

THE ELECTRONIC LIFESTYLE * ELECTROCLASH! *

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CLUB_ZERO-G
PART 5: THINGS GET
PSYCHO SEXY

STAY HOME TONIGHT: MUSIC REVIEWS,
ANIMÉ, VIDEO GAMES AND GADGETS

PLUS: GUSGUS, SWAYZAK,
NIGHTMARES ON WAX,
GOTH FASHION, OZZY'S SON
AND A FEW FAUXHAWKS

ELECTROCLASH!

Brats? 

\$3.95US \$5.75CAN



37>



VITAL INFO

AKAs: Audio Soul Project, Studio Nova

AFFILIATIONS: Gourmet, Simple Souls, NRK Sound Division

STYLE: progressive to heavy tech

LATEST ALBUM:

Community

CLAIM TO FAME: 100 records in 5 years

SIGNATURE RELEASES: Audio Soul Project (Moody Recordings)

MAZI...NOT_A_STAR

WHY THIS DJ SAYS HE DOESN'T WANT FAME AND FORTUNE

BY MARK VON PFFIEFFER

COURTESY OF A \$300,000 SOUND SYSTEM IN CLUB PURE. MAZI NAMVAR IS PROVIDING AN INTERESTING SOUNDTRACK TO MILWAUKEE'S DESOLATION—FRAGRANT MEN IN PLASTIC BAG SHOES RATCHETING THEIR BRAIN CELL COUNTS WITH FAMOUS BEERS NAMED AFTER THE CITY. URBAN AND SLEEK, MAZI SOUNDS ECHO ACROSS DOWNTOWN, CUTTING A WEIRD ANGLE AGAINST THE DEPRESSION.

Do you play on the whole 'I'm from Chicago' thing? There's a certain unspoken respect people have for house artists coming out of Chicago. If I'm talking to someone who already likes my music, they'll invariably read some kind of Chicago parallel into it like, 'I really like your deep house it's got that heavy beating to it...well you're from Chicago, so....' **You've told people you don't want to be a big success?** Someone might look at that in a bad way, but I look at it in a good way. The same reason I may never

sell millions of records is the same reason I'm never going to go away. I'm never going to be fashionable enough to be played on Radio One by Pete Tong. At the same time, I'm on the fringes and can stay there as long as I want to do it.

How do you do tracks? It grows on it's own from a kick drum or a certain bassline and when it's done I decide who I'm going to shop it to, what market I'm aiming at.

What do you mean by Community? *Community* is an effort to open the minds of both the fans and creators of house to the fact that it's not such a stretch to imagine that the music being made can be flexible. It doesn't have to be just about a groove or just about the dance-floor. That mode of thought comes from an insecurity that electronic is disposable. We're always trying to make ourselves feel more legit by talking about our roots.

But you're as artsy as they come... People chuckle when you mention art and electronic music in the same sentence. I like the unfashionability of some of the *Community* songs. They aren't super-futur-

istic or cutting-edge progressive; but they're tracks that I really love. In two years I'll feel the same way—I'll play that record with pride in two years.

THE REST IS HISTORY

The Iranian-born Mazi first encountered house music, after moving to Chicago with his family and picking up the Windy City airwaves of the mid-80's. As soon as he was of age, he began hitting Medusa's and dancing all night to a rotating roster of Chicago's finest—fascinated at how the DJs drove the floor passion. He soon learned to DJ and in '93 set up his first label, Shroom, to release forays into abstract house music.

Summer Schedule:
Thursday June 20th
Friday July 12th
Friday August 16th

MONTHLY MUSICAL MAYHEM

GLITZ

Hollywood, CA USA
80'S RETROHOUSELECTROBEATZ

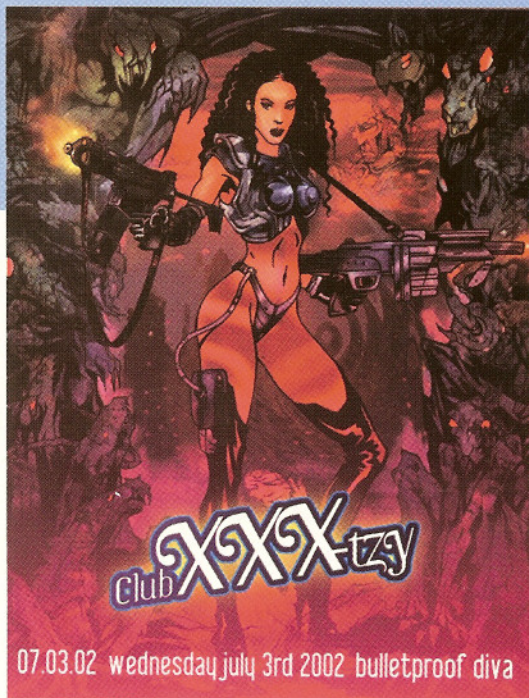
QUR
SHUT UP RECORDS

IT'S ALL ABOUT JUXTAPOSITION!
Modern cop cars, a mushroom cloud, a drunk guy with a helmet, a space-age "rocket" car all transposed with a red-hot bitch up to her knees in green rock candy! Baby Jesus, if this isn't the impetus for a coronary embolism I don't know what is. Tomorrow I'm taking it to Kinko's to have it blown up—it'll span my living room and all four walls! Hell I'll cover the windows too just so I can break out the ether, lather myself in carrot oil and bask in the brain-crumbling, libido-blowing raw SEX vibe that this tantric flyer for *GLITZ: Monthly Music Mayhem* is blasting out remorselessly. Also, what forward-thinking super genius got the divine inspiration to marry retro house, electro and breaks?

KILOBYTES.

Flyer Designs.

THE ULTIMATE IN DISPOSABLE ART
BY MARK VON PFIFFER



Next time you see a piece of sooty, crumpled garbage blowing in the wind, pick it up—it might be a beautiful club flyer (on the other hand, it might be a dried dog poop-scoop bag!)

<< **THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME HEAVY ORDINANCE** the "Bulletproof Diva" is squeezing off there. Yet...it seems that she's not troubled by the physics of recoil. Maybe she's discomforted by the fact that the right (HER right...not yours!) breast cup on her body armor is conCAVE and not conVEX. Luckily she has a special "cord" which allows the holster for her handgun to be conveniently linked with her...thong. What will the brainiacs at The Pentagon think of next? And her face: So many things are reflected in her cryptic visage. This incredibly talented artist has managed to capture the seductive eroticism of a pagan love goddess who knows how to please a man with the gritty, hard-boiled ferocity of a demon killer who won't take 'no' for an answer! The Mona Lisa tiené nada on The Bulletproof Diva.

>> **THE LAST TIME I SAW THIS BASTARD** was at a show beneath the Parthenon in Rome two years ago. I was out of my skull on mushrooms, enough raw speed to change the outcome of twenty world cups and ten hits of acid. On top of that my friends and I had smoked the lymph nodes of a dog-sized sewer rat and were trading off on a gas mask linked to a can of Scotch Guard. We were having the time of our lives...and then he showed up in his goofy little space ship. "Hey what are you fellas up to?" he asked. "Screw you man," I retorted. "You're a freak. Look at those eyeballs and that lame-ass paint job on your spaceship. It doesn't even have a dome. What happens when you go to the upper atmosphere? I bet your head implodes." "I bet you freeze to death," my friend jibed cleverly. "My name is Super Sonic," he replied glibly—almost good-naturedly. "Haha...haha," I laughed. "What are you, some kind of cosmic super hero to the retarded? Is that a bib you're wearing?" We were rolling in laughter when he pulled out a bulbous, toy-like laser gun and blew my buddy's head clean off. Then he sped off. If you see this guy in his stupid hover sled, tell me 'cause I'm gonna kick his ass.

