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By Darrell Cooper

Spring 1992
If you’re bothering to read this, then I hope you’ve already taken a look at the real stuff inside — features, fiction, photos, and illustrations. We think you’ll like it.

I don’t have much to say, really, except to ask that you think about a few things while you’re casually thumbing through this magazine. A lot of people you probably don’t know and more than likely don’t care about have slaved over this issue, so if you see something you like, tell the author or the artist. This may not seem that important to you, but he or she will appreciate it. I’ve never edited for this magazine before, although I’ve written for it. But I found out that being an editor after being a writer is like being a driver behind the wheel of a car after being the pedestrian in the crosswalk; whatever side you’re on at the time, you think you’re in the right. I hope I’ve been a considerate driver.

Special thanks to the members of Burlap Cat who were there for me when I needed them. Lastly, the editorial staff dedicates this issue to Martin Johnson. We wouldn’t be here if it weren’t for him.

Rebecca Anne Powell, Spring 1992 Editor

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Ceiling fan blades slowly slice through clouds of cigarette smoke. Dim shadows cover everything but the stage, lit in multicolours. The equipment stands ready, and the cymbals of the drums reflect colors at odd angles. A young man threads his way through the maze of tables to the bar to buy another drink. Women seek refuge in the restrooms and primp before mirrors. A waitress brushes by a table, removing empty bottles to the clink of glass against glass in a nearby garbage can. Spectators converse in shouts above the prerecorded music. A bartender wipes the counter, checks his watch — it's time. The restless crowd waits for the show to begin...
Most musicians dream of performing under the glaring lights before a sell-out crowd. For those who break through the seemingly impenetrable world of hit records, the rewards can be great. For those who don’t, there is a cycle of hope and despair.

Success in the music industry depends on catching the ear of a record company agent after playing an endless number of shows in smoke-filled dives around the country. The life can be rough. Nights on the road are often long and boring interrupted only by moments of intense craziness, and every meal comes from a different place.

Dash Rip Rock, Better than Ezra, Func Haus and Cowboy Mouth all got their start playing in local spots. With shows often ending after two in the morning, and packing up consuming at least another hour, The Chimes, The Varsity and The Bayou became second homes to these bands. Initial local success encouraged them to move on to the bigger scene.

With Louisiana’s rich musical history steeped in jazz, blues and soul, it is no surprise that this swampy Mississippi delta has spawned several talented up-and-coming bands. The music industry, starved for innovative talent, has shown interest in all of these bands. But as the artists are discovering, talent alone will not propel them to stardom. The long road to the top is proving to be a test of ability, endurance and luck.
Dash Rip Rock —
A travelin' band

Baton Rouge's own Dash Rip Rock is spending the first half of 1992 on tour with the hard-edged underground band The Cramps. They toured the South and the East Coast before taking a Mardi Gras break to play a variety of local dates. Then it was off to the West Coast for a few more weeks as The Cramps' opening act.

"With this tour we've been getting in front of some industry people," guitarist Bill Davis said in a phone interview from an Atlanta hotel. "The Cramps have a strong following and attract a lot of attention. We hope this exposure will help us to sign on with a major record label."

Davis formed Dash while he was at LSU. Playing pool on the afternoons at the Bayou, Davis met Hoakey Hickel, then a juke box repairman. They eventually met up with drummer Chris Luckett and began playing their own type of rock-a-billy music, an interesting mixture of bluegrass, country, and hard rock and roll.

Davis said in the early years, the name Dash Rip Rock was almost synonymous with The Chimes because they were the house band there for years on Thursday nights.

"Then in '87 we all just quit our day jobs and hit the road," Davis said.

Davis described their music as Southern rock with a hard edge or revved-up rock-a-billy, and compared them to a mixture of ZZ Top and the Sex Pistols. He mentioned Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard as some of his primary influences. But Hickel, who plays bass, offered a more colorful interpretation of their sound.

"Our music is like Hank Williams on crack or an alcoholic Slim Whitman," Hickel said. "We started out as a psycho-billy band but now we play just rock and roll."

The members of Dash Rip Rock, who took their name from the boyfriend of the character Ellie Mae on "The Beverly Hillbillies," attribute their success to persistence and hard work.

In more than eight years together the band has produced four records on several independent record labels. Still, they would like to sign with a major record company. The experience of playing with The Cramps may be just what Dash needs to break into the business.

Davis, who describes any tour longer than a month as "a real drag," said this tour has been different because the band has been doing larger theaters, with larger crowds than they're used to. He also likes the shorter playing hours and The Cramps' tour bus.

"This last tour has been great," Davis said. "We go on stage early — about 10:30 — play for maybe an hour, and then go back stage and drink all of The Cramps' beer. Usually we are on stage until 2:30 in the morning, but now we are always finished by midnight."

Hickel said record companies are looking for acts ready to be sold to the public. With the fickle nature of the industry, Hickel said he doesn't know exactly where Dash stands right now.

"Record companies want a prepared package ready to be sold," Hickel said. "It's hard to get record companies to invest time and money in you because they're looking for the biggest and quickest return on their investment. "We have busted our asses to get this far. The music business is hard but perseverance pays off."

The band's latest album, "Boiled Alive," is a selection of live cuts pro-
duced by Mammoth Records. The band has also hired a business manager for bookkeeping.

Dash has toured the southeastern United States extensively since they hit the road. Their travels have taken them as far away as California and Maine, but they still prefer playing clubs in the South. Davis said crowds in the South are more receptive to their music and illustrated his point with an anecdote from the last show they played in Athens, Georgia.

"There was a girl in the front row wearing a jacket. She had nothing under it and she kept flashing her tits at us. At first we were surprised, but after a while she got on stage and started dancing with us. She lifted her dress while she was dancing and she wasn’t wearing panties. The crowd went wild. I have to admit, a naked woman frolicking on stage while we are playing is one of my biggest fantasies."

Better than Ezra — Preparing for a “full-time” Ezra.

Although “Better than Ezra,” is taking a laid-back approach to breaking into the music industry, they are serious about doing it. A mere four years old, the band has already released a 12-song cassette, “Surprise,” and is hoping for another release on compact disc in the next few months. The band sold all 5,000 copies of the cassette and say they could have sold more if they had reinvested the money. Being the businessmen that they are, the band pocketed the profits.

Ezra played its first show at Murphy’s bar in March of 1988. They moved on to fraternity parties and local club dates before their first tour that summer.

“It didn’t take us very long to become a tight band,” said Ezra guitarist and singer Kevin Griffin. "Now when we’re playing a song, I can break into a totally different song and the band will follow right along."

Ezra picked its name from a National Lampoon article “How to Name Your Band.” The article was a suggestion of names that would be sarcastically funny to give to a band.

“Our name came from two different names in the magazine, Better than Hendrix and The Ezra Pounders,” said Griffin. “We picked the name because our first gig was coming up and we needed an identity. After the gig we were too lazy to change the name so it stuck.”

In their four years as a band, Ezra has played with a few big names like The Hoodoo Gurus, The Smithereens, Drivin’ and Cryin’ and Let’s Active. But the exposure of playing with bigger bands has not yet gone to their heads.

“While we hope to make money in this business, we are here because we love to play music and we have a great time at it,” Griffin said. “The band works well because we’re good friends and our musical tastes are compatible. The fun we have on stage translates as charisma to the crowd.”

But being on the road is not always fun. While on tour with the Hoodoo Gurus, Ezra’s van was broken into the day before a show. A bass and several guitars were stolen. While the guitarist had another guitar, the band had to special-order a bass and have it express-delivered in the mail.

Griffin, the principal songwriter for the band, said, “We’re in sort of a creative hiatus. We have tons of new songs and a new label, but we don’t want to keep on playing the same old scene.”

Griffin said he has seen too many great bands on the Southern college...
“This industry is real flaky and it’s hard to know what the industry wants,” Bonnecaze said. “There are things in the works for the band but I don’t want to say anything because there are so many ups and downs. One minute you think you have a deal and the next minute you don’t.”

scene go unnoticed because there are no music industry people in the South.

Although the members of Ezra live in Los Angeles, Baton Rouge and Dallas, the trio tours every month and a half. The band gets together, practices for a few days and then sets out on tour in their “ragged out” blue 1983 Dodge van “Sissy.”

“The name of the van is a private joke within the band,” drummer Carey Bonnecaze said. “I can’t say exactly what it’s about, but let’s say Sissy was a girl that helped us break in the van.”

Griffin said Ezra draws from a variety of influences such as R.E.M., The Smiths and Echo and the Bunnymen.

“We are a Southern rock college band,” said Griffin, who currently works as an in-house writer for “Pier Music” in Los Angeles. “But as we’ve progressed, the band has developed a harder edge like The Replacements. But you can still hear the Southern influences in our music.”

Bonnecaze said the band got its popularity from the original songs they have written rather than from the cover songs they play. He said when the band is on the road their originals get a great response from the crowd. And original songs are what the record industry wants.

“The people in Athens really got into our original music,” Bonnecaze said in a phone interview from his home in Dallas where he works with computers. “Every time we go there we pack the house.

“We definitely try to do our own thing. We don’t act like any other band and we only play a few covers on every show.”

While the road can be long and boring, there are always exciting times. Griffin remembers a time when the band almost ran into sportscaster John Madden’s customized tour bus.

“We were driving down the interstate in our van pulling a trailer full of equipment in a rain storm,” Griffin said. “John Madden’s tour bus sped past us. We didn’t know there was an overturned eighteen-wheeler in the middle of the interstate several miles up the road. Madden’s bus swerved into the ditch to avoid the accident and we skidded right between the bus and the truck.”

Bonnecaze said things are looking bright as Ezra prepares for the road again. In late spring the band will tour Baton Rouge, Jackson, Dallas, Austin and other cities.

Ezra has just contracted their first business manager out of Jackson, who may be able to get Ezra’s foot into the proverbial door. Griffin said managers have contacts in the music business and can put out a “buzz” about the band to the industry.

The band recently signed with Malico Records, one of the largest rhythm and blues and gospel recording labels in America.

“This industry is real flaky and it’s hard to know what the industry wants,” Bonnecaze said. “There are things in the works for the band but I don’t want to say anything because there are so many ups and downs. One minute you think you have a deal and the next minute you don’t.”

Bonnecaze said some of the newer songs written by Griffin are great, but he doesn’t know what sound the industry is looking for.

“I can’t quite figure out the business,” Bonnecaze said. “A lot of lame bands sign with record companies while
a lot of great original bands get passed
up.”
Griffin said “a full-time Ezra will
be back on the road” soon.

**Func Haus — Perfecting their
studio sound.**

While Ezra is preparing for the road,
the Baton Rouge-based trio Func Haus
is busy polishing up their studio sound.
Currently in rehearsal to do a review to
be considered for an album, Func Haus
may be the closest of all local bands to
cutting an album with a major record
label.

The band has signed a deal with
Chrysalis records which will give them
money for living expenses and pay for
six months of rehearsals. For guitarist
Windell Tilley, drummer Terrence
Higgins and bassist Marc Pero, this may
be the beginning of a prosperous musi­
cal career.

“Six hours a day, four days a week,
we’re in rehearsal,” Tilley said. “The
record company is giving us studio time
to develop some material. The com­
pany likes us, but they want to see if our
music can grow and mature.”

Even though the band only started
in May of 1990 they have already put
out an 11-song cassette, “Desert Sky.”

Func Haus’ sound is an intricate
mixture of a heavy bass and drum beat
overlaid with delicate and complicated
guitar melodies. It’s a sound Tilley
describes as “alternative pop” but has
the flavor of progressive Southern rock.

“I can’t describe our style,” Pero
said. “It’s a gumbo — a mixture of dif­
ferent types of music that just works.”

Pero listed a diverse group of musical
influences including James Brown, The
Police, Al Smith, Earth, Wind and Fire
and Prince.

Tilley said the music of Func Haus
is an amalgamation of what the mem­
bers like. He said the band members
bring together the sounds each individ­
ual likes and then molds them into their
own unique sound.

“I like a lot of melody and guitar,”
Tilley said. “They like to groove so I just
let them play and I
try to put what I can
on top of their beat.”

Now that the
industry considers
Func Haus a band
worth the invest­
ment of both time
and money, the pres­
sure to produce is
great.

“The industry is
looking for a hit
song,” Tilley said.
“We have writers
that can help us but
we would rather
come up with a
sound all our own.”
The next album,
however, may be
many months away.

“I get so frustrated with the length
of time it takes to do something in the
music business,” Tilley said. “For ex­
ample, a representative from Chrysalis
saw us play at the Art Bar. He contacted
us and then brought in the lawyers, lots
of lawyers, and months later we signed
an agreement to begin on a preview
album.” Tilley said even if things go
well, it may be early 1993 before an al­
bum is cut.

The band used to tour a lot in the
Southeast but said it was kind of point­
less without an album to sell. The band
has hit many major cities in the South
such as Nashville, Houston, Little Rock
and Huntsville, with a few clubs stand­
ing out as favorites to play. The “Tip
Top” in Huntsville and “Zelda’s” in
Houston are two that came to mind.

Func Haus has had limited touring
experience, but their 1982 Dodge van
has produced several stories. Once when
the van suffered from a broken gasket,
continued on page 48
Why is it so difficult to find students on this campus who have young children? Is it because these students had to give up their education to support their families? Or could it be because they were unable to find affordable day care facilities for their young children?

Although many parents are forced to give up or postpone their educations for economic reasons, those parents who do have the means to finance their educations often encounter problems with day care. Students who cannot locate day care facilities for their children and do not have family members who can care for their children must often postpone or even cancel their plans for an education.

As the number of college students becoming parents increases, the demand for convenient day care services increases. Many universities across the country remedy this situation by offering day care facilities for students, as well as faculty and staff. However, LSU is one of only two universities within the state that does not offer these services.

Due to the lack of day care at LSU, faculty and students are forced to find other services within the community. However, Baton Rouge faces a shortage of day care facilities, especially for infants and very young children. Most preschools and day care services in Baton Rouge have long waiting lists, sometimes forcing parents to wait months before their children are accepted. In some instances, parents can not even find available day care services for their children.

Those students who are able to find day care often face difficulties with these services. Students are forced to arrange their schedules around the operating hours of the day care. Differences in schedules often force students to miss classes because their day care services are closed. One LSU student claimed, "I missed so many classes last semester because my child's day care was closed that I was forced to drop two of my classes."

Faculty members suffer from the absence of campus day care services just as students do. Faculty members with children are also forced to arrange their schedules around that of their day care's.

Inconvenient locations are another problem. The location of some day care services causes faculty and students to waste a great deal of time transporting their children to and from the facilities. Dr. Janice Haynes, a professor and mother of three, said, "My day care service is located so far from campus that I must spend three to four hours per week driving my children there and picking them up. This time could otherwise be used in doing research or preparing for class."

The lack of a university day care system places LSU at a disadvantage when trying to attract faculty who have children. For example, if a professor with young children is choosing between several schools, he or she is more likely to choose a university with day care services. Also, if a professor is teaching at a university which offers day care, he or she is likely to take this into consideration before accepting a position with a university which does not.

Students who have children must also consider available day care services when choosing which university to attend. Clearly, LSU loses valuable faculty and students because of its lack of day care services.

In the past few years, however, LSU has taken active steps to begin a university day care service. In November of 1989, in response to concerns voiced by students, staff, and faculty members, Chancellor William Davis created the University Day Care Center Committee. The committee's function was "to investigate and make recommendations concerning a child care system on campus." According to Chairperson Diane Burts, the committee has worked on formulating a plan for campus day care and has investigated possible start-up sites.

The intended day care system will be an educational-based system. It will benefit not only the faculty, students and staff who have children, but also the entire University. The day care system could be used by many departments as a source of research and training. For example, it could be used to train students who are entering fields that work with children.

According to Joan Benedict, director of the LSU Preschool and child development instructor, "It is absolutely
necessary for people who will work with children to be able to observe and interact with real children under the supervision of a trained professional."

A campus day care service could also aid researchers in their studies of children. Many different departments, such as sociology, psychology and social work, do research which involves the study of children. These are only a few of the many ways in which an educational-based day care system could benefit the University as a whole. The belief that the university day care issue concerns only those who have young children is a mistake.

Although the committee has developed plans by which the day care will be operated, carrying out these plans has been a different story. So far, the committee has been unable to locate a suitable place to start the day care. Existing buildings either cost too much to renovate or are unsuitable for children due to size or safety problems. Building a new facility would not only be expensive, but would also require a great deal of governmental approval and could take years to complete.

For now, LSU's day care plans are on hold until a suitable site is found. Students and faculty members with children, as well as the entire university, will continue to feel the effects of the lack of day care on campus.
FROM RECESSION
VOTERS DEMAND A CHANGE

The depressed economy is playing havoc with the moderate viewpoint. Traditional middle-of-the-road voters, whether Republican or Democrat, are now faced with a difficult decision. Should they continue to put up with the same politics and politicians, hoping both the economy and government will get better, or are they fed up enough to call for a change?

All indications seem to point to only one solution to this dilemma. It's time for a change.

Because of the recession, people are disgusted with the government at the highest level ever measured, said LSU political science professor Wayne Parent. The combination of this disgust with the continued distrust of government — scandals, pork-barreling, etc. — was tailor-made for a politician like David Duke, Parent said. Duke was able to take this general anger and point it in a very specific direction, toward welfare recipients.

This same generalized anger is being felt by the rest of the nation as well, Parent said. People are upset, even outraged, but they really don't know what to do about it, he said.

Term limitations on state and perhaps federal legislators is one answer, Parent said. Colorado and California have already passed legislation to place term limitations on state legislators. Also, some feel the current system is ineffective. "The electoral system is a little too distant," Parent said.

But these may be only the first steps in a series of reactions to excessive government and poor economy.

Parent predicts there will be dramatic changes in the next ten years. If voters continue to be angry, there will be more talk of a third party. The American political system, however, is not designed for a third party. But if constituents continue to talk of radicalism and change, it may show politicians that the public is tired of voting for the same ineffective leaders and is seeking alternatives.

Tough times result in the fringes — the radicals — becoming more vocal, said LSU history Professor Mark T. Carleton.

The fact that the nation is in, what Carleton is calling a real depression makes the situation much worse. Re­cessions, he said, usually only hurt small businesses, the mom-and-pop stores. But the fact that the banking structure is suffering and large companies such as General Motors are being forced to lay off workers and close down plants shows that the nation is in severe economic straits, he said.

Carleton said the monstrous fiscal problem has caused views to polarize. The right — traditionally middle-class, blue-collar workers — don't see things from a "college-educated," or perhaps more open-minded, point of view. And the left — homosexuals, blacks, and other groups that are considered special interests, such as women — start to blame what they see as the heartless society for their problems, he said.

Once these factions split even further apart, the middle moderate view disintegrates and few people look at the actual issues anymore, Carleton said.

During periods of relative prosper-
ity, during the "Jimmy Stewart-June Allyson" 1950s for example, there was very little social protest, Carleton said. But once volatile, one-issue "brouhahas" became part of public consciousness, as the Vietnam War did in the 1960s, social criticism and even demonstrations occur. Now, with issues such as abortion and affirmative action dividing the nation, political groups are even more divided.

But this "current" widening of the political division is not really current at all.

In his book "Chain Reaction," Thomas Edsall of the Washington Post says the gap has been widening between the Democrats and Republicans since the Democratic "intraparty reform drive erupting in the wake of the 1968 convention in Chicago."

This drive, which combined the inclusion of minority special interest groups with the "ascendancy of a upper-middle-class, college-educated culturally liberal elite" within the Democratic party, allowed the Republicans to play on traditional fears of race and taxes, Edsall says, and portray the Democrats as elitists and liberals.

Edsall's analysis is right — to many in the upper and middle classes, the words "tax," "minority," and "liberal" are dirty words.

Republicans used the idea that Democrats stood only for class. But after twelve years of Republican "leadership" in the executive office, people are beginning to look elsewhere. This is partly because of the economic crisis. If it continues, a Democrat will likely be elected president, predicted LSU journalism professor Jay Perkins.

Carleton agreed. He said it's not only the unemployed who are worried, but also those who have jobs and are afraid they're going to lose them. The fear is far-reaching. However, a feeling of hopelessness often leads people to think nothing they do will make a difference. Carleton said there is a history of the unemployed not voting.

However, because so many are unemployed and because their situations are so extreme, the opposite effect may result. Candidates cannot exclude the unemployed by assuming they are non-voting citizens.

As a result of the economic crisis, distrust of the government has also worsened, and Perkins said he expects the next presidential election to be a "watershed election."

"The nation is heading toward another turning point," Perkins said. Perkins, as well as Parent and Carleton, believe the Democrats will regain the middle class.

The feelings are there — dissatisfaction, disgust, fear — and they aren't going to just go away, Parent said.
The words of "Hey, Fightin' Tigers," one of LSU's most popular fight songs, tell the whole story.

"Hey, fightin' Tigers, go all the way
Hey, fightin' Tigers, win the game today
You've got the know how, you're doing fine
Hang on to the ball as you hit the wall
And smash right through the line

"Go for the touchdown, run up the score
Make Mike the Tiger stand right up and roar . . . ."

That's the LSU tradition — Saturday night football in Tiger Stadium. It's a tradition that's in the words of songs and within the hearts of a bizarre breed of cajun crazies known simply as Tiger fans. LSU's gridiron lore is sacred with these folks.

To parallel a favorite phrase of Louisiana's neighbor to the west, "Don't Mess with Tradition." Anyone who dares challenge the football supremacy that has reigned over LSU for decades must be crazy.

Well, if people thought Tiger basketball coach Dale Brown was a little crazy as he boldly put roundball on the LSU sports map in the early 1970s, then Skip Bertman must be certifiable.

But Bertman is far from crazy; he knows exactly what he's doing. In eight years, he has built a collegiate baseball empire across Nicholson Drive from Death Valley.

story by matt musgrove
Photos Courtesy of LSU Sports Information

Spring 1992
It has not been easy for Bertman as he has introduced the art of championship baseball to a football-crazed community. That's right, championship baseball—as in 1991 National Champions.

Since Bertman's arrival in Tigertown in 1983, LSU baseball has been the hottest team around. He has directed the Tigers through three SEC championships and five College World Series appearances and earned 1991 NCAA Coach of the Year honors for his efforts.

Bertman, 54, has piloted the Tigers to a 307-108 mark over the last six years, giving the Tigers the highest winning percentage in the SEC (.740) during that span.

His accomplishments have not gone unnoticed by LSU supporters in Baton Rouge; attendance at Tiger baseball games has skyrocketed in recent years. In 1991, a school record 113,832 fans found their way into Alex Box Stadium.

It's easy to garner community and university support when you win, no matter the sport, right? Not always. Not in a community where Curley Hallman's gridiron gladiators and Dale Brown's "Shaq Attack" reign supreme.

But there is a secret to establishing a solid baseball program in "football heaven." It's a skill that Bertman picked up while serving as an assistant at the University of Miami: Be a great salesman.

"I don't think Dale Brown and Curley have to sell their products to the community," Bertman said. "He was always very inquisitive. But he was a great teacher and communicator as well."

"Those guys don't have to sell as hard, they have to win. In baseball, you can win a lot of games and not get a lot of people in the stands. We've got to sell our product year in and year out," he said.

The problem of jump starting a comatose program is one that Bertman has had previous experience with. Prior to his arrival at LSU, Bertman was regarded as the premier assistant coach in collegiate baseball under the tutelage of Ron Fraser at Miami.

Bertman said the most important aspect of coaching he learned under Fraser was the art of public relations. By looking at the results of his salesman-ship, one concludes that Bertman could probably sell an air conditioner to an Eskimo.

When Fraser first arrived at Miami in 1963, he faced a situation similar to Bertman's.

"Miami was a football community," Fraser said. "Nobody wanted to hear a thing about baseball."

So, Fraser had to sell. In 1976, however, he was sold on a "relentless" teacher/coach from Miami-Dade Downtown Junior College who had won a state title in a previous job at Miami Beach High School.

"I would hear Skip speak and just from talking to him I realized he had a great deal of knowledge about baseball," Fraser said. "He was always very inquisitive. But he was a great teacher and communicator as well. To this day I run into people who had him as a high school teacher in health and they comment on how great he was."

But it was when he brought Bertman into his program that Fraser realized exactly what he had found. Known as a tremendous pitching coach, Bertman tutored 25 Hurricane hurlers who were drafted by major league baseball teams in just seven years as an assistant under Fraser.
“His presence in our program pushed us up a notch,” Fraser said. “When we got Skip Bertman, we were a contender every year and, of course, won the national title in 1982. “When he left for LSU, well, I just knew he was going to do great things. With the abilities Skip has, I’m not surprised at all by his success with the LSU program. He’s a great communicator and he relates real well to his players,” he said.

Success is something Bertman is quite familiar with. A self-proclaimed “relentless perfectionist,” Bertman is an eternal student of the game of baseball and of coaching philosophy. Part of that overall coaching strategy is the important sales tactics he acquired while at Miami.

In fact, Bertman’s job on the field might be the least stressful of all his responsibilities with the program. He has the attitude that if the people are reluctant to come to him, he’ll go to the people. Bertman’s travels have carried him to all corners of the country but his biggest concern has been reaching out to the Baton Rouge community. In fact, most of his 150 speeches per year are given to area Rotary Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs and various LSU alumni groups.

While most coaches in major collegiate athletic programs hide behind sports information departments, Bertman has a refreshing open-door policy. His office is located just off the first baseline of Alex Box Stadium — adjacent to the batting cages and suspiciously close to one of the stadium’s hallowed concession stands.

“My accessibility is very unique,” Bertman said. “Fans can walk right in my office, reporters come on in at any time and I’ll even answer my own phone.”

It’s no small wonder that the LSU baseball office even has phones. Prior to Bertman’s arrival, LSU’s baseball facilities more closely resembled a suburban Little League ballpark than a major college stadium.

But beginning in 1986, Bertman spearheaded efforts to improve the overall appearance of LSU’s baseball facilities. Among the improvements added to the stadium under Bertman’s guidance include a renovated locker room, training room, new lights and a modern outfield fence that gives LSU a stadium comparable to that of major league Triple-A farm clubs.

“I feel about this place the way I feel about my own home,” Bertman said. “I’ve mowed the grass with my own lawn mower and Coach (DeWayne “Beetle”) Bailey and Coach (Ray “Smoke”) Laval have been out here to put up the paneling.”

“I’ve mowed the grass with my own lawn mower and put up the paneling.”

Wait a minute. Is this the 1991 National Championship baseball program? With the coach, his assistants and the players doing some of the maintenance and manicuring in their own stadium?

“The games don’t start until seven o’clock at night so what else are you going to do
between one and four," Laval said. "We go out there and take care of some odds and ends in the ballpark. We’ll go out there and cut our own grass and edge around the fence but it’s not because we have to do it. We get a lot of help. We do it because we prefer to take care of some of that ourselves," he added.

While a major league look is certainly important to the brain trust behind the program, it is substance, not image, that truly makes Bertman’s program a winner. Each player that comes into the LSU program is exposed to what Bertman terms “The System.” It is a set of guidelines established by Bertman when he first arrived at LSU which provide each player with a formula for success — on and off the field.

“It is essentially a guideline for a certain amount of work that’s required on the field, in the classroom and in your personal life," Bertman said. "When you stay in The System over a period of time, you mature mentally, physically — improve your baseball.”

One trademark of Bertman’s teams during his tenure at LSU has been cohesiveness and unity, something he said relates directly to “The System.”

“One part of The System has to do with trust and loyalty that can’t be duplicated in a classroom or on the band field,” Bertman said. “Even though those things are made up of teamwork, the bond goes a little deeper for athletes who see each other at super-highs and super-lows. Evidently, the pro scouts like what we do here.”

by major league ballclubs since Bertman’s arrival in 1984. So far, seven have made it through the big league farm system to wind up in “The Show” (major leagues). The most highly touted draftee was pitcher Ben McDonald in 1989.

McDonald, of Denham Springs, was a 20th-round draft choice out of high school and was offered $67,000 to sign with the Atlanta Braves at that time. After three years in the Bertman “system,” McDonald emerged as the top amateur pitcher in the nation and was the number one overall draft choice by the Baltimore Orioles. He signed for $950,000.

Bertman, who also coached McDonald as the pitching coach for the 1988 USA gold-medal-winning Olympic team, said his track record for putting players into the pros is just a positive by-product of his system which strives to make players better in all aspects of their lives.

“I’m proud of the number of players we’ve put into the pros,” Bertman said. “But it really doesn’t move me that much. I’d rather see a one hundred percent graduation rate.

“But, if it’s the goal of one of my players to be in pro baseball, I don’t discourage it,” he added.

Under Bertman, the graduation rate for LSU baseball players is nearly eighty percent. In fact, just one player, Minnesota Twins pitcher Mark Guthrie, did not pick up a degree after staying four years under Bertman’s tutelage. Guthrie
is working with LSU officials to establish an independent study program to complete the 13 hours he needs for a general studies degree.

Bertman’s high graduation rate is a great selling point for LSU when he and his staff head out on the recruiting trail looking to attract top-flight student athletes from all parts of the country. Laval, LSU’s chief recruiter, said that having a national championship under his belt is a tremendous weapon to be used in the recruiting wars, especially since LSU is still a relatively new kid on collegiate baseball’s block of heavyweights.

“The title will help, but it’s the continued success of our program that’s the big thing,” Laval said. “But even with the success, it’s not that easy. I recruit against the Miami’s and the Texas’s for players and they’ve got the long-standing tradition and name recognition that LSU doesn’t have just yet.

“But with the national title, we’ll be able to get a visit from a kid, say from New Jersey, that we may not have been able to get before,” he added.

Laval’s selling point is simple—an opportunity to learn from one of the best all-around coaches in collegiate athletics—Skip Bertman. After all, that’s what brought Laval to LSU from a solid assistant coach’s spot at the University of Florida. The formula for success that Bertman carried with him from Miami is proven. In fact, Laval credits Bertman’s approach with turning baseball around throughout the entire state of Louisiana. He said colleges throughout the state followed Bertman’s lead in boldly putting baseball on the minds of people in “football heaven.”

After LSU expanded its baseball facilities in the mid-1980s, demonstrating it was serious about baseball excellence, schools like McNeese, USL and Tulane followed suit with such improvements.

“None of those programs in the state or even in the conference, outside of a couple, really got going until they saw what Skip was doing at LSU,” Laval said. “People now look at the success here and say, hey, it can be done.

“For me, looking to go on to be a head coach, I needed this because I needed someone to show me how it’s done. I came from Florida where we were always really good, but we could never beat Miami. I came here to learn from Skip and Skip was taught by Ron Fraser down at Miami.

“I don’t know how much baseball knowledge Skip learned down there because most of their on the field success was his doing. But in terms of what’s good for college baseball, Skip had somebody teach him, and Skip has taught me,” he added.

Bertman’s instruction has been a labor of love to be sure. For it’s not just a love for the profession that drives Skip Bertman, it’s a real passion for the game of baseball itself. Bertman’s philosophy of baseball sounds a bit more like a soliloquy straight from the baseball-fantasy big-screen hit “Field of Dreams” than a line from a collegiate baseball coach.

“Baseball is unique,” Bertman said. “It’s effort, it’s got a lot of individuality where it pits pitcher against hitter. It’s timeless, the game hasn’t changed since 1845.

“The game itself is a magnet and that’s what draws me to it. You have to be there to see the guy make the double play and see another guy make a double play and ultimately know that there are tens of thousands of double plays that were made on that day, and no two are alike.

“It’s a timeless, endless game.”

“I’m proud of the number of players we’ve put into the pros,” Bertman said. “But it really doesn’t move me that much. I’d rather see a one hundred percent graduation rate.”
With a lot of determination and a little help from us, millions of people are now doing extraordinary things. Like talking, walking and laughing.

Give the power to overcome. Support Easter Seals.

The circus was great. They had special seats at the front of the ring. A lot of them didn't go. Some just weren't interested in the circus. Others might have had enough excitement from a previous trip to New Orleans. They had rolled their way from the Riverwalk to the French Quarter, cruising through Jackson Square — some literally cruising in their wheelchairs.

Excursions such as these are common for the residents of the Gillis W. Long Hansen's Disease Center. HD is today's preferred term for leprosy.

Emanuel Faria, executive editor of The Star, works at his desk while using a pencil to aid him in typing.
Adele prefers bingo, herself. She won $200 in a game this year. Lydia just likes sitting on the porch smoking.

Most of these residents are remnants of the past—sent here by law in the times when little was known about the disease. Now free.

Years ago, people with HD weren't allowed such trips as these. On the contrary, they were excluded from society—shunned by people who knew little about the ailment, except their own fears of catching it.

Perhaps that's why events such as these, which might seem ordinary, are so special.

Besides outings, parties are also an essential factor to life at the center—not just parties for common holidays such as Valentine's Day or Christmas, but for things like George Washington's birthday. They'll find any reason to celebrate.

Adele prefers bingo, herself. She won $200 in a game this year. Lydia just likes sitting on the porch smoking.

Most of these residents are remnants of the past—sent here by law in the times when little was known about the disease. Now free to leave at any time, they choose to remain; they know no other way of life.

Bautista was forced here when he was twenty. Taken from his job at a cigar-making factory in Florida, he had to leave his grandparents and 17-year-old wife. Recognizing the bleakness of his situation and the improbability of a quick release, he urged his wife to divorce him so she could lead a normal life. She finally consented.

Bautista, who works part time at the center's library, recounts his story.

B, as he is known at the center, used to sneak out of a hole in a fence with his friends to go barhopping or to LSU ballgames, even though there was a jail at the center for such offenders who got caught. He fell in love with another patient and, since marriage wasn't allowed then at the center, they both sneaked out and were married by a justice of the peace.

Patients had to undergo a monthly test for the disease and were only allowed to leave after twelve negative tests in a row. Although B was testing negative, his wife was still testing positive so he stayed with her. B's wife eventually died, still he remains. He is 77.

The center is the only way of life for these patients, most of whom have been here for as long as B and have similar stories of being uprooted from their family, their friends, their life.

The older tombstones in the center's cemetery have numbers inscribed on them—the case numbers assigned to patients to identify them.
In 1894, New Orleans' residents staged an uproar to prevent the establishment of a leper colony. Knowing that the citizens of other cities would react in the same manner, the Louisiana legislature obtained a five-year lease on property known as Indian Camp Plantation under the guise that they were planning an ostrich farm.

Later that year, five men and two women afflicted with Hansen's Disease were shipped on a coal barge up the Mississippi River to Carville, just a thirty minute drive from Baton Rouge. They became the first residents of the leprosarium.

The state purchased the site in 1905, making it the official "Louisiana Leper Home," and in turn the federal government purchased it in 1921. Now known as the Gillis W. Long HD Center, it is the only remaining residential treatment center for HD in the continental United States.

There are 12 to 15 million cases of HD worldwide and approximately 3,000 in the United States, with the disease being most prevalent in Louisiana, Texas, Florida, Georgia, and Hawaii.

The word 'leprosy' still strikes fear in the hearts of many, bringing to mind images of disfigured people lacking fingers or noses. But as light is gradually being shed over the truth about HD, one finds these fears not only unnecessary but also erroneous.

Medical authorities say there is no direct relationship between today's HD and the leprosy mentioned in the Bible. According to a videotape produced at the center, the Biblical leprosy was probably a term used collectively for a variety of skin diseases. However, the horrible stigma associated with the leprosy in the Book of Leviticus is still common today.

John Trautman, a physician with the center, noted that
throughout history people who were branded 'lepers' were ostracized. In the Middle Ages, they were forced to wear bells or warning clappers and distinctive garments. Even until 1960, most newly diagnosed HD victims in the continental United States were required to be admitted to Carville.

Now, however, patients diagnosed with the once-dreaded disease can be treated on an outpatient basis and continue to live their lives in a normal and respectable fashion. As a result, the center is gradually being phased out. The Research Center relocated in February to the School of Veterinary Medicine at LSU.

Dr. G. Armauer Hansen first discovered Mycobacterium leprae, the technical term for the leprosy bacillus, in 1873. Research has shown that this disease is one of the least communicable of all contagious skin diseases and that the majority of people are naturally immune to it. According to the Carville tape, authorities think it is spread through the respiratory tract, and also possibly through skin-to-skin contact and insect-born methods (this was found with mosquitoes in S. India but not in the United States). However, the tape notes that no medical personnel have ever caught the disease, and attempts to experimentally transmit it from person to person have failed.

The Carville tape explained that HD primarily affects skin tissues and nerves in the hands and feet. Consequently, a person loses sensation and the ability to distinguish pain and touch. As a result, the hands and feet often suffer repeated injury, eventually causing the shortening of fingers and toes.

Chaulmoogra oil was the preferred treatment for HD in the 19th century, but it was not an adequate cure. In 1941 Dr. Guy Faget of Carville successfully used sulfone drugs as treatment. Yet Carville literature notes that because of the rising incidence of sulfone-resistant diseases, it is necessary to treat patients with more than one drug. Usually rifampin and sometimes clofazimine or ethionamide are given in addition to dapsone.

Capt. Robert Hastings, director of laboratory research at LSU, said because of resistance, there can never be enough drugs. Hastings said the immunology department has finished two trials of new drugs which "look good so far," and have a third trial scheduled in Manila in April. "We always try to stay ahead," he said.

Forty people staff six different research departments: pharmacology, immunology, pathology, biochemistry, microbiology and animal care.

Currently, the center itself is staffed by commissioned officers, civil service employees, and eight Sisters of Charity, an order of St. Vincent de Paul which has been with the home since the beginning.

There are about 150 voluntary patients living at the center and about twenty staff members who also live on the site.

On the 340-acre plot of land, there is a canteen, a tailor, a mini-grocery store, a barber and beauty shop and a gift shop. The center also encompasses a 50-bed hospital, a recreation area complete with pool tables, a theater which is not in use, two chapels, and its own cemetery. Patient cottages are located away from the main complex and are available to married patients.

The 50-bed infirmary and the various hospital departments are all connected by covered walkways to the different shops and patient's living quarters to facilitate those in wheelchairs. Electric doors are at every entrance.

Patients living at the center can participate in the patient work program and earn extra money. One man gives daily tours to visitors, and others run shops in the buildings.

Patients also produce their own newspaper, The Star, which has many subscribers outside of the center. The patients do everything at The Star from writing, typing, pictures, and graphic arts to the actual printing. Some who are unable to use their misshapen hands to type easily use a pencil to hit each key individually.

The paper was founded in 1941 by a patient, Stanley Stein, and it has been instrumental in the fight against ignorance toward HD. Stein was also one of the main forces in having leprosy officially recognized as HD. A memorial room to Stein is located across the hall from the paper's offices.

Many people come to the center on an outpatient basis, and not just those with HD. Dr. James Birke, a physical therapist at the center, said his department started treating diabetics about ten years ago. Birke said that in an average month, clientele consists of 500-600 patients with continued on page 48
On the second floor of Allen Hall a battle is raging. It is a battle of words, of old vs. new, and of race, gender, culture, and political ideology. That battle is the conflict over political correctness, and it has LSU English professors up in arms. The influence of the PC conflict may be largely unrecognized by the student body; yet one need look only as far as the classrooms and offices of the LSU English department to find trouble a-plenty brewing.

The PC conflict rages on across college campuses all over the nation, and the PC ideology has spread beyond academia. It has trickled down into the Department of Education's consideration of high school curricula, where Secretary of Education Lamar Alexander is working to establish a national curriculum of standard "American" information, to combat growing trends of multi-cultural teaching. It has trickled up, to abuse a metaphor, into the Oval Office, where President Bush, struggling to display a little party-line conservativism, told graduates at the University of Michigan commencement last May, "The notion of 'political correctness'... replaces old prejudices with new ones.... What began as a crusade for civility has soured into a cause of conflict and even censorship."

Avid readers of the Reveille and the anti-PC publication Discourse may be aware of the issues that Bush spoke of and their presence at LSU. The conflict is very real right there at the northwest end of the Quad.

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

The PC conflict, in a nutshell, is the result of a backlash among conservative academicians (who are frequently, in PC terms, white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, or WASPs) against the demands of a new and growing class of liberal professors who are re-examining the ways that college courses are and have been taught. The conservatives' main interest is twofold: to preserve what Ward Parks, an Associate Professor in English, calls "the English tradition" — a body of knowledge that has traditionally been held as the main influence on contemporary
American literacy, and to prevent what they see as "reverse discrimination" against those who have become victims in the classrooms and on the faculty because they are associated with their "oppressor" forbears, i.e., white males.

As the English curriculum has begun to diversify, and the English faculty along with it, certain professors are crying foul against what they see as preferential hiring practices and discriminatory classroom behavior. But instead of being the typical racial or sexual underdogs demanding equality, these professors are conservative traditionalists decrying injustices done in the name of political correctness.

**ACCUSATIONS OF DISCRIMINATION**

Maybe you have overheard someone telling how he was abused or penalized in an English class for espousing a politically incorrect opinion (the use of "him" here is not politically incorrect: such complaints usually come from "hims"). Perhaps you have even been shocked at the preferential treatment given to the study of women or minority writers in a literature class. Parks, one of two particularly outspoken anti-PC English professors, says that he hears complaints concerning these issues regularly, at LSU and from other universities. He said that LSU appears to be headed for more of these types of situations, "The dominant trends in this department and around the country are in that direction... to a point that is not just radical but extremely intolerant," he said.

In a letter to the editor of the Birmingham News Parks cataloged his own collection of PC-generated instances of flagrant reverse discrimination and politicalization from across the country. He included one from an LSU English 2026 class in which a "Heterosexuality Assessment" challenging traditional attitudes concerning homosexuality, was included in the course packet. Parks also noted a situation at the University of Washington where a male student was barred from a women's studies course after
questioning the teacher, who had said that lesbians make better parents than heterosexuals. Parks also mentions instructors at other universities who categorically insulted men and heterosexuals in the classroom.

In Parks opinion, this types of intolerance and politicalization are contrary to the true goal of the university — to make the student think. "If a wide range of goals are taught from a highly political point of view, how are students to learn to think for themselves? They won't even know what it means," he said. Parks also said that a teacher who expresses a blatant politicalized viewpoint, such as feminism, should "bend over backwards to expand on other views."

Parks said that anti-conservative ideology doesn't stop outside the classroom, but extends to hiring and tenure practices. "Our hiring is prohibitively discriminative against conservatives. That has been the case here for years," he said. "That there is only one registered Republican on the English faculty is symptomatic of a state of acute discrimination."

Associate Professor Kevin Cope is that lone Republican. Like Parks, Cope claims to have heard numerous complaints from students about indoctrination and reverse discrimination in the classroom. Cope said that such practices are not only unethical, but they also violate a legal obligation that the university has to the student.

"Students that go into a class and find a professor who talks... about nothing but feminism should sue the university for failure to deliver knowledge," he said.

THE PC DEFENSE

The professors whose politics and practices are attacked by Parks and Cope have an easy defense to allegations of reverse discrimination in hiring and in the classroom: they simply are not true. "You can't use an ideological test as grounds to hire anybody," said Assistant Professor John Lowe. "There's tremendous lying going on."

Lowe, who teaches American and African-American literature, blames Parks and Cope for stirring up trouble in the English department and for creating problems out of nothing. "They have done more to blacken the image of the English department than anybody else in history," he said. "They say these things on the basis of no truth whatsoever."

Associate Professor Michelle Masse echoed Lowe's allegations. Masse, the director of the new Women's and Gender Studies department, said that the most notable aspect of the anti-PC movement is how little in fact it is rooted. "The actual data that has been collected," she said, "all show that the whole argument has very little grounding."

Masse advocates the establishment of a grievance board within the department. The board, she said, would have the responsibility of reviewing the complaints of students. It would prevent students from being "manipulated," as she...
claims they have been. "I don't like students being used as footballs," Masse said.

Concerning hiring practices, Masse pointed out that women and blacks are currently underrepresented in the department, a fact which undermines the anti-PCers' claims that the white male is being discriminated against. Out of 58 members of the professorial faculty in English, 19 are women and only one is black.

The testimony of Charlotte Curtis, a Ph.D. student and the head of the English Graduate Student Association, also points to a greater tolerance than Parks and Cope indicate. Curtis, a self-proclaimed conservative, spoke out against abortion in one of her first graduate classes at LSU. She was confronted with a fiery opposition by some of her classmates.

"We went at it hair, teeth and eyeballs for ten minutes," she said. "I went home and threw up because I thought everyone would hate me ... and I found out instead that from then on my opinion was elicited, and that not everyone disagreed with me."

Curtis said that she believes most of the PC conflict is comprised of egos clashing with no forum for civilized discourse. She said that she does not believe that she has suffered for her non-PC beliefs. "If all this is true, then why am I doing so well?" she asked.

THE ENGLISH TRADITION — LOSING GROUND

The other major facet of this conflict concerns how the prevailing PC attitude might affect the English core curriculum. The growing movement of multiculturalism, which is concerned with consciously attempting to avoid traditional Eurocentric evaluation of different peoples and cultures, is causing alarm among conservatives like Parks and Cope. The LSU English department's core curriculum is indeed undergoing revision, and the opinions of Parks and Cope reflect a national concern among anti-PCers over the literary canon, the "English tradition" that includes such writers as Chaucer, Milton, and Shakespeare. As Professor Jim Springer Borck, the Director of Graduate Studies in English, said, "They're afraid that the 'A' list, starting with Chaucer, which tend to be 'dead pale males,' are going to be swapped out for Toni Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, the 2 Live Crew."

For Parks, such a danger is no laughing matter: "To me it is very important for undergraduate English majors ... to get an extensive exposure to many kinds of works, not just works that influence contemporary professors." Parks said he is almost sure that as women and minority writers begin to dilute the traditional canon, Shakespeare will be among the first casualties of revised curriculum requirements.

"The fact that Shakespeare is a white male works against him is racism and sexism in the worst," he said. "To be bigoted against white males is just as bad as to be bigoted against black females."

Cope blasted curriculum revisionists for attempting to
"No faculty member of any persuasion has suggested that we drop Shakespeare."

"The academy is for the creation of knowledge. We are not a museum... That means exploring other cultures that have not been researched."

diminish the entire definition and importance of what the study of English is. In perceiving and teaching everything in terms of race, class, and gender, he said, the PCers "are in their own way quite bigoted."

"They're changing and revising without any reference to what is right, what is valuable, and what is beautiful," Cope said. "They push to the side perfectly valid intellectual ideas. A particular professor, at a meeting, said, 'If there's a tradition of religion in literature, I'm not aware of it.'... What is right [or PC] is being substituted for real intellectual pursuit... we have seen a call to reduce literary studies to a branch of social history."

INCLUSIVE, NOT EXCLUSIVE

The types of literature at LSU and at other universities are undeniably changing. The literary canon is being increasingly re-examined. Toni Morrison, the author of Sula, Song of Solomon and Beloved, is being taught in several English classes, and it is quite possible that both Jimi Hendrix and 2 Live Crew might come up in Professor Robin Roberts' Women in Popular Culture seminar (though both may be rather politically incorrect). Yet according to the other side, it is decidedly unlikely that the canon will suffer in the curriculum revision, and Shakespeare, in particular, appears to be on safe ground.

"No faculty member of any persuasion has suggested that we drop Shakespeare," said Masse, who says she wholeheartedly believes that neither undergraduate requirements nor professorial quality in hiring should be co-opted for the sake of political ideology. Yet she said that revision means studying and talking about important, if not universally popular, ideas.

"There's a difference between talking about an idea and presenting that idea as fact," Masse said. "As a university we always have to be able to talk 'about'."

Assistant Professor Dana Nelson, who teaches American literature and women's and gender studies courses, said that there is very little chance that the literary canon will go away. "In any given American lit course I teach, more than half the works I teach are by men," she said. "I wouldn't find it historically responsible to disregard the canon."

Nelson cited the recently published Heath Anthology of American Literature as an example of what curriculum revision holds for the future. The Heath Anthology is to anti-PCers what The Satanic Verses are to Muslims. The anthology includes and incorporates the canon, yet it also includes a vast range of non-canonical writers.

Lowe served as an editor for the Heath Anthology, and he asserts that the revision and expansion of "the greats" is part of the very nature of the study of literature.

"They're ignoring the fact that this is what is always, always done," he said. "There is an entire tradition of revision in the academy, and there is always resistance to changes... American literature was not even taught in the academy until the 1920s."

Lowe said the whole idea behind the university is the expansion of knowledge, not simply its preservation and
adulation. "The academy is for the creation of knowledge. We are not a museum," he said. "That means exploring other cultures that have not been researched."

The attack on modern literature, Lowe said, is being made largely in ignorance. "Almost every critic I have ever seen of the new canon... showed no sign of having read any of the new literature."

AGAIN, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

If what the PC people say is true, if the stories of discrimination and harassment against the politically incorrect are mostly exaggerated, and if the canon is mainly safe, then one question remains: Why? Why do the conservative professors care so much about changes in what is said, thought, and taught?

A good question, Masse might say. "I take a look around at my peers, at salaries at at tenures, and I hear them complain about being victimized, and I wonder: how are you suffering? Where does it come in?"

Lowe has an interesting answer to the question: "The whole thing is power," he claimed. "We [the PC] are barbarians who have broken into the citadel of power." The conservatives, Lowe said, are desperately trying to maintain their hold over curriculum and teaching practices. Lowe alluded to goings on shadier than simple name-calling and public insults; he said the anti-PC movement is rooted in and funded by several large right-wing foundations determined to arrest what they perceive as the subversive leftward sway of the academy. Lowe said that persons at LSU have attempted to get on the right-wing gravy train in order to revamp the entire LSU curriculum. When a great deal of money is involved, hell is just around the corner.

Nelson also said that power drives the anti-PCers. "Fresh ideas can overturn systems of power," she said. "They’re scared that they’re going to lose what they hold on to... it's like a witchhunt."

A FINAL ANALYSIS

Borck gave the administrative view of PC issues: "LSU is an apolitical institution," he said. "The only thing we're intolerant of is intolerance." Borck manages to maintain a mostly neutral position, yet he offers colorful advice to both students and professors on the PC issue: "If you go to Jimmy Swaggart Bible College, you know before you get there what the topic for discussion will be — why be surprised? If you go to LSU, or any other large state university, you should be prepared to run into things you are unprepared for — why be surprised?"

Is there a bottom line? Not now, in any case. The two sides are still slugging it out on the upper floors of Allen. Professor Nelson’s words indicate the gulf that blocks the PC and the anti-PC from legitimate discourse: "I'm glad that Ward [Parks] is in the department, because he offers legitimate grounds for argument. He keeps me on my toes. ...I'm glad he's in the department, although unfortunately, I don't think he feels the same about me."
The Cards in the Attic

By Jeffrey T. Barton
Illustration by M. Katherine Kent

The oldest family in the suburb where I spent my elementary school days had been there since the neighborhood's construction, then five years. Our house was two-storied and boxy, but it was well insulated and saved money on fuel bills, kind of like a Volvo. When we moved in, it was the only house on the street, with homes under construction on five of the ten other lots. I remember the winter afternoons there, after the construction workers had gone home, but before Mom and Dad returned from work. I would go to my room and look at my baseball cards. Sometimes, I would sit on our huge living room sofa and pretend it was Christmas in Baton Rouge with my grandparents, and my Uncle Tim and everyone. My grandfather would take me on his lap, and I would have to kiss my cousins, Mary and Angela, and the room would smell like lilac air freshener.
When Christmas time finally came, Mom, Dad and I would leave from Houston at five in the morning and make the drive to Baton Rouge in about six hours. I knew to have my things ready the night before, because I made us a half hour late once and Dad was in a bad mood for the whole trip. He wasn't mean about it; he just wanted to leave at five.

The drive was the worst part of the waiting. It was three hundred miles of freeway and there was nothing to see, except for the tall bridge in Lake Charles, about half way there. I loved the bridge, and from its peak I would try to see all the way to Baton Rouge. Once we were on the other side, though, the waiting started again. Dad didn't say much. Apparently he wasn't as excited about the trip as I was. Mom sat quietly, too, and looked out the window or read, or hummed.

Christmas at Mawmaw and Pawpaw's was better than Astroworld to me. The house was packed with relatives. I had cousins and aunts and great-aunts and uncles and relatives whose names and relation I never learned. Every available table was crammed with cookies and candy, and the tree was enormous and stood tall despite the wealth of ornaments it supported. The wood floors creaked under the weight of the people. I was overwhelmed and mostly just sat and watched. There were so many conversations going on that I couldn't match words with mouths. It seemed as if the smiles that opened and closed had nothing to do with the noise they created. The clamor rose and fell and surrounded me, and I just sat and took it all in. Mom mingled and enjoyed herself, but Dad looked very tired, and I noticed that he didn't speak much to Pawpaw. Once when I did see him talk to Pawpaw, it looked like he became angry, and he went outside for awhile. When he came back in, he kept looking at his watch as if to speed up the time.

When we exchanged presents, I really cleaned up. I was at an age where everyone bought for me, but I didn't buy for them. Most of the gifts I didn't even like. There were ugly sweaters and books I would never read and things I was either too old for or too young for, but I loved them all. The sheer number of them made me feel a part of that room filled with people, even if it was just for one day.

When I was thirteen, Uncle Tim, my father's brother, invited me to go fishing with him at his camp on Belle River, which wasn't far from Baton Rouge. Surprisingly, my dad said I could go. I counted the days.

My aunt and uncle picked me up on a Friday night at the New Orleans airport — it was much cheaper than flying directly to Baton Rouge. Though it was late when we reached their house, Aunt Maggie fixed me a plate of something she called chicken paprikas. She told me that it was Hungarian and that my grandfather had showed her how to make it. It was the most wonderful meal I had ever tasted, even before I had taken a bite. After I finished eating, my uncle said, "You better git to bed and git some sleep, boy. We're gonna be on the river by sunrise." He might as well have told me to fly to the moon.

The camp was dark and still when we arrived before dawn. We had stopped at 7-11 to get some coffee and packaged donuts. "This'll git us goin'," said my uncle. I had never had coffee before, and by the time I finished the cup I was awake enough for the both of us. There was a light fog on the ground, and though it was summer, there was a definite chill in the air. I could hear everything, the crickets, the rush of an occasional car from the highway, and blood pounding in my ears.

The first hint of dawn was appearing when we pushed off from the landing. The boat rocked and I gripped the sides of my seat.

"This boat ain't goin' anywhere," said Uncle Tim smiling. To prove it he stood up and began shaking the hell out of it with his feet. He laughed at the look on my face and tousled my hair. "You ready to catch some fish?"

"Yessir," I said. I was tingling.

"Call me Tim, all right? Nobody sits in a bass boat all day sayin' 'sir.' This ain't an interview. It's a fishin' trip." I smiled.

Tim brought the boat to life and we were off. We went so fast that the front of the boat lifted up, and I couldn't see where we were going. I was jittery from caffeine and the cold wind, but I felt strangely comfortable. My bright orange lifejacket was on tight, and it smelled like fish.

We stopped when we got to a point that had a lot of stumps and limbs reaching out of the water. We didn't anchor though, but just let the current carry us slowly along the shore. I wished we would anchor. The floating made me nervous. By this time it was nearly light. Tim showed me how to hook a plastic worm and how to tie a fisherman's knot to keep it secure. Then he showed me how to cast. I was very clumsy at first, but soon I got the hang of it.

"The trick is not to throw too hard," Tim said. "Just let the weight of the sinker do the work. Try too hard and you'll end up in those willows." He pointed with his rod to the trees that hung low over the water. "You know, once I was fishin' with you Pawpaw, and he cast too hard and hit one of those trees. Now the trouble with that was there was this huge wasp nest in there, an' those suckers came out after us and..."
they were mad. I dove over the side in time, but your Pawpaw—you know how big he is—he had a little trouble. He was plum eaten up by the time he got away.” He looked over at me and grinned. “He don’t go fishin’ much anymore.”

Soon we were fishing in earnest, and Tim caught a beautiful three-pound catfish. I was amazed at the fight it gave. When he got it in the boat, he told me to grab hold of it so he could get the hook out. Not knowing any better, I grabbed it with as tight a grip as I could. Soon I was wishing I hadn’t. That fish finned me so bad I wanted to shout, but I wouldn’t let myself look like a baby in front of my uncle. I jerked my hand away and wrung it, on the verge of tears. Then my uncle said, “There’s a right way and a wrong way to grab a catfish, boy, and I think you just found out the wrong way. Hurts like hell don’t it? Best way to learn.”

He reached into the ice chest, handed me a beer and winked at me. “Maybe this will make you feel better, but don’t tell you dad, okay?” I promised I wouldn’t. The beer was bitter and made me cold, but the iciness of the bottle eased my stinging hand and I had the feeling I was being initiated into a new world.

By noon it was near ninety degrees and the humidity was stifling. We took a break and reached for the ham sandwiches in the cooler. Sitting there in the heat, relaxing with the movement of the boat, I started thinking about my dad, if he had ever been fishing like this. I wondered if he had gone with Tim and Pawpaw.

“Uncle Tim, can I ask you a question?” I said, taking the plastic wrap off my sandwich.

“Fire away.” He uncapped his third beer.

“Why is it that my father and Pawpaw don’t get along too well?”

Tim thought for a second before replying, “That’s no easy question to answer. They’ve been at it for years, you know. Most of us don’t even think about it much anymore.” He paused and seemed to be thinking, then he asked, “Haven’t you ever asked your dad this?”

“Yeah, but Dad doesn’t like talking about it. He just tells me there’s no problem between him and Pawpaw. He thinks I’m too young to understand.”

“Hmm. That sure sounds like your dad. I’d really like to tell you, but I don’t think it’s my place. Henry’d be plenty upset if I told you and he didn’t want me to. He’s always been kind of funny when it comes to his private life.”

“Oh.” Tim could see I was disappointed. He had this pained look on his face like he really did want to tell me. Of course, his answer just made me more curious. But I was frustrated too that I was in the dark about so much of my family and its history.

Tim changed the subject back to fishing and handed me my rod. The rest of the trip was fun, but I found myself wondering why my dad was the only member of the family to leave Baton Rouge, or for that matter, why he was the only one who ever went to college. Everyone else seemed so content.

When I told my father that I wanted to go to college at LSU in Baton Rouge, he didn’t defend the idea. He told me that as long as he was paying for college, I wasn’t going anywhere out of state. Then I got a scholarship, and the issue was settled.

Nobody came with me when I drove to school for the first time. I checked in at the dorm and registered for class on my first Thursday there, which left me four days until classes actually started. On Saturday I was supposed to eat dinner with Uncle Tim.

It would be good to see him again, since my family had stopped going to Baton Rouge even for Christmas. Also, though, I was looking for something.

Since I was young, I had collected baseball cards. It was my one and only hobby and I enjoyed it tremendously. Some cards I collected for the money, some for the players and some for the companies that put them out. Mostly, though, I liked the old cards, the ones that were painted by a real artist, the ones that seemed to preserve players forever. I spent hours in my room along with the dozens of the photo albums I had filled with cards. They were my own personal museum.

Sometimes I would devote an entire album to one player, like Ron Guidry. I would trace his career with cards and try to obtain every card he was ever on. The backs of cards were filled with players’ stats and facts about baseball history. Players had pasts that I could touch and learn, and I gradually became an encyclopedia of baseball trivia by memorizing the backs of the cards. Ask me anything. Want to know how many games Guidry won in 1978? I can tell you.

Once while talking to my dad I discovered that he and Tim had collected cards when they were kids. They had boxes of 1950’s Topps baseball cards. They would be worth a fortune. I remember that Dad had become very excited while telling me about them. It was one of the few times he ever seemed genuinely willing to tell me a story about his family. He told me how he and Tim gambled by flipping cards with other kids in their neighborhood.

Only it wasn’t really gambling because Pawpaw had showed them how to cheat, so they always ended up with the other kids’ cards. A fist fight even broke out once when they cleaned one kid out completely. Dad actually chuckled and said, “We beat his ass twice.” When he said that, he looked a lot like Tim, and even had a trace of an accent. But when I asked him what became of them, his smile faded and...
he said he didn’t know. I wished he would go on, tell me another story, but I knew better than to press him. His excitement was gone, just like the cards.

When Tim answered the door, I noticed that his hair was graying a little and he’d put on some weight. As usual, he was smoking a cigarette, but he seemed to be coughing more. He shook my hand. “Come on in! You’re just in time for dinner.” He called over his shoulder, “Hey, Maggie! John’s here!”

He ushered me to the breakfast table where we sat and drank a beer before dinner. The conversation turned to my father. I told Tim he was the same as always — serious and punctual. I told Tim about the conversation Dad and I had about baseball cards. He got this huge grin on his face and looked down at his plate. “Your dad and I had some good times when we collected cards. He tell you ‘bout any of ‘em?”

“I answered. “He said you used to cheat everyone out of their cards. I never thought he had it in him.”

We laughed. “Whatever happened to those cards?” I continued. “They’re quite valuable, you know.”

Tim lit another cigarette and took a long drag as he tried to remember. “Jeez, it’s been so long since I thought about ‘em. They might still be up in your Pawpaw’s attic, unless they got thrown away somehow. Ask your grandfather. He flicked ashes into the ashtray. “What do ya’ want em’ for? Gonna sell ‘em?”

“No, “ I said. “I just wanted to see them.” Even to my own ears that sounded lame, but it was becoming more and more the case. I wasn’t really concerned with the actual cards, but with the history they represented. Irrefutable evidence that Dad wasn’t born my dad, but was a child once. And a brother. And a son.

After dinner Tim and I drank a lot of beer and talked for a long time. He told me about how he met Aunt Maggie in high school, and about how they got married when they were eighteen and that they wanted lots of kids but he just couldn’t do it. He told me, “I think my sperm are kinda like me. They’ve got great potential, but they’re just too damned tired to go anywhere.”

I learned more about Tim that night than I had in all the Christmases we had shared put together. When I finally left at two in the morning, I promised myself I would try to stay in touch with him. As it turned out, besides old stories about my dad, we didn’t have anything to say. We were family, but then again, in a way we weren’t.

Two weeks after my dinner with Tim, I called Pawpaw. It was strange talking to him on the phone for the first time. His voice was thin and tired. He offered to cook for me on Sunday evening, and I gratefully accepted. It would be the first time Pawpaw and I had ever been alone together. I tried to imagine how he would look, how the house would look, if anything had really changed.

With some difficulty I found Pawpaw’s house. The light blue paint was peeling, and the stone steps up to the porch were cracked, but the yard was as manicured as ever. There was a storm coming, and the wind that whipped my hair around brought with it the scent of rain.

Once I was inside, the downpour began. Thunder boomed and the lights flickered with the lightening. Pawpaw got his Black and Decker flashlight and kept it by him as we sat in the living room. The room smelled like lilac air freshener.

“Those cards should still be up in the attic. You’re welcome to go up in there and check. You can take this here flashlight. Watch our for the mouse-traps.”

“Do you have any idea what kind of box I should look for.” I asked.

“If they’re up there, they’ll be in a small black metal trunk about this high.” His hand was at knee level. “I’d help you look, but this old body don’t climb ladders so good anymore.” The smile he gave me made him look twenty years younger, but then it was gone and he was an old man again.
The attic reeked strongly of mothballs. Scattered all over the dusty floor were the mousetraps Pawpaw had warned me about. One or two had claimed victims, but the rest looked too rusty to be of any real use. Being in the attic reminded me of the couple of times I had been there before. When I was young, at Christmas Pawpaw would take me and the other children up into the attic and set the mousetraps off for us. He would take off his belt and slowly lower it onto a trap until with a loud snap the trap would go off and frighten us all. We were scared of the mousetraps, but we loved to see Pawpaw set them off with his belt.

I stood there in front of my grandfather, not saying a word. I was trying to decide if I should be upset, and if so, who I should be upset with.

The attic was surprisingly uncluttered from years of giving things away — baby beds, toys, old furniture. It wasn’t long before I found the black trunk Pawpaw had described. I decided to open it downstairs so he could see too. It wasn’t very heavy, and soon Pawpaw and I were standing over it on the living room floor.

The lid creaked as we raised it. Inside, under an old tablecloth and some bed sheets was a single shoebox. Inside the shoebox were about a hundred of the most beat up and therefore worthless 1950’s baseball cards I have ever seen. They were beautiful. These cards had been handled. They had been bought and sold and traded. Kids that were now fifty years old had been swindled out of them. They were works of art. As I sifted through them I didn’t notice my grandfather, who had sat down in his chair again. He was lost in a memory.

“Paw,” I said, “What is it? Is something wrong?”

“Did you ever wonder, John, why I never came to visit ya’ll in Houston? Why ya’ll never came here ‘sept on Christmas? Why your father and I never talked?”

“Yeah. Sure,” I said. “The only thing I know is that it goes back a long way.”

“Well, I’m gonna tell you, because I think you should know why you and me were never given the chance to be close. I want you to know that I wanted to know you. You’re my grandson.” He took a deep breath. “When your dad was sixteen, he found out I had had an affair with another woman. Bertha told him. I don’t know why — maybe she was mad at me. Maybe she just felt he should know just like I feel you should know now. Anyway, your Mawmaw and I had already patched things up when your dad found out. It didn’t matter to him that Bertha had forgiven me. He wasn’t going to. I guess he was always closer to Bertha than me. Maybe that’s why Tim could forgive me and he couldn’t.” I had the feeling Pawpaw had forgotten he was talking to me. He was staring at the blank TV screen.

There was a long silence.

“Right after he found out was when he started wantin’ to go to college rather than work for me in the car lot. That was why after college he accepted the first job he was offered out of state.” He looked at me again, “And that is why I’ve never even seen your house in Houston.”

I stood there in front of my grandfather, not saying a word. I was trying to decide if I should be upset, and if so, who I should be upset with. It all seemed so far removed from me that I couldn’t believe one incident had so totally changed the course of my life. Automatically, I started to think of ways to reconcile the two of them, and then I realized how hopeless that was. Not knowing what to say or what to do, I closed the lid on the trunk and started to pick it up.

Inside the shoebox were about a hundred . . . worthless 1950’s baseball cards I have ever seen. They were beautiful.

Pawpaw said, “Just leave it there. The cards are yours. I doubt I’ll find a use for them.”

I thanked him and told him I had studying to do. He said he understood and to come back anytime.

As I ran to my car, I shielded the cards from the rain, and finally deposited them on the passenger seat next to me.

Before I left, I opened the box again. I wanted to get another look at what I had been so eager to find.
Just a few steps past the gates of LSU lies a small area, one block long, that has a history almost as colorful and vivid as the University itself. LSU students from as far back as the 1930s can tell stories of the popular hangouts that once existed on Chimes Street. And although many of those places have closed down, other bars and stores have opened to replace them.

But lately this neighborhood has faded from a bustling business area to a desolate strip. Graffiti covers the boarded-up storefronts of several old buildings that once housed barbershops, clothing stores and restaurants. Trash litters the street, clinging to the curbs.

During the day, a strange quietness haunts the strip. The street has an air of decadence — of a neighborhood that once boasted prosperous businesses that fell because of hard economic times.

But at night, the street comes alive once again. Handfuls of people travel up and down the cracked sidewalks, walking from the Library to the Bayou, then maybe on to Highland Coffees and the Chimes.

And there are the people who inhabit the old apartments that sit above many of the closed-down shops. Sacrificing the luxury of a Tigerland apartment, they choose to live in a place that is close not only to school but also to a grocery store and many fast food establishments. And, of course, residents are only a few steps away from some of the most infamous hangouts in LSU history.

THE LIBRARY

Joe Anselmo, owner of the Original Library Joe's, purchased the Library in 1968, but the bar has not always been in its present location. The original hangout was in a white building at the corner of Highland Road and Chimes Street where Highland Coffees now stands. But that structure was damaged in a fire that destroyed six other buildings on November 25, 1973.

The fire started late on a rainy Sunday night, probably set by a derelict hanging out behind the buildings, Anselmo said. At that time, the mall at the corner of Chimes Street and Highland Road that now houses Godfather's Pizza, G&S Records, and other small businesses did not exist. In an article that appeared in the State-Times the day after the blaze, Fire Chief Willie Miller explained that one main building had been expanded over the years to cover the whole corner section of the block. Partitions, false ceilings and connecting walls hampered the firemen in their fight against the fire.

Firemen were able to prevent the flames from spreading to the Death Valley Shell Station and from jumping across an alley on Chimes Street that separated the gutted buildings from Dirty Pierre's (now the Bayou), the State-Times article said.

The fire destroyed several businesses, including the New Generation Clothing and Record Store, the original Co-Op bookstore, Cody's Shoe Repair, the New Orleans Bicycle Shop, an Air Force recruiting station, and a branch of the American Bank and Trust Co., Anselmo said.

The Library sustained only slight damage in the blaze, but Anselmo decided to relocate anyway.

"We didn't have any fire insurance, so we had to take it on the chin," Anselmo recalled. "We borrowed more money to
remodel a fourplex apartment building, which is now the present location."

Anselmo has seen many types of people come and go on Chimes Street over the last two decades. First there were the hippies of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Then the leather-clad motorcycle gangs moved in. And now, Anselmo said, the neighborhood is populated by punkers and skinheads.

Students are not the only people who congregate at the Library. "We've had a cross-section of people visit the bar, from judges to state representatives to musicians, as well as students and faculty," he said.

During the afternoon, business is slow at the Library. A few regulars hang out at the bar, catching a bite to eat or having a beer. And Anselmo greets each one by name.

"There's a 'Cheers'-like kind of atmosphere in here," Anselmo said. "We have many regulars that hang out and they've been through everything — divorce, being laid off, changing jobs."

The interior of the Library has not changed much in the last eighteen years, Anselmo said. The biggest change lately was the installation of a new jukebox, equipped with compact discs, to replace the old one that was filled with 45s. But the room still boasts the same vinyl-covered booth seats that have been part of the hangout for almost two decades. And, in a corner, a small set of shelves filled with books justifies the name of the bar.
ery called the Kozy Korner that served plate lunches and suppers for 25 cents each. The Kappa Alpha fraternity house stood next door to the eatery in the two story wooden house now connected to the University Plasma Center.

At the corner of Chimes and Highland Road where Highland Coffees now operates sat a restaurant called the Goal Post, so named by owner Jack Sabin because of all the football memorabilia decorating the interior. Sabin and his restaurant were very popular with the college crowd, probably because of Sabin's generosity in lending students money, Bazzell said. After giving the student the requested cash, usually no more than five dollars, Sabin would post an IOU on a bulletin board in the restaurant, which would be removed when the money was repaid. But eventually his lease ran out and he purchased a restaurant on Airline Highway.

Another food joint frequented by students was the Orange Bowl, a board­

inghouse-turned-eatery. Located between what is now The Bayou and the Library, the Orange Bowl featured orange juice pumped out of coolers stored under the counter, as well as hamburgers and sandwiches, Bazzell said.

In the building that recently housed the vintage clothing store East of Eden

According to Bazzell, the only similarity between today's Chimes Street and the Chimes Street of yesterday is that the strip is still mostly populated by students. Other than that, the area is quite different now.

"The whole neighborhood has changed," Bazzell said. "When we go to football games, we park in Tiger Town so we can walk down Chimes Street and see all of the changes firsthand."

With the advent of fast food chains, the old cafes and restaurants struggled for survival, but eventually went out of business. Louie's Cafe on East State Street is one of the only food joints left over from the golden days of Chimes Street.

LOUIE'S

When Louie Sisk moved to Baton Rouge from Texas, he purchased a restaurant on Chimes Street called the Dutch Mill, so named because of the policy of slipping the check and payment for the meal in a box located next to the door instead of giving the money to a waitress. There was already another Dutch Mill in the city, so Louie had his name painted on the sign, making it "Louie's Dutch Mill." But eventually the sign fell, and instead of putting it back up, Louie merely had his name painted across the front of his business, Bazzell said.

"Soon after Louie moved in, he came down to the theater and asked me what the chances were of making a profit selling hamburgers," Bazzell recalled. "I advised him to go back to Texas. But he didn't listen to me and stayed there for thirty years."

Bazzell described Louie as a grumpy old man who prepared his French fries the old-fash­

ioned way — by cutting a fresh potato into long strips and dropping the fries immediately into a deep fryer instead of using frozen, pre-packaged fries. The two remained good friends over the years.

THE CHIMES

W hen Tim Hood attended LSU in the mid-1970s, he spent most of his free time at a bar called Dirty Pierre's, a hangout which is long-gone, replaced by the Bayou. Little did he know that one day he would be co-owner of one of the most popular hangouts on Chimes Street — the Chimes.

At that time, the building that now houses Hood's prosperous business was a drugstore and had been since 1937. Not until 1983 was the building renovated and reopened as the Chimes. The area that now serves as the Chimes' kitchen was a barber shop, and the section that was recently T.A.'s Tavern was a survey supply store, Hood said.

During Hood's days as an LSU student, one section of the newly-remodeled Varsity building housed O'Donoghue's clothing store, which eventually closed down and reopened as a bar. The building that now contains Hudson Bay was once the General Store, a business Hood described as a late 1960s-early 1970s 'head shop' that dealt in drug paraphernalia, among other things. And just a few shops down in what is now the Plasma Center stood another popular hangout known as McGoo's Bar and Grill. The owners of McGoo's instituted Chimes Street's annual St. Patrick's Day street party, Hood said.

Hood attributes the popularity of Chimes Street among students to the fact that it has a draw, which happens to be several bars and other places to hang out.

"The Chimes happens to be located on a corner that's pedestrian-oriented," Hood said. "In this neighborhood, there's not a single place that has the benefit of being really convenient."

Sophomore Jay Cudd, who has lived on Chimes Street for two and a half years, said he lives on the street mainly because of its convenient location. "I don't have a bike or a car and every-

Photo By Darrell Cooper

stood Kean's laundry and six apartments. Then next door to that building was the College Supply Store, which remains in that location.
thing I need is around here," Cudd said. "I can just walk down the street to get to the store or to school. This street's just like its own little community."

Despite the number of closed-down businesses, Hood said things have gotten better since he took over the Chimes six years ago.

"When we moved in, the neighborhood was dead," Hood said. "The Varsity was closed down and there were more unoccupied storefronts than ever before. Most of the places in the mall at the corner of Highland and Chimes were closed down and there was a nagging crime problem.

"But things have gotten better since then," he said. "The street is alive at night and we expect this to be the best spring we've ever had."

**HIGHLAND COFFEES**

One of the newer Chimes Street businesses is Highland Coffees, which opened up on the corner of Chimes Street and Highland Road across from the Chimes two years ago.

Owner Clarke Cadzow said he chose that location for his coffee shop because he wanted to be near campus and found that area appealing.

"The other side of campus lacks charm and is not as close," Cadzow said. "I could have opened anywhere on Chimes Street but I thought this was a nice location."

The space where the coffee shop is located was formerly a bank, and Cadzow liked the arched windows and solid foundation the building was constructed on. And with the Varsity and the Chimes across the street, and the Library and The Bayou a few steps in the other direction, Cadzow knew there was a lot of pedestrian traffic in the area.

Cadzow said he is often amazed at the number of businesses that inhabited the piece of land before him and he hopes that someday the neighborhood can return to the bustling shopping area that it once was.

"The area has been abandoned by LSU as well as the city," Cadzow said. "It's so important to preserve this area and it's a shame how much it's deteriorated."

Although Cadzow has not been directly affected by local crime, he said the problem has hurt him indirectly. The bars on the coffee shop windows that were placed there by the bank owners have kept his shop from being broken into. But if the fear of crime keeps patrons away from Chimes Street at night, then Highland Coffees and the rest of the businesses are affected, he said.

**THE BAYOU**

The Bayou is another Chimes Street landmark, opened fifteen years ago by Frank Duvic. But the Bayou is only one of the business' several identities. For several decades it was a pool hall, known as Chimes Street Billiards. Then in the early 1970s, when the law permitted LSU to allow alcohol on campus, several small taverns opened. One of them was Dirty Pierre's, the next business to inhabit the building. When that bar closed three years later, another bar opened there called the Hawk's Nest II.

The Hawk's Nest went under after only one year of business, and the building was deserted when Duvic returned to Baton Rouge after graduating from USL. He opened the building in 1976 as The Bayou.

Duvic said Chimes Street is exactly the same today as it was during his years at The Bayou except that a few businesses have closed down.

"It's a place where individuals go," he said. "There were always bars that catered to the fraternities and sororities and there were a couple of places that everyone else went to. The Bayou was one of those places."

Duvic became co-owner of Louie's Cafe in 1986. When he and his partner decided to build a new cafe on the other side of town, he decided to give up The Bayou.

"I had been at The Bayou since I was twenty-five years old and I think I just outgrew the place," he said.

Co-manager Jim Bradford, who has worked in the bar for three years, said he started hanging out at The Bayou years before he worked there. What most attracted him to the club was the progressive music that still draws crowds of students from the campus. But Bradford said it is almost impossible to describe The Bayou's patrons.

"The thing about The Bayou is that there is no certain type of crowd that hangs out here," Bradford said. "No one is alike. We attract everyone from skinheads to biker types to rednecks to students to good old boys."

The Bayou became nationally known several years ago when the bar was featured in Stephen Soderberg's award-winning film "Sex, Lies and Videotape."

"Steve was a regular customer at The Bayou, but we weren't his first choice," Duvic said. "He tried to film at a couple of other places, but when they found out the name of the film, they wouldn't let him shoot there. So he approached me and I said yes."

Like the other business owners on Chimes Street, Bradford said the only radical change of the last few years has been an increase in the crime rate. But since the Shell station on the corner of Highland and East State Street, where high school kids, punks and skinheads gathered to drink and socialize, shut

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photo essay
(above) MORE THAN GRAFFITI
Local artists leave their marks on a unique canvas.

(left) PLAYING POOL
Billiards and beer are synonymous with The Bayou.

Photos by Darrell Cooper

walk on the wild side
(above) **HANGING OUT**
Bayou patrons go outside for fresh air and conversation.

(left) **BRIGHT LIGHTS & BANDS**
The reopening of the Varsity brought life to Chimes Street at night.

(right) **NO TIME FOR COFFEE TALK**
Highland Coffees offers an oasis of quiet for serious studiers.
(left) THE FINAL YARD
A young man participates in a Chimes tradition.

(right) A LITTLE LUNACY
The Bayou's own Man in the Moon watches street life with a smile.

(above) LUNCH DATE
A couple enjoy a private moment.
Playin' in the Band

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Pero said the engine leaked a quart of oil an hour.

"It was pretty stupid of us to be driving around the country in a van that drank more oil than gas," Pero said. "One day the van broke down outside of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and Windell and Terrance wound up walking about ten miles to get help."

Although Tilley writes most of the band's songs, Pero and Higgins contribute to the writing. Tilley and Pero played in another band named "Cool Toys" before they formed Func Haus.

"Windell comes in with a tune and we try to put a beat to it," Pero said. "He does the words and melody and we do the rest as a band."

Pero said it's rough producing new material because the music has to conform to what the industry wants.

"The industry knows what it is looking for but we don't know what they want," Pero said. "Chrysalis says our music is too complicated. They don't want people to have to think, they just want a hit song."

To remain with their label, Func Haus has to prove they can grow and develop as a band.

"There is lots of pressure to come through," Pero said. "We have six months to prove to the company we can do it."

The band plans to be back on the road this summer to take a break from the confinement of the studio.

Cowboy Mouth — Saddling up for a second album

It's no wonder that the band called Cowboy Mouth is heading back to the studio to record their second album in only a year. All four members have played in other successful bands like the Red Rockers, Dash Rip Rock, and The Backbeats before they formed their own band.

As a follow up to their first recording entitled "Cowboy Mouth" the band will soon release "Word of Mouth," even though the production date has been pushed back several months due to "business problems." The original tracks were recorded in Nashville with overdubs done at MCA studios. The final recordings were mixed in Memphis, but the band is heading back to the studio.

"We are going to rerecord the album with a new company," bassist Steve Walters said. "The first recordings were good but we had some problems with the legal details of the deal."

Walters said the band is going to add a few new songs, remove some old ones and make changes in songs they want to keep.

"We're playing a lot of college towns trying to expand our base," said Walters. "Now we are concentrating on a record to put out and develop a following in new places. People won't come see us if they don't know what we play."

Drummer and singer Fred LeBlanc said the name "Cowboy Mouth" came from a play written by Sam Sheppard. Guitarist Paul Sanchez was reading the play at the time the band needed a name, so they used the name and it stuck ever since.

The music of Cowboy Mouth has as many influences as the culture of Louisiana. Walters likes punk rock while Sanchez brings a New Orleans and Cajun sound to the band. LeBlanc and guitarist John Griffith prefer older 60s and 70s rock and roll. Together their influences combine to create a sound and show that Walters describes as "way out of control."

LeBlanc said he credits their success to the unique qualities of their sound.
“We are a conglomeration of influences and talents that translates into melodic chaos,” LeBlanc said. “If the Nevilles and the Clash had children, that would be us.”

Cowboy Mouth is a band that has to be seen live to be completely appreciated. The band already has a reputation as a flamboyant lot sure to deliver a show full of crazy antics.

Aside from the show, Cowboy Mouth has another unique feature. The drummer is the lead singer and front man for the band. LeBlanc’s slick drumstick-spinning techniques combined with his uncanny ability to capture the audience’s attention allows him to entertain the crowd as he plays and sings.

“It is unusual to have the drummer as the focal point of the show,” Walters said. “But Fred is a real showman and he always gets the crowd going.”

Cowboy Mouth had its humble beginnings at the Carrollton Station in New Orleans. Sanchez was playing an acoustic set one night at the club and he invited LeBlanc to sing harmony and play bongos.

“Right before I left to work in Boston, I invited Fred to sit in on a gig I was playing at Carrollton Station,” Sanchez said. “The energy that night was incredible—it just felt right. Fred wanted to start a band right away but I couldn’t because I had a job waiting for me.”

After spending a cold winter in Boston, Sanchez was persuaded by LeBlanc to come back and start a band.

“That had stopped playing music while I was in Boston,” Sanchez said. “One day Fred called and said he really wanted to set up a band. I was cold enough, hungry enough and tired enough so I left the long hours in Boston.”

As the popularity of the band grows, their schedule becomes more hectic. They are on the road most of the time playing three or more gigs a week. The band usually leaves on Wednesdays and returns on Sundays with Monday and Tuesday serving as their weekend.

“Traveling is tiring but we come home every week so it’s not too bad,” Sanchez said. “We have very little free time but it pays the bills and feeds us.”

As Cowboy Mouth is discovering, the life of a rock and roll band is not all it’s cracked up to be.

“We always kid about the glamour of this business,” Walters said. “We travel around the South, four guys cramped in a van, in each others’ face. We get to a town, set up our equipment, do a sound check, try to get some sleep, do the show, pack up, sleep some more, and then get up to do it all over again. That’s the life in a rock and roll band.”

The band travels around in LeBlanc’s Nissan Van with all their equipment piled in the back. The ride is cramped with each member confined to a captain’s chair with little leg room.

Cowboy Mouth has toured the Southeast college scene extensively in the last year. They like to play Austin, Texas and Charlotte, North Carolina but said the crowd in Baton Rouge is one of the best.

“We had 1,000 enthusiastic people show up to our last show at The Varsity,” Sanchez said. “Our fans in Baton Rouge are really some of the best.”

The long moments on the road, full of boredom and tension can be interrupted by outburst of personal lunacy. Walters tells a story that happened while Cowboy Mouth was playing with Dash Rip Rock in Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

“One night after we played a gig with Dash some of the band members got drunk at the club. The party spilled over to the hotel where we were staying. Everybody got carried away and Hoaky accidentally stabbed Fred in the head with a broken beer bottle. Fred
came back to the room with blood pouring out of his head. They weren’t fighting, they were just drunk and out of hand."

The harsh realities of the music business are nothing new to the band. With each member a veteran of the music scene, the band has no illusions about making it big.

“It’s a hectic business with a lot of hurry-up and wait moments,” LeBlanc said. “There’s no mercy in the business with everybody going for the pot of gold. Unfortunately there’s only so much gold.”

Living with Leprosy
continued from page 23

HD and 200 without. For non-HD patients to come to the center they must have a referral from their doctor.

HD and diabetes are distinct diseases, but the neuropathy (abnormal condition of the nerve) is the same, Birke noted. Progressive destruction of the skin and bones is a resulting problem of both diseases, and Birke encounters many lesions/ulcers on the bottom of patients’ feet as a result of pressure or injury. Therefore, the methods used at Carville to heal leprous ulcers are also successfully used on the diabetic population.

Lourdes Deya, an instructor in the Department of Curriculum and Instruction at LSU, gets treatment for her diabetes at the center. She said she was given exercises to do to strengthen the muscles on the back of her heel as well as special support hose to relieve the pressure on her metacarpal arch.

"The pain was terrible, but the stockings are very helpful," she said. "I was very impressed with the situation and I’m happy that I’ve gone down there," Deya said.

The U.S. Bureau of Prisons attempted a brief stint at phasing a level I federal prison onto the center. At the time of writing of this article, half of the complex was being shared with elderly or ill prisoners, as well as healthy inmates who were working on renovations.

However, an Advocate article in February noted that the BOP agency would be leaving the center "within the next several years rather than assume full ownership because they cannot operate in a cost-effective manner if it cannot eventually take over the center and expand its inmate population."

The future of the Carville Center is unsure since successful drug therapy has negated the need for forced isolation, yet the residents, whose average age is seventy, will be allowed to stay as long as they want.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artists &amp; Writers Profiles</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Monique Coco</strong>&lt;br&gt;is a senior in English who has no future and would rather be in Cancun.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Darrell Cooper</strong>&lt;br&gt;juniior in News-Editorial, is a new photographer at the Reveille. He hopes to pursue a photo-journalism career and take pictures of Pygmies for National Geographic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Nicole F. Duet</strong>, &lt;br&gt;layout goddess, will be attending a stress-management seminar after being released from therapy for all the vices she acquired while working towards deadlines.</td>
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<td><strong>Todd Houghton</strong>&lt;br&gt;likes taking pictures.</td>
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<td><strong>Bryon Justice</strong>&lt;br&gt;was coerced into working for the magazine because he is in the editor’s Italian class. Ciao, y’all.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>M. Katherine Kent</strong>&lt;br&gt;is a junior in Graphic Design. In her spare seconds, she enjoys bubble sculpture, crystal mining, and stomping barefoot through puddles. After graduation she hopes to buy a VW microbus, paint it psychedelic colors, follow the Grateful Dead, and wear live animals as hats.</td>
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<td><strong>Scott Kiker</strong>&lt;br&gt;is a photographer for the Reveille. He was not available for comment.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Jeffrey &quot;Coonie&quot; Barton</strong>&lt;br&gt;is the tireless drummer for Burlap Cat, the best band you’ve never heard. He is also part of a leg-breaking vigilante organization and plans to go to grad school. He gets cranky without his afternoon nap.</td>
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<td><strong>Shannon Coleman</strong>, &lt;br&gt;a junior in News-Editorial and a copy editor for the Daily Reveille, is a first-time contributor to the Gumbo. She enjoys local college bands and being harassed in the Reveille newsroom.</td>
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<td><strong>Alice Dukes</strong>&lt;br&gt;is a senior majoring in English Literature/pre-law and minor in Philosophy and Political Science. After graduating from law school, she hopes to work as a prosecutor of sex crimes so that she can help put rapists in jail.</td>
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<td><strong>J. Richard Moore</strong>&lt;br&gt;is a junior in English and Political Science who quite obviously plans to go to law school. After ten to fifteen years as a lawyer, he plans to give it all up and become a country and western singer—or run for state office; he hasn’t decided which.</td>
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<td><strong>Matt Musgrove</strong>&lt;br&gt;is a career student majoring in English Literature. Following graduation, he intends to write some poetry and lyrics, then drop everything to play drums in a rock-n-roll band.</td>
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<td><strong>Eimear O’Connell</strong>, a previous contributor, hasn’t changed much since the last edition.</td>
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<td><strong>Robert Wolf</strong>&lt;br&gt;is a senior in Journalism on the verge of a terrifying experience—graduation. Although he has yet to suffer great hunger or cold, the anxiety of possibly becoming a permanent fixture in the unemployment office is causing him undue stress. By May when his parents pull the plug on funding, Robert will most likely have already moved under the overpass at the corner of Interstate 10 and College Drive. He will work for food.</td>
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<td><strong>Lisa L. Roland</strong>, a junior in Journalism, shares Wolfman’s fears of post-graduation poverty. She will work for food in another part of town.</td>
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<td><strong>Brenda Murray</strong>, a junior in News-Editorial, works as a staff writer for the Daily Reveille. She is also a member of the service organization Circle K International.</td>
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<td><strong>Lisa L. Roland</strong>, a junior in Journalism, shares Wolfman’s fears of post-graduation poverty. She will work for food in another part of town.</td>
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<td><strong>Rebecca Anne Powell</strong>&lt;br&gt;wants to go ice skating. She also wants to write books. After graduating next year, she will either go on to grad school in English or ascend a pillar, following the steps of St. Symeon Stylite.</td>
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