

# THE SOUND OF THE CITY

## Brooklyn-Queens Expressway

Seeing as turning 30 qualifies a DJ for a bed in the Raver Retirement Home, you might expect a mixmaster to keep that birthday relatively hush-hush, maybe gather a small group of friends for some cake and why-the-hell-are-we-still-dating-teenagers reflection. If you're hardcore techno DJ Lenny Dee, though, you celebrate with a mosh pit of alienated post-pubescent on a shitsville strip in Queens. Last Saturday's "Dee Day," a scumcore rave at Club Voo Doo honoring the Brooklyn legend's "15 years of DJing and 30 years of breathing," featured gabber and hardcore acts such as Nebula.2 (U.K.) and the Mover (Germany)—and hundreds of fist-pumping, meth-snorting headbangers. "Hardcore to the bone, to the bone!" was the chant of choice.

A squat, manic pit bull with long stringy hair, Dee is (along with Frankie Bones) the godfather of the über-insular Brooklyn hardcore scene, which has been piercing eardrums since the early '90s. Dee started out as a house DJ,

and Bomb Squad-style bluster, offers naked aggression without the hail-Satan kitsch of metal or the politics of hip hop, and, yes, you can actually dance to it, although shadowboxing seems more appropriate.

D-u-m and angry before it was cool (think Prodigy), the Brooklyn sound never caught on in the States, though Dee and his Industrial Strength label found common ground with the gabber führers of Belgium, Holland, and Germany. Electronica may seem more co-opted by the day, but hardcore is still a crossover-sucks no-man's-land. Held in scuzzy Club Voo Doo, a former bowling alley, Dee Day was ramshackle in true Brooklyn spirit—backroom DJs had to set up their turntables on the pool table. On the main dance floor, a mostly good-natured male crowd in "Fuck Art, Let's Kill" T-shirts jackhammered to hard trance crescendos in a thick haze of cigarette smoke and b.o.

Until the Mover, that is, who came off like the Teutonic hate child of Carl Stalling and Fat Boy Slim. Kicking off with a "make some muthafucking noise" sample, he spun everything from a heart-attack remix of Natural Born Chillers' "Rock the Funky Beat" to "My Way"—the Sid Vicious version, of course. An impressed Dee ripped his shirt off and anointed the DJ with a rockin' high five. At 3:30 a.m., just as Dee was to take the boards, the sound was sucked out of the room. Busted, dude! A squad of fire department officials stormed the "overcrowded" club. "I knew I should have had this in Brooklyn!" Dee shouted, punching the wall. "Everybody back to my place!"

Though the club's legal occupancy is 297, there were well over 700 fans in attendance (the Dee Day hot line warned that "only the first 1000 fans will be admitted"). But how did the fire department know? "We just do, ma'am," said Battalion Chief Richard Rewkowski. "One time we raided this place when it was a comedy club and the patrons were middle-aged and well dressed. And you know what we did? We ordered them to evacuate." Undaunted, the still-tweaking crowd gathered for a quick "Happy Birthday" sing-along. Dee was so moved he looked like he was going to cry. "Fuck you, muthafuckas!" he screamed. "Fucking fuck off!"

—SIA MICHEL



Hardcore to the bone

then made his name touring relentlessly on the increasingly harder-faster-louder circuit. Soon, proudly untrendy Brooklyn warriors were descending on events like Limelight's "Future Shock," shocking their pacifier-sucking Fruitopian brethren with their slam-dancing, acid-washed ways. The mini-movement culminated in the underground outer-borough "Storm Raves" of '92-'93.

As many aggro white boys abandoned rap when it slowed down to laid-back gangsta beats, and industrial fans got sick of gothdom, testosterone turned to the sledgehammer sounds of hardcore for the ultimate beat-assault release. Brooklyn hardcore, all balls-to-the-wall 4/4 beats