

A woman with dark curly hair, wearing a black dress and a necklace with spider-like decorations, is applying red lipstick. She is holding a vintage-style microphone. The background is a deep red, draped fabric, possibly a stage curtain. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and hands.

# THRILLING WOMEN

JEFFREY MORGAN  
*with* DEAN MOTTER

*The Lost Air Pirates Sessions*  
TORONTO 1977-1980

Jeffrey Morgan, 1980



Dean Motter, 1980



## Memoirs Of An Air Pirate

by Dean Motter

"...a new art of design...accepts the characteristics of machine production not as limitations but as means for the creation of new types of rightness, and it sees the machines themselves as tools of enormously augmented effectiveness in the humanizing of our world. Obviously in this the designer is not a free agent. If he is any good at his work, he will not pluck his designs out of the air or out of the private storehouse of his invention. The imagination which makes him competent is not inclined to fantasy."

--Walter Dorwin Teague

*Design This Day: The Technique of Order in the New Machine Age, 1940*

### PART ONE: OF MACHINES

For me it all began back at Fanshawe College in London, Ontario. It was 1974 and I was a fine art and design student at the time. One of my electives was a class called Creative Electronics. This was the brainchild of Tom Lodge, a visionary and true-life air pirate himself. Cousin to John Lodge of the Moody Blues, Tom was one of the founders of Radio Caroline a decade earlier. This was England's first progressive radio station which circumvented the British Isles' repressive government controlled broadcasting industry by transmitting

from a specially outfitted freighter on the fringe of international waters, often in Greenpeace-like peril from HMS patrol boats and bounty hunters. Fanshawe's radio and TV department mounted this course to explore several disciplines, from Buckminster Fuller's geodesics to McLuhan's theories to guerrilla video to neon sculpture. But what intrigued me most at the time was the EMS Putney synthesizer. This was in the pre-digital, pre-sampling days and the device resembled something out of a fifties science fiction movie.

Here was a class made up of audio engineers, technicians, musicians, artists and even psychology students, with the basic tenet that we were supposed to 'play in each other's sandboxes' as it were. We studied under the tutelage of Lodge, Eric (son and ghostwriter of Marshall) McLuhan, sculptor Michael Hayden, and Syrinx saxophonist Doug Pringle. We were an unlikely group for whom the words "tempered," "phase" and "modulation" held very different meanings in each of our disciplines. In the years that followed, the course came to focus on the recording industry and the more experimental, cross-disciplinarian endeavors went by the wayside—but not before I had become deeply involved with electronic music.

Shortly after I graduated I bought a used Mini-Moog synthesizer from a fellow alumni of the course, Michael Jackson, who was selling it off so he could travel to England and study at recording studios there such as EMI, PYE and Abbey Road.

I'd had an affinity for electronic music since the early days of Pierre Kingsley and Walter Carlos and, later, Pink Floyd and ELP. At last I had the ability to imitate them. I noodled around with the machine in my living room in Toronto for a time, but became bored with simply accompanying records. That pastime lacked fulfillment. The physical exhilaration that my idols like Emerson and Wakeman loved to exhibit was missing. Accompanying themselves on a variety of machines—some by being ambidextrous, others by automating their sequencers and event generators—they stood for a brave new world where technology was not only accessible to the artist but also able to liberate them from the conventions of ensemble performance. There was an inherent, Ayn Rand-like heroism to the vision of an individual freed from the bonds of his fellows and the shackles of a score.

So I purchased a rhythm machine and a sequencer and eventually another synthesizer. I had a good assortment, if a bit Rube Goldberg-like, but it was still that of a hobbyist.

Around this time I moved my graphic design and illustration gear out of my home to share a Queen Street West studio (located above the original Silver Snail comic book store) with a number of other artists including Ken Steacy and Paul Rivoche. Ostensibly we were all aspiring comic book illustrators but, as Toronto had only a nascent comics industry at the time,

we had to make our living by doing children's books, record covers, and magazine illustrations of all kinds.

However, one of my studio mates, John Allison, also shared my affinity for electronic music. He was the proud owner of a Synthi 100, which was basically the Putney in a briefcase with a maddenly tiny touch-sensitive keyboard. John suggested we pool our resources so we hooked up our gizmos and, lo and behold, we had an art studio up front and a recording studio in back.

Well, it wasn't long before we had attracted two more synthesizer owners: flutist Pierre Ouellet, who owned a 4-track TEAC tape recorder; and Patricia Cullen with her ARP and Oberheim. We expanded and the entire co-operative became known as MARS & CO: an anagram for our last names (Motte, Allison, Rivoche, Steacy & Cullen, Ouellet).

And now that I had everything I needed to emulate my musical heroes I was missing only one thing: musical virtuosity. I could create Tangerine Dream-like drone pieces combining phase shifts and filter sweeps with simplistic chord changes bathed in a myriad of textures and effects, but I had no songs! That didn't stop me from investigating just what the machines were capable of, though. Every component had a variable control—whether it was the oscillators, envelope shapers, or rhythm

generators—so there was an infinite number of textures and sonic constructions to look into. But original melodies? That was another matter entirely.

It was no accident that by then my new heroes had become de-constructivists like Steve Reich, Philip Glass and especially Brian Eno. But I still wanted to produce something that sounded at least a little bit conventional—if only just to prove that with enough technical knowledge, imagination, and recklessness one could approximate musical talent. That a command of pure theoretical 'architecture' would allow me consider myself a musician.

It didn't take long to learn the folly of my ways. Sharing the facility with an artisan like Pierre and a brilliant virtuoso such as Patricia, I soon realized that any aspirations I had for becoming a professional performer would be relegated to being an 'interesting sideman.' And even then my other commitments would make it difficult for me to devote the time needed to cultivate such a narrow niche.



Morgan at Eastern Sound.

## PART TWO: OF MEN

By this time, my long time friend and colleague, Jeffrey Morgan (a frequent visitor to the MARS studio on both sides of the soundproof wall) had become interested in what I was up to. In

addition to being the defacto Canadian Editor of CREEM Magazine in America, Jeffrey was also the editor and senior writer/columnist of *Cheap Thrills*, a rock 'n' roll monthly published by CPI, one of North America's largest concert promoters. And because I also happened to be *Cheap Thrills'* art director and designer, Jeffrey and I used the magazine as a monthly forum to promote the shared interests we had in the more subversive musical styles of the day.

So when Jeffrey saw the Ali Baba's cave of synthesizers at MARS, his eyes lit up like two LEDs. Having studied electronic music himself at York University with James Tenney (who had played on Terry Riley's seminal album, *In C*), Jeffrey began tinkering with the keyboards while I programmed and engineered in an effort to continue my sonic explorations.

We spent countless late nights, weekends, and holidays practicing and recording endless variations on themes. Some we came up with on the spot; others Jeffrey had already written at home on his piano. Occasionally we came to aesthetic loggerheads but always managed to patch things up in time for another session.

What I discovered, or re-discovered rather, was that aforesaid brave new world of the Ayn Rand-like technological musical individual. It wasn't so much in one's dependence or independence, but the simultaneous feeling of control and unexpected discovery. Each tune was a machine in itself, and when all the parts worked in sequence and harmony it was as much a result of a creative plan as the natural laws of mathematics. It was a degree of mastery over the physical as well as the ethereal. And yet as pretentious as that may sound, it was a simple visceral sensation. It was...music. However, it didn't come from our ears, as I was accustomed to, but our hands.

Gradually a collection of distinct thematically-related pieces began to develop which reflected both Jeffrey's astute socio-political satirical lyrical and musical visions as well as my own electro-acoustic constructions. It was a surreal romance for an era that never really existed; a nostalgia for a dream state. And as we polished and distilled the works it became apparent to me that our music deserved to be brought to full bloom.

### PART THREE: OF MUSIC

I was involved in the music business in other ways. After a stint as art director at CBS Records Canada, I had hung out my own shingle and was for a time one of the busiest album cover designers in the country. I was working for major labels and independents alike. One of the advantages of that line of work was that I came to know many of the musicians who roamed the local circuit. I often collaborated with them on artwork for their self-financed or domestically produced LPs, EPs and singles. In doing so I spent a lot of time dwelling in bohemian rehearsal spaces, recording studios, and concert venues. As a result, I was in a position to trade design favors here and there with various Toronto luminaries in exchange for their performing on some of the tracks we had recorded.

Ironically, it was Jeffrey who started the guest musician ball rolling when he was prescient enough to specifically ask Paul Robinson of the Diodes to vocalize on a song of his that we'd been working on called "Thrilling Women." (I myself had a short-lived attempt at performing with the band on keyboards in addition to designing three of their album covers.)

Not to be outdone, I summarily asked Toby Swann of the Battered Wives to contribute guitar on the same song. (I designed two covers for that band as well as their controversial logo.)

Then Mark Domenico, a vocalist with Sefel Records, joined in. (His children's music album *But, I'm Just A Kid* had garnered me a Juno Award nomination for album cover design.) He, in turn, brought along his two favorite sidemen: bassist Steve McKenna and drummer Kirk Devereaux.

At this point one may ask: why replace perfectly good sequencer and bongo box tracks on some of the songs with strings and skins? Certainly Jeffrey did. He knew that in a city saturated with hundreds of conventional bands, we were a rare duo in Toronto specializing exclusively in an all-synthesizer sound. Why relinquish that unique advantage? It was simple. With a modicum of 'musical' accomplishment now under my belt, I could play—even if only on tape—with 'real' musicians, not self-programmed robots. The texture of randomness could be introduced by independent minds as opposed to carefully controlled entropy. Plus, I could consider myself a peer. Never underestimate one's ego in these enterprises.



*Motter and phantom engineer at Round Sound.*

Shortly thereafter Andy Haas from Martha and the Muffins showed up to wail away on saxophone. (He was a friend and student at the Ontario College of Art when I taught a Creative Electronics course there.)

Even fellow album designer Hugh Syme (ex-

keyboard player for the Ian Thomas Band and, occasionally, Rush) tinkled the ivories for us. And I certainly wasn't above asking Hugh's then-girlfriend Cherie and my then-wife Cathy to provide additional background and lead vocals as required.

One afternoon during a telephone interview, Jeffrey had the chutzbah to ask Glenn Gould if he'd care to play piano on "Radio City." Mr. Gould good-naturedly declined the offer, but we always kept a track empty for him just in case he should ever change his mind and decide to call back.

Finally, special mention must be made of fellow studio mate and photographer Tom Robe, himself a guitarist with a keen and critical ear, who was actually present at the creation right

from the very beginning. Thirty years later, his astute analysis would prove to be invaluable during the final editing phase.

A unique hybrid of musicians that wasn't exactly a band in the conventional sense of the word, we dubbed Canada's first phantom supergroup "The Air Pirates," a name derived in part from the infamous Disney-suppressed underground comix by Dan O'Neill. In spirit, however, the name pays unmistakable tribute to the countless heirs to Radio Caroline: the pirate radio stations which are broadcasting around the world at any given time.

During the sixties, Jeffrey would listen to these short-wave stations on his powerful Nordmende Hi-Fi receiver as they spread their gospel of unregulated music across the ether. Years later, having filtered this uncensored aesthetic through his own singular eclectic sensibility, he would return what he'd learned to the airwaves. First as the host of *The Machine Rock Show* on Rogers Television in the early eighties; and then by hosting *The Air Pirates Show*, an all night radio program initially heard on CKLN in Toronto during the late eighties and then on CFRC in Saskatoon during the early nineties.

Of course, involving musicians of this quality meant that we now had to get out of the cramped back room of MARS to properly record them. But where? Studio time was expensive and we had yet to find a rich patron.

Fortunately for us, my classmate Michael Jackson had long since returned from England and was working at Eastern Sound in Toronto's fashionable Yorkville district. Thanks to him, we were able to avail ourselves of that facility as well as all the other local studios that Michael had connections to. With him at their respective consoles, it wasn't long before we had amassed a significant amount of full-fledged 16-track masters.

But things would change. After an extended stay at another Queen Street West location (this time on the ground floor behind the Mood Indigo nostalgia clothing store), MARS ultimately moved to the top floor of the Darling Building in the garment district of Spadina Avenue. When the once back-room-sound studio took on investors in order to become a state-of-the-art recording studio, the graphic arts collective also expanded to include more members as a means of supporting the much larger space.

While the stakes had been raised so high that I could no longer afford to maintain an ownership stake in the recording studio I was able to book a few hours here and there for the occasional session, but nothing compared to what we'd been accustomed to. Eventually I had to abandon the enterprise. What initially had started out as little more than a hobby and become a bonafide artistic endeavor was now unfortunately a white elephant with no practical way of ever being completed or released.

And so it was that The Air Pirates' master tapes were regrettably shelved and relegated to a back storage room. Some time later, when the recording studio was sold and its assets inventoried, we belatedly discovered that all of the dozens of 16-track reels we had worked so long and hard on had tragically been destroyed by workmen who'd demolished the storage room while renovating.

All that remained were seven substandard audiocassettes of final mixes that Jeffrey had wisely made after each session and two reels of quarter-inch master tape containing but four songs. And even they were sealed away at the bottom of a box somewhere, all but forgotten.

Decades pass.

#### **PART FOUR: OF MYTHOS**

Little did we know it, but after this interminable passage of time another long time friend and colleague of ours was about to enter the pic-



*Morgan and Toby Swann at Round Sound.*

ture in a crucial way. Ralph Alfonso, a pop culture author and record promoter who lived in Toronto by way of Montreal, had always been a little curious about what we were up to in the electronic laboratory behind my drawing board when I wasn't designing record sleeves for him. I

promised I would let him in on the secret when we were ready, never dreaming that he'd have to wait until the beginning of the next century to find out. In the meantime, he moved to Vancouver where he evolved into the beat poet laureate RALPH and founded the Bongo Beat record label. But you can never escape your past: because he had managed the Diodes during the halcyon heydays of punk and new wave, it was Ralph that Epic Records turned to when they wanted an overseer to assemble a retrospective Diodes compilation entitled *Tired Of Waking Up Tired*.

When it became apparent that there was enough interest in this initial release to perhaps justify a second volume, Ralph began compiling additional material. It was then that

he dimly recalled something about there being an unreleased song that Paul Robinson had once sung on. A song called “Thrilling Women” that just so happened to be one of the sole remaining Air Pirates songs to survive on a quarter inch two-track reel of tape: a reel of tape which had never been played since the day it had been mastered over two decades earlier.

Remembering how we had spent countless hours in the studio, Ralph wanted to know what else we had recorded; specifically if we had completed enough material to assemble a full album. That’s when he was told the story of how our 16-track masters had tragically been destroyed. However, when it was revealed that most of our sessions had at one time or another been dubbed onto work cassettes which still might exist somewhere, Ralph asked Jeffrey to see if he could locate them. After a thorough search lasting several weeks, Ralph flew to Toronto to hear what had been found.

Accompanied by the ubiquitous Dave Rave, they listened to the seven original audiocassettes in Jeffrey’s living room, after which both decreed that there indeed was enough material of sufficient quality and quantity to warrant a full release—but only if the tapes themselves could somehow be salvaged.

Ralph arranged to have Jaimie Vernon of Bullseye Records take the two reels of quarter-inch master tape to Lacquer Channel. This was the only studio in town equipped with a

playback machine properly configured to run quarter inch reel to reel tapes which had been recorded at 30 inches per second. Although 30 IPS was the standard speed for big reels back in the mid-seventies, it was a highly unusual fast speed for quarter inch tapes. So the good news was that the two tapes would be of extreme high quality. The bad news, however, was that before they could even be threaded onto the machine, let alone played back, both reels would first have to be literally baked in an oven for several hours in order to physically bind the flaking oxide back onto the tape. Only then could they be digitally transferred—and even so there would be no more than one or two opportunities at most to run the tape across the playback heads before the oxide would flake off permanently and render the tape forever useless. Talk about your creative electronics...

Luckily, the reel to reel transfer process went problem free. But that left us with the dilemma of how to digitally transfer and then restore seven audiocassettes which were recorded before the advent of high quality chrome or metal tapes. To make matters even worse, because we never dreamt that these surviving cassettes would one day end up being our archival master tapes, we cavalierly made our studio dubs on whatever happened to be lying around at the time. No cracking open a brand new factory sealed tape for us: the first cassette we could immediately put our hands on would suffice, regardless of how many times it had already been used. Indeed, sometimes we



*Mars & Co. Studio Queen Street, Toronto, circa 1981.*

even went so far as to record over low-grade commercially released classical music tapes. Ralph knew from experience that the current state of digital audio technology would now make it possible for our recordings to be restored and possibly enhanced. The hard part would be finding the right person who was expertly adept at using such advanced tools. Enter Blair Packham, formerly of the Jitters, who was the one man Ralph believed could best renew the ragged legacy of The Air

Pirates not only on a technical level but aesthetically as well. It took months of hard work to achieve, but Blair did a heroic job of taking twenty-five year old audiocassettes and making them sound as if they were recorded yesterday. Recorded yesterday on extinct mid-seventies equipment, that is. He even added a sublime guitar solo of his own, thus proving that it’s never too late to become an Air Pirate. Thanks to Blair, we’re now able to finally present this album as we originally envisioned it.

It seems like a lifetime since these recordings were created. In many ways it is. The world has changed quite a bit since then. Oddly enough, the faux nostalgia we were creating back then is no longer counterfeit. The futuristic devices that we used now seem at once both brutal and delicate—and terribly, wonderfully archaic. Unlike a grand piano or a fine guitar, these machines were built to become obsolete. That was, and remains part of the process and the product.

Today that stretch of Queen Street between Beverly and Bathurst is almost unrecognizable. The music continues but it doesn't seem as much a life and death struggle as it did back then. As for me, I haven't changed as much as I should have. I did finally make it in the comic book business (*Mister X*, *Terminal City*, *Batman... even Wolverine*). I continue to struggle to hang onto my creative edge. However, Tegue's words often haunt me. They would have caused me to bristle in those days; today I live by their irony.

— Somewhere in  
Somnopolis, 2011

## THE AIR PIRATES

### THRILLING WOMEN

Rhetorical Structure

#### I. INVENTIO : Give The Girls Hammers!

- 01 – Thrilling Women (Morgan)
- 02 – Cathedral Of Ice (Morgan)
- 03 – A Darkened Stretch (Motter)
- 04 – Hot Goggle Talk (Morgan)

#### II. DISPOSITIO : Living Experimentally

- 05 – The Princess Of Hydrogen (Motter)
- 06 – Radio City (Morgan)
- 07 – Olympiad (Morgan)
- 08 – Schräge Musik (Morgan)

#### III. ELOCUTIO : Mere Gratification

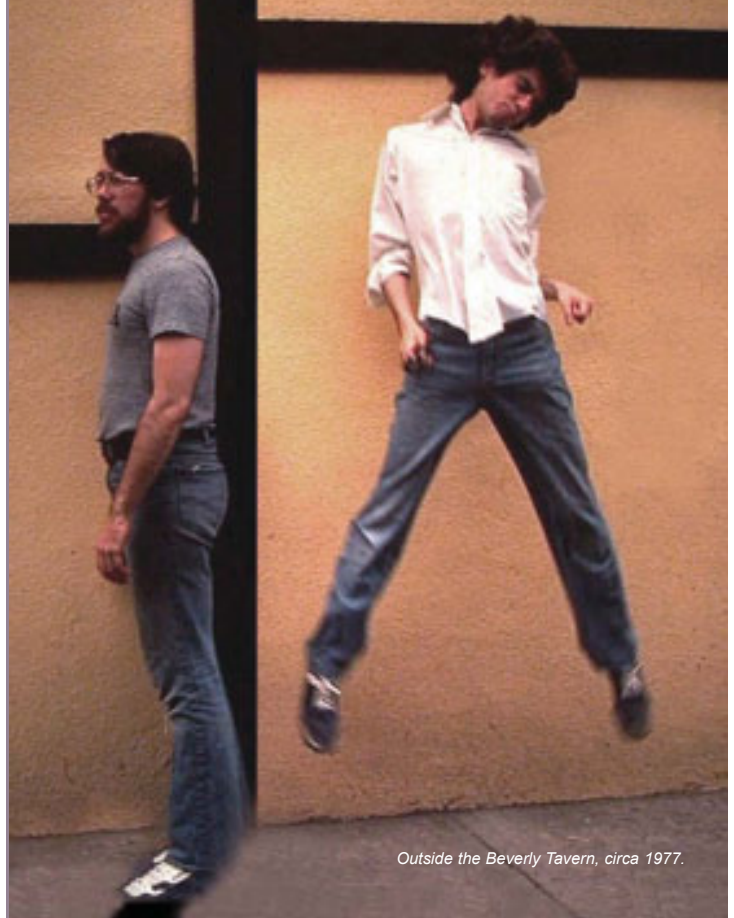
- 09 – Flying Down To Rio (Morgan)
- 10 – Dopplegänger (Motter + Morgan)
- 11 – Mezameru (Morgan)

#### IV. MEMORIA : To Slowly Erode

- 12 – Neuromantics (Morgan)
- 13 – Room For One More (Morgan + Motter)
- 14 – No Time For Boys (Morgan)
- 15 – A Nasty Piece Of Business (Motter)

#### V. PRONUNCIATIO : Futures Yet Defined

- 16 – Thrilling Women (Morgan)



Outside the Beverly Tavern, circa 1977.

## 01 - THRILLING WOMEN

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Lyrics, Music,  
Synthesizers, Handclaps*  
*Dean Motter:*            *Lost Electronic Percussion*  
*Paul Robinson:*        *Lead Vocals*  
*Toby Swann:*            *Lead and Rhythm Guitars*  
*Steve McKenna:*        *Bass Guitar*  
*Kirk Devereaux:*        *Drums*  
*Mark Domenico:*        *Backing Vocals*  
*Cathy Rodrigues:*       *Backing Vocals*  
*Cheri Bogart:*           *Backing Vocals*  
*Tom Robe:*                *Lost Guitar, Handclaps*

When the heat came down  
We were walking though debris  
We were cleaning up the kitchen  
We were cleaning out Denise

We roped off all the side streets  
And we side-swiped all the bricks  
And engaged in snappy patter  
Real slick

We measured our perimeters  
We dusted and we chalked  
And we talked  
And we talked  
And we talked  
And talked and talked

We measured our perimeters  
We dusted and we chalked  
And we talked  
And we talked  
And we talked  
And talked and talked about

Four former cute mutes  
And a Siamese cat  
One shapeless structure  
With a layer of fat  
Three shameless hussies  
At the end of the lime  
And the promise of a very good time

Four fluid fixatives  
Adhering to a wall  
An artificial species  
From an artificial doll  
A slightly severed sister  
Sprayed with aerosol and primed  
To the tune of a very good time

When the word leaked out  
We were working on Marie  
We were slicing up the sections  
Were sluicing out Denise  
We fired up the elements  
And made the Masons sick  
When we slowly stirred the contents  
Real thick

We reviewed the perfect radius  
Surveyed what had occurred  
And we stirred  
And we stirred  
And we stirred and stirred and stirred

Reviewed the perfect radius  
Surveyed what had occurred  
And we stirred  
And we stirred

And we stirred and stirred and stirred  
We stirred the

Four former cute mutes  
And a Siamese cat  
The one shapeless structure  
With a layer of fat  
Three shameless hussies  
At the end of the lime  
And the promise of a very good time

The four fluid fixatives  
Adhering to a wall  
The artificial species  
From the artificial doll  
The slightly severed sister  
Sprayed with aerosol and primed  
To the tune of a very good time

I never wanted you to know  
I never wanted you to go  
I never wanted you to stay  
I never wanted you that way

She very rarely sleeps alone  
She's always on the telephone  
She likes to play it as it lays  
She's always on a holiday  
She tends to fall for classic form  
She's deviating from the norm  
She likes to look for hidden signs  
She's signing on the dotted line

## 02 - CATHEDRAL OF ICE

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Lyrics, Music, Synthesizers*  
*Dean Motter:*            *Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion*  
*Cathy Rodrigues:*       *Vocals*  
*Pierre Ouellet:*         *Synthesizer Solo*

And as the red cathedral lights  
Lay heavy on her hands and brow  
She feels the lines upon her face  
Betray her age from then 'till now

She bridges gaps between the years  
In silent ways on silent nights  
And faces futures yet defined  
While hovering in silent flight

Icon, Icon  
I can't see you any more

Icon, Icon  
I can't hear you any more

She moves her heavy crimsoned hands  
And weaves her words on ancient looms  
Then lovingly throws back her head  
To sing her songs in cherished rooms

Icon, Icon  
I can't see you any more

Icon, Icon  
I can't hear you any more



### 03 - A DARKENED STRETCH

Dean Motter: Music, Synthesizers,  
Electronic Percussion

### 04 - HOT GOGGLE TALK

Jeffrey Morgan: Lyrics, Music,  
Synthesizers  
Dean Motter: Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion  
Mark Domenico: Lead Vocals  
Kirk Devereaux: Drums  
Steve McKenna: Bass Guitar  
Hugh Syme: Grand Piano  
Cathy Rodrigues: Backing Vocals  
Cheri Bogart: Backing Vocals

She was a good looking strip  
Legitimate in lipstick  
Ready to strike behind defenseless backs

Ink in her hair  
Slinking up the back stairs  
Lethally armed with a fatal wisecrack

Here come the Chinese goofers  
All spread-eagled betweenie ears  
Allee time hot goggle talk  
From catchee cash customers

They're neatish in row-rows  
And she's a plenty smart headclocker  
She dresses accordingly  
When ushering them out the door

Twenty minutes well spent  
Seventeen had paid the rent  
Soaking up the atmosphere  
Now spent and withdrawn

Suitcases close  
They're heavy with her new clothes  
The lean lovely thug faces East  
And is gone

Here come the Chinese goofers  
All spread-eagled betweenie ears  
Allee time hot goggle talk  
From catchee cash customers

They're neatish in row-rows  
And she's a plenty smart headclocker  
She dresses accordingly  
When ushering them out the door

You want to give the girls hammers  
You want to see what they'll do  
But if you give the girls hammers  
They'll take it out on you

I wouldn't give the girls hammers  
You mightn't like the results  
'Cause if you give the girls hammers  
You're only asking, only asking for it

### 05 - THE PRINCESS OF HYDROGEN

Dean Motter: Music, Synthesizers,  
Electronic Percussion

### 06 - RADIO CITY

Jeffrey Morgan: Lyrics, Music, Synthesizers  
Dean Motter: Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion  
Mark Domenico: Vocals  
Steve McKenna: Bass Guitar  
Kirk Devereaux: Drums

Donna went down in Radio City  
Donna went down for more than she knew  
Nobody knows the reason she went there  
Somebody said that she went looking for you

I've never been to Radio City  
I've never had a reason to go  
I might go down to Radio City  
There are some things that I ought to know

I'm going down to Radio City  
I'm going down for more than the view  
I'm going down to Radio City  
There are some things that I have to do

### 07 - OLYMPIAD

Jeffrey Morgan: Lyrics, Music, Synthesizers,  
Grand Piano  
Dean Motter: Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion  
Mark Domenico: Vocals  
Steve McKenna: Bass Guitar  
Kirk Devereaux: Drums

The games were going slow so  
I made to leave  
That's when I felt her put her  
Heart on my sleeve  
So I stayed

She introduced herself: Aviva Germane  
I swear to God that that's her real name  
At least that's what she told me

We walked for hours  
Beneath the towers  
Beneath the towering searchlights  
We had intentions  
We couldn't mention  
In such a setting late at night

She said she needed a change of scenery  
Living experimentally was the key  
And I agreed

She then suggested that we  
Share an address  
We left the stadium and  
We didn't have any regrets

We walked for hours  
Beneath the towers  
Beneath the towering searchlights  
We had intentions  
We couldn't mention  
In such a setting late at night

### 08 - SCHRÄGE MUSIK

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Lyrics, Music, Vocals,  
Synthesizers*  
*Dean Motter:*         *Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion*  
*Blair Packham:*       *Guitar Solo*

They tell us that we're fighting the good fight  
They tell us that one day we'll prevail  
They haven't got the faintest clue  
What happens to us once we're up here  
When Allied bullets rain down like hail

A thousand year's not long enough to  
Accomplish what they want us to do  
Yet they insist that we all fly through  
And make the Allies listen to our  
Lovely schräge musik  
They're listening to our schräge musik

Our parlor tricks can't stem an invasion  
That cigar smoking man wants us dead  
And now the fearless leader of the free world's  
Saying he'll destroy us  
Some days you're better off staying in bed

A thousand year's not long enough to  
Accomplish what they want us to do  
Yet they insist that we all fly through  
And make the Allies listen to our  
One note schräge musik  
They're tuning out our schräge musik

A thousand year's not long enough to  
Accomplish what they want us to do  
Yet they insist that we all fly through  
Although the Allies have tuned out our  
Bankrupt schräge musik  
Yeah, they've all tuned out our  
Schräge musik

They've all tuned out it

### 09 - FLYING DOWN TO RIO

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Lyrics, Music, Vocals,  
Synthesizers*  
*Dean Motter:*         *Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion*

She couldn't stand the stress and strain  
Of being away from him another day  
She cabled to Brazil to say she'd be arriving  
On a midnight plane  
She didn't know what would become of them  
And didn't care  
As long as she managed to be by his side  
At the carnival

She passed the fluoroscope and metal checks  
And took her seat as she had planned

She took the gelatin and high explosives out  
And slowly made demands  
She'd never hijacked anything before  
And didn't care  
As long as she managed to be by his side  
At the carnival

She saw the runway lights begin to  
Pierce the darkness as they made to land  
She leaned against an empty seat and  
Held the detonator in her hand  
She couldn't see what all the fuss was for  
And didn't care  
As long as she managed to be by his side  
At the carnival

She wasn't standing firm enough when  
They encountered sudden turbulence  
She lost her footing, lost her grip and  
Worst of all she lost her only chance  
The sky lit up a vivid orange but  
She didn't care  
And neither did anyone down on the ground  
At the carnival

### 10 - DOPPLEGÄNGER

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Music, Synthesizers*  
*Dean Motter:*         *Music, Synthesizers,  
Electronic Percussion*  
*Andy Haas:*            *Saxophones*

### 11 - MEZAMERU

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Lyrics, Music, Vocals,  
Synthesizers*  
*Dean Motter:*         *Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion*

Deep within the confines  
Of the Japanese hot land  
All the rising sons  
Are slowly rising again

The local girls have noticed  
And they're getting excited  
They've got one eye on their mirrors  
And one eye on the men

All the time  
Yeah, they're at the scene of the crime  
All the time  
Yeah, they're at the scene of the crime

The young girls pledge allegiance  
To provide total pleasure  
Their knowledge of the act  
Is always textbook complete

Their appetite for fun  
Exceeds mere gratification  
It's got more to do with business  
Than it does with deceit

All the time  
Yeah, they're at the scene of the crime  
All the time  
Yeah, they're at the scene of the crime

All the time  
Yeah, they're at the scene of the crime  
All the time  
Yeah, they're always dressed to the nines  
All the time  
Yeah, they'll never leave an address  
All the time  
Yeah, you'll ask for more but get less

At the scene of the crime  
At the scene of the crime  
At the scene of the crime  
At the scene of the crime

They very rarely sleep alone

## 12 - NEUROMANTICS

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Lyrics, Music, Vocals,  
Synthesizers*  
*Dean Motter:*         *Synthesizers, Electronic  
Percussion*

We were lying  
Beside one another in silence  
Our bodies were cold  
Our way of loving  
One another hasn't treated us kindly  
It's starting to show

We're Neuromantics  
In Neurope we are  
Neuromantics  
In Neurope we are  
Neuromantics

In Neurope we are  
Neuromantics  
In Neurope  
  
The situations that we're up against  
Defy definition  
There's nothing to know  
The cost is high but  
It's a price that we can pay  
Without flinching

To slowly erode  
We're Neuromantics  
In Neurope  
We are Neuromantics  
In Neurope  
We are Neuromantics  
In Neurope  
We are Neuromantics  
In Neurope

## 13 - ROOM FOR ONE MORE

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Music, Percussion,  
Elevator Hydraulics*  
*Dean Motter:*         *Music, Synthesizers*

## 14 - NO TIME FOR BOYS

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Lyrics, Music, Vocals*

She said on Monday  
I'm starting on a painting

She said on Tuesday  
I'm taking photographs

She said on Wednesday  
I'm seeing what develops

She said on Thursday  
I write my final draft

She said on Friday  
I'm typing up my novel

She said on Saturday  
I'm recording songs

She said on Sunday  
The day of rest God gave us

I'm busy sculpting  
And dancing all day long

No time for boys  
She's got no time for boys  
She's got no time for boys  
No not at all

## 15 - A NASTY PIECE OF BUSINESS

*Dean Motter:*         *Music, Synthesizers,  
Electronic Percussion*

## 18 - THRILLING WOMEN

*Jeffrey Morgan:*        *Music, Synthesizers*  
*Dean Motter:*         *Electronic Percussion*  
*Tom Robe:*             *Found Guitar*

Original sound recordings produced  
by Dean Motter, Toronto, 1977 – 1980

Archived, assembled, and sequenced by  
Jeffrey Morgan, Toronto, 2000 – 2007

Engineered by Dean Motter at MARS & CO;  
Jeffrey Morgan at York University; Roy Farr at  
Round Sound; Joe Finland at McClear Place;  
Michael Jackson at Round Sound, Sounds  
Interchange, and Eastern Sound.

Mixed by Dean Motter, Michael Jackson and  
Joe Finland.

Jeffrey Morgan and Dean Motter play the  
following original instruments and operate  
the following period devices: Mini-Moog,  
ARP 2600, VCS 3, Mellotron 400-D, RMI  
Harmonic, EMS Putney, Sythni 100, AKS,  
Yamaha GX-1, Oberheim DS-2, Roland,  
Korg, RMI, Fender Rhodes, Winter, Steinway,  
Blüthner, modified Dual turntable, Enossified  
Revox 4-track tape recorders, TEAC 4-track  
tape recorder, 1954 Nordmende Hi-Fi short  
wave receiver, 1968 Wollensak 3M portable  
cassette recorder, 1978 Oblique Strategies  
deck by Eno and Peter Schmidt.

*"It's better to be in Toronto  
than to live in some place you don't want to."*

-- Groucho Marx  
in "Home Again," Evening Performance  
Shea's Theatre, Toronto, May 7, 1915

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All songs written by Jeffrey Morgan except:  
"Doppelgänger" and "Room For One More" written by Jeffrey Morgan and Dean Motter; "A Darkened Stretch," "The Princess Of Hydrogen" and "A Nasty Piece Of Business" written by Dean Motter. All songs published by Crash And Burn Music (SOCAN). All Rights Reserved. All lyrics reprinted by permission.

Cover: ALANNAH vs. THE SPIDER!  
Alannah Myles photographed  
by Patrick Harbron, Toronto, 1980.  
[www.alannahmyles.com](http://www.alannahmyles.com)  
[www.patrickharbon.com](http://www.patrickharbon.com)

Makeup: J. Blanchard.  
Spider wrangler: Ralph Brown.  
Darkroom magic: Tom Robe.  
Airbrush finesse: Paul Rivoche.  
Concept and art direction: Dean Motter.

Cover: ÜBER ALLES!  
Composite illustration by Dean Motter.

Despite having officially retired over a quarter of a century ago, The Air Pirates wish to announce, in keeping with the current 21st Century opportunistic spirit of the times, that they could very well be persuaded to reunite and record another album should anyone ever ask.

After all, stranger things have been known to happen; indeed, the fact that this long lost music has finally been released decades after it was originally recorded and is being heard here for the very first time is ample proof of that.

Fortunately, you're still here and so are The Air Pirates. Rocking out like all get out. And ain't that what it's all about?

-- Jeffrey Morgan, Toronto, 2011

Dean Motter dedicates this album to the memory of that Queen Street West band in the sky: Patricia Cullen, Marc Conners, BB Gabor and Handsome Ned. And their backstage crew: Janis Forsey, John Hughes, Mark Russell, and Karen Woolfrey,

Jeffrey Morgan dedicates this album to whoever he's going out with right now.



His Majesty's Airship R-100, over the Canadian Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto, August 11, 1930. Viewed from atop the Darling Building, future home of MARS & CO. studios.

Original master tapes digitally transferred at Lacquer Channel, Toronto, May 28, 2001. Tapes and audiocassettes digitally restored, edited, and enhanced by Blair Packham, Toronto, January 21 – March 11, 2002

First version mastered by Blair Packham at Twiddletown, Toronto, May 13, 2002

Second version mastered by Graemme Brown at Zen Mastering, Vancouver, August 29 and September 20, 2002

Final version re-edited, remixed, and remastered by Jeffrey Morgan at Die Maschine, Toronto, June 17, 2007

Book and tray card photography by Tom Robe, Toronto, 1977 – 1980  
© Tom Robe Photography.

Jeffrey Morgan would like to thank: Anne Morgan and Joe Morgan for their parental love and support; Lester Bangs for discovering me in 1974; Miss Marlene Dietrich for telephoning in 1975; Glenn Gould for telephoning in 1978; Brian Nelson for telephoning in 1983 and 1992; and Alannah Myles for acquiescing in 2011.

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A very special thank you to all the musicians who performed on these tracks so very long ago, purely as an act of friendship. Your good faith is finally being rewarded and your excellent musicianship is finally being heard.

Paul Robinson appears courtesy of The Diodes.

Toby Swann appears courtesy of The Battered Wives.


Andy Haas appears courtesy of Martha And The Muffins.

Military Advisor: Kenneth R. Steacy (ret.)  
Guiding Light: Julie Wisdom (exiled)  
Patron Saint: Machine Rock, Esq.  
(making good on veiled threats since 1978)

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JEFFREY MORGAN with Dean Mötter  
THRILLING WØMEN



THE LOST AIR PIRATES SESSIONS  
TORONTO 1977-1980