

Nightclubbing at Home



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LONGFORM

/ RAP
/ ELECTRONIC
/ GLOBAL
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Online mixes have deformed my listening habits beyond all expectations. As a dance music fan trapped in club-free suburbia, consuming music one song at a time wasn't just frustrating: It was antithetical. You could rely on the slow trickle of properly licensed CD mixes throughout the year. Or you could listen to the tracks individually, a bit like cutting

without losing its hardcore. Dem 2 are best known for the Zapp-meets-Timbaland bounce of their classic "Destiny", but their "Big Time Scary Dub" of "Bad Funk" has a bassline on it to make Lil Jon shit his trousers, and their dub of "Baby You're So Sexy" is R&B longing whipped into delirium. Wideboys's "Something Got Me Started" has breaks heavy enough to crack floors but the creamy male vocals keep it from getting sterile. "Deep" is overused and nearly useless word in dance criticism, but deep it is. Meme calls this the greatest music ever made, and on some days, I'm more than inclined to agree.

Riddim.ca

<http://riddim.ca>

But if you want grime and dubstep, then we've got plenty of that too. Riddim.ca is self-described as North America's first hub for the post-garage sound, and it says something about the size of the scene and international interest (I'd suspect there as many grime fans around the world right now as there are in East London) that such a site would have to will itself into existence. It's a great repository for all purpose info, news, lively discussion, and broadening the scene. But we're here for the mixes. The DJ sets are the dubstep, a skunked-out Kode9 immersion session and a brief but punishing Plasticman set. Good stuff, depending on your tolerance for snares that scythe across the mix, stomping grime-derived beats, half-time skank, general oppressiveness, and wall-to-wall bass pressure.

The grime is mostly confined to its natural habitat: radio rips. Second best is a Roll Deep set from January of this year featuring Wonder's oxygen-deprived remix of "Hype! Hype!" and plenty of nasty disses of Enemy-of-Roll-Deep Lethal B. First best is the already epochal Dizzee Rascal set on Houston's Damage Control radio show from April '05. Not only do you get a cute interview (he has such a charming speaking voice), but you hear Dizzee unintentionally make a mockery of U.S. no-marks the Grit Boys while flowing over "Still Tippin" and "What?", capping off with a furious blast of all-grime from DJ Wonder.

Aaron Spectre

Bastardmix

<http://www.mashit.com>

Spectre's crunching take on the neo-ragga jungle sound is the first to make me think there might be more to this stuff than the dance music equivalent of Jet or the White Stripes. Like all great DJs, he coaxes the latent goodness out of hoary chunks of previously irredeemable crap. Here it's a dub extract from the Black Eyed Peas "Hey Mama" (surely the first pop song in decades to do fake Jamaican music badly.) He dices and rolls it with Lenky's "Diwali" and it's as if you're hearing the tough riddim lurking in the BEP track clawing its way out of its candyfloss origins.

But he really amps the energy when he starts rough cutting-in chunks of Punjabi MC's "Mundian To Bach Ke (Beware of the Boys)". A stuttering "Amen" loop seems to make the mix hold its breath, and then Spectre drops Soundmurderer & SK-1's "Call Da Police", after which things don't let up for another 40 minutes or so, climaxing with Enduser's aptly named "Nosebleed Riddim". Bonus points for including not just the amazing "Star Wars" riddim but an actual blast of John Williams' "Imperial March" theme. Super double bonus points for including DJ C's Gregory Issacs and Michael Jackson bootlegs.

Sami Koivikko

various mixtapes

sakoivik/mixtapes.html*)(<http://www.ee.oulu.fi/>[*<http://www.ee.oulu.fi/sakoivik/mixtapes.html>]*]

(<http://www.ee.oulu.fi/sakoivik/mixtapes.html>)

Sami Koivikko's generous selection of microhouse (and beyond) mixtapes run the gamut of underground house styles-- often in the same mix: Thomas Fehlmann's gliding, glacial schaffel; the scratchy micro-percussive intensities of labels like Perlon and producers like Ricardo Villalobos; the muscular neo-electro of the BPitch label; smooth, effortless neo-Detroit via the former USSR from SCSI-9; the narcotized "crackhaus" of Deadbeat; Akufen's skippy garage-flavors; old skool jacking hi-hats. The only complaint is that the best one, the baldly if accurately titled "100 Minutes", is iPod and hard-drive friendly, but useless for those of us trapped in the late 20th century. Be kind and edit, folks!

Mark Consumption

A Guy Called Gerald Mix

http://markconsumption.com/Mixes/consumption_guycalledgerald_mix.mp3