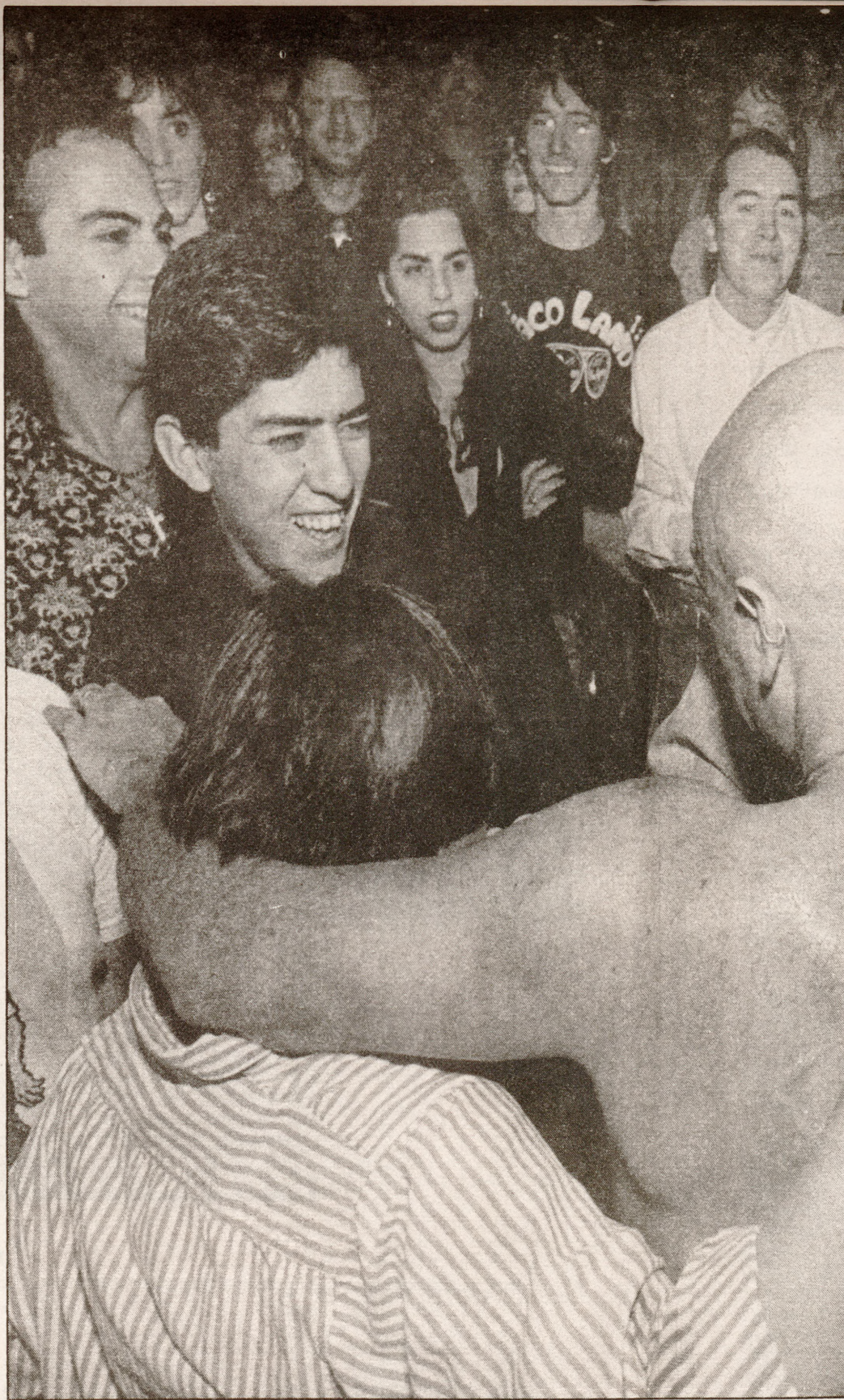
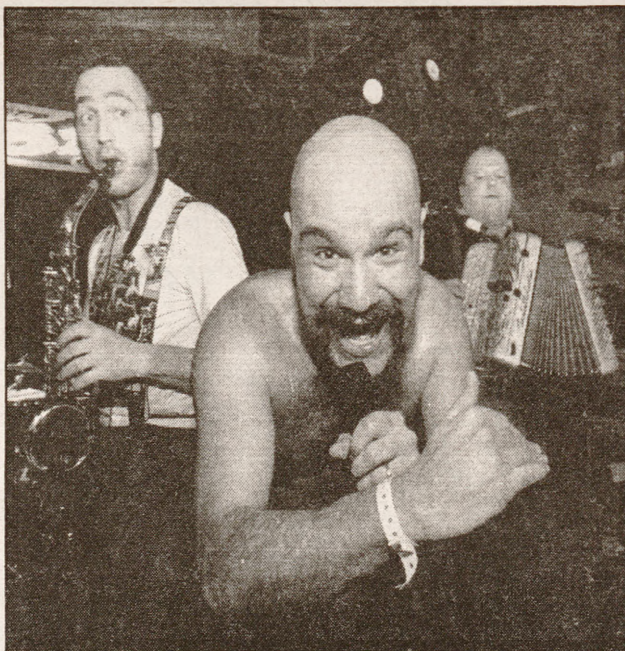


Photos By Phelan M. Ebenhack

Right: The crowd at 311 Club participates in a little dancing with Les Garçons Bouchers' singer Sapu Favre during the South by Southwest Music Festival in Austin Friday night.
Below: Parisian band, Les Garçons Bouchers, perform their wild style of music before a packed audience at 311 Club.



SXSW:

music overdose

By Rob Newberry

I never thought I would see so much live music that I just wouldn't want to see any more. But after spending four nights at Austin's South by Southwest '91, I think I'm suffering from live music burnout. I think I OD'd on live music.

The conference kicked off with the Austin Music Awards on Wednesday, then for the next four nights (I didn't stay through Sunday, though) bands play at more than 20 different clubs in town. Usually five or six bands play each night, each one ripping through as many songs in 45 minutes as they can.

The Austin Music Awards showcases on Wednesday were a decent way to get ready for the rest of the weekend. I got to watch Austin Battle-of-the-Bands winner E.R. Shorts do his bluesy three-piece thing; I got to see the Texas Tornados perform some very Texan, very Latin rock'n'roll, and I got to find out what Austinites felt about their music scene over the last year. But I had to sit through an incredibly unoriginal set by Charlie Sexton's new band the Arc Angels, and I had to watch glam-rockers Dangerous Toys perform bad

songs like "Sportin' a Woody" (yeah, the title's funny, but the song just isn't any good).

The next few days at the conference, I felt basically the same. Some bands were pretty good; some were just OK, and some really sucked. I got back into Austin on Thursday in time to see about 20 minutes of Atlanta's five-piece psychedelic-pop band Lava Love at Liberty Lunch. Lava Love is like a Deelite-meets-Jellyfish — lots of upbeat music and clever guitar riffs. On the above scale, I would stick Lava Love in with the bands that were just OK.

Next up at the Lunch was Austin's own David Garza and the Lovebeads. You could tell that an Austin band was getting ready to take the stage as soon as Lava Love left; more than 100 extra people walked in the door, and everybody crammed for the front near the stage. When the Lovebeads played here at College Station a few weeks ago, they were missing their two backup vocalists, and although I really enjoyed their set here, I liked the one at Austin even better.

Garza played a lot more stuff off of his new release, and after seeing it played live, I actually like it better.

After the Lovebeads, we trucked it over to Chances to see Athens, Georgia's the Jody Grind, only to find out that Chances wouldn't let minors inside. I bitched a lot — "I don't understand how I can pay ninety-five bucks to attend this damned conference and not get to see one of the most hyped-up acts in the country" — but the girl at the door wouldn't budge. SXSW needs to fix that; anybody who pays that much ought to be able to see everybody.

With a no-go at Chances, we headed to the Lunch to watch Bela Fleck and the Flecktones leave the stage. Next up was the Louisiana band Wayne Toups & Zydecajun. Toups mixes up cajun melodies and instruments like the accordion with classic rhythm and blues for a result that, well, sounds interesting on paper, but really sucks when you hear it.

On Friday, I decided to check out some of the dis-