

INTERNATIONAL DJ

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DUCK SAUCE!

Superstar duo A-Trak & Armand Van Helden on sample culture, freisand and supreme silliness

Grab a Grammy

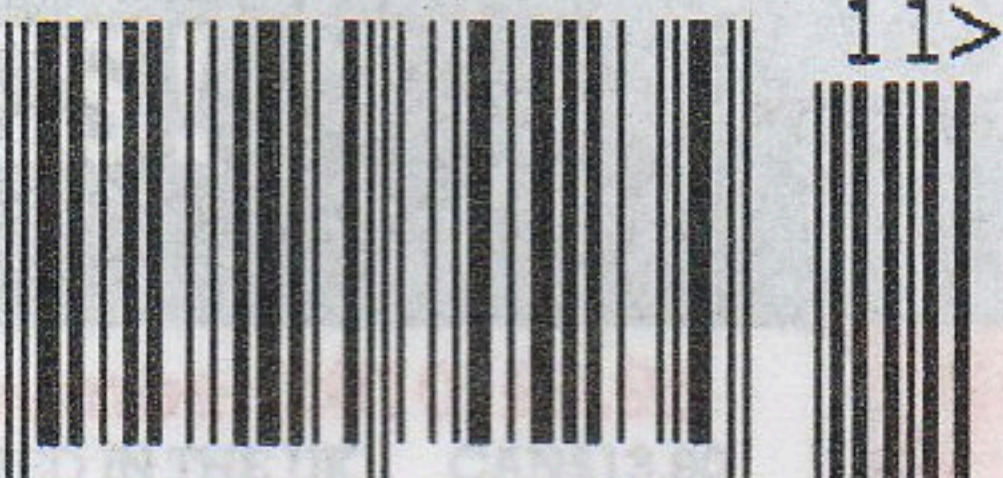
Award winning engineer Tom Lord-Alge reveals his secrets

INTERNATIONAL DJ
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AVALON, HOLLYWOOD 07-08.08.10



CONTROL/AVALAND

If you're going on a mission to tear it up in Tinseltown, no trip would be complete without a visit to the mother of all clubs in the heart of Hollywood. Housed in a vast theatre at the epicentre of all things glitz and glamour, Avalon has a refreshingly youthful and welcoming buzz around it. The swathes of kids clamouring around the entrance to get in are a far cry from the velvet rope fascism that many venues nearby are executing.

Control is the Friday night session for the sunshine state superclub, and the emphasis is on big, bold and brassy basslines. You need only catch a glimpse of local dubstep hero 12th Planet as you walk into the main ballroom to get your head around that concept.

Dubstep has definitely exploded in LA in a big way, judging by how the immaculately presented bright young things of the city were freaking out to 'Planet's chainsaw grind. A thousand-strong crowd was mirroring the pogoing energy of the man on the stage, who was flitting between dropping tunes and getting on the mic while hopping around like an utter loon.

On a more eclectic tip, but no less pumping, N.A.S.A brought a slew of

electro bangers with them and a penchant for cheeky mash-ups that pushed on well past the bars at the back of the room shutting up shop.

The Saturday night parties go under the banner of Avaland, with a greater focus on house and techno. Walking in through the side entrance of the club we stumbled into The Honey Bar, where local merchants of deeper wares Droog were already easing into a groove with some fulsome techy business. The more intimate setting and dim lighting lent itself to their more understated sound perfectly.

Meanwhile back in the main room Dirty South was celebrating the start of his new Avalon residency with typical aplomb. Chunky, stomping house music came belting out of the Aussie's DJ booth, being received rapturously by a crowd even larger than the night before. Limbs were flailing from the back of the floor to the balcony up above, and it's safe to say Dragan (as his folks call him) settled into his new Hollywood home comfortably.

While it's not the place to go for something shocking or unexpected, Avalon does what it does incredibly well, which is to provide a feast for the ears and eyes, and just throw a whopping great party.

Oli Warwick

