

0797 The Vox

\$0

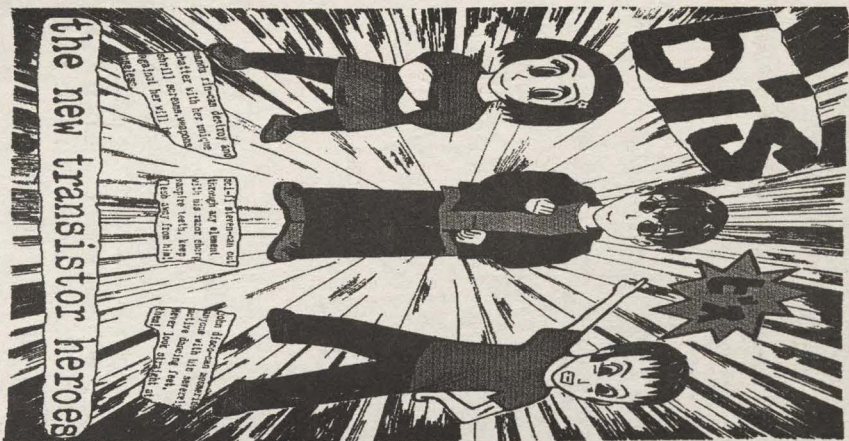
CANADA \$0

July 1997



SIZED FOR **STRETCH** KNITS ONLY
SEE PICK-A-KNIT RULE™ ON ENVELOPE BACK

In this issue: DJ Spooky,
Barber Shop Reviews,
Indie Rock Paper Doll,
Motown, Movie Suckers,
Pop Music, Guide to
Moshing, Catpower,
Chocoholic Bar, Fashion
Plumber, Carl Conspiracy,
Trent Reznor, Cheese in
China, and, of course,
Drunk DJ of the Month



the debut album
from the defenders of
teen-c power!

Don on cd, cassette and
grand total vinyl with bonus 7 inch
contains 2 bonus tracks not available on import



6071 grand total www.grandtotal.com

hollywoodandthe.com

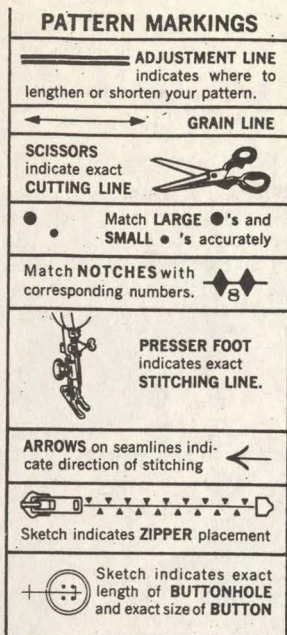


The VOX - July, September, and November 1996 (Zine)

The Vox is back! After a hiatus prompted by allegedly obscene material contained in one issue, WTUL's zine returns in fine form. WTUL is Tulane's radio station in New Orleans. It's one of the best college stations in the USA, having been named Gavin's college station of the year last year (1996). The zine is equally good. The last few issues have had what DJs did over the summer, lots of dirt on N.O. bands, cab driver stories, and a write-up on Jad Fair of Half Japanese fame. They've told us how to be a TUL DJ (tongue-in-cheek) and interviewed a Baskin Robbins employee and "The Sticker Guy". And of course, Drunk DJ of the Month is back. The Vox, like WTUL, is so haphazrd and eclectic that it's hard to describe. You can pick one up free at any number of bars and record stores in N.O. I usually get mine at the Howlin' Wolf, Underground Sounds, the Mermaid or Monaco Bob's. Just keep an eye open every coupla months. -- John Guerin

from It's The Music Stupid!
PO Box 861 - Pensacola, FL - 32594-0861
brotherjohn@gulf.net
www.pcola.gulf.net/~brotherjohn/

The Vox is a publication of WTUL New Orleans 91.5 FM. The Vox in no way represents the opinions of the Administration of Tulane University. So, write to us (not Tulane) with yr damn comments @ WTUL/The Vox Tulane University Center New Orleans, LA 70118. Or call us @ (504) 865-5887. Back issues available. Burn, K-Doe, Burn. Bam, Just Like That. Gimme Back My Bullets.



CONTRIBUTORS

ANDY BIZER

ANN LIU

ANTHONY DEL ROSARIO

BABROCK

BRANDON COWART

CHIP NAWLINS

GINA REICHERT

IGOR SIDDIQUI

JAKE SPRINGFIELD

MAT BECKERMAN

SARA BONISTEEL

Drunk DJ of the Month



Chris, drummer of Magus and Iuka, tries to explain the wonders of Canadian Mist and pickel-in-a-bag juice to the leaves in Flip's yard.



*Way to go,
Chris!!*

READER MAIL...

This letter is in reference to Brandons "Movie Cubism" article in the Feb 1997 Vox. I'm hoping that was a joke, but I'm writing as if it wasn't. You seem to wallow in your pompous, over-intellectualized critique of some movies most people have never even heard of. If your trying to seem smart and learneded, you have failed. You only succeed in making yourself look like an asshole. So don't do that anymore. Oh, I liked the stuff about wrestling. There was something else I wanted to say. Oh yeah. Whenever I turn on your station, some Dj wont shut the fuck up. So shut up AND PLAY SOME MUSIC DAMNIT!

Your friend
Doug Grego
New Orleans, LA

P.S. If you print this, don't correct it. The spelling mistakes are there deliberately.

FUCK YOU!

- BRANDON

Date: Mon, 17 Feb 1997 18:59:12 -0500 (EST)
From: GenRaley@aol.com
To: adelros@mailhost.tcs.tulane.edu
Subject: "STREAMIN" TO DISLOCATED GUMBO YA-YA'S

DEAR "TUL",

SORRY I WASN'T ABLE TO GET HOME FOR THE MARDI-GRAS THIS YEAR, BUT BUSINESS JUST WOULDN'T ALLOW IT. I HEARD THAT EVERYONE HAD A GRAND TIME, AS USUAL.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT I MISS THE MOST ABOUT NOT BEING HOME IS THE MUSIC OF WTUL, IN FACT THE REASON THAT I FINALLY INVESTED IN A COMPUTER, WAS THE THOUGHT THAT I COULD RECIEVE MY FAVORITE RADIO STATION OVER THE INTERNET.

SPREADING THE RELIGION OF GUMBO YA-YA TO THE REST OF THE NATION.

TOO BAD, BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH THE ALIENS HAVE A BAD PERCEPTION OF OUR POLITICS, THEY ARE TRULY CURIOUS ABOUT OUR CULTURE, FOOD, AND LIFESTYLE.

HOPEFULLY YOU'LL SEE THE LIGHT AND SAVE ME FROM THIS ETERNAL BAR-B-QUE HELL OF COUNTRY AND WESTERN MUSIC.

STUCK IN MEMPHIS

IT'S
WORTH
THE
TRIP!

MUSHROOM

1037 BROADWAY
NEW ORLEANS, LA 70118
(ON TOP OF THE BOOT!)
(504) 866-6065
1 Block from Tulane & Loyola U.s!

MON.-SUN.
10am-Midnight

WE'RE
YOUR
ROCK, LOCAL,
ALTERNATIVE
MUSIC
EXPERTS!

NO
OPEN 'TILL
MIDNIGHT 7 DAYS A WK.

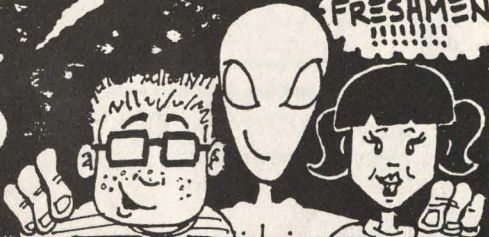
POSTERS
the South's largest
selection
Bands, Movies, Art...
69¢ * 2 FOR \$12
60¢ * 4 FOR \$20!
ONLY DULL PEOPLE HAVE
DULL ROOMS!

STICKERS
PATCHES
BUTTONS
BALLCAPS
SHADES
DEAD & PUNK STUFF
JEWELRY
MORE!

TOP 25 (\$11.99)
2.00

WELCOME
FRESHMEN
!!!!!!

tapestries
beaded curtains
Lava Lights
Blacklights
MORE!



7"s, 10"s, L.P.s, & tons of Independents

COUPON!

\$2.00 OFF \$1.00 OFF

ANY ANY ANY

NEW C.D. OR LIVE IMPORT NEW CASSETTE OR LP

THIS SUPER FREAKY COUPON REFUSES TO WORK ON SALES, CONSIGNMENTS, OR E.P.s ☺

There are certain places that you should avoid. Most major cities are infiltrated with aliens, but that is obvious to us all. It is the other cities, the cities that we feel the most comfortable in that we need to fear. Take Gainesville Fl. for instance. It is the certain of all technological experimentation of the aliens. Who do you think really runs the university of Florida. Why do you think that it was in the sights of Russian missiles during the cold war, really a brief revolution between two factions of the aliens. How do you think that they won the national college football championship, aliens have almost perfected the genetics of super humans. It is done through cloning, but during the cloning they alter the genes to make super humans! They also numb the brains of the clones so that they will not question their origin. The only problem with the clones is that they only live for four years. So the only practical use they had for the clones was college football.***another technological advance made in Gainesville was the invention of Gatorade. It is the only product that prepares the female humans body for conception of alien babies. It also prepares makes male humans' sperm stronger so that it can break through the tough outer layers of female aliens' eggs.***love bugs also were invented in Gainesville. They produce a hormone, when they connect at the butt, that makes humans sleep harder. This enables aliens to perform tests on humans while they are asleep without needing to take them into their floating laboratories.***Stay away from Florida. Canada is better.

be careful eh, c.c.



STUDY BREAK @ FIGARO'S

MONDAY - FRIDAY

2:30-4:30 PM ONLY

JOIN US FOR GREAT FOOD AT AMAZING PRICES AFTER CLASS!
FOR STUDENTS ONLY (YOU MUST PRESENT YOUR STUDENT I.D. BEFORE ORDERING)

STUDY BREAK MENU

(2:30PM - 4:30PM)

SMALL WHITE PIZZA	\$5.00
(TOPPINGS \$.75 EACH)	
SMALL CEASAR SALAD	\$1.00
CUP OF SOUP	\$1.00
BREAD STICKS W/SAUCE	\$1.00
DRAFT BEER	\$1.00
(WE SERVE THE ABITA SEASONAL SPECIALTY ON TAP)	

STUDY BREAK MENU AVAILABLE FOR DINE-IN ONLY.
REGULAR LUNCH MENU IS AVAILABLE 11:30AM - 5:30PM.



7900 MAPLE STREET

FREE DELIVERY TO CAMPUS

866-0100

(DOES NOT INCLUDE THE "STUDY BREAK" MENU)

HOURS OF OPERATION:

MONDAY - THURSDAY 11:30 AM - 10:30 PM

FRIDAY & SATURDAY - 11:30 AM - 11:30 PM

SUNDAY 12:00 PM - 10:00 PM

Why I love Moshin'

by Mat Beckerman

In response to many people who come see my band play and leave in disgust of the violent display of testosterone on the dance floor... **I DON'T FUCKING CARE WHAT YOU THINK.** I love to go out with my friends and beat the fuck out of each other. There's no other place in the world where you can **drop kick** someone to the back of the head and walk out arm in arm. It's a way to release my pent up hostility, so instead of going on top of a building with an assault rifle picking people off, I bust out the **spin kicks**, **windmills**, and **floorpunches** on the dance floor. If you don't like to dance **YOU DONT HAVE TO.** You are perfectly welcome to watch the onslaught from the sidelines without getting in the mix of it, but for those bold at heart and not afraid to get hit, take your anger to the floor and **drop kick** your best friend. Being from New Jersey and living minutes from Philly and New York City I have witnessed some of the most classic dancing of all times, and although New Orleans is a major city, people have a lot to learn about their Hardcore dance floor. Those of you that have been to a New York Hardcore show know what I mean. People have style and set patterns are followed to how you bust out dance moves, so I will devote the rest of this article to.....

PIT ETIQUETTE

This is my list of things to do and not to do while moshin'

° It's not a football field, so never run and charge people knocking each other over. This gets nothing accomplished except for looking stupid.

° Never bring glass bottles in with you. This can be very dangerous and always ends up on the floor broken, so if you end up on the floor (which happens often) you wind up slicing yourself open on broken glass, which is not worth a trip to the E.R.

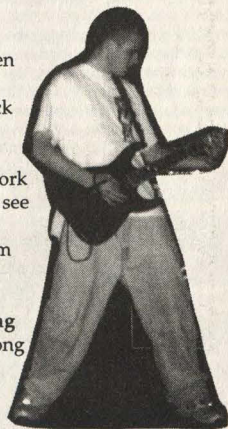
° Metal spiked bracelets are also stupid, not only do you look dumb, but when you swing your arms people have to deal with you cutting them and are not usually happy getting cut up. So for your own safety leave the cool punk rock bracelets at home if you're gonna dance.

° The best thing you could do to learn some moves is to take a trip to New York City and go to some hardcore matinee shows at CBGB's. At CBGB's you can see the best of the best, **dropkicks**, **spinkicks**, **roundhouses**, **floorpunches**, **windmills**, and **things I've never seen.** Or go to shows and watch people from the east coast bust out moves and try and learn them.

° Another thing which has only happened a few times in this city is the **sing along pile ups** that are a regular sight up North. When everyone knows a song everyone grabs the mike and piles up to **sing along.** This is possibly the one thing I miss the most about home.

So now you can go to my band's (INDIGNATION) next show and bust out the newest moves and **pile on for the sing alongs.** I hope this has enlightened some people. If not, **FUCK YOU....** I'm sorry I'm not PC enough for you..

I hope to see you in the pit **dropkicking** and **floorpunching.**
In the words of NYHC's Madball
" Demonstrate Your Style "



DJ Spooky T a l k s (a l o t)

DJ Spooky (Paul Miller)'s *Songs of a Dead Dreamer* seduced me the first time I heard the album in its entirety. Right away I decided that it had to be one of last year's best releases. The tracks, assembled in a smooth cut-and-paste manner, mediate between fairly diverse takes on electronic sound, from ambient to trance and trip-hop. The album's liner notes seemed even more seductive. I remember reading them in NYC last summer, fairly impressed by their bibliography and wondering how all the theoretical references linked up to DJ Spooky's work more explicitly. I met him while he was on tour with Stereolab, asked him if he wanted to chat for a bit, and so he suggested dinner. The brief writing on the liner notes suggests an approach to production concerned with identities. At the point in time when thinking subjectivity is more productive by asking where one comes from rather than who one essentially is, I asked Paul where he was coming from.

We were just in Dallas, Austin and Houston, Lawrence, Ks., all over. Before that I was in New York. That's where I mainly base.

When you talk about your work you reference theorists like Deleuze and Guattari, Masumi and others. Where does that come from?

I've always been into reading, since I was a kid. My family was pretty academically oriented. I grew up in an atmosphere of intellectual engagement. So my mom was involved with the DC downtown poetry scene in the late 60's. My father was a lawyer and was the dean of the Howard University Law School. He died when I was three, but he was an avid book collector, as well as a record collector. So I just grew up with his collection of stuff and my mom was always having poetry readings and people coming through. So anyway, to make the long story short, DJing is just an extension of what I've always been into. And the writing accompanies it.

You talk about the mixed tape as a postmodern condition, as an assemblage...

To me, on underground level, youth culture is not about boundaries, but in the media, for example, they always put it that there is this funky boundary around stuff, but there are so many people that I know that like a wide variety of stuff. They don't care if it's hip-hop or house or techno. The way that I kept seeing it more and more is that the mixed tape was most underground but also most grass roots way. People just like music and will put stuff together for their friends or just keep making copies of stuff. I just noticed in our scene, people put all sorts of stuff, and the more I traveled too, I realized that people were doing that. There was a whole bunch of people always recording. So to make the long story short, I kept noticing that you'd read in the paper, this style was here, that style was there, but the kids are into stuff, growing up people just like a wide variety of stuff. And people are also really into exchanging music. Somebody would pick up a tape or

a CD that they are really into. Like, 'Yo, you gotta check this out and then they copy it on a tape and give it to you and you're like 'Wow, that's cool. I'm gonna make a copy for another friend'. So all the tapes were a lot more diverse than anything you can hear on the radio or see in media. And it was also the most grass roots thing, so I kept thinking about that as a metaphor for the way that the youth culture is evolving around these previous boundaries. It's organic, it's something people naturally do. If you're really into something and you want to share it with your friends you're not gonna go to the New York Times and say, well, this style should be this and that style should be that. But because it's such a natural extension of the way people listen to music and it bypassed all the previous boundaries and that's why I kept thinking, this is where the youth culture is going and also kind of a metaphor for an electronic kind of way people can all of a sudden bypass everything. You can download mixes on the internet, I made stuff that is downloadable, people can make mixed tapes on the internet. I think that there is strength in diversity and to much of work produced in the past has been too much focused on boundaries. People that were really in the New York East Village scene that I came of, we were just a group of people that got really, really, really bored with boundaries. It's like, you go to one party and you hear one style all night.

Paul Miller likes to talk intensely about his work. This interview in a lot of ways seems like a pretty rough draft for a theory people that could potentially be really good. Paul's talk still seemed somewhat incoherent, not in a resistant kind of way, but instead confused, a talk that needs to be complexified and clarified simultaneously, slipping outside of theoretical clichés that superficially map one as "intellectual."

So are you suggesting that the tape begins to re-map those spaces?

Exactly. Music itself travels in a wide variety of ways. Bands go from place to place, bootleg tapes travel around, records travel because they are shipped all the time. But the nomadic aspect of it is that there is no longer a single narrative because there is such a density going on that the stuff begins to proliferate. People make copies, people go to a club and hear a style and go home and try something... it's completely a hands-on thing. It's playing with memory too. The record encapsulates certain aspects of stuff that you heard when you were a kid, or a car driving by, or sounds filtering through the window. Your brain is always absorbing stuff but the cultural references themselves are interestingly nomadic. You could be sitting in one place and hear music from a wide variety of things blast into itself and that's why sampling is so intriguing because it's not just re-mapping, it's creating a whole new space. But then, it's nothing new, it's only an extension of what it's always been. I look at the railroad as a metaphor for the industrial age, but I look at the telephone exchange where there are zillions of wires going all over the place is a metaphor for our age. That's the nomadic thing. Even if you are staying in one place there is still psychological movement.

The problem with talk that certain crucial terms are compiled into brief vocabulary lists that one uses as a tool to do "the talk." That becomes explicitly evident when the rest of the words outside of that vocabulary list are substituted with the word "stuff." It's also dangerous to think that one can safely use the terms interchangeably. It gets confused.

Do you think of your music more as a process or a product?

Oh, definitely process. It's continuous, and even the end product can be used for generating multiple other things. Like using something as a conduit, to hold that stream of information. The record used to be viewed as the end of a process now the record is actually the beginning of a process. It's like flipping everything on its head, but the flipping is good. It's not like it devalues the past, if anything it reaffirms it. It actually makes it more vibrant and alive.

DJ Spooky is very open to other DJ's sampling his material. The back cover of his album, which came out on Asphodel, a label from New York City, says, "Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws".

How does the way you think of music affect the way in which your work gets consumed?

The role of the artist is to create a space where people's imaginations can engage what you're trying to express. Art is all about creating such spaces or zones. I don't like to say space anymore, I want to say zones in which your mind can look at things in a different light. I'm really open to people sampling me too. I think we are at the crossroads in our culture right now because we have a couple of generations right now growing up underneath this electronic sort of thing. The It's not like we are "rebellious," it's just about engaging what's naturally around us. It's just a natural extension of what it's like to be young in the late 20th century, what it's all about. Maybe I'm being idealistic, I haven't been jaded yet. The worst part of all this has been meeting "pop stars." I'm not into the mechanism of the whole deal.

Right now you're touring with Stereolab and Ui. How do you see yourself in relation to a conventional band?

There is still a perception that a DJ is sort of an in-between thing. It's a rock thing, you have to be on the stage. With the parties that we do in New York, we decentralize the stage, we put the people doing the music in the middle of the room, and we put cushions on the stage. The stage is not the main place where the narrative is going on. The narrative is going on in the turbulence that's going on around the room. When I'm on tour with the band, I'm on stage because that's how their *modus operandi* works. They have a lot of equipment, they have all this stuff. They also still operate within the continuum of the star on the stage. That's my critique of that. But I like Stereolab and their critique of pop culture. There is a kind of innocence to Stereolab music that I'm really intrigued by, their minimalist repetitive style. They rock. It's difficult for me to translate my style and my scene to them, as much as it is for their style and their scene to me. The only difference is that this is their tour and that I have to fit into their matrix.

I have read the works Paul Miller sometimes vaguely refers to, I have heard his album and I saw him spin. And I like all of the above. When I talked to him I realized that there is a discrepancy between what he has read and what he has made, not that the two could not at points align, but that at this point these points of alignment are blurry and somewhat uncritical. But as we started eating dinner, the conversation stayed away from DJ Spooky's postmodernist stream-of-consciousness manifesto.

What are some of the more interesting places you've performed?

Russia. Germany. In Russia, I DJed in this nuclear bomb

shelter.

What was on the last mixed tape that you made?

A lot of dub. A lot of ambient stuff, like the early Tangerine Dream. FastForward which is an ambient project that Orb did. DJ Krust, he does jungle stuff. Happy Shopper. Hoverkraft.

Who do you make tapes for?

I usually just make tapes that I like. I usually use three turntables, a sampler, the sound effects machine. I lot of my friends are into my tapes, so I give them out. It's not like I'm targeting an audience or anything.

Do bands ask you to make their remixes?

I will do the brand new Swirlies, I'm doing a tape collaboration thing with Hoverkraft, probably one for Sonic Youth people. I don't know, that's still in the works. There's more. I do remixes all the time.

Beck?

That's the one thing that I don't know. It's an interesting, well, I don't know. It's not the biggest priority.

Jon Spencer?

Yeah.

I didn't realize that you also wrote for publications.

Yeah, mainly for the Voice. I used to write for Art Forum.

What have you been writing about recently?

I've been working on two books. One is a work of fiction entitled *And Now a Message From Our Sponsors* and the theory book about intellectual property and erasures of memory. That's the issue I'm really fascinated by. There are all these cybernetic extensions of human activity and all these things can be regulated and controlled and in a weird way taken apart and franchised.

Paul Miller is great to talk to, a refreshing chat very different from indie rock name-dropping. I hope people are critical of what he says, and I also hope people read some of the works he mentions. That way, his talk won't be about seduction. Hopefully then his talk can be mobilized for things other than as a publicity smoke machine. (I.S.)



THE FASHION PLUMBER(S)

i have decided to start a column about fashion. this is not my way of forcing my ideas of fashion on to anyone. instead, it's an advice and help column. it's more like helping people have better fashion sense.

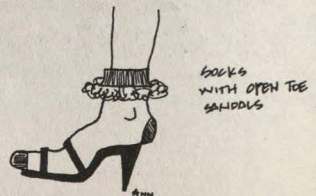
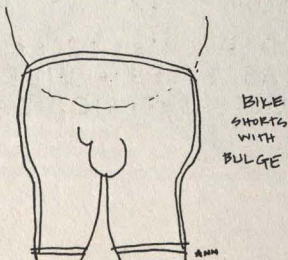
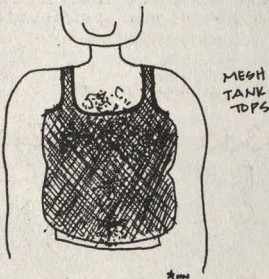
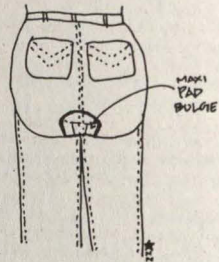
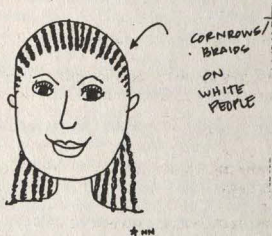
my sister vivian put it best when she described it as, " you know when you have a plumbing problem and you try to fix it yourself; you don't know what you're doing, so it doesn't get any better. **YOU CALL A PLUMBER.** i am that plumber!!"

so here we are.

everyone knows what they want to look like, it's just a matter of getting there.

this first column starts at the basics. i have included diagrams of what **NOT** to wear. this is just basic, standard no no's that will help establish a starting ground for your own style. i will include more as we get more advanced, but these are definite faux pas.

ann liu



why isn't there cheese in china? by ann

"ann, why isn't there cheese in china?" anthony asked me once.

that question made me stop and think. "hey!! you're right! why **isn't** there cheese in china (or any chinese related countries)???"

i thought about it for a long time, then decided to call my sister, vivian, who knows EVERYTHING at the age of 18.

we took all the evidence we could conjure up through our own experiences with our most recent family trip to asia (3 summers ago) and made up our own answers to why there is no cheese in china.

"cowbutty"

our dad bought milk when we were in a beijing hotel. at the time it seemed like a good idea because during the trip, we have yet to see any dairy products (i.e. milk being the **ONLY** dairy product) in china.

we expected milk to taste the way it tasted in the states.

NOSIREBOB. when we opened up the bottle lid, it smelled like ASS. my dad said, "oh, it's just unpasteurized or something. like in the country." having never been in the country, i assumed it's not processed and is better for me. so we drank this milk.

"EEEEWWW! it tastes *cowbutty* !!!"

"yeah! it tastes like ass!!"

our dad agreed and we proceeded to pour the ass milk down the drain.

MILK IN CHINA TASTES LIKE ASS SO IF CHEESE WAS EVER MADE, IT WOULD SEEM LIKE YOU'RE EATING ASS. GROSS.

efficiency

so chinese people invented paper and gunpowder. there's a billion chinese people, you'd think **ONE** of them would come up with cheese.

NO. they were too busy eating all the animal parts to leave a dairy cow alone to produce milk. instead, they took the cow and ate every part of it (inside and out) and used the other parts for medicine. chinese people are efficient, you know.

body odor

my mom always talk about how a person's bad b.o. is affected by how much cheese you eat. i don't know if she had logical data to back it all up, but when i was a little kid, i believed her.

cheese has a distinctive smell that is closely related to armpit odor.

maybe chinese people don't smell **TOO** offensive because they know dairy makes you have b.o.

lactose intolerant

i am chinese. i am lactose intolerant. my family's chinese. they ,too, are lactose intolerant. most chinese people are. so if chinese people invented cheese, they would only bring trouble to themselves. it's just not part of our diet, and it was smart to never have gone dairy.

ok, that is all i came up with as to why there isn't cheese in china.

but, there is cheese in china...just not much. i did see some on a big mac in the mcdonald's in beijing, does **THAT** count??

**UNDERGROUND
SOUNDS**
(504) 897-9030

3336 MAGAZINE
NEW ORLEANS
LOUISIANA
7 0 1 1 5
MON - SAT 12 - 7
SUN 12 - 5
CD's • LP's • 12's • 7's
CASSETTES • VIDEOS
POSTERS • PERIODICALS

MOVIE SUCKERS

by brandon swank

Ever watch the movie 'Flashback'? Probably not; it's a bad movie. In it Dennis Hopper, portraying a burned-out hippie, tells Keifer Sutherland that 'after the '80's, the '90's are gonna make the '60's look like the '50's'. Nice thought, but nothing could be further from the truth. Whatever tension rumbles beneath the surface of society, for Hollywood anyway, it's business as usual. Although politicians such as Newt Gingrich and Dan Quayle score cheap points highlighting Hollywood's supposed anti-Americanism, the film industry is as conservative as ever. Its biggest stars are Tom Cruise, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Harrison Ford. I'd find more subversion in a Catholic monastery. Ask yourself: during the Gulf War, how many Hollywood stars protested? Sure, during the Academy Awards, sporting an AIDS ribbon is required dress code. Still, the number of openly gay actors remains minuscule. From the likes of Tom Hanks and Demi Moore you expect nothing but conformity. Yet the annals of cinema are littered with young actors embodying subversion and rebellion from Brando to Dean, Nicholson to Fonda. I wonder if today's young stars--Leonardo Di Caprio, Edward Furlong, Gwyneth Paltrow, Drew Barrymore to name a few--are living up to their predecessors' reputations for subversion.

After WWII, way before Elvis made little girls' hearts go pitter-patter with his hips and a garden hose stuffed in his pants, teenagers went to the cinema looking for icons. What they got was Gary Cooper; not exactly a man known for his cultural noncompliance. The only break with conformity then was a scaled down version of dad's sports coat or, for the truly adventurous, a Tony Curtis haircut. Then came Marlon Brando.

CONTINUED





Orb Orblivion

The new release from the ambient pioneers

featuring the hit "TOKYGENE"



314-524 347 - 2/4 • ©1997 ISLAND RECORDS, INC., A POLYGRAM COMPANY

**See the Orb Live @ House of Blues
Monday July 14**

Get Orblivion @ Tower Records

**Hear the Orb on WTUL 91.5 FM
Techno: Saturday Nights 10pm-Midnight
Ambient: Sunday Nights Midnight-2am**

Portraying Stanley Kowalski, Brando is punk for the times: brutish, wearing torn T-shirts, bulging biceps, bad table manners, utterly uneducated. A fountain of testosterone to make even John Spencer envious. No understatement here, his gritty, realistic performance marked a turning point in cinema. From this triumph in 'A Streetcar Named Desire' Brando moved on to 'The Wild Ones'. His character is hipster/biker Johnnie, chatting about gangs, kicks, chicks. Typical dialogue: *Sheriff*: What are you rebelling against? *Johnnie*: Whatya got? Finally an anthem to make dad sweat. Sure it's tame by today's standards, but it remained banned from England for fifteen years after its release.

Brando lived it off-screen too: the bongo drums, an insolent attitude towards humanity and, so the story goes, towards hygiene as well. Let me explain. Bridget Bardot had the hots for Marlon and snuck into his hotel room disguised as a hotel maid. She was so disgusted by the smelly, rude Brando that she fled the room screaming. You know he must have stunk to make a Frenchwoman turn in horror. Brando also ignored Hollywood's standard of ass-kissing media scribes, ignoring them entirely instead. The results Brando describes: They [the media] make me look like an asshole...I was the boy who scratched his ass and pissed on the rug. Brando may have disliked the label of degenerate, but his audience loved it.

Leave it to Hollywood to reduce, systemize, and package Brando's popularity. The first example which comes to my mind is the James Dean action figure. Today we see him for what he is: a two-bit Brando imitator with the bongos, tattoos, motorbike, etc. 'Rebel Without A Cause' had all the 'rebel' components: youth rejecting norms of the previous generation while building a short-lived, doomed Utopia. Brando saw through Dean's posturing and told him 'Why don't you wear something besides last year's suits?' Dean died young, but the production line simply churned out another model such as the Anthony Perkins and the Vic Morrow. They symbolized the Generation gap by standing up to their fathers and teachers, but ultimately compromising right before the film credits rolled. Afterall, remember it's the '50's. People still believed society was a meritocracy. What was fair and just would prevail. This optimistic faith changed in the '60's, however.

The next decade saw youth abdicate social mores and society altogether. Fuck mom, dad, and society man; legalize drugs instead. The counter culture of the '60's created life-style stars such as Nicholson, Hopper, and Fonda. Once the Vietnam War became unpopular, Jane became the shit. Her portrayal of a hooker in 'Klute' captures the radical reversal of value characteristic of the day. The role of a prostitute, before 'Klute', was pursued by one of two stereotypes: hooker as doomed victim or whore with heart of gold. Fonda rejected both clichés. She portrays call girl Bree Daniel, a woman being stalked by a former john. Instead of being a victim in the film, Daniels is cool and intelligent. Perhaps the best scene in the movie occurs while she is screwing a client. She seems to be in the heat of passion, driven wild with pleasure. Then she peaks at her watch to check the time. No victim or good intentions found here, rather a business transaction with her in charge. The idea that the prostitute was the one in control, manipulating her johns, was revolutionary. None of that 'Pretty Woman' shit.

Protect your copyrights, servicemarks, and trademarks through registration. Copyright protects original works of authorship that are fixed in a tangible form of expression. This includes literary works, musical works, pictorial, graphic, and sculptural works as well as sound recordings and audio visual works. A trademark is either a word, phrase, symbol, design, or combination thereof which identifies and distinguishes the source of the goods or services of one party from those of others. A servicemark is the same as a trademark except that it identifies the source of a service rather than a product. A band name is protected through registering a servicemark.

SHEPARD H. SAMUELS

ENTERTAINMENT & ARTS ATTORNEY

REPRESENTING CLIENTS IN THE MUSIC & ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY

**COPYRIGHT • CONTRACTS • PUBLISHING • LICENSING
INCORPORATION • ROYALTIES • LITERARY • MANAGEMENT
VIDEO • FILM • ART
TRADEMARK & SERVICE MARK REGISTRATION**

813 DUBLIN STREET • NEW ORLEANS, LA 70118

(504) 866-8755

Vox readers bring this ad in and receive a discount of one third off my normal hourly rate of \$75 per hour. That's \$50 per hour for up to two hours of legal service.

This offer is limited to one discount per client and expires August 31, 1997.

This is a selective list I know, but space is limited and I want to see how today's younger *Hollywood* stars measure up to this past. I have in mind movie stars such as Juliette Lewis, Ethan Hawke, Drew Barrymore, Stephen Dorff, Johnny Depp, and Parker Posey. My first impressions of some of them leave me, well, less than inspired. It seems that many embody a fashionable, internalized, and ultimately incomplete nonconformity: passive, vegan, vaguely Buddhist, guitar strumming, goateed, 'include-me-out' consciousness. Drugs, big-sex, crash courses in transcendental meditation, and trashing hotel rooms is the composition of many. The result is often disaffection flowing into jaded cynicism. The best young actors want to be someone else: Johnny Depp want to be Marlon Brando; Christian Slater wants to be Jack Nicholson; Leonardo Di Caprio wants to be Depp; Parker Posey want to be Audrey Hepburn. . . and they all want to be rock stars. The coolest movie maker, for a while anyway, was Quentin Tarantino, a nerd noted mostly for his characters' vapid dialogue.

Supposing there was a desire for subversion among them, none, I think, would be sure what to subvert: bourgeois lifestyle, sexual norms, government policy such as the sadistic one allowing prison chain gangs. But why should we expect otherwise? Drew Barrymore, Chris O'Donnell, and the like are all young, beautiful, fabulously wealthy, and protected by an army of publicists. What should they complain about? Talent agencies have grown powerful, permitting their clients, the movie stars, to command greater money than ever. Add to this an entertainment press at the beckoning of the stars and instances of idiocy are rarely highlighted. It's no surprise that we learned of River Phoenix's wild life after his death when a cover-up became impossible. Isolated from the real world many cross the line between 'rebel' and 'fuck-up': Christian Slater boards a plane carrying a gun; Johnny Depp trashes a hotel room; Drew Barrymore flashes the world during an appearance on David Letterman. Ho hum.

I'm generalizing about a group of individuals: Juliette Lewis and Chris O'Donnell go together about as well as using peanut butter for deodorant. Yummy. Of course throwing together individuals under a single heading has its limits. Many of the actors I mentioned consistently reject big bucks to find more interesting roles in independent films: Johnny Depp in 'Ed Wood'; all of Parker Posey's films; Edward Furlong in 'Little Odessa'. Yet this quality of making a cult of themselves is there among these actor, more prominent in some, less in others notwithstanding. What justifies my attempt at generalization is that by picking out patterns and making them salient, we see a faint reflection of the future norms of good versus bad or cool versus shit. Whether we like it or not movies participate in this process: 'Pulp Fiction' made surf hip; Diane Keaton in 'Annie Hall' made a man's suit suave for female consumption; 'Rambo' made gun and knife shows an event for red-neck society. Sometimes, as in the case of 'Rambo', this ain't so hot. Buy how many people would be interested in Jean Michel Basquiat if not for the movie about him? So what does all of this bode for the future? The reference to Dennis Hopper at the beginning of this article is helpful I believe. Hopper, the social malcontent par excellence—as counter-culture in 'Easy Rider' as terrifying in 'Blue Velvet'—has given up and taken the money and ran with recent films such as 'Super Mario Brothers' and 'Waterworld'. I think even Chris O'Donnell would have turned these movies. ■

TURDUCKEN recordings

"More Fowl Than You'll Ever Be!"

SEVEN INCHES

Magus - 7" 'Cod Liver Oil/Mouthwash'

* It's a little noisy, but it has been known to get your booty movin'.

Tector Gorch - 7" Bury the Hatchet EP

* Two girls, one guy - they will rock you.

Strawberry Presents - 7" three song EP

* features folk from Compulsive Gamblers/Oblivians, Big Ass Moustache, and more. No lack of testosterone here!

Pee Shy and Home - Split 7" "Shazam/Gallup"

* Two great bands formerly from Tampa recorded live at 518 Bordeaux.

The Hong Kong - 7" 'Freerider Pants'/'Trouble Shooter'

* Inspirational Rock for Mars Terraformers.

Indignation - 7" EP

* New Orleans hardcore - 'nuf said.

Live at 518 Bordeaux Cassettes

Tector Gorch, Kasino, Magus, The Ramparts, and Strawberry Presents...

Prices

7 inches, Cassettes - \$ 3.00 each

Send check, money order or well concealed cash to:

Anthony DelRosario

518 Bordeaux Street

New Orleans, LA 70115-1606

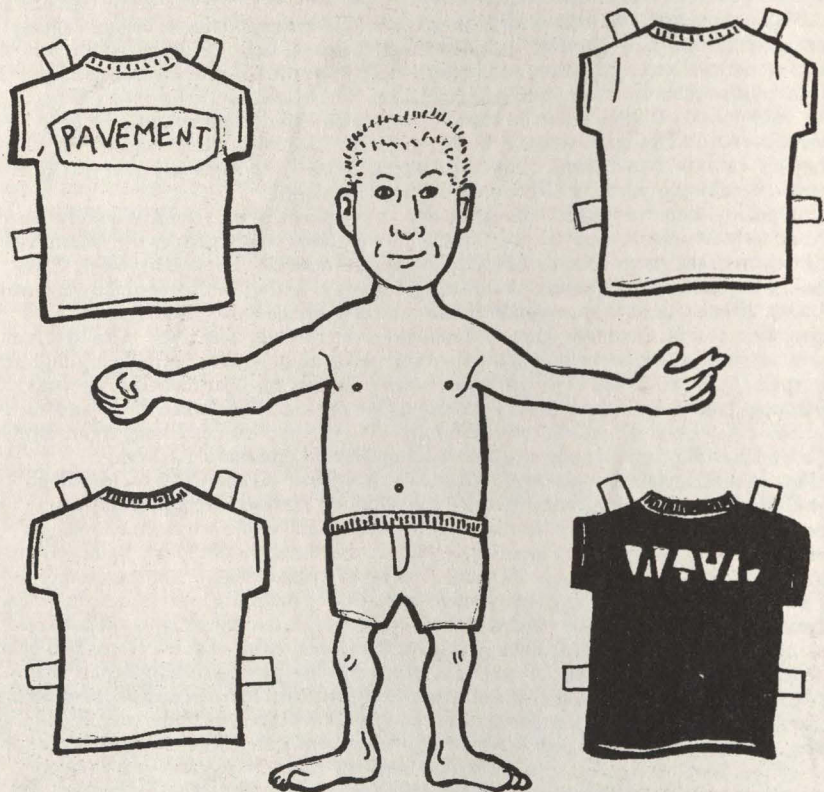
* For orders under five dollars please include \$1 for shipping!

If you have questions call Anthony at (504)895-3494 or toll free at

(888) 895-3494 or email at adelros@mailto.tcs.tulane.edu

Make checks payable to Anthony DelRosario. Thank ya!

Hair - bleach it white so you can color it any color or draw in some long hair for the " I just don't get it but I still think I'm cool " look



T-shirts - always cool , go plain white , or have one with your favorite indy or punk rock band on it , or you could color stripes across it for that vintage " hey I shop at thrift stores/J.Crew " geek boy look

Add-ons - tattoos are all the rage so draw some in , or how about some body piercing or ear rings - the thing to remember here is the more you have the cooler you are

The Indie Rock Paper Dork

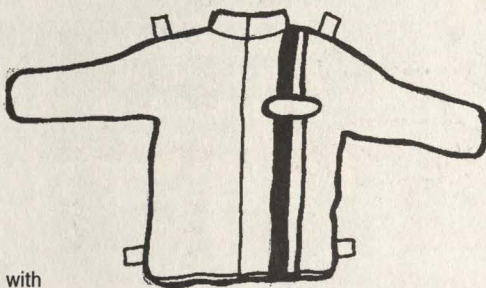
Photocopy these two pages onto some thicker paper.
Cut out the Dork and his clothes.

Add some color.

Dress your dork as seen fit.

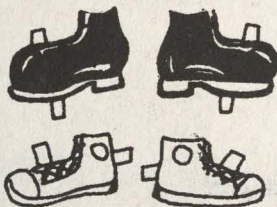
Accessorize. Accessorize. Accessorize.

Drawn by Chip Nawlins.



Wind breaker/Jacket -

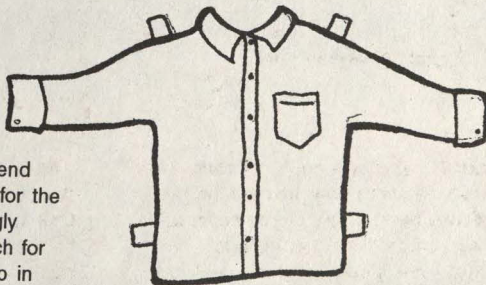
Yes, it's the two racing stripe look with your favorite - gas station / airline / racing logo on it, even though you have no idea what a spark plug looks like



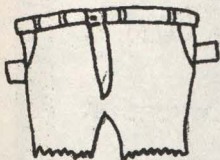
Shoes - only two choices here - Doc's or Allstar's, fashion tip - use your Converse for dress shoes



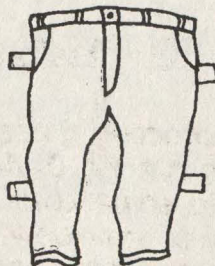
Short sleeve button down - color in puke green for the "I think I'm cool 'cos I have really bad taste in thrift store clothes" look or plain stripes for the "relaxed prep" look



Oxford shirt - I would recommend leaving it plain white or light blue for the true "Prep" look or color in an ugly design for that "I paid way too much for this shirt at some trendy little shop in New York" look

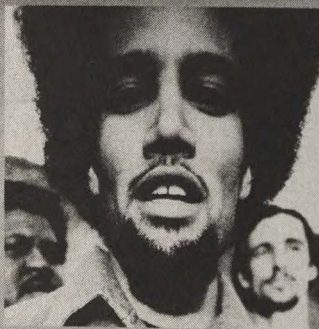


Shorts - gotta go with lite blue for cut off jeans or olive drab for the army surplus look



Pants - color them in blue to use them as jeans or color them in khaki for the "dress/casual" look, you can also try dark blue or gray for the "Dickies" thrift store work pants look

"HARPER, LIKE THE BEST
ARTISTS, BARES THE
TRUTHS THAT STALK US
IN THE BATHROOM
MIRROR COME MORNING
TIME. WAKE UP." *VIBE*



BEN HARPER

THE WILL TO LIVE
featuring "Faded"



ON TOUR

July

- 7 Pontiac MI
- 9 Chicago IL
- 10 Chicago IL
- 11 Madison WI
- 12 Minneapolis MN
- 14 Boulder CO
- 15 Denver CO
- 16 Salt Lake City UT
- 18 Portland OR
- 19 Seattle WA
- 20 Vancouver BC
- 21 Victoria BC
- 24 San Francisco CA
- 25 San Francisco CA
- 26 Sacramento CA
- 28 Santa Ana CA
- 29 Los Angeles CA
- 30 Los Angeles CA

Many more to come;

check local listings.

Dates subject to change

Produced by J.P. Plunier

ADL Keyword: Virgin Records

<http://www.virginrecords.com>

©1997 Virgin Records America, Inc.

Eye

The Vox has not told you folks what to do with yr hair in a while. A few issues back, Art wrote about what hair products to use to keep yr hair in place - Murray's, Royal Crown, Dax, etc. Well, before you can start deciding what hair gunk to put in yr hair, you gotta have the right do to worry about. How do you get the right do? You gotta get the right person to cut yr hair.

If you're going for that short summer/buzz cut, just get one of yr friends to do it or do it yrself. Same thing goes for the punk rock cut. Hippie dreadlock - go do whatever that you don't do to yr hair. And metal cuts - I really don't know where the headbangers go to get their hair trimmed.

As for the indie rock dorks out there, check out yr neighborhood old school barber shop. Here are three of them that Flip has checked out this year:

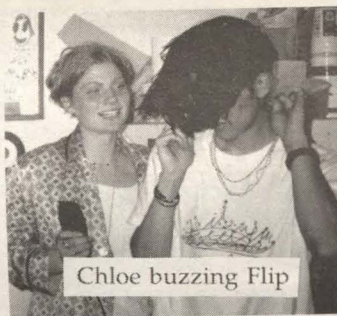
(Before I get to the reviews of the barber shops, let me say that I hadn't paid for a haircut since at least 1991. I usually got some friend or my mom or dad to cut my hair for free. A couple of times I got my haircut at parties at my house by someone that was a bit buzzed.)

Tulane Barber Shop
basement level of University Center

I have walked by the barber shop a couple of times a week for the past four years or so. I always thought about getting a haircut there but never did until this year. Once one of the Jens of WTUL (Kain or Carr, I forget which) cut my hair in the basement of the UC but not at the barber shop - in the WTUL office. Anyway, the day before I left to go to this year's Kentucky Derby I went to get my haircut by the Tulane barbers. I considered having the younger of the two, Pete, cut my hair, but I opted for the elder, Tom.

I interrogated Tom about himself and the barber shop. He has been in the Univeristy Center, in the same place, since it opened in 1959. When he first started working, haircuts were \$1.50. Now they start at \$10 (\$11 for flat tops). I asked him if he ever had any famous people come in for a haircut. He couldn't think of anyone exceptionally famous.

In front of one of the mirrors, I noticed a framed photo of a race horse. I asked him about it since I was heading to Louisville the next day. The horse in the photo belonged to Angus Lind, the guy that rights for the Times-Pic in the Living section. I told Tom that I was heading to Louisville for the Derby, and he told me to keep the money that I was going to use to pay for the haircut and to place a bet for him. He even gave me a few more dollars for some other bets. The horses that Tom bet on didn't come in. I bet



Chloe buzzing Flip



Tom cutting Tom's hair

on some of the same as his picks but also bet \$5 on Silver Charm to Win and to Place based on a suggestion from an ex-WTUL DJ and horse race follower.

Luke's Tonsorial Parlor
4332 Magazine (between Casamento's and the Club at Napoleon)

This is another place that I have always seen and wanted to check out. I went in here a couple of days before I went to the Tulane Barber Shop. Why did I go to two barber shops in one week? Let me finish the story.

Luke's is old school - rotating red white and blue pole outside and everything. I walked in and Luke is sitting down watching daytime soaps or something. I assume it was Luke. He was the only guy in the place and looked to be in his fifties or sixties. There were all kinds of Italian things on the walls. The one thing that I really remember is an F. Christiana calendar. I sat down in a chair to get prepped for a cut. First I wanted him to shave the under part of my hair. I looked at the clippers that he had and tried to tell him what length I wanted it. He freaked out about something and told me to go some where else and pay twenty dollars for a haircut. Maybe I disturbed his afternoon of soap operas and talk shows. I was just trying to make sure he wasn't going to shave my hair too short. What a freak!

Don't go to Luke's Tonsorial Parlor. Luke is a dick. Too bad - the place had some much potential of being cool.

Eddie's Midget Barber Shop
Lafayette Street on the West Bank

This place I stumbled upon one afternoon last year with Andy Bizer. We were checking out the West Bank, driving around looking at things. We decided to go down Lafayette for some reason. A couple of blocks later we passed this tiny building with a sign that says Eddie's Midget Barber Shop. What the Hell?! We had to stop. We walk up to the door. It was locked, but we knocked anyway. Eddie came to the door. He is short but not a true midget. We asked him if he wanted to be interviewed. He shut the door on our faces. Oh well. We eventually found Johnny's Poor Boys (where even their mistakes are edible) and had lunch.

This past Valentine's Day I went back there with Crazy Brian (sometimes known as Mr. Live Dog) from WUTK Knoxville. Keep in mind this is day nine of an eleven day hedonistic binge during Mardi Gras and the Gavin convention. Brian has some fascination with

midgets. I suggested that we go to Eddie's and get fresh cuts for Valentine's Day (the ladies will love that).

This time around we actually wanted hair cuts, so he let us in. We wanted to interview him also so we hid the Fisher-Price tape recorder under a jacket. Inside was fairly sparse - a few waiting chairs, one barber chair, a small bathroom, and a dorm refrigerator. Brian went first. He wanted the total buzz, down to the skull. As he was getting his cut, I looked around the place. On one counter there was a photo of a boxer. That photo was Eddie from 1943 or something and on the frame was "Lightweight Boxing Champion of Britian." Holy Cow! Eddie was a boxing champ in the Forties in Britian! He has been a barber for over thirty years, trading in the gloves for scissors. I asked him if any famous people had ever come in. Nope.

I was second to get into the barber chair, which did not have to be raised since Eddie was so short. While I was seated there, I asked him about shaves and why barbers can't give shaves anymore. he told us that since straight razors remove the first layer of skin there was too much of a chance to cause blood flow. And, of course, you don't know who has the AIDS these days. Also, he told us that ever since those long-haired hippies came around there is less of a need for barbers.

While Eddie was trimming my hair, we heard a bus pull up outside and honk. Eddie stopped what he was doing, walked over to the dorm fridge, pulled out a plastic grocery bag, and went out the bus. He came right back inside without the bag. What the hell? Was that some kind of drug deal? Nope. Eddie sells farm fresh eggs from the barber shop. He raises chickens, ducks, and goats - even the crazy Asian chickens that lay blue eggs - on his land. For one dollar, you can get a dozen farm fresh eggs - white or brown. Wow!

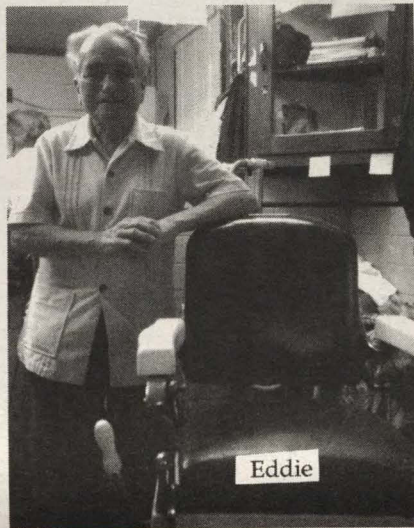
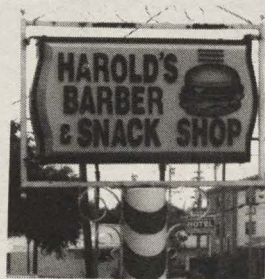
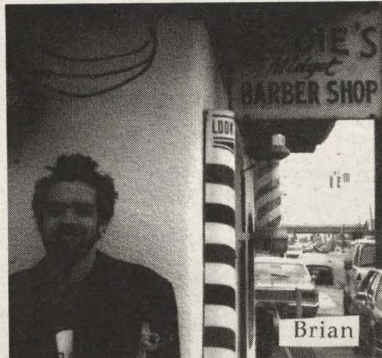
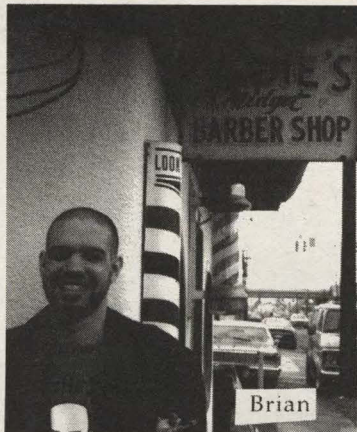
We also learned that Eddie enjoys going dancing at some places in Gretna. One was called the Junkyard and another I could not make out while listening to the interview tape. There were several photos of him with the ladies.

The price of a haircut was \$8. I bought a dozen brown eggs and gave Eddie a ten spot. Definitely worth the trip to the West Bank for a haircut and eggs. We got quite a bit more than we expected. Go see Eddie, he'll do ya right!

Other places that look cool but have yet to try:
The place on Oak near Carrollton next to Kinko's and a shoe repair place.

The place on Lyons near Prytania kind of behind Zara's Lil Supermarket.

A place on the West Bank on Baratara Blvd. just before the mall if heading south from the West Bank Expressway.



The place on Carrollton next to the framing place at Sycamore.

The place in Schwegman's on Airline Highway.

The barber shop/sandwich shop on Freret near Washington or Jackson. (before the Chicken Mart if heading toward downtown on Freret)

Any place where the building is painted with large horizontal red and white stripes. (a couple of places on Broad and one on Banks near Mona's)

YO, SHOUT OUTS TO TRENT

By Andy Bizer

abizer@mailhost.tcs.tulane.edu

Last summer I wrote an article in the Vox entitled, "Trent, Go the Fuck Home." The gist of the article was that it was cool with me if Trent Reznor wanted to chill out in New Orleans and keep a low profile, but what irked me was the fact that he has appeared on the covers of various magazines and used his New Orleans residency to boost his image without giving anything in return. Trent is a bona-fide rock star who could do a lot for the local music scene and does nothing for the city but brag about living here. I suggested that he either play surprise gigs at real New Orleans clubs (sorry HOB) with local acts as openers or at least show up to see some bands play and maybe they'd get some exposure from his presence alone.

Amazingly enough, about two months after the article was published, the Nine Inch Nails played a surprise show at Jimmy's with local bands opening. That made me very happy. I'm not claiming to be the impetus for this show, but I was glad to see some progress and thought that maybe Trent was an okay guy after all.

So I was shocked to read in the March 6 issue of Rolling Stone magazine (read the last five lines of the clip). Is he talking about the Vox? I don't believe that anyone associated with this publication would attempt to deny that we are a "snotty-nosed college magazine." I think that is a proper assessment and if he is referring to my article, I think it is really cool that he did so in a magazine as huge as Rolling Stone. My only gripe is that he failed to name the Vox specifically or use my name. How cool would it be to show my buddies an article in fucking Rolling Stone of all places where Trent Reznor calls me an asshole! I'd have enough punk points to last a lifetime! Oh well, that's the end of all the bitching I'm gonna do about Trent. I don't want to become Anne Rice to his Al Copeland.

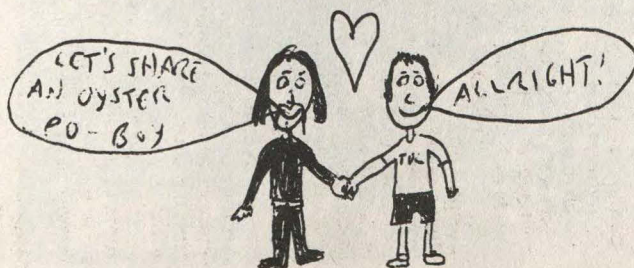
If he was talking about some other snotty-nosed college magazine, I guess I was being too presumptuous. I think it was cool of him to play a surprise show at a local venue with local supporting acts. I guess it would be too much to ask that he do something like that more often, or to use my full name, Andrew David Bizer, if he's going to insult me in Rolling Stone magazine.

REZNOR

[Cont. from 44] down and talked with me for an hour, and we had this kind of drunken mind meld. I said: "I'll tell you what I'm going through now. We went from being underground-elite darlings to the point where we're getting shit on by those same people because now we sell records. And I know you guys have gone through the same thing." Bono says: "Fuck those people. That's like saying, 'You're cool enough to listen to my music, but you - you grew up in Wisconsin; you're not cool enough to listen to it.' That's a kind of fascism." He goes, "You do what you believe you have to do. That's what we've always done. You believe in yourself and don't worry about the people who don't like it because it's not the right fashion statement that they're trying to adhere to."

Now U2's not my favorite band, but I do respect them, and in the same way I respect Bowie: They change without fear of change. I left that night thinking, "He's right. Why am I concerned about some snotty-nosed college magazine that thinks I'm not cool because people liked the record and bought it?" After that, I got over that whole thing.

FROM MAR 6 1997
ROLLING STONE



SUGARBUZZ !

by: gina reichert

saturday, may 24th: the day there was too much **chocolate**.
first dessert experience review:

location

The Hyatt Hotel, Top Of The Dome
500 Poydras Plaza

hours

Nightly 'til Midnight

prices

Chocholic Bar..... \$6.50

Milk..... \$1.50

3 Sugarcubes

rating

(out of 5 sugarcubes, 5 being the highest.

rated for quality & value)

i never imagined, i mean it never even crossed my mind, that someday i might have all the **chocolate**... more chocolate than i could handle. i've had major halloween **chocolate** scores and at least 2 easter baskets w/ hollow **chocolate** bunnies (thanks grandma) every year since i've had teeth and all of this has only fed my desire for more and more **chocolate**. so when i heard rumors about an "all-you-can-eat **chocolate** bar" here in town my taste buds peaked.

i had been anticipating the event for months. it was too good to believe that such a wonderland could exist. but it is all too true.

what i now know as the *chocholic bar*, marked in neon lights in all its glory, sits on the top floor of the Hyatt Hotel, Top of the Dome. although the smell of steak hangs heavily in the air, we came for the **chocolate**. and **chocolate** there was... a variety of **chocolate** cakes and pies, **chocolate** tart shells with **chocolate** mousse, and a variety of filled **chocolate** balls.



more **chocolate** than I could comfortably handle.
so here i offer some strategies for higher quality, and quantity, **chocolate** consumption:

1. eat something before you go. massive **chocolate** consumption on an empty stomach hurts.
2. drink plenty of fluids (i recommend a tall cold glass of milk with a water on the side.)
3. it is best to gradually build up your **chocolate** tolerance. prepare yourself by eating and/or drinking **chocolate** at an increasing rate prior to your visit to the **chocolate** bar.
4. take your time. the bar may seem small at first glance but its density makes up for the size.
5. target your choices. i was unable to eat an entire piece of each dessert, however, if you go with someone else you can always share!
6. skip the hershey's kisses. you're not paying \$6.50 for store-bought **chocolate** trash, unless you have a pocket or bag to put them in.
7. bring a pocket or bag to put those small, filled **chocolate** balls & Hershey's kisses in.
8. sit in a booth. the tall tables and stools by the glass wall are tempting b/c of the rotating view but once the **chocolate** starts flowing and your body feels the need to recline the booths are irresistible.
9. walk it off afterwards. you'll be glad you did.



i thought that i was ready for the all-you -can-eat **chocolate** experience. i was wrong. after i left there i didn't think i would eat a piece of **chocolate** ever again. i couldn't even joke about it without holding my stomach and doubling over in pain. but the next night i was good as new and thinking about picking up a pint of **chocolate** ice cream from the store because frankly there were more than a few things that the **chocolate** bar was lacking. things that would help the chocolate go down a little smoother and the taste a bit sweeter. my dream **chocolate** buffet would include ice cream and fondue, **chocolate** dipped strawberries, **chocolate** covered pretzels, almonds and raisins.... the variety would shed a whole new light on the experience. The Hyatt's *chocoholic bar* is a must for even the casual **chocolate** connoisseur. so go! once anyway. i know that i won't be going back for more anytime soon but i did gain an entirely new appreciation for **chocolate** and its role in my daily life. thank you.

Pussy Pop And Why I Hate It

by Babrock

I like pop music. Whenever I am asked what kind of music I like, one of the first things I answer with is pop music. I do the world music show and a lot of that is as dissimilar to pop music as possible, as it is almost limitless in sound, structure, length, pace, mood, instrumentation, etc.. Pop music is, almost by definition, limited to being short, upbeat, and catchy.

I am not an elitist who scoffs at pop music and says that it has all been done before or worse done to death. No one says that painting has been done to death just because it is limited to a flat surface and bounded by a frame.

The Beatles single-handedly brought enough into pop music that volumes have been written about it. The Stones brought a blackness, CCR brought a working class pathos and that propulsiveness, Dylan and the Byrds brought folk influences, and the Supremes brought female soulful street corner harmonies. Musicians still manage to bring new elements into pop music. Husker Du brought that melodic dissonance, and Sonic Youth brought more thick layers of powerful noise than possibly anyone previously. Also they will come up with a new take on something that has been done before. REM had a new take on the Byrds and the Velvets. Bevis Frond had a new take on what Hendrix was doing. And currently Stereolab, Yo La Tengo and Pavement occasionally bring in an updated version of some aspect of the Velvets, and the Apples and Olivia Tremor Control are updating 60s garage rock.

I could go on but I am not trying to provide an exhaustive list of everyone's input into pop music but simply to make the points that I like pop and that enough can be and has been brought into it to allow it to continue to be enjoyable and interesting

Besides all those bands, there are also plenty of others whose input is less than overwhelming. There was a band called the Archies, for instance, who had a hit called "Sugar Sugar" - an unpretentious and catchy number that was also completely disposable and forgettable. Currently there is a huge wave of pop acts that play songs that make "Sugar Sugar" sound in comparison as serious and somber as Leonard Cohen or the Cure, as progressive and meaty as the Beatles or King Crimson, and as lyrically profound as Bob Dylan or Dylan Thomas. They make Menudo and the Osmonds sound thoughtful and mature in comparison, Poison and Warrant sound subtle and significant, and come close to making the theme to the Jeffersons sound pleasantly listenable.

I call this huge wave pussy pop and it can be described in a word as cute - cloying cuteness at such heights that it is impossible to overlook or ignore and also to the exclusion of everything else that might possibly detract from its cuteness.

Pussy pop bands are cute. People will come from hearing one perform live and instead of saying "They kicked ass" or "They rocked" or "I laughed" or "I cried" or "It was beautiful" or "sad" or "awesome" will instead say "Oh, the drummer was so cute" or simply "They were all so cute."

Pussy pop bands all have cute girl vocalists because that is cute. They all play short pop songs- longer would not be cuter and I suppose that similar to hardcore songs, they figure that they cannot sustain that intensity of cuteness too long. And pop is catchy and accessible- which is cute. It all seems to be indie rock- which is cute, and lo fi- which is also cute. And any extra embellishments added to the production would detract from the central cuteness of it all. They are never heavy or hard. Lighter, fluffier and softer is cuter. Except in a very limited way they are not even particularly sexy as that would call for real passion sweat and grit- none of which is cute. And to the extent that the songs are about everything they seem to be about innocuously trite cute things like their favorite food- chocolate, their favorite locale- Osaka, their favorite pet- kitty, or their cute underage boyfriend. Puppy love is undeniably cute.

Many pussy pop acts are Japanese. Which follows as Japanese culture, I understand, is really into cute, such that the expression "hyper cute" is commonly used to describe things. Prints with a Winnie the Pooh pattern are hypercute. And there is nothing cuter than a Japanese girl all giggling over her own shyness except maybe 3-5 of them all in matching Kimonoes with Winnie the Pooh patterns. More than 5 would not be cuter. In fact 5 is approaching too many as all 5 of them together could possibly kick my ass and being threatening is not cute.

An aside from all this that they all have names that are easy to make fun of. Pizzaria 5 is of Japanese variety as is Schlong And Knife. Fraidy Pee is from Fla.. Tushcadero get their name from a Happy Days reference-again cute. And C*nt I know mostly for covering Motorhead's "Killed By Death"- a song frighteningly fearsome originally, but covered by C*nt, it sounds- as does a lot of pussy pop - like that cat food commercial jingle- the one that goes "Meow, meow, meow, meow...." I find that particularly disturbing; like hearing a song one particularly likes done as muzak at the grocery store. Andy says I should include Papas Fritas, who have always struck me as overly precious rather than cute, Precious is perilously close to cute though and their newest hit sounds like something the Brady Bunch sang in one of their movies. And the Cardigans would definitely qualify if it were just a matter of being completely innocuous wussies, but the one song they do that comes to mind involves them crooning which is not particularly cute nor is the song even pop. As I do not like or want to know any of them, I think it is understandable that I cannot bring any others to mind, but I think that there are at least a dozen others actually as quite often when I turn on the radio, all I hear is an intermitable parade of these bands sounding like an endless cute fest.

I do not mean to sound like the grinch here, hating all that is cute. I rather like panda bears and koala bears and bunny rabbits. I definitely like cute girls. And cute in a song is OK so long as there is something else to go with it, but in the relentless pursuit of more and more cuteness piled thicker and thicker pussy pop sacrifices more and more of everything else, such that it does not even pretend to have any meat, body, substance, or any flavor other than sweet.

Sugar is fine as an ingredient in a desert but a little goes a long way. One spoonful by itself is too much and an entire bowl would make anyone sick. Pussy pop being cute to the exclusion of everything else is sugar without the coffee, icing without the cupcake, meringue without the lemon pie, frosting without the flakes and candy coated chocolate without the chocolate. I can somewhat understand how other DJ's might play it as in a continuing search for something more and more new and interesting we will play stuff more and more bizarre. If I heard a recording of animals' farting I would not be too surprised. And there is some novelty to pussy pop. Like some goofball eating spoon after spoon of sugar saying "Hey look at me eating sugar" And we DJ's can be real suckers for various cheap tricks that allow us to quickly get a handle on something, even if it is just a novelty that one thinks is funny, clever, or cute. Note all the TV theme songs we play and the joke cover songs of songs that sucked to begin with.

It is unfathomable though to me how anyone could actually enjoy listening to any of it. On the rare occasions that I get a request for any of it I invariable groan over my options of either playing it or having to say "no". This option usually involves me trying to quickly explain why I think it sucks and an argument follows. I would like to reach through the phone and try to slap some sense into them. That grown men would actually want to listen to it, bewilders and distresses me.

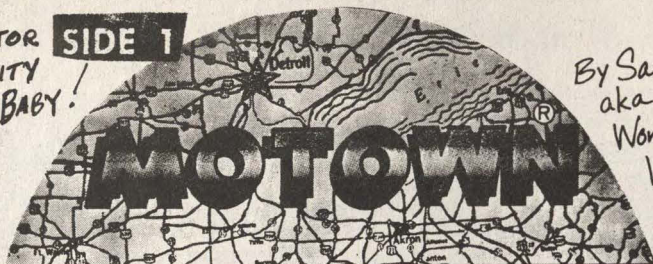
It is a matter of preference and perspective I suppose. I have heard the charge of unvarying one dimensionality levied against bluegrass, hardcore, and even the entire genre of rock & roll. For me though there is enough within those genres to often enjoy them quite a lot; if not always like a complete meal then at least something tasty.

It is not that I expect every pop song to have the depth and breadth or the diversity of structure, mood, length, etc. that can be found in world music say, as the charm of pop music is in its simplicity and lack of pretension, and I know that bitching excessively about pussy pop being trite is redundantly stating the obvious but I like there to be something more to the music I listen to than an empty saccharin candy shell and with pussy pop that is all I hear.

The World Show is every Tuesday from 10 PM until Midnight
Hosted by Babrock

MOTOR
CITY
BABY!

SIDE 1



By Sara
aka
Wonder
Woman!

I'm Just a Stubborn Kind of Fella - Hitchhike - Superstitious!

In the second grade I inherited my dad's portable tape recorder and I began to spend hours upon hours listening to the products of Motown. At this time I became a bonified Michael Jackson fan. Yes, I loved Michael. I even owned a replica rhinestone glove and studded "Thriller" jacket. Stylish, n'est pas? My friends and I would hang out at recess listening to the Thriller album on my newly acquired Hi-Fi device. The bus filled with the sounds of "Billy Jean" as we danced to the greatest singer of all time (so I thought at the time... I was 8). Michael Jackson is a product of one of the greatest independent labels in the world, Motown Records, which during the fifties through seventies could be found in my neck of the woods, Detroit, Michigan.

Of course my exposure to Motown began long before my Michael Jackson phase. My mother, a suburban Detroit, grew up with the sounds of Motown and is still known on occasion to sing along with the hits produced by Berry Gordy Jr. and crew. Now my lineage dictated that I be born with the Motown-boogie, and I am never happier than when I am able to groove to the GAYE. Motown has produced so many incredible acts- The Supremes, The Vandellas, The Temptations, The Jackson 5, The Four Tops, Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder...the list goes on and on. One hot summer day, my best friend Catharine and I decided to take our sisters to the origins of the Motown musical legacy, 2648 Grand River Boulevard, Hitsville USA.

Located in the heart of downtown Detroit, Studio A is nestled between a funeral home and a row of two story houses that at one time comprised the entire record label. Today the building housing Studio A has been converted into a museum honoring the legacy that is Motown. After searching unsuccessfully for parking we finally decided on a bank lot down the street and made our way to the freshly painted blue and white building. The museum naturally has a minimal fee for entry, but rest assured, it is worth it.

Upon admission, we were led to the second floor of the museum where several displays are set up that explain the inception of Motown. Berry Gordy Jr. started out in the music industry as a composer of songs for such performers as Etta James and the Beatles. Ironically, while his songs were becoming hits, he was still working on the Ford assembly lines. In 1959, after urging from one of his clients, Smokey Robinson, he borrowed \$700 from his sister to found his own record label and insure that his music would net him profit.

Gordy contracted the word Motortown into Motown and plucked some of the local youth from the Detroit Public School system to work for him as session musicians and arrangers. Gordy is credited as having discovered Diana Ross and the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, The Four Tops, and Steveland Morris (Stevie Wonder). Marvin Gaye actually started out as a session drummer! Gordy also polished his performers' stage presence. Consultants were brought in to teach social grace and choreography. Hot damn, these performers could dance! At the museum we viewed footage of Marvin Gaye, The Four Tops, The Jackson Five and The Supremes. The Supremes' pink sequined dresses and the Tops' green sequined suits are



also on display. The real highlight for me was viewing Michael Jackson's actual Austrian Crystal glove! I was so close my heart skipped a beat and I became an 8 year old again. (The glove was stolen a few years ago from the museum and later returned, but that is a story for another time and place.)

The next section of the museum is a re-creation of Berry Gordy's apartment during the early years. It is a teeny tiny one bedroom apartment that served as the packaging section of Motown. A table displays some 45's being readied for shipping. It reminded me of Simple Machines and their home record operation. Downstairs is the reception desk and the famous Studio A. There we saw the production room where musical innovations such as hooking the electric guitar into the control board to stop feedback were discovered. Catharine and I, pretended to be Mary Wilson and Florence Ballard, and stood exactly where the Supremes recorded. It was a magical experience. That ended the Motown tour. Of course there is a gift shop where we got our T-Shirts and we made our sisters take our photos out front. Motown left Detroit for Los Angeles in the seventies and Gordy sold the record label in 1988 for \$61 million dollars. Its memory in Detroit however, will live forever.

SIDE 2

"TALKING BOOK"
STEVIE WONDER



© 1972 MOTOWN RECORD CORPORATION

THE TEMPTATIONS



Name Me.

Send submissions to:

Jackie Denise Ray
8 St. Mary's St. Apt. 9
Raleigh, NC 27605

OH YES...there is a prize!

MARIPOSA



VINTAGE

CLOTHES

2038 Magazine St

523-3037

Bring this ad in for a 20% discount!
Tell them that you saw it in the Vox!

Storytime

I only stayed over at that house one night, and refused to ever again. It was the house of my friend Stoney's neighbor, Tracy Something-or-other. Stoney's mom would often go out to Lillian's Music Factory, a bar in downtown Gainesville. Mostly middle aged singles, I've only seen the place packed once. And only once did I ever see anything memorable there: it was a keyboard/guitar, female/male duo. They were wearing sequins and were dancing. They began playing what I thought was a cover of the Queen/David Bowie song "Pressure," but since it was during the height of Vanilla Ice's stardom, it was in fact a middle aged, sequined, male/female cover of "Ice Ice Baby" I stayed for the entire performance watching from the side walk, that was the longest I ever stood anywhere near Lillian's Music Factory.

On the nights that Stoney's mom would venture out, at least three nights a week, Stoney and his brother Ben would either stay at their dad's or at Tracy's. Her house was behind Stoney's on the other side of a dirt road that walled his back yard. Directly behind Stoney's house was Tracy's family's field and there house was to the left of it when facing the dirt road while standing in Stoney's backyard.

I stayed at Stoney's fairly often, or he stayed with me. His house was usually more fun. There was less supervision and his mom would bring home dry ice from the lab where she worked. Sometimes we put it in an urn and it would be the ninjas brew. Another time we filled the sink with water and soap suds and the dry ice would make it bubble up. And sometimes we just put it in a big bowl with Coke. We would let it freeze the coke and we would chip off the frozen coke and eat it, it was much faster than putting coke in the freezer.

One time when a hurricane was on its way we went to a store that sold chips and candy and cokes and had a big walk in freezer with meat and ice cream. After we went to the store we went back to Stoney's house where we helped tape up the windows and then put on lab coats and crawled around in a giant tube that his mom had brought home from the lab. Stoney had bee-bee guns and real swords. And he always had two albino rats that would shit everywhere and always had tumors. The rats were often different from month to month.

Tracy lived in a strange household. In the center of her field was a large round pool next to a platform that I would guess was at least forty feet high. It was the kind of platform that animals jump off in the circus and land in a pool of water. They had a donkey that would do that. A diving donkey. To get it to dive they would shock it with a cattle prod. One time Tracy took the cattle prod and shocked Ben. Ben did not dive. In front of Tracy's house there was a large cage where they kept their monkey. I never got very close and Stoney told me to never look at it in the eyes. I think it escaped once or twice.

Stoney liked to scare me. Maybe because he liked to scare people. Maybe because he was too scared and wanted someone to share in his fears. Or maybe it was because I was easy to scare. The night that I was forced to stay at Tracy's house Stoney had told me some weird ghost stories about his house. It had something to do with a Barbie doll and seeing a girl float across his backyard. I think that he even threw in the bomb shelter that was in his backyard, I never actually went down into the bomb shelter.

I had no idea that Stoney's mom went to Lillian's so often. But Stoney seemed to think that it was no big deal. But he said that we couldn't stay home alone. I thought that we would just go back over to his house that night when his mom got home. But Stoney said that it would be too late for us to go back. I don't think that his mom planned on returning.

We went over to Tracy's as it got dark. Her and her mother looked just alike. They had dark brown hair and it was cut in that little Dutch boy cut that encircles a persons head in a weird hair dome. I had a haircut like it when I was three or four. Her house was uncomfortable and foreign. We watched TV and around nine o'clock Tracy's mother told her that it was time to go to bed. Tracy told us that it was time for us to go to sleep also. She was very bossy. Stoney turned off the TV and Tracy left us, Stoney, Ben, and I, to go to sleep. It was much too early for Stoney and I to go to bed. We waited about five minutes and turned the TV back on. It must have been louder than we thought, or the house was smaller than we thought. Whatever the reason Tracy heard the TV and stormed into the room. She told us to go to bed and proceeded to yell for her mom. We turned off the TV.

The next morning was Saturday and we were supposed to wait for Stoney's mom to call before we went back to his house. I was ready to leave Tracy's as soon as we woke up. The brown and orange carpet was uncomfortable. And everyone else was asleep and I was afraid that soon Tracy would wake up and it would only be me and her awake.

Stoney woke up next. It was Saturday morning so we turned on cartoons. I'm sure it was some action cartoon that Stoney and I wanted to watch. We watched it for about twenty minutes when Tracy stumbled in to the room in her pajamas. She walked straight to the TV and changed it to the Smurfs. I'm pretty sure she changed it just to make us mad. Stoney and I felt that since we were the guests we should get to watch whatever we wanted, that is at least what our parents had always told us. Apparently her parents did not follow the same philosophy. During the commercials Stoney would change the channel to what we wanted to watch and would attempt to leave it there, Tracy would not have that. Her mother finally came in to the room and said that we had to watch whatever Tracy wanted to watch. Stoney thought we should go ahead and go back to his house, but I was too concerned about the instructions that Stoney's mom had given us (not to come home until she called). And Tracy refused to let us leave.

We eventually escaped. My mom did not like me staying at Stoney's anymore, she was concerned that we would be left alone.

A few months later Stoney had a story to tell about Tracy. Stoney's mom had again gone to Lillian's Music Factory, she still goes there a few times a week. And Stoney and Ben were shipped off to Tracy's house again. This time they had a bed to sleep in. I think that it might have been a couch that folded out into a bed. Stoney and Ben had gone to sleep with little trouble. But around two in the morning Stoney felt a pressure on his lower stomach and heard Ben, who had been sleeping next to him, telling him to wake up. Stoney opened his eyes and there straddling his stomach was Tracy naked with a knife, a pocket knife or butter knife or steak knife (it was not a very big knife). He closed his eyes. I guess he hoped it was a bad dream. Then he heard Tracy's voice, "Look at me," she was always very bossy, "Look at me, or I'll cut you!" she didn't yell, but her broken whisper was enough to emit urgency.

Ben was crying "Look Stoney, look!" Ben was not as quiet.

"No" Stoney was braver than I would have been.

"Look at me." I'm still not sure how many times she said it, but Stoney claims he never opened his eyes. And eventually she left and Ben stopped crying. I think that this was around the same time that Stoney's mom decided that it was OK for her to go out late and leave Stoney and Ben by themselves.

Jake Springfield

CAT emPOWERed

By Igor Siddiqui

Listening to Cat Power's records is a fine rock experience. Her latest record, *What Would the Community Think?*, is a collection of refined ballads rendered in powerful yet modest vocals, skillful guitar and instrumentalization by the accompanying band which includes Steve Shelley.

Seeing Cat Power live is different from listening to the records. Seeing Cat Power live is watching Chan Marshall play the role of the whole band, playing with the expectations predetermined by the audience. With her shift in media, jumping from the scale of the recording to the scale of the live performance, Chan makes explicit the discrepancy between the two and disrupts the expected smooth transition. This arguably happens with every live act, but what is in this case different are the ways in which both the audience's expectations from the performer and the mentioned discrepancies as normalized and as such made invisible, are disrupted. If I compare most shows I have seen recently to the recordings made by the same musicians, the most discrepancy I ever witness has to do with time. Three minute pop songs, for example, become ten minute prog rock jams on the one hand, or slow dance hymns become one-minute ditties on the other. I am not suggesting that there are no examples of bands who are more critical of and creative with this shift, but I am extremely impressed by the way in which Cat Power manages to do it so intelligently.

Seeing Cat Power live at the Mermaid Lounge was a fine experience. Equipped with only an electric guitar and her voice, she delivered what appeared to be the biggest disappointment to the usual New Orleans indie rock crowd. The event reminded me of the first time I saw Cat Power, in a line-up opening for Guided by Voices, over a year ago. I found her vocals overdone, and unfamiliar with her records, did not realize the extent to which she was successful at using the few tools she had available on and around the stage.

Standing in front of the audience, this time in New Orleans, Chan started playing her guitar, whispering and whistling, blurring the line between the sound check and "the performance." Faced by the unsophisticated crowd of indie rock dorks with short attention spans, her singing was no louder than their inconsiderate chats. She was performing for a crowd that is used to being disciplined by the authority of rock, the performances that tell

you to shut up and listen, applaud when they finish each song and only move as they move. Which she could have done as well. Her voice could have numbed the crowd's, her guitar could have justified all the indie rock ear plugs. And there were moments when she did. For the most part, however, she chose to reveal the reality of the space, employing her own performance as a mirror image of the crowd before her. Each time her voice died out softly, the audience could hear their own confused, frustrated voices, having been denied the authoritative show they had expected. Chan's music could have arguably used some silence and attention, but even with the given circumstances, it became rich, textured by the voices and freed from indie rock convention. In her giving up of total control over the event she, ironically, gained the ability to control.

Cruising through her set of both original songs and covers, she was moving through segues more smoothly than any college radio d.j. I have recently heard. Her intimacy with the music left no breaks for obligatory claps. She covered the very songs indie rock dorks claim to be their anthems, yet, as she stripped them out of their hooks and gimmickry, they could hardly recognize them, delicate and beautiful, processed through her own work. In the end, when she anti-climactically read the paper and had a monologue in front of nobody in particular, really, she made obvious the reciprocal relationship between her and the crowd. If we couldn't care enough to pay attention, why should she care that we are there?

In the long run for her, her performances will count as experience, moments of time in which what she was doing was affirmative, disrupting people's expectations even if they are superficially read as disappointments. One of the points of independent music is the fluidity of expectations, and measures of success that are different from those in commercial music. The problem that I see happening is obvious. Indie rock is getting captured as a style, its sounds becoming normalized through the ever changing mainstream industry, and what should be a variety of approaches to both recording and live performance is getting captured by expectations of smooth transparency. In all her simplicity, Cat Power's performance reminded me of the tremendous potential of independent music as a space of affirmation. □

You can listen to Igor's show *My Space* Tuesdays from 10 am to 1 pm. Sometimes he is in control of his show, but most of the time he's not. □



SUMMER SPECIAL

KEVIN'S AUTOMOTIVE

217 Brooklyn Avenue • Jefferson, LA 70121 • 831-3771

Oil & Filter Change
(Most Cars)
With Tire Rotation
Brake Inspection
& Safety Check

\$24.⁹⁵

With This Coupon • Expires 6-30-97

Air Condition Tune-Up
Includes:

- Check For Leaks
- Cleaning Condenser
- Check Belt Tension

\$39.⁹⁵

Plus Freon

With This Coupon • Expires 6-30-97

SUMMERIZE

\$29.⁹⁵

With
This
Coupon

Expires
6-30-97

Flush Cooling System • Includes 1 Gallon of Engine Coolant
Inspect Belts & Hoses
Pressure Test System Check For Leaks

WTUL/The Vox
Tulane University Center
New Orleans, LA 70118-5555

adelros@mailhost.tcs.tulane.edu
(504) 865-5887 ph (504) 862-3072 fx

7559

12 PIECES



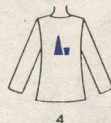
1



2



3



4

GIRLS' PULLOVER TOPS (Sized for stretch knits only): Top-stitched V. 1 & 2 have short raglan sleeves and round neckline. V. 1 has turn back cuffs. Top-stitched V. 3 & 4 have "V" neckline and set-in sleeves. V. 3 with short sleeves has contrasting collar. V. 4 has long sleeves.

Extra fabric needed to match plaids, stripes, one-way designs. Use nap yardage and nap layout, for one-way design fabrics. Not suitable for obvious diagonal fabrics. Pattern sized for stretch knits only. Not suitable for bonded knits.

STANDARD BODY MEASUREMENTS

Bust	26	27	28½	30	32	Ins.
Waist	23	23½	24½	25½	26½	"
Hip	27	28	30	32	34	"
Back—neck to waist	11½	12	12¾	13½	14¼	"

Sizes	7	8	10	12	14	
-------	---	---	----	----	----	--

View 1 Pullover Top

44" or 45"***	1½	1½	1¼	1¼	1¼	Yds.
52" or 54"*	¾	1	1	1½	1¼	"
58" or 60"*	¾	¾	¾	1	1½	"

View 2 Pullover Top

44" or 45"***	¾	¾	¾	¾	¾	Yd.
52" or 54"*	¾	¾	¾	¾	¾	"
58" or 60"*	¾	¾	¾	¾	¾	"

View 3 Pullover Top—Even crosswise striped or plain fabric

44" or 45"***	¾	1	1	1	1½	Yds.
52" or 54"*	¾	¾	¾	1	1	"
58" or 60"*	¾	¾	¾	¾	¾	"

Contrasting collar—¼ yard of 44", 45", 52", 54", 58" or 60"***
Interfacing (opt.)—½ yard of 25", 32", 35" or 36" woven or non-woven or fusible.

View 4 Pullover Top

44" or 45"***	1¼	1¼	1¾	1¾	1½	Yds.
52" or 54"*	¾	1	1¼	1¾	1¾	"
58" or 60"*	¾	¾	¾	1½	1¼	"

View 1, 2 or 4 Interfacing (opt.)—¾ yard of 21", 25", 32", 35" or 36" woven or non-woven or fusible

*without nap **with nap ***with or without nap

Sonic Bubblegum
PO BOX 35504
Brighton MA 02135

NOTE: TEST STRETCH OF YOUR KNIT FABRIC AGAINST THE PICK-A-KNIT RULE™ ABOVE.

Fabrics: Stretchable knits, terryknit.

Notions: Nylon or polyester thread, stretch lace (opt.).

