

Although Atkins is called the inven- his ideas on wax, that is didn't work.

(12:15-2:45) 5-15-7-45-10-15 STUART LITTLE (PG) Dolby Digital (11:30-2:00) 4-45-7:30-10:00 BICENTENNIAL MAN (PG) SDS Digital	(11:00-1:00) 3:15-5:20-7:25-9:30-11:35 STUART LITTLE (PG) SDS Digital (11:00-12:50) 2:40-4:30-6:20-8:10-10:00 DUCE BIGALOW: MALE GIGOLO (R) 11:00-1:00	THE GREEN MILE (R) Dolby Digital (12:00-3:45) 7:30 GALAXY QUEST (PG) Dolby Digital (12:00-3:45) 7:30-9:40 THE GREEN MILE (R)
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### ClubSCENE

# Techno icon spins into town

By Shawn "Speedy" Lopes  
ADVERTISER CLUB COLUMNIST

The next time you see a snappy, cut-and-flash television ad featuring a high-tech soundtrack and youthful gyrating bodies, you can credit Juan Atkins for his vision.

The techno sound that the legendary Detroit deejay-producer created two decades ago is now being used to promote everything from soft drinks to automobiles to credit cards. It is with little grief, however, that Atkins finds himself a virtual unknown in his own country, which lacks

far behind much of the world in its acceptance of electronic music. "I'm not bitter or nothing like that," Atkins said in a recent telephone interview. "One of the things I realize is that really good music is not always what gets on the radio here. It's just one of those obstacles we need to overcome."

Atkins has created forward-thinking music for much of his life. He and neighborhood friends Derrick May and Kevin Saunderson have been credited with the advancement of the techno sound, although only Atkins

See DJ, Page 6

## 'Majik' Juan Atkins

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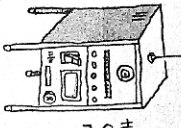
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# QUIDDIO TO DEATH

## Make Party With You



the elaborate portable machine

Hawaii's first governmental rave: Just in case anyone still needs proof that rave culture has gone mainstream, the *Plature 2000* party, sponsored by the governor's Hawaii Millennium Commission, should be all the evidence required.

If hasn't been that long since it was difficult to know a rave in this city without getting backed by the cops. Now we have the governor's underground message. I should think you might be next — perhaps a breakdancing festival sponsored by Mayor Jeremy Harris and the City Council, Mike.

*Plature Hawaii 2000* is a joint party to be held on New Year's Eve at *Kakaia Waialeale Park*. The headlining DJ is Carl Cox. The head mission was somehow convinced to give his official sponsorship to a DJ even represents, I suppose, a positive change in the establishment's view of DJ/rave culture — but if this is true, it also means the underground has come to an end.

I don't mean to diss the work of the people who put this thing together, mainly DJ G-Spot and his cohorts. Getting the government and a slew of mainstream companies to sponsor an essentially rave-style event is a coup of major proportions: *The Plature Hawaii 2000* event is a startling achievement.

And even if a government-sponsored rave does signify that the culture is being lost to the mainstream, personally I don't care. The rave scene in Hawaii has been around '96; it's been the domain of 15-year-olds and lonely military guys sucking on pacifiers. I'm waiting for a better promoter to sponsor a rave called, simply, "Grants on E." Among the old guard, even the term "rave" is passé. So I think it's somewhat appropriate that the biggest rave to date in Hawaii is being sponsored by *My TV Lane*.

**Strange Bedfellows:** The *Plature Hawaii 2000* list of sponsors includes a group of very diverse organizations for the purpose of throwing a party. Let's see: We have the antique "active rock" radio station 97.5 KPOL, whose listeners wouldn't know Carl Cox from Karl Marx; we have the corporate Jambow 95.1 (anything with the word "Jambow" is lame), along with the delightfully weird KTUH. We have the Christian surfwear company Faith Riding Co. along with the none-too-Christian *Passyent Lounge*. And my guess is that this event is the first ever to pair Carl Cox with the local punk band The Kumbakskulls.

Carl Cox: When I was researching Carl Cox on the Internet, there seemed to be some unwritten agreement that no one would write anything bad about Carl Cox. After sorting through heaps of praise for hours, I finally gave up on finding any negatives. He's the Michael Jordan of DJs. Around the globe, the options are nearly unlimited — Carl Cox is the shit (there's a pasting from Hungary: "Carl Cox is Hungary's person. We love Carl Cox in Hungary. Please inform if come to Hungary. We want to make party with you.")

The big question, when a DJ who is also a recording artist comes to town or dies, is he going to play his own music or other people's music? Carl Cox may be the possessor of the dubious title "The best DJ in the world," which presumably indicates that he's a crowd-rocket, but his own music is ultimately forgettable. I should have been tipped off by the clichéd photo-essay I ran in the title of his CD *Plature 2000*, but I thought it anyway. I listened to it about five times and was thoroughly bored. The music is mostly constructed of soulless, fast computer sounds that give ignorant rockers fuel for the phrase "I hate techno."

**The Plature Belongs to the Young:** What do I ultimately think about *Plature Hawaii 2000*? I think it'll be fantastic for the kids. That's who most of Carl Cox's fans are and to whom the event seems to be generally aimed.

Adults? Well, if you don't mind preening the new millennium with 8,000 teenagers, it'll probably be cool. But here's the real grip with me, and the reason I'll most likely stay away from the event: Kakaia. *Waialeale Park* is a state park and therefore an alcohol-free zone. Call me old-fashioned, but I like champagne on New Year's Eve — in fact, I plan to get pretty inebriated on this year.

So I'll probably miss the *Plature Hawaii 2000* party, but when the government passes out free chrome at the Mayan Jeremy Harris and the City Council Ken's Brekin 2000 party, I'm so there I'm not even here.

—Mark Chitum  
chitum@lavinc.com

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