any albums at “Le Pig” lately? Oh, that’s right, I almost forgot; you literally don’t live there anymore, do you? Well, at least you got to take the front door with you as an unhinged souvenir before you left. Next best thing to actually having *been* there that night, huh? But I digress.

Meanwhile, this live twofer by the cleverly named Slash goes a long way towards *almost* rectifying that earlier ethical audio indiscretion because, from the iconic Rock God cover photo—which is duplicated in jean-creaming teen dream detail on the accompanying Rock God Mini-Poster that’s included with every album—to the bonus video disc containing live concert and interview footage, this really *is* about as solid a live rock ‘n’ roll record as you could ask for.

That said, it *does* suffer from the one niggling problem that’s endemic to many a post-band break-up live solo recording: namely, that the glut of classic Guns songs contained herein, while played with note-perfect aplomb, really *do* make you wish that it was Mr. Rose who was up there on stage next to Slash instead of Mr. Kennedy. The good news, however, is that the singer does such an admirable job of aping Axl that you’ll end up enjoying this one for what it is instead of what it

isn't—a sure sign of benevolent British Theocracy in action.

**SIZZLING—AND HOW—
PLATTER ON PERMANENT
ROTATION IN THE HIT
PARADE OF HELL'S
WURLITZER: Charles**

**Manson – *Lie: The Love And
Terror Cult* (self released) ::**
Back in 1970, a friend of mine actually owned an original pressing of this album—not the subsequent ESP-Disc—which explains how I knew *over forty years ago* why old swastika skull had no choice but to self-release his own record. I mean, even Screaming Lord Sutch was signed to a *real* record label.

Be seeing you!

Sun, December 11, 2011 | [link](#)

**Sunday, December 4,
2011**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #292**

**IT'S MOVING! IT'S JEFFREY
MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #292!**

**Styx – *Regeneration: Volume
1* (Eagle) :: *Think of it, Fritz!*
The Bee Gees brain that *you
stole will live again* in that
progressive rock body!**

**Lou Reed & Metallica – *Lulu*
(Warner Bros.) :: It is a
monster! We must *destroy* it!**

**SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE
WEEK: Levin Torn White –
Levin Torn White (Lazy**

Bones) :: And while we're on the topic of indestructible monster mash ups, do stop me if you've heard this one before, but you really *shouldn't* try to argue the issue because just a chronological glance at your record collection *will* prove that, as rock 'n' rollers get older, it's utterly inevitable that they get softer—and I'm not talkin' about virility in the sack, I'm talkin' about volume in the studio.

As maxims of maturity go, TURN IT DOWN *does* seem to be their overriding axiom of aging because, with the obvious aberrant exception of the earlier aforementioned Jeffrey Beck, every single raucous rock musician who ever lived, *has* lived to see the day come when their sonic six-guns were hung up in exchange for a pipe and slippers.

Even such much-vaunted volume advocates as Neil Young and Jimmy Page have had disconcerting bouts of flaccidness recently—assuming that they even bother to wake up *to* show up. And don't you start me talking about former noise boy Miles Davis, who prematurely blew all his goo on *Dark Magus* only to thereafter be reduced to the sad spectacle of shooting blanks, as evidenced by such sterile secretions as *You're Under Arrest* and *Doo-Bop*.

But there's always an exception to the rule, and this

fourteen track all-instrumental album is it—with an emphasis on the *mental* 'cause *Levin Torn White* takes everything that you *thought* you knew about heavy industrial progressive rock and effortlessly transmutes it from traditional fusion into a new element of audio contusion that you won't find on any heavy metal periodical table. But please don't let me be misunderstood: I'm not talkin' about mental as in crazy *coo-coo* mental, I'm talkin' mental as in *sonically supernatural* Magneto-style metal manipulating mental, with an occasional against-type foray into Klaus Schulze electro-drone Krautrock atmospherics.

Then again, what *else* would you expect from the veteran You Are Experienced likes of traps master Alan White, who's smashed skins for the Plastic Ono Band and Yes; guitarist David Torn, who's shredded strings for Don Cherry and David Bowie; and bassist Tony Levin who's similarly strung along with the likes of King Crimson and Peter Gabriel?

But since even *that* peerless pedigree won't be enough to prepare you for the gifts that these three wise men are bearing, you're just gonna have to shell out your hard-earned shekels and hear for yourself how effortlessly the spasm-inducing slaw firm of Levin Torn & White can command this volatile new

source of aural energy that kids a quarter of their age only *wish* they could corral. Heart monitor not included.

Be seeing you!

Sun, December 4, 2011 | [link](#)

Sunday, November 27, 2011

JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA BLACKOUT #291

BETTER LATE THAN JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA BLACKOUT #291!

Alice Cooper – *Welcome 2 My Nightmare* (Universal) :: Obviously I'm kinda biased when it comes to impartially assessing the Coop, so I'll leave it up to *you* to decide whether this thematic sequel is a worthy theatrical successor to 1975's landmark *Welcome To My Nightmare*. What I *will* say, however, is that I can't remember the last time Alice has effectively adopted so many different vocal personas on one album; I mean, he *really* works his Bud off on this one, folks. Bonus points for including choral choruses like "What part of 'dead' don't you get?" and for concluding with the first Alice album-ending instrumental since "Grand Finale" on *School's Out*. Y'know, I think I'm finally beginning to understand why they committed him into the Rock Hall.

The Beatles – *A/B Road* (Purple Chick) :: Look up 'complete' in a dictionary and

you'll find this definitive 83 disc (!) 2,187 track (!!) 98 hour (!!!) bootleg that's the analog equivalent of 147 vinyl albums and exhaustively contains every Nagra tape that recorded the Fabs during their thirty day stay at the Twickenham and Apple studios in January 1969. Bonus points for including such potential crowd-pleasing peace anthems as—I kid you not—"White Power" ("White Power! Malcolm F!") and "No Pakistanis" ("Don't dig no Pakistanis taking all the people's jobs!") and "Negro In Reserve" ("I've got a Negro in reserve!"), all of which remain regrettably unreleased for some strange reason that I can't quite fathom.

Rolling Stones – "*Hang Fire*" (Rolling Stones) :: Whaddya *mean* he doesn't sing: "Y'know, my Aryan money is a full time job"?

Ramones – "*The KKK Took My Baby Away*" (Sire) :: Exactly!

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Done On Bradstreet
– *Done On Bradstreet* (self released) :: Between 1977 and 1980 I recorded an album that didn't get released for 31 years, which is why I can relate to these guys who were forced to wait a whopping 41 years to get *their* album out. Y'see, a month after opening for Janis Joplin in July 1970, Done On Bradstreet shuffled off to Clovis, New Mexico

where Buddy Holly producer Norman Petty did the knob-twiddling duties on their debut album. Then things *really* went South when the band was unable to get possession of their master tapes for four decades.

But they finally *did* and the result is this butane barn-burner that has the authentic hallmark sound of the late '60s. We're talkin' twin wah-wah guitars, swirling organ, earthy heartfelt vocals, and a rhythm section that's *so solid* it could sink a battleship. Honey, this ain't no nostalgic period-piece: it's a vital energizing example of classic rock at its finest that'll jack you back to the days when bands like Steppenwolf and Lighthouse ruled the roost. That's because *Done On Bradstreet* is a truly unique rock 'n' roll product of its time—and it's *about* time, too.

Now if only the City Muffin Boys would release *their* album...

Be seeing you!

Sun, November 27, 2011 | [link](#)

**Sunday, November 20,
2011**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #290**

**DOWN FOR YOU IS
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #290!**

The Beatles – *Hate* (Apple
Corpse) :: You get what you

pay for, so it's not surprising that this free conceptual remix inversion of the *Love* album falls flat in several spots. But when it *does* work, as evidenced by such radically remade tracks as "Revolution 23" and "Horny Pie," the effect is unsettlingly unsound.

The Beatles – *Hell* (Apple Corpse) :: Meanwhile, this sulfurous sequel is almost worth the price of admission alone just to hear what an amusing phonetic difference digitally removing the "p" from "Help!" makes. Bonus points for including such scabrous hit singles as "Hell Terskelta" and "Helleleanor Rigid" and "Hell O' Goodbye" and...

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: Lou Reed & Metallica – *Lulu* (Warner Bros.) :: In a world of woefully sterile and stagnant laptop manufactured music where nothing shocks or surprises anymore, *Lulu* is the most creatively daring and challenging Lou Reed album since he had the mental wherewithal to create *Metal Machine Music*—and make no mistake: despite the dual album credit and sporadic duet, this *is* a Lou Reed album from bottom to bottom.

Metallica's inclusion as Reed's backing band makes this the most brutal album of his career, much in the same way that the earlier presence of Dick Wagner and Steve Hunter made *Rock n Roll Animal* heavier than the

Weimar weeper *Berlin*. Here's how Lou accurately assessed both albums when I interviewed him in 1976 during a three hour liquid lunch at Trader Vic's:

MORGAN: It's [*Rock n Roll Animal*] a great guitar album.

REED: That's what it *is*.

MORGAN: It's a great rock album.

REED: For what it is, for that kind of thing, if you go for that, it's probably up there with the best. Like, that's why I like the *Lou Reed Live* album, because of the Hunter-Wagner duel on "Oh Jim." I think that's superb. But "Heroin," y'know, with that *intro*... But it's great for heavy metal nonsense. It's like being in a time warp.

MORGAN: The first time I heard *Berlin* was on a Saturday night at two in the morning—

REED: And you felt sad and guilty and you want to put it off on me?

On a musical volume and lyrical content level, *Lulu* makes both *Rock n Roll Animal* and *Berlin* sound like a quaint Folkways record by comparison. It's a harrowing album that opens with a brief allusion to Universal's monochromatic movie monsters before quickly transforming into an unreasonable—but never unreasoning—bludgeoning brute of a beast that's been graphically stitched together in the goriest color-saturated Hammer Films tradition.

Lulu is one of those rare albums that actually asks you to think; that asks you to work at understanding it. What, at first listen, seems to be an utterly impenetrable quagmire only becomes clearer with each successive listening—and even *then* you'll find that you've barely set a foot past its threshold of severe loss and pain. But don't let *that* stop you from taking another step. Be brave.

Be seeing you!

Sun, November 20, 2011 | [link](#)

**Sunday, November 13,
2011**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #289**

**SUH-PRI-ISE! JEFFREY
MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #289!**

Barney Hoskyns –
RocksBackPages.com
(Archive) :: Most likely all
youse modern day whizz kids
won't know what I'm talking
about but, back in the good old
days when the world was all
analog all the time, the only
way you could get the
licentious low-down on what
was up with your favorite
debauched musical
degenerates was to scrounge
up a weekly rock rag like
Rolling Stone and *New
Musical Express* and *Melody
Maker* or a monthly scandal
sheet like *CREEM* and *Circus*
and *Hit Parader*.

Of course, less literate culture vultures like myself had to resort to drooling over the cheap pulp-printed skin shots in *Rock Scene* while upscale Freddie Mercury fans always had the latest lavender-laden issue of *After Dark* to breathlessly peruse.

However, thanks to the visionary wherewithal of journalist Barney Hoskyns and the ace archivists at RocksBackPages.com, these formerly ephemeral examples of pioneering music writing are now digitally preserved forever—and that's a mighty long time—on the RBP website in their original unadulterated form, as originally written by the world's greatest rock critics.

Currently celebrating its Tenth Anniversary on the Information Superhighway, this peerless historical library and reference resource is made all the more invaluable by its unique audio archive which includes a wealth of rare tape recorded interviews with almost every seminal rock legend you can think of—from boozing Jim Morrison to bopping Marc Bolan—so go [here](#) and mebbe alla youse modern day whizz kids *will* know what I'm talking about.

And now if you'll excuse me, I've gotta go and cash my RBP payola check—but if it bounces like the one from *16* did that Gloria Stavers sent me, I'll be *mighty* riled; mighty

riled indeed.

David Francey – *Late Edition* (Laker Music) :: Wherein a great album title is made even greater by a disc full of simple—but never simplistic—heartfelt folksy blues songs lightly laden with banjo and fiddle that aren't afraid to edge into edgier territory out where the trams don't trot. Plus, the equally impressive stereo mix allows each song ample room to breathe; it's a dying art, folks.

SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE WEEK: The B-52s – *With The Wild Crowd! Live In Athens, Georgia* (Eagle) :: Show me a live-in-their-hometown reunion album and I'll show you a lazy litany of last gasp let down expectations—but not *this* time I won't 'cause *this* is the most kinetically frenetic fun fiesta a go-go since their pulsating *Party Mix!* radically redefined what a remix record *should* sound like. Even better, these kitschy camp runamuck jive bombers haven't missed a strategically placed lick since their "Private Idaho" and "Love Shack" hit single heyday. Not only do they rock harder than ever, their witty retro-ironic antics jibe with today's pop culture landscape in a kooky cool way that vitally resonates even more than it did thirty years ago. That's why the line to elect Fred Schneider into the Rock Hall starts *here*.

Be seeing you!

Sun, November 13, 2011 | [link](#)

**Sunday, November 6,
2011**

**JEFFREY MORGAN'S MEDIA
BLACKOUT #288**

**LADY, I DON'T HAVE
JEFFREY MORGAN'S
MEDIA BLACKOUT #288!**

**SIZZLING PLATTER OF THE
WEEK: Kate Reid – *Doing It
For The Chicks*** (self
released) :: If I threw out all
the records in my collection
that were recorded by homos,
alkies, murderers, junkies,
lunatics, adulterers, gypsies,
tramps and thieves, I'd have
nothing left to spin except my
Pat Boone albums—and even
they'd be suspect after he was
seen in the company of Alice
Cooper: a *guy* with a *girl's
name*, of all things.

Besides, I've got too many
albums to burn even if I *did*
want to torch them, which is
why I rationalize my paucity of
purification by reminding
myself what a mortally
wounded Lee Marvin sagely
said at the end of *The Killers*
after he plugged double-
dealing Ronald Reagan and
was about to perforate two-
faced Angie Dickenson: "Lady,
I don't have the *time*."

Well *we* may not have the time
but it's obvious that a whole
host of others *do*, judging by
the number of decadent discs
which keep a-tumblin' into my
rock critic sin bin, including
this latest licentious offering by
Kate Reid. You may recall that

I reviewed Kate's debut disc *I'm Just Warming Up* a year ago in MB234—but if you don't, I'll reiterate for ya:

“With song titles like ‘The Only Dyke At The Open Mic’ and ‘Emergency Dyke Project,’ you can probably guess which side of the swingin’ gate country singin’ Kate is straddling. She’s got a brain as big as her heart and a good-natured sense of humor that’s even bigger. But don’t let her cheerful chirpy voice fool ya ‘cause Kate’s *nobody’s* fool, nuh uh. That’s why she prefaces each set of lyrics in the booklet with insightful little explanations and relevant bits of advice like: ‘In mainstream pop culture, lesbianism is becoming a marketing tool to reach male audiences. Not good.’ Of course Kate’s right but, what with me bein’ a guy who still harbors eleventh hour Honor Blackman conversion fantasies, I’m not ashamed in the least to admit that talkin’ tales like ‘Ex-Junkie Boyfriend’ and ‘Truckdriver’ made me fall head over heels for her.”

That said, I *was* kinda hoping that my hyper-masculine review might switch Kate over but, wouldn’t you know it, not only has she remained stubbornly unchanged, the brazen hussy now has the nerve to actually use her latest tell-all album as a *recruitment tool* to conscript innocent sweet young things into her service, as evidenced by her oral offer on the title track

wherein she actually admits:
“I’m merely on a divine plan to
convert you all to the dark side
of the bedroom!”

Okay, I give up. Just like Kate,
I know when I’m licked. So if
you’re a skirt with your eye on
some fresh lettuce you’re
seekin’ to sway, go to Kate’s
website and buy both of her
albums. Together they’ll make
the perfect box set—and so
will the two of you, if you catch
my drift.

Be theeing you!

Sun, November 6, 2011 | [link](#)

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