



NOBODY BAD
LIKE YOU

I was born in Detroit, almost exactly when MC5's *Kick Out the Jams* peaked in the charts, reminding the world (via John Lee Hooker) that the motor city was, in fact, burning. My family got the fear memo and jumped on the white flight express to a small swampy town just northeast of Detroit. It was about a 45 minute drive (as my dad still worked downtown as an electrician), but felt like 1000 miles away in terms of backwater racist attitudes and the barrier of Lake St. Clair.

Notably, however, where I grew up was only 30 miles from Detroit, as the crow – or, more importantly for the topic at hand, as the electromagnetic spectrum – flies. As

such, not just the lights of Detroit made their way across the lake, but so did the radio stations. This is my personal story of one DJ in particular, really more as an excuse to introduce him to the uninitiated, than explain his effect on me. I am not the only person to have written about this DJ and his influence – not by far. On the back cover is information about finding more material, including many recordings of his shows that fans have transferred to YouTube from cassettes they have held on to for decades. Please have a listen.

In my memories of middle school and high school, The Electrifying Mojo came on every night, late, and was just a part of the fabric of existence. You weren't

DON'T SAY DAMN.
SAY WHOA.

This zinc was inspired by a music infused chat at Ace Barbershop in downtown Albuquerque.



mojo.scribble.com

To check out some online resources about the Electrifying Mojo, visit

driving around and staring at the concrete
amusement park of Detroit being reminded to
always dance and, when you find yourself
at the end of your rope, tie a knot and
hang on.

through middle and high school. I am basically my self-help therapist getting him back and see that Mojo was

So that's my personal story about The Electrifying Mojo. It is a little weird to be reminded to love him back.

Mojo loved his listeners and took care of them. I guess that's part of why they

and dance and words — again that voice — and
madavertently reminding us how we all
were the same in a way. I really do think

May be more importantly, he did it while telling us how important we each were. Basing us through our problems with

important things Mojo gave me; and maybe us collectively. He bridged the scene musically huge gap between races and classes and geography, and brought the entire city together, just like he brought together all these kinds of music.

What Mjøsø meant to me personally, I realize these many years later that this connecting was one of the most

you were lucky) or your street. Maybe your car that he could see from the mothership. And, upon reflection on

Sometimes to you by connecting.
Personally — your high school maybe (if

while talking to you. Sometimes quite literally directly, with mysterious shoutouts to people by first name.

But beyond just the music, Mojo talked. More than that, he preached, he advised, he entertained. And he did this

walking you through the whole thing – usually sold people on first listen. Most people who talk about Mojo understandably talk about the music he played. It was a mix of every kind of funk, soul, pop, imports, dance music, and many things beyond. It was one of the few places at the time where listeners were exposed to the likes of Kraftwerk and B-52s, mixed right in with Prince, motown, Parliament-Funkadelic. Soon, he was also exposing us to the exciting music being created by some of his own listeners, such as the famous Belleville Three. I remember the first time I heard *Clear* by Cybotron on his show and tried to fathom why *all* radio didn't sound like this.