

THE SCENE

PHOTO: JEFF SANNER



apesfruit gets juiced on Sunday as part of "Not Waiting For You." (See Concert)

12/Thursday

CONTEMPORARY

- Dean & Dean, Chart House (5 p.m.) 941-6669
- Dennis Ahyok Duo, Tapa Bar (8:30 p.m.) 947-7875
- Jon Edwards, Waikiki Steak & Lobster (6 p.m.) 923-9988
- Hanahei Papa Ai, A Cup of Joe (8 p.m.) 737-7445
- Quintin Holl, Tropics Bar - Hilton Hawaiian Village (7 p.m.) 949-4321
- The Krush, Esprit Nightclub (8:30 p.m.) 922-4422
- Michael Piranha, Cheeseburger in Paradise (7 p.m.) 923-3731
- Stardust, Hanobano Room (8:30 p.m.) 922-4422

DJ

- DIVA - DJ Euphoric, Mystique Nightclub (9 p.m.) 533-0061

GUITAR

- Shoji Ledward, Java Rama (7 p.m.) 942-3747

HAWAIIAN

- Jonah Cummings, Duke's Canoe Club (4 & 10 p.m.) 923-0711
- Arnold K., Wailana Cocktail Lounge (9 p.m.) 955-1764
- Moo Keale, Poolside, Sheraton-Waikiki (6 p.m.) 922-4422
- Joanie Komatsu, Waikiki Broiler (5 p.m.) 923-8836
- Tamala'i Trio, Aloha Tower Marketplace (5:30 p.m.) 528-5700

LATIN

- Rolando Sanchez & Salsa Hawaii, Acqua (9 p.m.) 842-3177

PIANO

- Steve Garey, Shell Bar (8:30 p.m.) 947-7875
- Carol Williams, Center Court - Aloha Tower Marketplace (11 a.m.) 536-2166

ROCK/R&B

- Boat Poets, Wave Waikiki (9 p.m.) 941-0424 ext. 3
- Blise Burro Band, Irish Rose Saloon (9 p.m.) 924-7711
- Rozwell, Anna Bannanas (9 p.m.) 946-5190

STEEL DRUM

- Greg MacDonald, Aloha Tower Marketplace (1:30 p.m.) 528-5700

Friday

CONTEMPORARY

- Tito Berinobis, Chart House (5 p.m.) 941-6669
- Cecilio and the Free and Easy Band, Kincaid's (9:30 p.m.) 591-2005
- Dean & Dean, Chart House (8:30 p.m.) 941-6669
- Dennis Ahyok Duo, Tapa Bar (8:30 p.m.) 947-7875
- Jon Edwards, Waikiki Steak & Lobster (6 p.m.) 923-9988
- The Krush, Esprit Nightclub (8:30 p.m.) 922-4422
- Nightwing, John Dominis (8:30 p.m.) 523-0955
- Michael Sahstrom and Brian Huddy, Kemoo Farms Pub (8 p.m.) 621-1835
- Stardust, Hanobano Room (8:30 p.m.) 922-4422

DJ

- Daniel J, Mystique Nightclub (10 p.m.) 533-0061
- Pussycat Lounge - DJ GDOG, 1739 Kalakaua Nightclub & Lounge (9 p.m.) 949-1739
- Planet Q, Eurasia Sports Bar (9 p.m.) 921-5335

FOLK

- Irish Hearts, O'Toole's Pub (8:00 p.m.) 536-6360

GUITAR

- Jeff Klootzel, Coffee Haven (9 p.m.) 732-2090

HAWAIIAN

- Lopaka Brown, Barefoot Bar, Hale Koa Hotel (5 p.m.) 955-9428
- Kanliu, Tapa Bar (8:30 p.m.) 947-7875
- Henry Kapono, The Pier Bar (9:30 p.m.) 536-2166
- Joanie Komatsu, Waikiki Broiler (5 p.m.) 923-8836
- Leon & Kawika, International Marketplace (6 p.m.) 735-4333
- Olomana, Paradise Lounge, Hilton Hawaiian Village (8 p.m.) 949-4321
- Pineapple Squeeze, Ko'olau Ranch House (9 p.m.) 247-3900
- Haumea Warrington, Duke's Canoe Club (10 p.m.) 923-0711

JAZZ

- 4 on the Floor, Mystique Nightclub (10 p.m.) 533-0061
- Over the Hill "Jazz" Band, Bellow's AFB Beach Club, Waimanalo (6 p.m.) 293-9612
- Jaz Ambience, Roy's (7:30 p.m.) 396-7697

LATIN

- Rolando Sanchez & Salsa Hawaii, Acqua (9 p.m.) 842-3177

PIANO

- Steve Garey, Shell Bar (8:30 p.m.) 947-7875

clubbed to DEATH

In Like Gilligan

ILLUSTRATION: KEN DARR

Last Saturday night, in true raver style, I didn't go out until 2 a.m. (never mind that a true raver would never use the phrase "true raver style.") I met up with my hardcore party crew (that's raver lingo for the group of people with whom one attends a rave or rave-style event), at 17 Turtles (Honolulu club kid lingo for 1739 Kalakaua Nightclub and Lounge), and we pointed the rollin' rave-mobile (raver lingo for "car") to a location deep in the bowels of the 'Ewa warehouse district, to a clandestine rave at an underground club called Club Druggie Heaven. (Note: Some names have been changed to protect the guilty.)

ly fluent, but I can say the basics: Where's the bathroom ("Yo ayegah tapce?"); I can't believe a bottle of water costs three dollars ("shit — three smackaroonies?"); etc.

On the opposite extreme are those who speak and understand *only* R.L. For example, later the same evening, sitting outside the club with my hardcore party crew, a young lady on a moped rode up to us and queried, "Ya'll know where I can get some bomb?" A member of my crew answered with a telling "What?" Clearly, she was speaking some *other* kind of lingo, but what was she saying? (In retrospect I believe she was speaking hip-hop lingo, R.L.'s linguistic cousin.) Another member of the crew was alarmed, gasping, "My god, that chick's a terrorist!" He thought she was seeking to purchase an actual bomb, of the exploding kind.



We arrived too late to hear the headlining DJ Sandy Collier, but local spinneroski (R.L. for "disk jockey") Liam O'Geespot was dropping V.H.G.'s (vinyl hand-grenades — really enjoyable-music) on the crowd and controlling them like marionettes. Many among them danced/ran around in a strange style that brought to mind the fast-motion antics of Gilligan as he would run around on the lagoon (on top of the water) when chased by a head-hunter or some other threat to life and limb.

When we arrived at Club Druggie Heaven, the scene was one of unadulterated madness: United for the cause of happiness, a phalanx of ravers packed the house and the adjoining courtyard; people lounged on tattered furniture with the ease of Roman aristocrats; club kids sauntered around the room wearing signs that read "FLAND" (that's raver lingo for "although I might appear to be in 'island' unto myself, I am in fact open to any and all who wish to hug!").

Everywhere I turned, people were "dropping the lingo" (that's raver lingo for "speaking raver lingo," referred to hereafter in its abbreviated form, "R.L."). Because raver fashions mutate at a feverishly rapid rate, linguistics offers the only reliable method of identifying a true raver. And I would bet a hundred dollars that mastering R.L. would give any linguistics professor a double club-foot boogie (that's R.L. for "an overwhelming challenge"). Here's an example: The street drug "ecstasy" used to be called "X"; now it's called "E." Ha! Just try and keep up!

Although I do not consider myself to be a raver (it would be an insult to all the authentic ravers whose identities have been so studiously crafted), I have picked up a little R.L. here and there; I'm hard-

(Gilligan's Island is practically a raver sub-genre unto itself — most ravers take vital fashion cues from the group of kooky castaways.)

At a little past 4 a.m., the lights click-click-clicked on. The lights were about as welcome as a bunch of frat boys at a tuppie love-in: It was like all that good fun and happy vibes suddenly choked on its own vomit. Even the music sounded different with the lights on. It was even worse for me because I was on drugs. I was in great danger of tumblo-clside plat-goo-feel (R.L. for "tumbling off the cliff on the side of the plateau of good feelings"). I sprang off the couch and ran outta there — Gilligan-style.

I forgot to mention that I had taken legal drugs — *herbal* ecstasy or whatever. Anyhoo, needless to say, rave culture in its many manifestations — linguistic or otherwise — is fascinating and no doubt strange to the uninitiated (and don't even ask about initiation rites). For the curious, your next opportunity to glimpse rave culture is at Double-O-Spot's "Sexy Kitten" Valentine's Day rave. (Call 956-9958 for info.) Perhaps you might try a little ravin' with that special someone — if not, well, there's always drugs (legal drugs, of course.)

—Mark Chittom

THE ROW
BAR

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