

BIO IN TEN CHAPTERS

DJ DONATAMERIKA · 90S HOUSE · 123–125 BPM · FROM 6 A.M.

CHAPTER 01 · 1993 – THE NIGHT THE BAND CANCELED

1993, Chemnitz, Germany. A guitar rock and hardcore kid on his way to see Dog Eat Dog. The show got canceled. Someone knew about a techno party in an old ammunition depot at the Hermsdorf interchange. Nobody really knew what techno was. But there was nothing else going on.

CHAPTER 02 – BLACK PAINT

The entry stamp: one fingernail painted with real black lacquer. It never dried. Inside, people danced with black-smeared faces like coal miners. That was the night he fell in love with electronic dance music.

CHAPTER 03 – THE COW RECORD

His first record came from the record section of a store called Underground Wear: “Fuck That House,” with a cow on the cover. Problem: he didn’t own a turntable yet.

CHAPTER 04 – THE TURNTABLE IN THE BUSHES

In the ’90s you knew guys who could get anything. 300 Deutschmarks paid up front, and then, in pouring rain, under a bush in Gera’s Knochenpark: a silver Technics, wrapped in a garbage bag.

CHAPTER 05 – BIOX ULTRA AND THE ARMY

With friends he started the club Biox Ultra in Gera. But the German army in Berchtesgaden didn’t allow turntables in the barracks. Records and a mixer came from Munich, practice happened every other weekend. The other weekends he worked as a farmer on his aunt’s farm near Siegsdorf, Bavaria.

CHAPTER 06 – FARMING AND DANCE FLOORS

Karl, Bavaria’s first organic farmer and a close friend, taught him farming. For DJ Donatamerika the two belong together: agriculture and dance culture.

CHAPTER 07 · 1995 – THE DONUT ON THE ROOF

1995. A friend of Karl’s invited him to San Francisco. Layover in New York. On the ride into the city, the first thing he saw was a small building with a giant donut on the roof. It read “Donut America.” That’s how he became DJ Donatamerika.

CHAPTER 08 – DJ SNEAK

San Francisco: record stores full of American house and a club where the roof opened up. DJ Sneak was playing. He never touched the records, never pushed, never braked, just rode the pitch fader. Every transition perfect. A hero for life, and a bag full of Strictly Rhythm records flew back to Germany.

CHAPTER 09 – 400 MARKS FOR NOBODY

Not every gig was a hit. Kantine, Erfurt, an afternoon after-hour, 400 Deutschmarks, huge money back then. Dancers: zero. Paid anyway. That was the ’90s.

CHAPTER 10 – SIX A.M.

At the Muna, his buddy Günni in blue Pash overalls shouted across the main room every morning: “Hey, everybody over here, Haushorst is on!” It was six a.m. Haushorst quit DJing long ago and now drills for gas on an offshore rig. That’s why DJ Donatamerika would rather play from six in the morning. Respect to the Haushorst.