

Rolling Stone

WAYNE'S WORLD

It's Party Time! It's Excellent!

ELTON JOHN

His Struggle With Drugs and Fame

THE ORIGIN OF AID

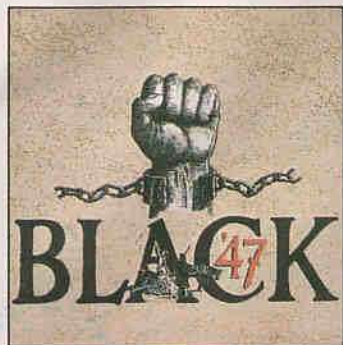
A New Investigation

COLLEGE '92

The Greatest Pranks of All Time

great chart for the Uptown Horns and Dural's finest playing – on Hammond B-3 organ, not accordion. Dural is no Clifton Chenier, but he can hold his own with Booker T.

So why is he calling this zydeco? Partly in tribute to Chenier, partly in the spirit of regional pride. No matter what he calls it, though, Buckwheat Zydeco cuts a wicked groove. — JOHN SWENSON



★★★½

BLACK 47

BLK

NEW YORK CITY'S LABYRINTH OF despair and desire can breed either creative epiphanies or utter misery, especially for up-and-coming bands trying to break into the scene. But combine determination with the biting humor and political anger of an immigrant Irishman

named Larry Kirwan, add the spirited skill of four band mates adept in a bizarre mix of rap, post-postpunk, rock and Gaelic fervor, and the result is a revelatory Manhattan bar band – Black 47.

Named after the worst year of Ireland's potato famine in the nineteenth century, Black 47 eschews people's stereotypical expectations of Gaelic music for its own mongrel sound. On its new album, *Black 47*, the band – usually most comfortable playing loud and live with upraised fists and chunky guitar riffs in local hangouts – explodes with declarations of gnashing street poetry punctuated with wailing uilleann pipes, Joe Strummer-style chord chops and Bourbon Street sax sojourns.

Green card in hand, singer-guitarist Kirwan proudly exercises his freedom of speech. Moods swing from the autobiographical band rap "Rockin' the Bronx" to the incendiary politics of "Fanatic Heart" and "Free Joe Now," about the U.S. imprisonment of Joe Doherty, charged with killing a British special forces officer. The subtle sax work of Jeff Blythe and Fred Parcells's jazzy trombone embellish the reggae shuffle of "Desperate," and the thunderous charge of Chris Byrne's pipes kick the jig 'n' reel-ish "Funky Ceili" into Celtic chaos: "I think of you, Bridie, whenever I'm sober/Which isn't too often, I have to confess."

Passion and politics make for a heady brew, but Black 47 holds its own without succumbing to melodrama or sloshy sentimentality. *Black 47* is a defiant statement of unequivocal commitment to visceral ideals – and as cathartic as a long, sweaty night in a rowdy Irish bar.

Black 47 is available from BLK, c/o Paddy Reilly's, 495 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10016. — KARA MANNING



★★★★

STREET JAMS

Various Artists

Skaneles/Rhino

IF HIP-HOP NOSTALGIA SEEMS A BIT premature, consider how the early rock & roll records sounded to the Woodstock Nation. It has been a dozen years since rap first appeared on record, and the genre has wound through at least

as many styles, trends and tattered as occurred between Elvis and Hip Hop. "School" have sneaked out a few years, but Rhino's series is the most ambitious archival project to date: four hour-long volumes available separately, but they can be organized as two 2-disc overviews to document the first five years of hip-hop.

The two discs of the series, *Hop From the Top* cover relatively new turf. This half of *Street Jams* traces the years from the Gang's breakthrough 1979 "My Adidas Delight" to the stripped-down of the Boogie Boys' "Fly G" but they do return to circulate treasures as Rockmaster's "Dynamic Three's" "Request" Divine Sounds' uncanny knockoff "What People Do"

The two discs of *Electric Jams* are a more academic and more fascinating project. It's the techno-funk – all bubbly electronically altered vocal scratching – that served as the soundtrack for the 1982 dance era. The first disc covers the style's formative days in New York, with visionary producers Arth



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To drink
yet satisfying
complete
For refreshment
that's beyond
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