

Mp3 Paloma - Electronic: Dance



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The vibe is loose and mellow with soaring sultry vocals and trippy drumbeats. 8 MP3 Songs

ELECTRONIC: Dance, POP: with Electronic Production Details: The Marquis D'Affito invites you to an evening with Paloma. Stepping full-blown from the Tamara de Lempicka cd cover portrait, this real-life '30s-era Euro playboy smolders like a GQ model, his kohl-blackened eyes and cruel mouth promising decadence, delight, danger. The safe part of you whispers caution. The adventurous side steps forward with the unimpeachable logic that invitations this tantalizing shouldn't be ignored. The Marquis parts the velvet curtain with a manicured hand, the music swells to life and your hips start to sway -- the singer urging you to fly, the magic-carpet groove taking you away. "Jazztronic" somebody whispers with a giddy laugh and you agree. Coco Love Alcorn, the singer, is indeed jazz - jazz bloodlines, jazz vocalese, jazz in the intuitive way she improvises sighs and aaahs and "la-di-dahs" like pearls on a string. The electronics pulse in the beat-sequenced, programmed and massaged in a seamless mix of real and machine instrumentation. Over at stage right, the enigmatic Dr. No quietly smiles as his band of renown primes the crowd from one rhythmic epiphany to the next. 'Cancion De La Paloma' is the smooth, designer-modeled lead single. 'Chocolate Cake' is a funky aphrodisiac, a confession that there's nothing wrong with sin when taken in bite-sized morsels. The warm glow of the sunshiny 'Pretty Little Girl' comes with a hands-off warning to the coyotes: the girl is her own woman, strong and committed, not the evening's trophy. 'Last Night' is for the lovers in the house. The Marquis is moving like a panther now, his patent leather shoes sliding across the polished floor. A flock of women and men are dancing in his wake as electric charges of heat, romance and lust shoot through the scented air. This is club music, dance music, sophisticated music. Retro-modern. Cabaret chic. Euro-trashy in the New Europe sense of Wallpaper magazine and weekend getaways to Barcelona. Its simple message: Dance is life. As the set unfolds, the

BPM's rise and the freaks take centre stage. 'If I Had A Reason' is an edgy, pulsing anthem with subsonic beats and driving congas. The jeep-jolting R&B of 'Doughnut Shop' takes us to the evening's peak, that 3 a.m. moment when senses blur and feet move independently of mind -- everyone's arms raised to the ceiling, shouts of exultation punctuating the air. The spirit of Georgio Morodor murmurs approval as 'Havana Disco Nap' rings every dancer's bell. Pausing for breath, you catch sight of the Marquis as he makes his exit, throwing the bartender a quick nod and flashing a carnivore grin at the bedazzled admirer clutching his arm. Just another swank and wondrous night at Club Paloma.

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