

**There was a time when the WMC wasn't just a blatant sad arsed attempt at making money. Like Club Tropicana the drinks were free (at least for the first 2 hours of a party) and you didn't get charged a entry fee, this was also the time when the world wide reputation of Danny Tenaglia was created (and earned). Over a few years one party became the stuff of myth and legend... Danny Tenaglia at Groovejet.**

The party was a creation between Danny himself, Rob Di Stefano of Tribal Records and Todd Saunders of Y & T records (easily the best record shop in Florida at the time), the warm up DJs were hand picked; Cevin Fisher, DJ Vibe and Peter Rauhofer spring to mind but it was all about Danny.

Rob Di Stefano remembers those parties with wonder; "Music was a special commodity then, unlike now when it's disposability is engendered in the very fact that it's instantaneous and untangible. The viral spread of music was limited by its physical reproduction. If only 1000 copies of a particular record existed, then only 1000 DJs (or fans) got to enjoy it... Or entertain others with it. In today's digital world, there are no such limits on exposure. Gone are 'rare pressings,' 'import-only copies,' 'non-LP b-sides,' etc. Usually with little effort, anyone can obtain a digital copy of any song that's been released into the market. And that in itself increases its disposability. The end result is a less inspiring scene and a crowd generally less reactive to music. (Remember when DT would tease the crowd with the opening beats of 'Fired Up!' and how people would erupt because that was the only place they could hear that song at the time? Is that possible nowadays, and if so, to the same degree?).

**Danny would champion brand new stuff that was unheard – Cevin Fisher's 'Freaks Come Out' was played first at Groovejet, 4 times during a amazing 6 hour set to ever crazier reaction. The drug fuelled behaviour of the international crowd was also making these parties the wildest of the conference.**

"I remember some friend of Wayne Shires (Substation, Crash) that started pissing on someone's leg in the back patio (may have been Tong). Or Andy from Global Underground in a drunken stupor in one of those banquettes out back, with beer dribbled (poured!) all down his front. Timeless! Pure evidence of people having a GREAT time" remembers Rob.

**Here's a few memories from the London contingent who year on year made the long haul trip to a real piece of house culture history.**

I first went around '92, we all went out for the Winter Music Conference, which was brilliant in it self.but it was all about Tenaglia & Groovejet! The first time we went we were hooked. It was a brilliant venue for Tenaglia – dark, intimate, seedy and the rawness just hit you smack in the face. It was a real potent mix of queens, muscle marys, proper freaks, young house kids and every clued up uk house DJ, punter and 'industry' bod worth his salt. Also a big posse of Tenaglia's crowd come over from New York, especially for that party. He was the 'DJ's DJ' back then and would play for 8 hours plus – and take you on a long, fucked up and twisted journey. You were just totally locked in the groove. The intensity and the vibe were incredible – It was like perfect. And very very druggy.

There were a lot of top moments, hearing Cevin Fisher - 'The Freaks Come Out' at 9 in the morning and looking around you, was as mad as it gets.Kevin Aviance in this mad coloured skin tight suit, mad make up, looking scary and freaky as fuck climbing up the walls – while Tenaglia dropped his version of Din Da Da in and out of the mix, for what seemed like an eternity – the whole of the room was spellbound.

Some great funny stories – me getting thrown out, for 'relieving' myself in the corridor and Dave Jarvis for doing the same in the broom cupboard – standing outside for 5 hours, finally getting back in & finding out no-one had noticed us missing! (cheers lads).

The fucking funny stories are endless – always 'peaking' in the queue before we even got in Groovejet! Being sick in his spanking new pair of trainers! And the 'infamous' cab ride – his hotel being a 1minute walk away, he jumps in a cab totally trolleyed, the cabbie drives him round the block 5 times and charges him \$50!! You'd never see him again for the rest of the conference. Me and Dave would go up to his room, but couldn't get to the bell for empty pizza boxes!! He'd finally open the door – "Oh mate – I feel really rank, get us some crisps"!! I could go on & on...

We made the 'pilgrimage' every year for about 10 years solid until the last one – just for that one night. It was brilliant. The move to 'Space' in downtown Miami – just wasn't the same... Groovejet – a real HOUSE MOMENT. **Stripey, London.**

The bedlam that was the floor at groovejet reminds me of DC10 in many ways,the international crowd,the energy and the passion for real underground house music and the way the crowd had total trust in the DJ. **Clive Henry.**

The queue is like a who's who of HOUSE royalty. The remaining/surviving members of the Slough and Hayes Disco Dancing Troupe wait anxiously as US HOUSE Gods and DJ legends are repeatedly knocked back. But we have magic Wilson's provided by Tez, entry is guaranteed for what Paris would say 'The hottest night of WMC'. We have already lost a few, Charlie Chester in particular peaking to early on the Virgin flight and being cautioned for vandalism. I have refreshments, imported by a college drop out lab technician from Frisco, rooted to the bottom of my Stan Smiths.

'Suck on it'. The caps and sock have fused! Abandoning all dignity, I sit for 10 minutes feasting on my mudmer impregnated Tilbury, emerging refreshed, to the sound of Beau Mot Plage. The rest of the contingent huddle in the corner of the annexe joining the Garden bar with the main room, clucking ferociously like its feeding time at Bernard Matthews.

New Yorks finest Cevin Fisher warming up a heaving main room, 'Do you remember the good old days' and his Lolletta Holloway mix being the stand out tracks. The main room is a mix of New York Muscle Marys, Cuban Waiters, provocatively dressed college girls from uptown, and er... some WMC delegates adorn the walls. Celeda's 'Be Yourself' announces the beginning of the finest musical journey my humble Ted ears have experienced. Danny moves the room subtly upping the tempo with tunes ranging from Burning Up to Music is the Answer.

A sea of vest clad Mamas and chickens are preening and peacocking, cowboy hat crowned college girls writhing and our contingent simmering as Danny works a jacking room. Carl Cox prances and sweats like Darryl Pandy on the bar, Phil Perry is queues enthusiastically for a massage and Ben Turner swirls excitedly in the centre of what locals describe as a 'jerk circle'. I'm a little over awed to say the least.

Our contingent has been joined by a gaggle of beautifully preened and flirtatious ( we hope) college girls who invite us to 'Get involved', unfortunately escorted by a team of docker size Bear escorts. Clive and Darren have made 'friends', Rocky is gyrating like an intoxicated pole monkey and Pete Heller is looking very concerned for his colleagues whereabouts.

The music moves from an edgier NY sound to a heady storm of fierce TWILO techno, The Twister working the room into a feverish frenzy.

Shockingly the music cuts, Danny announces the night will end if the mixing desk isn't sorted. A didged out crowd awaits anxiously and confused for about 15 minutes. 'Is this part of the show ?' Then out of now where Danny's reassuring tone fills the room, 'Be Yourself' kicks in, lightening flashes from the rafters, speakers rumble, the fat lady told to come back at midday.

Our group are harassed by a Barnsley born bar maid (desperate to be squared up for bumbles), Tez has been found resting under an orange tree in the garden and Mickey a Cuban refugee builder from Peckham is re-fuelling the troupe's 'rations'. The music progresses from the angry dark tech house session into an amazing 4 hours of the finest Murk style US to Barry K Sharpe to West End re-edits. We finally retreat at midday, the party still rammed, college girls smirking as we slope off in search of an expensive cab and Nytol. **Tatty, London.**

Can I remember anything about Groovejet? No. Actually, Yes! The place was a proper dump but it was a sexy dump and it was always rammed, as in cramped. As in CRAMPED. You always found yourself standing sardine-style with your friends, countrymen and international colleagues, enjoying a drink or three at some expense account's - or your own – expense and talking seven shades of Miami Winter Music Conference Music industry Shite. As for the makeshift, roped-off, nothing special about it VIP area (which was at the back of the entrance room to the left hand side of the bar in an absolutely not very VIP corner), it rocked. It was spit and sawdust and I loved it. All human life was there – from tops-off, tits out gay boys to stuffy tomato-tanned Brits – and there were a few lesser lifeforms there besides. Everyone was welcomed. And then there was the de rigeur Tenaglia party (before Space and Superstar DJs turned Miami into a Winter Music Caricature). I was always getting pushed off my booty-shaking, pedestal-cum-podium when Danny stopped the show for Roxy to perform some electro-indie-tribal camp-fest. And still I danced. And danced my ass off. It was a trainspotter's / A&R man's paradise where Music was always the answer. I danced so much that I repeatedly ruined my clothes and had to improvise makeshift repairs in the toilets. That was a John Richmond pencil skirt one year. A William Hunt silver silk suit bit it another year and a Nick Coleman evening dress went exactly the same way. Groovejet was the Club Deluxe which had sweat and condensation running down the walls in such equal amounts as to melt a few layers of the 'painted fresh today to hide the horrors' midnight black sludge and attach it heinously to my white raw silk Versace capri pants, thus turning the arse comically and completely black after having wiggled it just that little bit too much – and too close to the wall. Funnily enough, Groovejet was also the place where I seemed to pull the most. Must have been all that dancing! **DJ Paulette, Paris.**

# londoners who actually went to danny tenaglia's groovejet



# danny on groovejet

**Groovejet, Miami, WMC. What made it so special?** The Groovejet years were a much better time in the industry. There was more vinyl, more DJs, producers and industry personnel in the crowd, and it was pre-9/11. It was a more innocent time. The party attracted a great mixture of people that collectively let me 'be myself' and appreciated the hard and soul of it all. The enormity of it all was how many people managed to get through the doors from all walks of life.

**The British and Faith contingent lived for this event. Who and what do you remember of their behaviour?** Besides everyone's big smiles and wide eyes. The more legendary sightings were Carl Cox being himself on the bar so as not to have his good time interrupted. I also remember Ashley Beedle, Rocky & Diesel erupting when I surprised them by dropping their Ballistic Mix of D'Note's 'Back To The Garden' as well as Farley & Heller when I dropped their tracks like my reconstructive dubby edit of Spirits - 'Don't Bring Me Down,' The one thing that I remember about Terry was him getting to the club before me and I saw him waiting in line. I was very flattered. I was blushing.

**What records really stick out for you during the Groovejet era.** 'Music Is The Answer' & 'Be Yourself' and anything by Celeda. Her first song - 'Messin With My Mind' was on a cassette demo and it all started from that! 'Where Were You' by The Black Science Orchestra, my GrooveJet remix of 'Only You' by Kimara Lovelace, 'Beau Mont Plage' by Isolee, 'Feel What You Want' by Kristine W, 'First Encounter' by P.I.M.P., 'Love To The World' by Michael Watford, 'Until The Day' by Funky Green Dogs, 'Cradle To Grave' by Grace Jones, 'Yo, Yo Honey' by DJ Pierre, 'So Get Up' by Underground Sound Of Lisbon and almost everything by Cevin Fisher, Mood II Swing, MAW, DJ Pierre, etc! Maurizio's Chain Reaction Series. WOW. To me, he started the minimal trend! and I loved the whole series. It was there back in 1995 that I introduced The M series 12 inches to a very receptive crowd with a varied and eclectic appetite.

**What was the reason for leaving Groovejet?** It closed :(

**Do you feel WMC has ever been the same since the Groovejet days?** Times have changed a great deal since then. The first two years at Space were magical for me. I was happy to have a brand new and fresh venue to do my thing at. I continue to enjoy myself at all the venues I perform at. It's all about embracing changes without forgetting the past!

**You now live in Miami again. Tell Faith about your love for the party resort once more...** I love the weather, I love my house, I love Twilo, but NY will always be my home. Miami is a fantastic winter getaway.

**Twilo have now opened in Miami, and it's your new regular home. How does the club work and feel in Miami?** For me personally, I find the sound system in Miami to be better than NY ever was... But that is probably because I am right in the middle of it like everyone else. I do miss my weekly NY regulars, but as the word gets out more, the crowd is getting better and better.



# lets get twisted and tribal

**Raymundo Rodriguez (Jaded)**  
**Danny Tenaglia - Elements**

I first heard it in acappella form on Danny Rampling's Love Groove Dance Party Show, he put it over Dj Romain's Philly Groove, proper!! From then I was obsessed with tracking it down, finally found the double pack tucked away in some record shop, I have been rinsing it ever since, it is perfect big dark room house. Danny at his best!!!

**Stuart Patterson (Faith)**  
**e-N - Horn Ride**

Danny's produced and remixed so many great records, I've chosen this one simply as I always seem to go back to it and it never fails.

**Honey Djiion (Peaches, NYC)**  
**Celeda - Messin with My Mind**

I remember hearing Danny Tenaglia drop this track at 6am at Twilo. the room was completely darkened and the fog machine was turned on. When that bassline hit and her voice kicked in the room lost its mind. So did I!!!

**Rocky (Xpress 2)**  
**Kiwi Dreams - Y?**

Purely for the buzz at the Sound Factory when I first heard Junior Vasquez play this. I could have exploded!

**JB (EBM/Retox)**  
**Danny Tenaglia feat Carole Sylvan - Look Ahead**

When this came out I hunted down every mix I could of it, dubs and club mixes, US and UK. It is from the golden era for me when most of the stuff coming out on Tribal was must have music. I still play this record now and it always rocks the floor. The piano riff just grabs your imagination and shakes ya booty. An absolute classic!!!

**Roual Galloway (Shrunken Head)**  
**Code 718 - Equinox**

Quite simply an amazing house record. It doesn't really get much better than this for class.

**Johnny Rock (Freaks)**  
**Elastic Reality - Cassa De X**

Masters At Work mixed it, at Love Ball under the Arches, with the The Bucketheads 'The Bomb', for about 45 minutes and it kinda rocked.

**Matthew Roberts (King Unique)**  
**Elastic Reality - Cassa De X (Deep Dish mixes)**

I remember Harvey playing between the Deep Dish mixes of this for up to 20 minutes. I had about 4 E's that night, excellent. It still sends shivers down the spine. I thought my head was going to take off.

**Craig Bartlett (L'America)**  
**Underground Sound of Lisbon - So Get Up**

A record that simply changed the way you felt. I still play it today and will continue to do so for as long as I play.

**Hernan Cattaneo (Argentina)**  
**Danny Tengalia - Look Ahead**

From the piano start to the fantastic vocals of Carole Sylvan it's a true classic all the way.

**Luke Solomon (Freaks)**  
**Kiwi Dreams - Y? (Danny's Mix)**

There are so many to choose from, but this holds a special place in my heart. It reminds me of the crazy, hedonistic Wednesdays at Space, Bar Rhumba. Both Kenny Hawkes and myself used to play it, at its peak, at least twice a night.

**Ralph Rossario (Hot Mix 5)**  
**Roxy & the Ride Committee - Chocolate & Peanutbutter**

I remember being at Twilo when Danny was infamous for playing a track that would last 20 mins, and when the song would break or drop, the crowd would go nuts! And once it kicked back in! OH MY GOD! This is one of those that I can never forget or even stop playing for that matter... Louis Balo's production of this chunky track is fucking wicked!

**Elliot Eastwick (Paper)**  
**K-Scope - Organism**

'Organism' on one of the K-Scope EPs holds really fond memories of touring Portugal in '95 and people going NUTS to the organ intro. Also Interceptor 'Together' and EN 'The Horn Ride.' Having them release one of our early tracks was super exciting. I remember having a long day in the pub celebrating after they rang to accept the track, it was that kind of label. They released SO MANY amazing tracks, they were quality AND quantity. Rare.

