



A guide to night li

Triangle clubs provide live music and entertainment

By John Drescher

If you are in the Triangle area and looking for live music, you have come to the right place. Although it certainly isn't difficult to find live night entertainment in the culturally rich Triangle, it can be difficult to decide which nightclub to attend.

The Raleigh, Durham and Chapel Hill area is saturated with a large number of nightclubs that feature all types of live music from beach to country to New Wave.

Chapel Hill/Carrboro is blessed with four nightspots that represent well the diversity of music available in the area. The **Cat's Cradle** (West Rosemary Street) and **The Station** (East Main Street, Carrboro) feature live rock 'n' roll and New Wave rock, but also have regular appearances by bluegrass, country-western and classical guitar groups.

Colonel Chutney's (West Rosemary Street) has a wide range of solo acts that includes guitar, jazz and piano music. Both the Cradle and Colonel Chutney's have live music at least six nights a week; The Station has live acts on weekends and various weeknights.

The **Hobbit Hoagie** (401 West Franklin Street) also features live music on the weekends. On Saturday nights they hold an open mike jam. Anyone interested is invited to perform, but must sign up before 9:00 p.m.

On Sunday nights, the Hobbit hosts local performers. The style of music played ranges from rhythm and blues to fiddle and guitar music.

As ironic as it seems, beach music lovers and dance fans must travel out of collegiate Chapel Hill to satisfy

their musical appetites. Raleigh has two clubs that specialize in beach and top 40 music.

Elliot's Nest (a private club in the Cameron Village Subway) and **Fiesta Brava** (Highway 70 West at the Royal Villa) are two of the leading clubs in the area for dancing.

The **Golden Nugget** (Governor's Inn at the Research Triangle Park) and **Baron's** (Velvet Cloak Hotel, Hillsborough Street) also feature listening music and dancing.

Raleigh is a haven for both bluegrass and folk music fans. The **Pier** (Cameron Village Subway), **Cafe Deja Vu** (Cameron Village Subway) and **Monday's** (Hillsborough Street) feature a wide variety of music, including jazz, country, folk and rock 'n' roll.

Irregardless (West Morgan Street), **Steak and Ale** (behind Crabtree Valley Shopping Mall) and **Bullshippers** (Western Boulevard) specialize in bluegrass, folk and soft rock.

P.C. Goodtimes (Hillsborough Street) and **Soong Room Lounge** (Jung's Far East Restaurant, Eastgate Shopping Center) feature soft rock and jazz.

Rock 'n' rollers should visit the **Switch** (private club, Paula Street) which always features rock bands.

Somethyme (Broad Street) has jazz and acoustic folk, while the **Grinderswitch** (West Main Street) features rock and folk music.

Durham is the home of the area's most "cultural" night club, the **Sallam Cultural Center** (West Chapel Hill Street). The Center emphasizes jazz, but also has regular appearances by cabaret folk, rock and blues artists.



Roberson and Hampton get down to serious drinking at Molly McGuire's (photos above)... At Tijuana Fats, totally oblivious to waitress (right)... At Crook's, pledging to stick it out to the end (far right). Staff photos by Sharon Clarke

Two chug their way through beer

By Bill Roberson and Gary Hampton

At high noon on Tuesday, July 22, 1980, Bill Roberson, a graduate student in English, and Gary Hampton, a third-year law student, embarked on a 14-hour beer walk that encompassed 24 bars. Their purpose—to conduct a survey of Chapel Hill watering holes. (The formal survey will be published later.)

The following narrative is a bar-by-bar diary of their trek. In all but a few cases, the proprietors of the bars had been notified in advance and provided the pair with free beer.

Gary: 11:00 a.m.—Arrive at Bill's; he's not ready yet. A portent of things to come.

11:15 a.m.—Arrive at Union to run off copies of our itinerary (we love crowd adulation.) Bill departs the building to wild cheers while I fire up my car, the White Rat, whose thirst for gas is surpassed only by ours for brew.

11:30 a.m.—Bill goes to the Hobbit to talk with friends and clear our arrival time for later in the evening.

Bill: 11:49 a.m.—Burger King. We decided that our only hope is to eat frequently to help absorption. And we are not sure how long it will be before we land at a bar that serves palatable food within our budget.

11:50 a.m.—Arrive at Quicke Take-out for the kick-off toast. Friends are there with camera to record the event. At the stroke of noon we drink. Here, the only thing warmer than the room temperature glass is the beer, obviously fresh off the brewing fire. It does not go down well.

12:10 p.m.—No time squandered at Quickies. We drive to the Yacht Club, are welcomed. Gorgeous bartender serves us Michelob. We drink. Gary lusts. Does not want to leave. I stress the tightness of our itinerary, the potential disappointment of other proprietors.

Gary is obstinate at first, then reluctantly surrenders, but not before pledging to return before the evening is over.

1 p.m.—Arrive at The Pub. A dark bar, small, congenial. We talk with proprietor who serves us cold Bud in frosted mugs. Play Charlie Rich and The Rolling Stones on juke box: no bigots, we.

Gary: 1:30 p.m.—Four Corners. We slide up to the bar while the patrons eye us casually and a murmur breaks out in awed, hushed tones. Obviously, word of our mission has preceded us.

We're on foot now, and at the mercy of Chapel Hill's public drunkenness ordinance. The atmosphere is great, but we are driven on by the need to fulfill our duty and the thought of another BREWSKIE.

Bill: 1:54 p.m.—Inconspicuous descent into Harrison's. I slide down three stairs. Am berated by Gary, who slides down remainder. Entire Harrison's staff looks on.

We approach bar amid misunderstanding of our purpose, questions as to its legitimacy. No one's fault, situation readily is rectified. I am buzzing. Pace is picking up noticeably.

Gary: 2:19 p.m.—Carolina Coffee Shop. Here we meet the sweet sounds of classical music, and a skeptical manager who tells us, "You'll never make it." My reply, "Urff!" We hurry on.

2:36 p.m.—Papagayo's. By now Bill has a goofish look on his face. He turns and says, "I think we're in trouble." I bite harder on my cigar and nod. Fortunately some friends meet us for moral support. Physical support might be more appropriate.

Bill: 2:59 p.m.—First checkpoint, Molly McGuire's. Sharon, a Tar Heel photographer, is there to document the occasion. So are several friends. I keep

calling people the wrong names, but not feel embarrassed.

Beer is cold, fortunately. They are going down easily. We think, bartenders are snickering at us, but ringing in our ears makes it difficult to certain.

3:23 p.m.—At Troll's. It is quiet, cold and dark, which is what we need. I want to stretch out in a booth. Gary will not me. He is lusting after the bartender again. Gary wants to stay here and splurge.

Gary: 3:45 p.m.—We lurch across parking lot to Back Streets former Youngblood's. Thank God it's a short walk. Only my belief that Bill will collapse into a coma at any moment drives me on. Already he looks like a poster child for a gravedigger convention.

Bill: 4:07 p.m.—The pace is interesting. We approach the halfway mark. A quack at Linda's. I want to stay and drink with Kim, the bartender—we are the ones here—but Gary kicks me and pushes me through the door.

Gary: 4:27 p.m.—Spanky's. It is fresh and cool. We saunter up the steps to the bar. Bill thanks the manager for the conditioning. I say a silent prayer someone to build an elevator so I can avoid the steps down. No elevator is built but Bill and I manage to navigate down and out; lucky us.

4:45 p.m.—Village Green. We fall in the hands of enemy agents at this point. Quietly we are guided into the downstairs section. The others are dressed in cut-offs and no shirt or open shirt. Bill and I wear formal attire.

There is nothing but the smell of fresh paint, two floor fans stolen from the set Casablanca and heat. I know we are trouble now. I feel my knees buckle a look at Bill. His eyes look like the cen-



Staff photos by Sharon Clarke

The Apple Chill Cloggers in action at The Station (above left)... The bar at Cat's Cradle (above right)