

Four stunning women sashay across the stage wearing skirnpy costomes and gold high heels. They sport novelty-sized cocitail glasses balanced on their lovely heads. One glass holds a martini, another a rum concection topped with pineapple and a tiny umboella, the third a hoppy brew of some sort, the fourth ... well, it's not clear, but filled with alcohol of some kind for size.

Behind the spirit goddesses struts
Delmar deWilde, who looks like an unholy
love child of Wayne Newton, Hugh Hefner
and Jethro from The Beverly Hillbillies.
Delmar's doessed in Las Vegas-formal
with hundreds of karats of bling dangling
from his neck. He cosons into his cordless
microphone while cavorting with the
dancers. The women gyeate, ordulate and
do other not-for-prime-time things that
end with -ate.

Cloweing aside, the music is what averyone's here for: The band's basist, Hai Jung, swings back and forth, her instrument nearly as long as she is tall. Lopaka Colon plays the guizo—no, not a Greek sandwich—a South American instrument made from a gouod. Ryoko Oka works the keys while Abe Lagrimus Jr. taps the vibes. Behind them, drummer Jason Segler lays down the groove for the pulsing fusion of jungle, jazz, pop and world beat.

Later, the dancen will wear feather headdresses and voodoo dolls, portray a gypsy with a crystal ball, belly dance and halance swords. DeWilde will don a red smoking sacket while one of the dancers will become a sesy demon to his lounge lizard Satan by slipping into Victoria's Secret, red homs and a tail. Malo-clad males will preen and pose.

It's Polynesian pop gone amok. It's a Standart Lounge act in the Pacific. It's the forbidden world of Don Tiki.

for my resselle I've have-boxceled Still I know one thing in crucial We could reminise to paradise This is how it all began. So catch me if you, eatch me if you can —"Bass-Boxched," The Eubidder Sounds of Don Till (Tabox Boxodo, 1992)

In 1947, Norwegian Thor Heyerdahl sailed a balsa wood saft named Kon-Tiki from Peru to the Tuamota Islands to prove that people from South America could have migrated to the South Pacific.

Exactly 6fty years later, Lloyd Kandell and Kit Ebersbach formed Don Tiki to



prove that retro, nam-soaked grooves had a place in the modern world. Kon-Tiki, Don Ho and mai tain inspired the band's name. Test years after their first CD release, The Forbidden Sounds of Don Tibi, the Honolulu-based "exotica" band sails on, crewed by a rotating lineup of talested musicians, gorgeous Polynesian/jaxx dancers and a fourth CD set for a 2008 release.

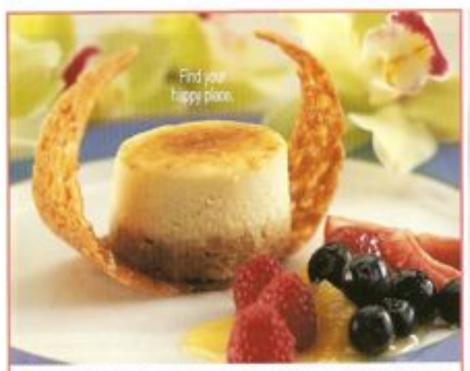
For the past ten years, Don Tiki har been carning the torch for-and now rekindling interest in - this lounge music, which began in the 1950s when enotical pioneen like pianist Martin Denny, vibraphonist Arthur Lyman and composer Les Baxter developed a campy but irresistible blend of Polynesian, South American and African rhythms and melodies. Redolent of the jungle and the lounge equally, esotica music classics like. "Yellow Bird" and "Quiet Village" were part of a new wave of Polymenian popculture that crested in the '60s. (Tikiculture officially goes back all the way to 1934, when Don the Beach comber opened the first tiki bur in L.A., and Victor Bergeron opened the first Trader Vie's in Oakland in 1937.) Don Tika's popularity is aided by yet another wave of appreciation for the tiki seathetic (which seems to run in cycles but never quite dies), infused now with a modern electronica/lounge chillness.

Don Tiki is still riding the wase. Last June and July, the band—orchestra, really—held court at the Tapa Bar at the Hilton Hawaiian Village Beach Resort & Spa in Waikiki. In August, Don Tiki had a short stint as the house band for NightTime With Andy Burnatai, a Hawai's focused talk show starring the local cornedian and actor. This spring, a new program of exotics music, including tunes from Don Tiki, will be offered as part of Hawaiian Airline's in-dight entertainment.

Kit Ebersbach, hailing from the teening jungles of New Jensey, is the band's keyboardist, composer and primary engineer. By day, he's head of Pacific Munic Productions, housed in a coay studio in downtown Honolulu. By night, Ebersbach undergoes a radical transformation into the king of smarm, Peny Coma (impired by paragon '50s lounge singer Perry Como, and also by a remark from avant-garde composer Morton Feldman that when he composes music he's 'dead,' i.e., totally focused).

Lloyd Kandell, from the cradle of tiki, Los Augeles, runs Taboo Records out of his Black Point home in Kāhala and is the president of Kundell Advertising. On stage, Kandell is Fluid Flood, the band's "congenial host" known on occasion to bang on a whale bone or blow a mean ocarina, a flute-like wind instrument. The name "Fluid Floyd" dates to Kandell's bodysurfing years on Kaua'i. (It may also have something to do with his fondness for Singspore Slings) Kandell met Ebenbuch. in 1975 on Katta'i while looking for a piano player. 'It was the nadit of disco, and I was looing any mind," says Ebenbach. "I wanted to write original music."

Kandell introduced Ebenbach to the likes of Ehris Costello and the Sex Pistols. By the 1980s both men were living on O'ahu, Ebenbach playing in cover bands and Kandell DJ-ing at Jack Law's Wave Waikiki.



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Tiki Torch Songs

The musical influences on Don Tile's founding members are eclectic: For Ebershach, it's jazz vocalists Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; Thefonius Monk; jazz trumpeter, dominer, composer and big band leader Don Ellis, John Cage and Cago-influenced keyboardist Margaret Leng Tan. For Kandell, it's Ray Charles; ska and reggae legend Desmond Dekker; fizic Dolphy (John Coltrane's assophorist); Alice Coltrane and the late exotica patriarch Martin Dessiy.

"He was almost a surrogate father, very supportive, very accessible," Kasdell says. "He'd come to our gigs and show his enthusiane." Adds Ebenbuch," He was a great man, a maestro, who performed mosic right up to two weeks before he died."

Dearry himself appeared on Don Tiki's debut recent, The Forbidden Sounds of Don Tibi, reprining his famous sing "Exotica" and a cot penned for his beloved wife, June, called "Forever and Ever."

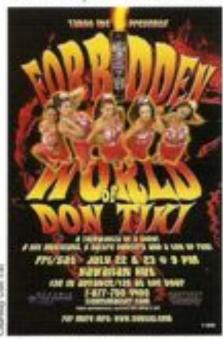
Don Tiki has attracted seasoned Hawai's performers for both live appearances and on recordings. They include singers Teresa Beight and Jimmy Ronges, Frank. Orrall on percussion and 'take white lake Shimabeloro. The band's lineup has featured drammer, mallet artist and percussionist Noel Okimoto and Brazil's legendary perenssionist, Carlinhos de Oliveira. In the current lineup, in addition to guiro, Lopaka Colon plays congus, bongo and imitates bird calls. Lopaka is the son of Angie Colon, who handled the same dutin for Denoy's band. Swams James Ganeko plays boobarm and exotic percusion, while Rocky Holmes toots say and fixe.

You neight consider yearself hacky fast to be abive Cause it's a fast moon tonight And it's just right for a companing tribe —"The Nation are Boston," Stone Dep with Don Tile (Labor Berende, 200).

Studio recordings are all well and good, but the live shows are Don Tike's signature artistic achievement, with the costumes, the kitsch and the sultry "Restless Native" dancers chorosgraphed by Turni Tully. "The live shows are a wacky antidote and meape from quotidian and politically correct cases," said Ebenbach. Indeed, for an any devotee of the this gods knows, the iconography of this culture (like paintings of dancing demons worshipping bikinschad volcano goddenses by teechlight) is about as far as you can get from an

authentic representation of Polysmia.

Example: Don Tiki's first gig was at a historic tiki has called the Kabiki in Columbus, Obio, in 2000. "It was wild," Kandell recalls. "You walked in and the first thing you saw was a three-story-tall most statue, like on Easter Island, with a fireplace in the mouth and two 80-watt red light bulbs in the eye sockets. One wall was all tropical fish tank, the other a



tropical bird cage." Sadly for all the lovers of lowbrow, the gig was to celebrate Kabik's closing.

When someone's willing to foot the bill. Don Tiki has gladly flown to the gig. whether on the Neighbor blands, the Mainland, even Europe. They've played for Microsoft employees at the Grand Wailes on Mani, a Google convention on Kana'i and a Cisco Systems meeting at the Rosal Hawaiian Hotel. The troope gigs infrequently, though, in part because it's hard to get eighteen busy people together at the same time. "But we are also very selective," said Kandell, "We don't want to be overexposed." Kandell and Ehenbach have a great partnership and friendship. Kandell is the smooth talker, Ebersbach the quieter one. They finish each other's thoughts -- in their convenutions and in their music.

What's next for Don Tiki?

"Our new CD will feature remnal and spectacular-looking instruments procured at great peril from an ancient and forbidden Southeast Asian kingdoes," intones Perry Coma. Adds Fluid Floyd: "We hope to keep it going for a while. We're older but youthful guys."

