

clubbed to DEATH

Thank Q

The Source. Last weekend, Honolulu was host to the world's number one turntable celebrity, **Q-Bert** of the San Francisco battle-DJ crew, **Invisibl Skratch Piklz**. I caught his show last Friday night at **The Source**.

The Q-Bert show was my first time in **The Source** since it's been called **The Source**. (It used to be **The Vibe** and **Access**.) I've never been there because most of the people hanging around the place look like they are 12 years old and armed. The place is essentially the same as it was in its earlier incarnations: a

test was an open-mic session. Typically I find planned open-mic rhyming sessions to be boring, and this one was no different. The problem with this one was that the aspiring MCs were rapping so fast, it was impossible to make out what they were saying. It sounded mostly like people yelling gibberish into the mic. There might have been some clever lyricists in the place, but I wouldn't know because I couldn't understand a word any of them said. Also, ability to rap and showmanship are not the same thing, and the kids that get on the mic in these

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huge dance floor, two bars, large DJ booth, swelteringly hot. I'm happy to report that the beer jail is much larger now, which was good news for the seven or eight of us in the place over the age of 21.

Not counting me and my fellow dinosaurs in the hikker area, I'd estimate the mean age of the crowd to have been about 18 or 19 years old — Generation Y, the magazines call them. The fashion aesthetic of the young men in this set can be summed up in two words: huge clothing. The young fellows at Friday's show wore massive pants and shirts that hung from their bodies like fat from my first grade teacher's biceps. If they'd spread out their arms and legs, they would have looked like flying squirrels. The young ladies were pretty much your standard HMIT's (Hootchie Mama's in Training).

Les Garçons B's. The early highlight of the evening was the B-boy dance contest, most of which I missed, because right before it started I put a dollar in Megatouch XL for a few games of Photo Hunt. (Megatouch junkies, **The Source** has a Megatouch with a huge screen, probably 35 inches across. The devil must have made that damn addictive thing.) The guys in the contest were damn distracting — thanks to their body-rocking talents, I earned my lowest score ever at Photo Crack. A few of these guys were impressive — I mean, pardon my white-boy lingo to describe a B-boy contest, but a couple of them were *bad ass*. I mean, if body control is a form of intelligence, then some of the guys were straight-up geniuses. (Props

situations might have rhyming skills, but few display the charisma to actually entertain.

Q-Bert goes to war. Q-Bert finally took the stage at about 1:30 a.m. As I earlier wrote, Q-Bert is a battle DJ. For those of you who don't know what that is, battle DJs are the musical descendants of the old fife and drum playing dudes you see in pictures of the American Revolution: Armed only with two (portable) turntables and a lot of courage, they accompany soldiers into battle and play music to keep up the morale of the troops while they get blown to pieces.

Just kidding. "Battle," in the DJ sense, refers to a style of DJ-ing that essentially means that the DJ is using the turntable itself as an instrument.

Like any art form, DJ-ing is easily understood by separating form and content. (This is a massive generalization, so DJs, cut me some slack.) A DJ's form is referred to as "skills." The two basic elements of "skills" are beat-mixing and scratching. The other element of DJ-ing is content. Content is the music a DJ plays — essentially his (or her) records.

In the battle style, the DJ makes, not plays, music — basically creating his content with his form. Through immaculately-timed manipulation of the turntables, records and mixer, a DJ like Q-Bert improvises new music from the source music on the vinyl.

Because this kind of DJ-ing is a new art form, it calls for a new kind of criticism. But I have no intention of doing that here — so again I'll go to my white-boy lingo and say Q-Bert was bad ass. You should have been there.

I I A R U
Dennis Graue, *David Paul's Diamo* (10 p.m.) 922-3734
Shivani, *Kabala Mandarin Orient* 734-2211
Ginny Tiu, *Sheraton Moana Surfrie* 922-3111

ROCK / R & B
Bongo Tribe, *Irish Rose Saloon* (9) 923-3166
Swingwood Revue, *The Pier* 536-2166
Sugarfoot Swing (DJ), *The S Kalakaua Ave.* (9 p.m.)
Swinging on a Star (DJ), *Field's*, *ing* (8:45 p.m.) 946-6499

17/Thursday

CONTEMPORAR
Dean & Dean, *Chart House* (5)
Emerald House, *Chart House* (6)
Brian Huddy, *Cheeseburger in F* 923-3731
The Krush, *Esprit Nightclub* (8:30)
Seabreeze featuring Lady Ann - *Sheraton Princess Kaulani* (5-)
Stardust, *Hanohano Room* (8:2)

D J
Double DJ Dance Night (Ale Cowboy), *Wave Waikiki* (9 p.m.)
Golden Oldies, *Field's Dining* & 946-6499

GUITAR
Shoji Ledward, *Contempor* 523-3362
Shoji Ledward, *ScooZee's* (6)

HAWAIIAN
'Ale'a, *Jaron's Kathia* (8:30 p.)
Auntie Genoa Keawe, *Hau Bar* (5:30 p.m.) 922-6611
Jonah Cummings, *Barefoot E lit Hotel* (4 & 10 p.m.) 922-226
Arnold K., *Waialana Cockto* 955-1764
Moe Keale with Kaulana, *Waikiki* (6 p.m.) 922-4422
Palolo, *Ocean Terrace, Henu*, 922-6611
Rene Paulo, *Sheraton Moana* 922-3111
Kipapa Rush Band, *Shera* (5:30 p.m.) 922-3111

J A J Z
James Kraft & Friends, *Ja Grill* (7:30 p.m.) 521-5855
Azure McCall & Betty Lo, *Diamond Head Grill* (9 p.m.)

PIANO
Dale Senaga, *Sherato* (7:45 p.m.) 922-3111
Carol Williams, *Aloha* (10 a.m.) 528-5700

ROCK / R & B
Beat Poets, *Gordon Biers*
Dysfunkshnl, *The Pier i*
Go Jimmy Go, *Anna Bam*
Surf Psycho Sexy, *Whi*, 589-2290
Bongo Tribe, *Irish Rose S*

18/Friday

ALTERNATI

See 16-22