

clubbed to DEATH

Keeping It (Sur)real

In the world of DJs, there are few celebrities. Well, there are many celebrities, but few cross over to become culturally famous persons-at-large, like movie stars.

Some, like the Chemical Brothers, might become massively recognizable names, but almost nobody knows what they look like. That's because the business of becoming a DJ celebrity is difficult.

The institutions and practices of DJ culture are not set up to promote celebrity (to promote short-term hype, yes, but not sustained individual celebrity). Flashing lights and smoke machines do not create celebrities.

Also, lots of DJs use a different name for each subgenre they work in. (The same is true to a lesser extent for hip hop, though hip hop regularly produces huge celebrities. For example the members of Wu Tang Clan have about eight names each, except for Big Baby Jesus — formerly Old Dirty Bastard and other names — who dropped all other IDs for his current moniker.) This is the problem for DJs in a nutshell. It's difficult to recognize a person as a celebrity when he has five names and you don't know what he looks like.

But what's more important than why there are few celebrity DJs is the fact that we have one coming to Honolulu — never mind that he's famous for something other than being a DJ. I'm talking about DJ Lars. (Personally, as an inhabitant of the real world, I'm disinclined to watch MTV's *Real World*, so I'm outside the loop of DJ Lars' celebritydom in that regard — I don't specifically remember anyone from the show, except the girl who wired her mouth shut and the boogerosee Puck.)

The ubiquitous Double O Spot Productions is bringing DJ Lars, a top-notch house DJ, to Hawai'i. He appears Thursday, Nov. 5, at the Wave and Saturday, Nov. 7, at the UH-Mānoa Campus Center Ballroom. Call 956-9958 for more information. On Thursday, Lars' set will start promptly at midnight. See you there.

—Sir Gigolo*

*My real name is not Sir Gigolo. Sir Gigolo is a moniker I selected for myself based on trend forecasting. As a writer who dabbles at DJing, I'm aware of the importance of a good moniker.

You see, I'm fairly certain Medieval times are coming back: Over the years, we've seen returns of the '50s, the '60s, the '70s, the '80s — even the '30s and

'40s have staged fine comebacks in the form of the swing-dancing trend. Now it's time to go back just a little further. Think about it and I'm sure you'll agree — Medieval times are just around the corner.

Two years ago, certain aspects of Asian culture became trendy — with Wu Tang Clan, the Shaolin clothing label, the Beastie Boys and their Tibetan fixation. Astute trend watchers know, however, that the Asian trend is pretty much played out, or, as it were, has made its way to Nebraska. What's next? Medieval culture. It's retro — and very hip.

I selected the name Sir Gigolo based on an actual character from early European literature. Sir Gigolo (whose name coincides with the 20th-century English term "gigolo" — a modern "urban playa") is a minor knight of King Arthur's Round Table. Sir Gigolo's origin is debated among scholars: English scholarship claims Sir Gigolo is of British Isles Celtic origin, like Sir Gawain, while the French claim "Sir Gigoleau" (some earlier manuscripts read "Gigilon") is a French import to the Arthurian legends.

Among Medievalists in universities around the world, Sir Gigolo's popularity ranks somewhere between Sir Galahad and the controversial Sir Charlene (definitely a French import, according to English scholars). Interestingly, he ranks highest among female scholars.

From the late Medieval days to the mid-20th century, Sir Gigolo's adventures have been documented in poetry and song. There are the epic Old English poems Sir Jigolowe and the Self-Absorbed Nun and Sir Gigolo and the Rude Knight from Kingdom Plantae. His popularity in Medieval romances peaked around the 13th century, when his reputation as a "bad boy" knight was fully developed and he was known as, "The Knight ya love to hate." In the '60s, Joan Baez recorded a song about him called "The Ballade of Brave Sir Gigolo," as did Bob Dylan, whose rare, early demo, "Stuck Inside of Guinevere with Sir Gigolo's Blues Again," was later reworked as another song.

I must give props where props are due: It wasn't I who realized that Medieval times are on the horizon. The credit goes to my friend, Carl the Cruel Wizard (known formerly as Kung Fu Carl, the Killa Panda).

Till next week, then, keep it Medieval, my fellow knights o' the round.

—Mark Chittom
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ACE OF CLUBS

One of the good things about Hawaii ...

In the words of the late Ruth Gordon, upon accepting a guest spot on the *Love Boat*, "I'm only doing this for the money." Or I should say I'm only doing this for the cigarette money. It also because the indefatigable Mark Chittom deserves a break for one week at least, something about catching up on auto detail-
in Makiki?

There hasn't been anything good to do in a middle of the week since Wednesdays at a Jungle stopped awhile back (Smedley's whatever in Manoa Market place does not unt). Enter the girl who is very close to being reexposed: DJ Mella Marini, sporting a mignonite lei, with a mal tai in one hand and raise full of Martin Denny and Arthur Lyman records in the other. She spins her signature re-age every Wednesday at the Ocean Club Restaurant Row. The crowd is mixed: some er-work drones, a few swingers and a few nging maniacs who must have been reing at Champagneau. The fun starts at 4:30 p.m. we-lad early to go out, especially if you're it getting up, but the pupus are good and believably cheap before 8 p.m.

Thanks to the hard work of G-Spot, the s Against AIDS II benefit at 1739 went off ly hard. By 11 p.m. the crowd was so deeply d vastly professional and top-heavy, with ably 20 DJs in the house, that I nearly oned. We got there early and Terry Ann's spinning some awesome '70s music in lounge. She's the only DJ I know who has balls to play something from *The Hissing the Summer Lawn*. The vibe for the evening s really high energy and did not let up for minute. And I got high score on Ms. Pacman, ich prompted Dillie to say, "Wow, you're ily good. That video game must be from '80s."

Friday night at Borders-Ward Centre is to nments and purposes a pick-up joint, where gles cruise the cafe with lattes in one hand l books on Tibetan Buddhism in the other. *Beats Your Kids*, or BYK, the hardest work-band in show business in Hawaii today, ically invaded the music store and took r, disrupting all the qi (chi) and ruining the rall pick-up mood. Good show. Some con-

troversy preceded the band's appearan since this is National Domestic Violence Awareness Month. A friend suggested it take an alternative name temporarily — B Yaa Kings. But I think Willy's a little too li skinned and doesn't have the right hair to off that moniker.

And while I'm here this week I might well promulgate the official club rules. Wl in a nightclub:

- Never, under any circumstances, pc at someone. It's just bad form.
- Never flash the crowd, unless you h a nice ass or nice hooters. Then it is a mc imperative that you flash the crowd.
- Never take off your shirt while danc if you're a guy, even if you're totally bi
- Never yell at a bartender to get his att tion.
- Never date a bartender. They're trou!
- Never go to Limestone if you're in N York City.
- Never ask Chittom "Are you gonna d this in your column?"
- Never leave your barstool for more ti two songs and expect to get it back.
- Never bug the DJ by asking "What's the name of this song?" especially if you're aspiring DJ.
- Never aspire to be a DJ.

And because I no longer have a forum want to send some shouts out and flirt v a few people in print while I have the chan To my favorite club kid: I want you're a b other boys, they check you out. To my favo drinking buddy: you passed the bar, but ple don't pass the bar. To my favorite bartend thanks for the gum balls. To the club kid w two names: I regret the fun house. To the pr ident of the club: impeachment looms. Kathy with a K or any of the honeys at Chan 9 (you know who you are): call me, let's out, my phone number's listed.

If, 25 years from now, I still insist on da ing to house music even when Kids Klub I been moved to the Verandah at the Moa by all means, shoot me dead.

—Matt Liagah

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Come Flyer With Me

Saturday night I was kicking it at the Red Light Social Club and a few too many people hit me up for advice on the happening events around town for the holidays. I told them I basically had no idea. I get my information by word of mouth, just like everybody else. But then I figured, what the hell, it is Christmas and it's time to throw a bone to the readers out there who are too lazy to go

Punks, they hang out at Speakr Swing. They don't offer lessons by Arthur Murray instructors, but the di ing is superb — Lindy hoppers up wazoo. Last time I was there, in words of a popular neo-swing it chicks were flying in the air.

On Sundays swingers are s Wave for Speakeasy Swing. This s day the ubiquitous Swingwood Re

"Under my tutelage, people with taste are going to find out where the funk came from

down to Jelly's or Toogrooves and check out the flyer racks, which is how I got the information in this column.

(Speaking of Toogrooves, though, if you have any DJs on your holiday list, check out the store at Puck's Alley. The people in there know what's up with music — so you won't present your DJ with something that's so wack he'll be too embarrassed to own it but unable to sell it. In the interest of a happy yuletide, I beg you: Don't subject your DJ to the same uncomfortable, fake grunts of appreciation that I'm forced to produce for my sister every Christmas when she gives me the latest Pearl Jam CD. Go to Toogrooves. They'll help. And if you don't have a DJ on your list — you should! Failing that, having a locally based alternative weekly columnist on your list will suffice.)

Hip Hop and you don't stop: Saturday nights are still packing 'em in at Nick's Fishmarket with High Society. On the turntables is Gary O and a few others. The price of admission is five bucks, which includes free food if you get there early enough.

A new weekly event on the local hip hop scene is Soul Food Sundays at Liquid Surf Den. The kickoff party is Sunday, December 20th. Soul Food Sundays is the latest development of the Stone Groove Family, the DJ crew who does the highly successful Deep Note on Fridays at Mardi Gras.

For the Swingers: The Pier Bar has its ongoing swing deal, which alternates weekly between Swingwood Revue and Hula Joe. Drama in swingland: The Pier Bar's swing lessons there recently underwent a corporate takeover — the instructors from the Arthur Murray Dance Studios are now in charge. Arthur Murray is basically the McDonald's of the world of ballroom dancing instruction, so you know it's quality. Or something.

The swing night with the highest ratio of swing dancers with tattoos is Speakeasy Swing on Saturdays at The Shelter. If there's such a thing as Swing

will be playing its infectious bran neo-swing. Normally, Gramophoner Mark drops the swinging beats the kids on the dance floor (when sound equipment works properly).

Make mine rare: The problem i the rare groove scene in Hawai'i is there isn't one. Hopefully that's abo change. Under my own personal b lege, people with taste are going to out where the funk came from. Es tially, rare grooves are funky jazz r from the early '60s to the late '70s the period in music that dominates hop sampling. (A person who kn music will recognize rare groove s ples in a lot of house music as well.) the bill are Forrest (yes, he's the s jungle DJ Forrest — he's into i grooves as well), Gary O, and Sir G (that's me). Thursday is the night i vana Cabana on Nu'uani in Cit town is the place.

Hip hop and you don't quit: On day, December 19, is B-Side, a hip special event from the raving peop Double-O-Spot productions. The e is at the Shelter, 1739 Kaliaua. On bill are the Pharcyde's DJ Mark: l (he's one of those that heavily sam from the aforementioned rare groov) Also on the bill are (is? This part of flyer is confusing) Anonymous L MC Able Body, who might be on two people; I'm not sure. Rounding the evening are local Hawai'i hip DJs Kavel the Catalyst, D. Slim I Darin, OG Dick Dog, Bumble Bee Rise Up. Of course you won't war miss the yell into the mic session, i known as "open mic," hosted by Jai (who can actually rap.) It's gonni rope-a-dope.

OK, there you have it. That's everything, but we've covered a lot. write more next week, unless I can t of something that's more fun to w about. Until then, see you at the f racks.

—Mark Chit
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

WORTH SHORE INFORMATION
LINE 637-4276 Planning a trip to the North Shore? 24 hours/day-7 days/week on O'ahu. Ocean, Events, food & Shop Info.
SAVE MONEY at TOBACCOS OF HAWAII with all natural, additive-free cigarettes. Open 7 days. Free parking in front & rear, 512 Atkinson. 942-UFF

EVENTS

Hawaii Bicycling League extends an invitation to cyclists of all ages and abilities to enjoy riding 25, 50, or 100 kilometers at the 1997 **HALEIWA METRIC CENTURY** Sunday, May 25. \$20 fee includes t-shirt, refreshments & full support. Applications at bike stores, or call 735-5756

ARTS & CULTURE

EAST OF THAILAND FOOD FESTIVAL is happening 4-10pm Fri, 5/16 @ Isle Cannery Square. Tickets are free participating restaurants, American livings bank, or by calling 528-6808

EXCURSIONS

HAWAII GHOST TOURS presents a 3-hr mini circle island evening bus tour of Oahu's haunted spots. Meet Sat. evenings at 6:30 p.m. \$25.00. Call 596-2052 for info.
HORSEBACK RIDING at Senator Fong's Plantation & Gardens. Outstanding ocean & valley views, streams, ponds, waterfalls. Private rides in 725 acre paradise. Aloama; 239-6775. \$11 OFF. Feel your oats today!

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