

## **SXSW Review: Doug Kershaw**

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Doug Kershaw 8 p.m. Wednesday The Parish

Never let it be said that the people of South Louisiana don't have a sense of irony. Fiddle-playing wildman Doug Kershaw, in a black sequined shirt with a mop of black hair, hopped around on the Parish stage like a raven on a hot stovetop. But, at 73, the celebrated Ragin' Cajun can refer to himself with sly self-deprecation as the "Agin' Cajun."

Never mind. Famous for the frenetic quality of his performances (reminiscent of another Louisiana boy, Jerry Lee Lewis), Kershaw has hardly lost a step, riffing with abandon on fiddle, guitar and accordion. With his lopsided, jack o' lantern grin and gangly frame, he puts one in mind of Ichabod Crane relocated from the Hudson Valley to the Bayou Teche.

Kershaw came to national attention courtesy of Johnny Cash's television show in 1969, but by then he had spent years championing the vanishing language and culture of the Acadian people of south Louisiana. "Louisiana Man," which he recorded with his brother Rusty, and which he reprised at the Parish on Wednesday, is an anthem of stubborn defiance and a cultural shout-out to a displaced people.

Kershaw kicked things off with another hit, "Diggy Diggy Lo," and worked his way through "Calinda," "Mama's Got the Know How" and a punkish two-step version (you had to have been there) of Hank Williams' "Jambalaya."

Kershaw is a whirligig onstage, but he's been dead serious about promoting Cajun culture and music for decades. That commitment, as much as his enduring energy and musicianship, commands respect.