

clubbed to DEATH

(Insert Lame Title Here)

It is a rare occasion indeed when I abuse this sacred "Clubbed to Death" space for a political message, but something needs to be said. Perhaps you clubland denizens have noticed a new neon-emblazoned club called "**Blue Tropic**," in the vicinity of the Convention Center, kind of across from 7-11, next to Quicksilver?

I'm not sure what kind of gimmicks these guys are going for, but one thing stinks, and that is the monkey that they keep in a aquarium-turned-cage behind the bar. It doesn't stink literally, but the animal's misery casts a wicked spell on the whole place. The night I was in there, the cat-sized monkey spent most of the evening cowering on a fake rock, in front of a painted background, under florescent lighting. You can imagine its terror at the vibrations of pulsing music, enduring stares from a legion of clubgoers clad in tube tops & shiny pants. Sheeeit, that scares *me*! Imagine how the monkey feels! Plain and elle simple: that's not cool!!

At least we human beings can choose whether we want to spend our evenings in a smoky environment with a Rumors-like feel, poor wait service and superficial people (the door guy was nice, but still). *We* have a choice. That poor monkey has no suckin' choice. He/she is at the mercy of our banal evening! Call P.E.T.A.! Call the Humane Society! Call the freakin' zoo, because even that prison would be better than the hellhole that poor simian currently endures! Talk about clubbed to death ... **FREE THE MONKEY!**

Sheesh. What's next? Cock fights in the club? (Not that kind of cock, silly! We have plenty of those ... Bitter Boto Battle, hahahaha.) OK, OK, sorry — kinda buzzed as I write this. ... What else is going on?

Oh ya, I went to **Havana Cabana** (remember that place?) last Thursday ... drove all the way from Kaimukī to Downtown without my lights on — oooops. But the **QUADROPHONICS** gang had plenty of spark to light the way. I think sometimes because our scene is so small, we tend to take things for granted when we have too much of a good thing. Quadrphonics is a perfect example.

Imagine you're visiting San Francisco: Your friend takes you to this funky lil' joint where a bunch of laid-back people are chilling out and dancing to the sound of a freestyle-mellow groove-experimental-acid jazz-ish-sounding band. The stand-up bass player's a beautiful lady, the emcee innovates constantly, the drummers are mad skilled and the guitar loops it all together. You take it in and realize the night is one of the best you've had in a while. Maybe you're even thinking,

"They don't have *anything* like this in Hawai'i."

We'll guess again because we do! Quadrphonics is a class act, and if you haven't seen them for a while, please do so. Besides Havana's, they've dropped in at **Mānoa Garden's** Friday afternoon — a great pau hana party — and play regularly, or semi-regularly, at all the hot and cool spots around town. Keep an eye on the *Weekly* calendar listings, then drop that been-there-done-that attitude and check out the show! It's never the same twice!

In case you haven't been to Havana Cabana's for a while, they tore down the inner walls and the middle cigar vault, so the place is much more open and friendly. A good night to grab a few friends and go check it out is Monday at **Grooveology** with **DJs Gonzales and Vince**. Cover's only \$2 and they have \$2 draft beer all night. Expect down-tempo hip hop and trip hop ... and maybe some reggae or dancehall if you're lucky. If you're feeling a little more up, there's always **Concentration** at **Auntie Pasto's** on Kapahulu. The late-night open mic down there has been building a little following lately, but the crowd remains easy-going.

According to **Venus** correspondent **Tina Cambell**, last Thursday at Venus was **PACKED** with clientele bussed in from North Shore surf competitions. The line-up for the evening included **J. Smooth, Essentially Mikey, Vertigo & Penguin** (tag-team set), **Free, Rayne, Keebler** and **Necron 99** of the Bassment Addicts.

"J. Smooth from NY was awesome! He played some intelligent jungle that broke down every now and then into some cool hip-hop tracks! He rocked and pleased the surfer-type crowd!" said Tina the next day after dragging her semi-hungover ass into work, late. You never really know what you'll get at Venus from one week to the next, but given how fickle people are, maybe that's a good thing.

Before I'm out, there is one correction of my last column. I messed up the names of **Seph** and **Microscopic Syllables**, as they are properly called. Mahalo to their poetic frontman and the other elements: "**Tino** on keyboards (**Go Jimmy Go, 7th Enkounter**), **Keli'i** (7th Enkounter) on drums, turntabalism by **DJ A2Z**, horns by **Go Jimmy Go's Eric** and **Fern**, and my personal fave the bass player, **Josh** (aka **KORE** from SF's infamous **DANK MOB** graffiti crew [who] back in the dayz represented)." Thanks to Sunshine C. for kindly explaining that in her email correction. P.S. — I don't title these columns, the *Weekly* editors do that.

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