

CIRQUE



AUTUMN 2010



Bamboo

A P O T H E C A R Y

5 0 4 - 8 9 5 - 1 6 6 4

Hands and Feet

Bamboo	manicure \$25	pedicure \$50
Laura Mercier	manicure \$35	pedicure \$60
Red Flower	manicure \$40	pedicure \$65
Natura Bisse	manicure \$45	pedicure \$70
	add French \$5	
	Express Service feet \$25	
	Paraffin \$20	

FACIALS

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Deep Cleansing facial	\$110
Oxyceutical facial	\$115
Pure vitamin C facial	\$120
Bamboo restorative facial	\$175
Bamboo firming facial	\$250
Astara Blue Flame facial	\$85

MASSAGE

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Deep Tissue	(50 Min) \$90	(80 Min) \$120
Cranial Sacral	(50 Min) \$90	(80 Min) \$120
Warm Stone		(80 Min) \$115
Reflexology	(30 Min) \$45	
1/2 Reflex, 1/2 Swedish	(50 Min) \$90	

WET TREATMENTS

Honey Satin Treatment	\$75
Japan Treatment	\$190
HAMMAM Treatment	\$190

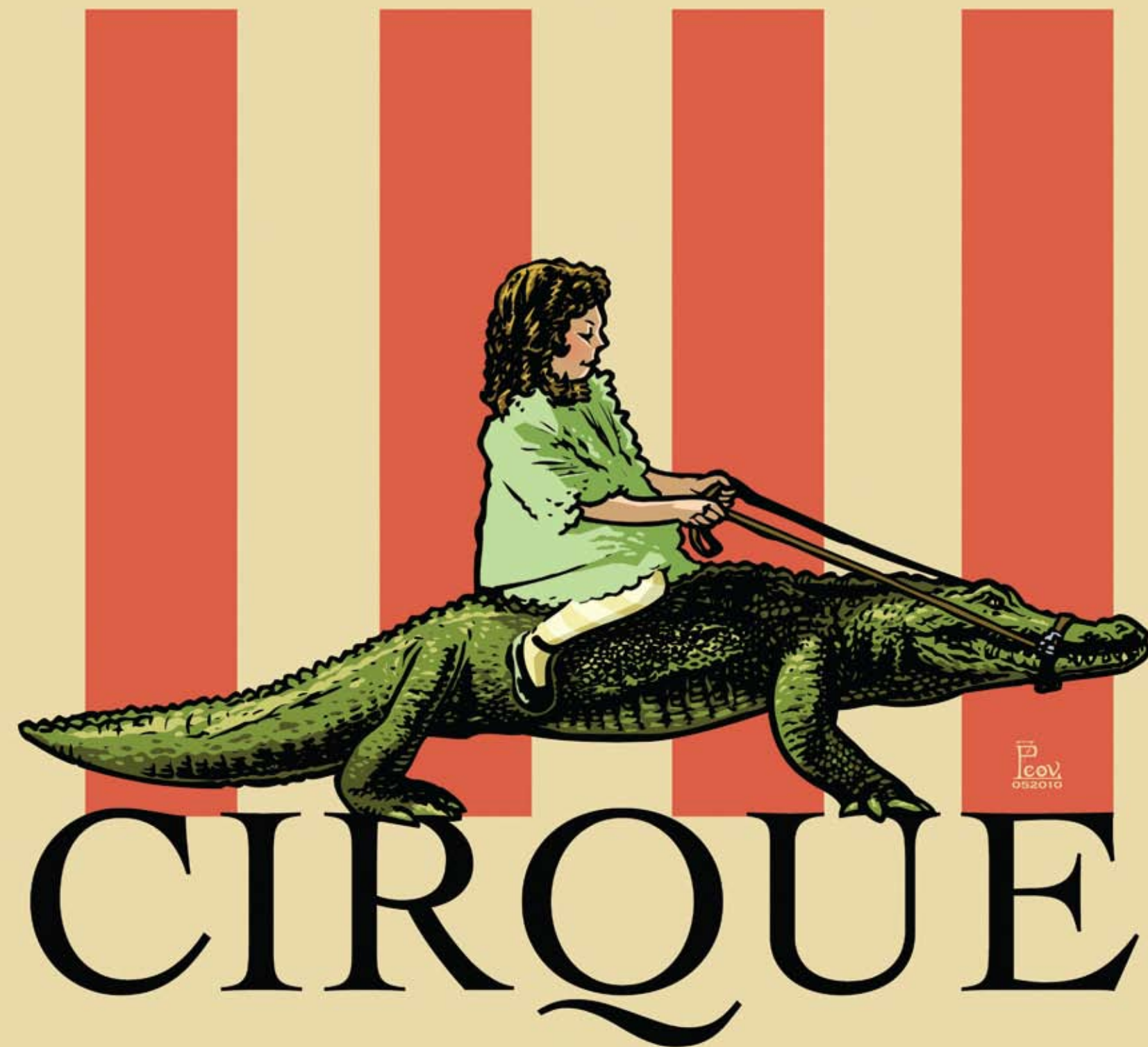
ENHANCEMENTS

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Microdermabrasion	\$100
LED Light Therapy	\$60

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

New Orleans is a circus. A constant festival of talent, art, and music. A fantastical imaginarium where people display artistic creativity in every aspect of their lives. A place that embraces the art of sharing. A city older than our nation, beaming with culture and worthy of the respect that comes with being an international metropolis.

CIRQUE is the culmination of everything that makes New Orleans great. We work to publicize our great city in a way that has yet to be attempted and hope that in doing so we will reach out to the masses with a message that is simplistic in its effect: Here we are, so take notice.

In this issue we have covered many of the aspects of New Orleans life and hope in future issues of CIRQUE to continue to refine our style and deliver content that is selfless and true to the great

people that make New Orleans one of the most amazing cities in the world.

Andrew Jackson once said that to see New Orleans fall was to see our great nation fall behind it. The importance of New Orleans to this country has not changed and as long as CIRQUE is printed we will work to ensure we do our part to protect our home and help educate the world as to the historical, social, political, and cultural importance of one the finest cities to ever be built.

I personally hope you enjoy what we have created for you and encourage everyone to become more involved in our great community; because without you, there can be no circus to celebrate.


Jason Perkins
Publisher



After a stormy summer day gives way to a gorgeous sunset that in turn fades into night, aerialist Samantha Huffman deftly works the silks at the Tree of Life. As everyday life in New Orleans is full of theatre and spectacle, CIRQUE sought to add just a pinch more enchantment to a scene that already has more than its share of magical qualities. The ancient, almost primeval ambience provided by the towering live oak along side the gentle grace of Ms. Huffman combine here to create a stunning tableau.

Model: Samantha Huffman
Photographer: Thomas Macom
Styling: Thomas Macom, Jason Perkins, Samantha Huffman

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(sup·port) : to keep from weakening or failing; strengthen

Since 2006 the **New Orleans Photo Alliance** has done just that. We help photographers gain exposure, discuss their work, and perfect their trade. Each year we host professionally juried member exhibitions, offer workshops and events, provide opportunities for feedback on personal and professional work, offer several cash grants and host **PhotoNOLA**.

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WORLD, THE FULL EXISTENCE ...

e.e. cummings

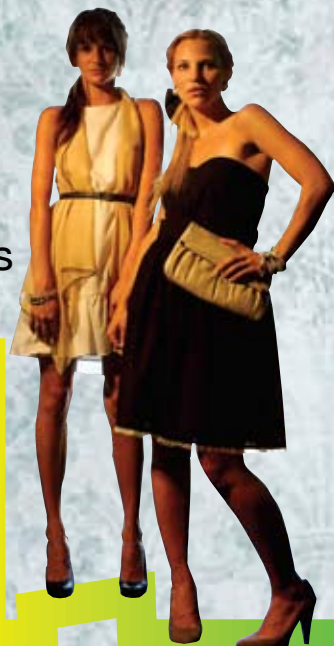
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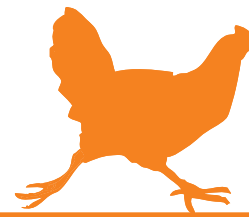
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AUTUMN 9 CIRQUE



the BIRDS & the BEES

urban farming in new orleans

by Samantha HYDE

Every morning 25-year-old Robin Gruenfeld walks out onto her balcony in the French Quarter to check that no critters, big or small, helped themselves to a free meal the night before. See, Gruenfeld has something to protect from these creepy crawlers because she is a farmer right smack dab in the middle of the Crescent City.

Urban farming is a growing trend among city dwellers, often 20-somethings, who are growing plants, raising chickens and hiving bees to become self-sufficient and decrease their reliance on imported grocery foods.

"I have a vested interest in my own life and my own existence on this planet to be self-supporting," Gruenfeld says. "It's become important to me to develop these skills so I can put less stress on the world and minimize my overall impact."

She learned to garden from her mother in West Palm Beach, Florida. After she moved to New Orleans at the age of four, Gruenfeld's farming career went on hiatus. This year, she put to work her green thumb and fashioned her first adult vegetable garden yielding Japanese eggplants, Swiss chard, tomatillos and herbs to name a few. She and her partner, Russell, built a three by three box out of scrap wood that rests on their balcony.

"The best thing that any new gardener can do is really think about their garden before they head to the supply store. What I did first was decide what I felt like eating this summer, which is limited

because it's so flipping hot down here," she says.

Although New Orleans' climate provides limitations on the types of food that can be grown, the heat allows for longer and earlier flowering periods. Bell peppers, a New Orleans specialty, can be

I think farming is an art form seen in everything from how you are going to design your plot, to your growing techniques, to managing water, to harvest, to the table.

Emily Morrison

planted inside as early as March.

The city provides plenty of natural predators for the plants. Everyday, Gruenfeld must check for disease, moth eggs (which lead to caterpillars) lack of water (which evaporates in the constant heat) and larger animals scavenging for a snack.

"My neighbors are super polite. Even if they didn't think it was nice, they would tell me. We had World War III with a cat. He was a Katrina kitty and kept using my box as litter. I decided to just move my box out to the front," she says.

In the Upper 9th ward, on St. Claude Ave., 26-year-old Emily Morrison owns and operates Trouser House, a contemporary art gallery and urban farm

from her home. "I think farming is an art form seen in everything from how you are going to design your plot, to your growing techniques, to managing water, to harvest, to the table," she says.

Morrison opens her home to neighbors and local schools to explore and learned about her farm, which includes five raised beds, five hens, compost, planters and a soon to be built rainwater catchment system. "I'm very interested in art as a social practice and the way art affects the community. I wanted to come here and not just participate in an existing community but build something of my own," she says.

To maintain her chicken coop, Morrison checks on the free-range birds twice a day to provide food and water. She also provides a protective living space. On average, the hens lay an egg a day and supply her with a natural fertilizer for her tomato, peppers and herb gardens. "They don't need a lot of space, which makes them a really good urban animal. If you don't have a rooster, they are not loud. If you keep them social, they will be very social birds," she says.

"The process of making art is a meditative practice. Just like I walk out everyday and feed my chickens, an artist wakes up everyday and feeds the creative spirits," she continues. Regulations regarding owning a chicken coop depend on

the property owner. The city of New Orleans does not have laws regarding the amount of hens allowed in a backyard, just that the coop isn't overcrowded. The city also allows roosters, which is rare in an urban environment considering the potential early morning noise.

For vegetables, dairy, protein and other miscellaneous items farmers can't produce, New Orleans markets such as Hollygrove Market and Farm off of South Carrollton, and Desire Market on Desire Street, provide a local, organic stop to complete their meals.

"What I appreciate about working here is someone can buy a carrot, then go outside and pull one out the ground and understand how it grows," says Hollygrove Market Manager Alyssa Denny.

You know your money is going to a hard-working farmer with a family that lives nearby you. When you buy local, you know that your farmer gets it. Alyssa Denny, Hollygrove Market

Founded in 2008, Hollygrove not only provides a space for local farmers to sell their goods, but also a place for farmers to farm. Currently, within its one-acre location, the farm host 17 gardens belonging to community gardeners, master gardeners and two larger sections





Bonnie Garrigan and her two Mid-City beehives.

Beekeepers are a different breed. When I tell people I keep bees, most people are like ‘Oh, God! Why?’ It’s the best pet. You can do nothing or you can do a lot.

Bonnie Garrigan



Garrigan examines a frame from one of her beehives.

AUTUMN 12 ÉCOLOGIE



Garrigan in her protective beekeeper's suit.



The process of making art is a meditative practice. Just like I walk out everyday and feed my chickens, an artist wakes up everyday and feeds the creative spirits.

Emily Morrison



The gardens in the Trouser House's backyard.

AUTUMN 13 ÉCOLOGIE



Chicken Nugget at her coop rear of the Trouser House in the Upper 9th Ward.





for urban farmers. Hollygrove doesn't charge for the use of the space, requiring only that one use a chemical-free farming process.

Hollygrove opens its doors every Tuesday and Saturday to sell local goods in its market. One can

buy a box for \$25 containing enough produce to last two people for a week, or one can buy veggies by the pound or item. Other items, such as fresh flowers, locally churned butter and grass-feed ground beef, are also available at the market. Although the

fresh products are more expensive, the benefits of organic food are not only nutritious.

"It supports your local economy. You know your money is going to a hard-working farmer with a family that lives nearby you. When you buy local, you know that your farmer gets it. It's really interesting when you meet a farmer that can't feed themselves. They are growing food, but can't eat," Denny explains.

But urban farming isn't limited to planting seeds and raising chicks. Others have found a more unique — and the uninitiated might even say frightening — way to become self-supporting.

When Bonnie Garrigan, 26, bought her first house in Mid-City, the honeybees weren't far behind her. In her backyard, about 900 square feet, Garrigan maintains two separate hives, with queens LaDonna and Delilah and about 50,000-70,000 workers.

"Beekeepers are a different breed. When I tell people I keep bees, most people are like 'Oh, God! Why?' It's the best pet. You can do nothing or you can do a lot," she says.

Garrigan checks on the hives, which she bought for \$75 a box from a beekeeper in Harahan, every couple of weeks for diseases. By city ordinance, she also has to provide a water source so thirsty bees don't end up around neighboring pools. Twice a year, she extracts honey from the combs by shaking. This year, Garrigan's bees produced about 30 gallons: more than enough to provide a peace offering to nearby neighbors.

An economic consultant by day, Garrigan's beekeeping hobby began in school at Hendrix College in Conway, Arkansas. She and a group of friends started a club and

kept the hives on campus. After a few complaints from the lawn maintenance crew, the bees were moved to a nearby professor's house. For three years the club supported itself with the revenue raised off of selling the honey. When Garrigan moved to New Orleans, she waited until purchasing a house of her own before returning to beekeeping. "I didn't want to have to keep moving them around," she says.

Along with her apiaries, Garrigan's urban farm includes four hens and a vegetable garden that yields tomatoes, herbs, and blueberries. "I have super nice bees. They are very non-aggressive and calm," she says. Having the bees have also helped her plant life. "My blueberry plants have produced crazy blueberries this year compared to last year because the bees have been pollinating them," she adds.

"It's a fascinating thing to come home and be able to relax and watch a piece of nature happen in your backyard," Garrigan says. Q



An okra bloom and fresh okra from the Trouser House's garden.



Garrigan attends to her hens in her Mid-City backyard.





IN THE LIMELIGHT

by DAVID DENNIS

The film industry is blossoming along with the magnolias in Louisiana

Earlier this summer, some New Orleanians received a letter in their mailboxes that looked something like this:

Dear Residents: Big Moose, LLC will be filming the feature film 'Green Lantern' in your neighborhood... These streets include Pine Street from St. Charles to Burthe and Maple Street from Broadway to Lowerline... We thank you for the opportunity to be guests in your community and your help in making New Orleans the new 'Hollywood South.'

Many times, these motion picture companies try to butter-up local residents with unending flattery in order to take their attention away from the fact that there will be loud noises and annoying traffic until three in the morning every day. However, the "Hollywood South" moniker is not just lip service. Louisiana, specifically New Orleans, has been a hotbed for filming major flicks over the last couple of years, only landing behind New York and Los Angeles as the prime spot to shoot a movie.

The main reason for this emergence is the tax incentive Louisiana offers for movies filmed in the state. The state offers a 30 percent investor tax credit on all in-state expenditures and an

additional five percent tax credit for hiring Louisiana residents with no limits to the amount of incentives available for these productions. This tax break leads the nation.

"Let's face it, the incentives are a main reason we're here," says Bill Doyle, the Supervising Location Manager for "Green Lantern." "With the economy and industry the way it is, we have to look at what is going to be the most cost-effective when shooting a movie."

The incentives really became appetizing once the recession kicked in and budgets became more important to movie studios. Because of this, New Orleans-filmed productions jumped from 12 in 2008 to 26 in 2009. There have already been 21 movies filmed in the city in 2010, according to the New Orleans Office of Film and Video.

These films have a major impact on the local economy. Katie Gunnell from the City of New Orleans Office of Film & Video says that the movies filmed in the city so far this year have generated over \$200 million for the state, capping the total to over \$640 million dollars given to the state from studios filming in New Orleans since 2008.

from Los Angeles, most secondary positions are given to local New Orleanian specialists. These workers not only earn money and get more movie credits under their belts; they also get state-of-the-art training from major motion pictures.

Local movie producer and producer for the 2008, 48-Hour Film Project, Christopher Brown says it is integral that local talents get cultivated so a self-sufficient filming industry can grow in the city.

"There is a ton of talent here on the movie writing side," Brown says. "But the more we can foster the growth of our own indigenous film industry, that will create more filmmakers from New Orleans."

Not only is local filming creating jobs, it is causing young talents that left after Katrina to return to the city.

"A lot of people that left for L.A. after the storm have come back," says Lauren Sullivan, who has worked as a production assistant and was even an extra in movies shot in the city. "People who had to leave after the storm just headed to L.A., but now

We thank you for the opportunity to be guests in your community and your help in making New Orleans the new 'Hollywood South.'

Letter from the crew of 'Green Lantern' to an Uptown neighborhood filming location

that's a thousand people that are spending money here, locally," Doyle continues. "We're buying wood for sets, spending money for food and places to stay. It's like a continuous convention for nine months."

Beyond the money spent in the city, the movie industry is creating jobs for locals that want to get involved in film production. While top positions such as director and producer are imports

per-
vising
location
manager for
Pitt's movie, "The
Curious Case of Benja-
min Button," noticed more

they are coming back because of the industry here. It's bringing a lot of young talent that was able to learn so much over the last few years back to the city."

Producers and set designers are not the only talents that get seduced by the Big Easy. Big stars have a knack for being captivated by New Orleans and moving in. Brad Pitt, Angelina Jolie, Sandra Bullock and Nicholas Cage are just four of the many stars who brought their families, income, and tax dollars to the city. Locals even tried to elect Brad Pitt for mayor of New Orleans in 2010 with a campaign involving t-shirts and bumper stickers in support of the actor entering the race.

"Most assuredly, people take to the city when we shoot here," Doyle adds. "People always purchase second homes and bring businesses to New Orleans. They are now looking to expand businesses from L.A. to here, which will be huge." L.A. favorite frozen yogurt hot spot, Pinkberry, could be the start.

Doyle, who was also a su-

reasons beyond the tax incentive that New Orleans is a prime filming spot. The movie was originally going to be shot in Baltimore, but the New Orleans architecture created a unique application.

"When I walked around New Orleans, every direction I looked, I saw 1870," Doyle remembers. "We really did not need to make many changes to have the movie look like it took place in any era because of the way it looked. We did not see that in Baltimore."

The city is full of Creole cottages, townhouses, shotgun houses and even California-style bungalows that are perfect for movies that take place anywhere from the early 1800s to present day. This is a major reason that period pieces like "Jonah Hex" and "Benjamin Button" did not miss a beat with filming on location in New Orleans.

Sullivan, who just wrapped *Mighty Fine*, which was set in the 1970s, noticed the seamless transition, "It was easy to make the set look like the 70s. It was easy to go to the location and make minor changes."

However, filming in New Orleans does present minor challenges. Though tax incentives

make sense fiscally, the threat of hurricanes can wash away any of those monetary benefits, so companies have to go through the headache of hurricane insurance during the hurricane season or risk losing millions.

"Large, bonded companies have to buy insurance, which costs five to 10 percent of the total filming cost," explains Mike Groner, account executive at Truman Van Dyke, an entertainment insurance company that is currently insuring four movies in the city. "Sometimes you have to provide a contingency plan, which is easier said than done because it is difficult to pick up and go and not lose that much time."

Because of the hurricane threat, most movies do not film in New Orleans during the summer, but the "Green Lantern" crew thought it was worth the risk, especially when the airport and coastal locations are able to replicate the California coast where the movie is set.

For movies set in New Orleans, though, a major obstacle comes in staying true to the unique culture of the city. A wise man may or may not have said that with great location comes great responsibility, and setting a movie in New Orleans means maintaining the one-of-a-kind traditions that make the city so special. The great

lengths the HBO series "Treme" has gone to show the multifaceted culture of New Orleans have only upped the ante. The show has demonstrated so much of the culture that expands beyond Bourbon Street, making half-cocked representations of the city where characters eat gumbo every night and beignets every morning while ducking Mardi Gras beads laughable by comparison.

Brown adds, "A lot of the major pictures misrepresent the city's culture. It's important that movies show the things that keep the culture and traditions alive. Whether it be music or food, you have to show what makes New Orleans such a special place."

Locals even tried to elect Brad Pitt for mayor of New Orleans in 2010 with a campaign involving t-shirts and bumper stickers.

Whether movies and television shows heed this call or not, the filming is guaranteed to continue in the city as long as the tax incentives are in place and the inclement weather stays at bay. The filming industry's benefits to the city are tremendous; New Orleanians may just have to bear with bad traffic, celebrity sightings, and a few faux-accents. Q

CHRISTIAN MARIE

By Briana Prevost



HOMEGROWN DESIGNER, HANDMADE HANDBAGS

As the sky turned pale grey, light raindrops began to fall outside Rue de la Course at the corner of Oak Street and South Carrollton. Once inside the coffee shop, Christian Marie Campo, 32, is standing next to the ATM in a losing battle to get cash from her debit card to pay for the coffee she already ordered. “I feel so bad, but, who doesn’t take credit cards?” says Campo, dressed simply in jeans and a black t-shirt with her pigtails swinging by her sides. “But I quit trying to get money out of this thing, it must be broken.”

She hurries outside to her car in the slight drizzle only to return a few dollars short of paying for her purchase. The barista gives her the coffee for free, but Campo still feels guilty that she accidentally stiffed the shop out of five bucks. “I mean, everybody takes debit cards; even I take debit cards.”

And no, Campo didn’t just confess to stealing people’s credit cards, she was merely referring to the fact that the Website she sells her products from (<http://www.christianmarie.com>) takes debit and credit card payments from her customers. For the past couple of years, Campo has served as the owner and custom designer of Christian Marie Handmade Purses and Accessories where she sews and sells her own line of handbags, totes, clutches and wallets to

customers in and around the New Orleans area.

Based essentially from New Orleans, Campo is no stranger to moving. Though the designer was born and raised in the Big Easy, she attended several different high schools around the city from St. Mary’s Dominican High School to Bonabel High School, to Grace King High School, then dropped out her junior year, only to return to East Jefferson High School before dropping out of school again, for good.

“We just moved around a lot. I was always in a different district,” Campo says of her high school experiences. She did, however, try her hand at Delgado Community College for fine arts in painting before deciding to drop the courses after one or two semesters. “I took a photography class there and on the first day she was, like, asking us to answer all kinds of questions. It was like Greek to me. So I dropped the class,” she says with a laugh.

So, fresh out of school and needing a job, Campo became a stripper. She started dancing at the club Centerfolds, located on the border between Metairie and Kenner off Power Boulevard. “I was a stripper for many years. All over the place. I worked at all of the clubs,” she says as she fiddles

with her box of cigarettes. “And as weird as this sounds it was like a family place, you know?” Yet, although she enjoyed her time there, the curiosity of the open road led her to an L.A. of a different kind.

Campo set out on a road trip around the country. Yet, as soon as she got to Los Angeles, her car broke down and she wound up staying two-and-a-half years. “I made a bunch of friends there really quickly and just kind of got sucked in,” Campo says. Soon after, she got a job working at a small company, Conspiracy, publishing video games. Campo, the first woman hired in the company, says her days there were filled with bug testing, giving design feedback to developers, and of course, playing video games and hanging out with friends while doing so.

But things weren’t always fun and games, so to speak, when Campo was in L.A. She lived in a small apartment in the ghetto where she took the bus two hours each day to work, since her car was stolen. Then, someone broke into her apartment, stealing her beloved Play Station 2, followed by the ceiling beginning to drip water in her living room. And with Conspiracy showing no signs of giving her a raise, she moved into a woman’s spare bedroom, having no luck at finding comfort on her

own.

“I didn’t like living in somebody else’s house, it was uncomfortable for me,” she says. “So eventually, I decided just to come home.”

Campo came back and started waitressing for a while, but soon found her way back to stripping — this time at Hustler Club on Bourbon. But she soon realized that the industry had changed, and that maybe it wasn’t something she could handle any longer.

“The things people like Miley Cyrus do on television put ideas in the heads of our customers. Paris Hilton and people like that. So when I started dancing we

And I don’t know, the industry just got dirtier and dirtier. And I just couldn’t do it. I mean I can’t compete with girls who are doing stuff.

did the dances on tables. There was no contact. Then Hustler moved on to not have dancing done on the floor in front of everybody; they were all done in private after that. And I don’t know, the industry just got dirtier and dirtier. And I just couldn’t do it. I mean I can’t compete with girls who are doing stuff,” she recalls.

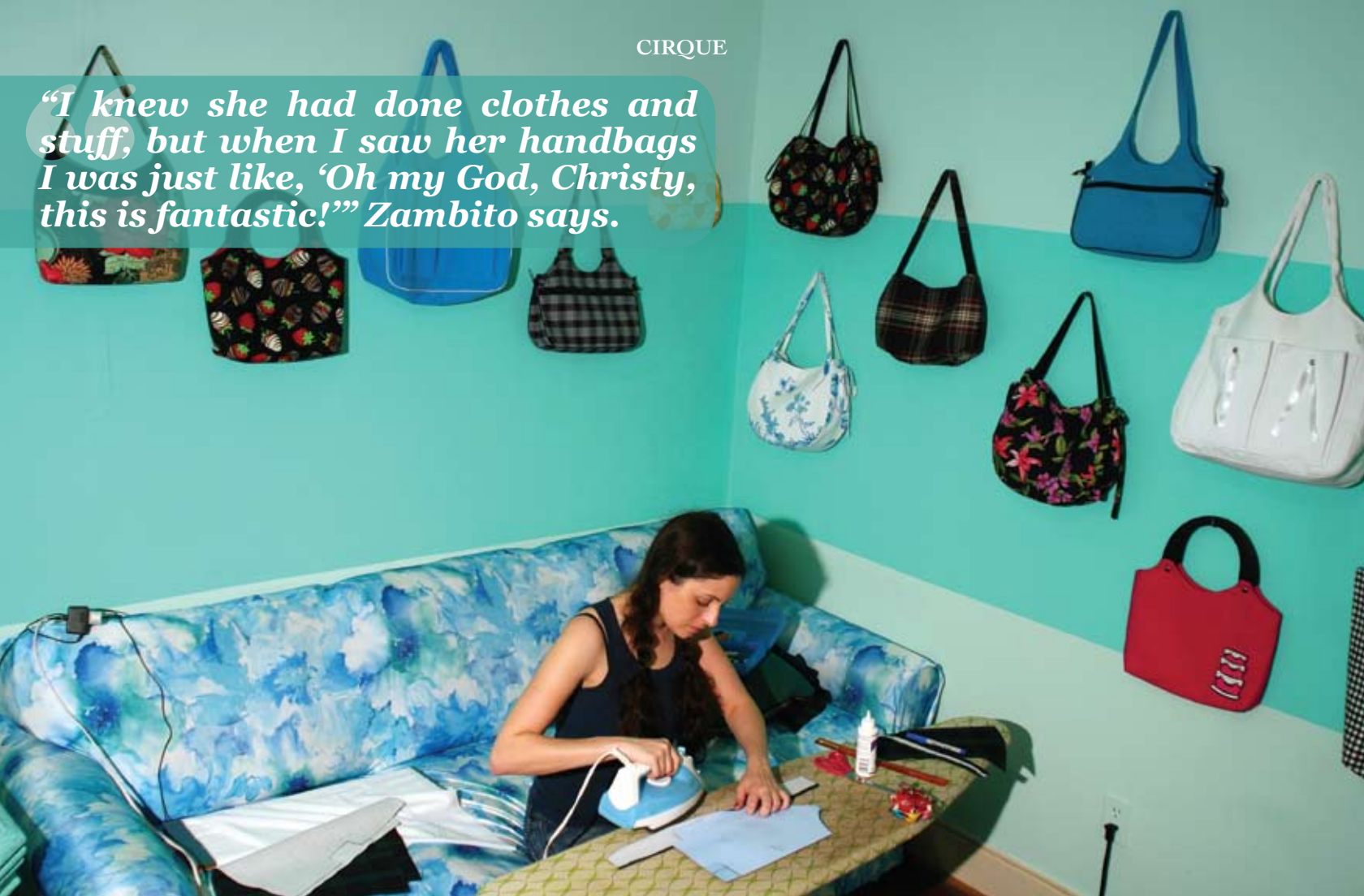
But soon dancing became the least of her worries. Like any other August night, Campo set out

to hang with her friends and have a drink. She stayed at the Abbey until 7 a.m. with not a care in the world, drunk off life and one too many beers. Suddenly, she got a call from her dad saying they had to get out of town. “I’ve lived here my whole life, I’ve never heard my dad say we need to evacuate,” she says, remembering that as her clue of the seriousness of what was to come. She packed a pair of jeans, two t-shirts and bathing suits with the intention of coming back in two days. Instead, she and her dad drove to Panama City, and remained there far longer than expected. “I remember being in the hotel watching the news seeing the water coming up on Canal

Street and I thought, ‘I should’ve brought some more stuff with me,’” she says and smiles.

From Panama City, Campo traveled to Atlanta for a few weeks, then to Houston to get a FEMA hotel room. And after playing a lot of online poker, and eating a lot of steak, Campo returned to New Orleans for a year; but decided since most of her friends were moving away, she would give Los Angeles another try.

“I knew she had done clothes and stuff, but when I saw her handbags I was just like, ‘Oh my God, Christy, this is fantastic!’” Zambito says.



She moved in with a friend and called his kitchen her bedroom. One day while watching TV, she saw a commercial for cosmetology school. She decided to enroll and learn special effects make-up and, as perfect timing would have it, the 2007 Writer's Strike happened and it became harder to cross the picket lines and get to her classes housed on a studio lot. Nevertheless, she finished school and worked on some movies, until she heard about Los Angeles' extensive fabric district. “I went down there and they have 99¢ fabric stores,” she says. “So I went crazy and bought everything. I just filled up my car with fabric.”

“She started sewing with her grandmother when she was very young and learned the fundamentals,” says Christian's father, Vince Campo, which explains why she started sewing everything by hand. Campo decided to make herself a dress, but when it took three weeks to finish, she realized she needed more heavy-duty equipment — a sewing machine.

With a few tutorials from the Internet, she started sewing full-time on her newly purchased Martha Stewart Singer sewing machine. For 8 hours a day, she made t-shirts out of her own pattern designs. Soon, Score, a small strip club in L.A., was one of the first places Campo was able to show off her clothing. “I was a waitress at the Score, and I would go and sell dresses to the girls,” Campo says. “The girls went crazy for the dresses and I was doing a lot of custom stuff.”

It was childhood friend Jessica Yuratich, however, who unintentionally led Campo to start making purses. Yuratich, who also serves as one of Campo's models on her Website, asked Campo to make her a pair of scrubs for work. And with the leftover material from the scrubs, Campo decided to make a bag — but not with the results she was expecting. “It was the most awful looking tote bag you had ever seen,” Campo says as she

catches her breath from laughing and beats the table with a slight smack. “It was floppy floppy like a hobo bindle. But I liked working with that kind of material. And that was it; I just wanted to make bags after that.”

And so the business began. Campo, who decided to move back to New Orleans after a particularly fun Fat Tuesday, wanted to make handbags that were machine washable, based on the endless pranks that some of her guy friends would pull, with one incident in particular involving whipped cream. “I was hanging out these guys before Katrina; it was during my going out and drinking

It was the most awful looking tote bag you had ever seen... It was floppy floppy like a hobo bindle.

phase,” she says. “I felt something wet dripping in my bag — two full glasses of jack and coke and whipped cream. I stopped carrying purses for a while because of those guys. I need to be able to put my bags in the washing machine.”

Not only machine washable, Christian Marie Handmade Purses and Accessories also makes over 10 styles of bags including: purses, satchels, hobos, totes, clutches, wallets, eyeglass pouches and coin purses. Reminiscent of Vera Bradley, Campo's bags have different floral and paisley designs in almost every color. To complement the bags for the girls, she has designed wallets especially made for guys complete with pizza and shark fabrics. She even designed a Confection Collection full of cupcake, chocolate covered strawberry, and doughnut-themed fabrics made for fans of her aunt, Sharon Zambito's, cake-decorating business.

Zambito, owner of Sugar Ed Productions and Sharon's Sugar Shack where customers can order custom made and designed cakes (think TLC's *Cake Boss*), was instrumental in giving advice and support to her niece about owing and running her own business. “I knew she had done

clothes and stuff, but when I saw her handbags I was just like, ‘Oh my God, Christy, this is fantastic!’” Zambito says. “I give her advice from my experiences. Because you know, my business was accidental too, and I've given her advice on marketing, the legality of business, and things like that. I try to help her out any way I can. That's my niece, you know, so I'm always proud of her.”

One of the marketing techniques that Zambito swore by, although Campo was a little reluctant to do, was Facebook marketing. The popular social networking site now has pages for personal businesses, and Zambito posted a link with some samples of Campo's work on her Facebook business profile. Ever since that posting, Zambito says she received a lot of emails from her friends about what type of bag they would want, in what color, and with what material, thus the Confection Collection was created to satisfy the cravings of Zambito's friends.

“She is invaluable to me,” Campo says of her aunt. “[Because of her,] stuff was flying off the shelves faster than I could make it. And you know, it was because of her success with her cake business she started from scratch that gave me a lot of confidence.”

Her bags raking in orders was just one of the reasons Campo decided not to move to Brooklyn,

Once you go to other cities you realize how much all other cities suck compared to New Orleans.

New York and take on another odd job. (“Once you go to other cities you realize how much all other cities suck compared to New Orleans,” she says.) Now-a-days, Campo sews about 16 hours a day and was a featured designer on Zibbet.com — an online marketplace for handmade goods that she also sells her bags through — for owning one of their most popular shops.

In the future, she hopes to design aprons for women with the prototype up on her Facebook page

now. As for her bags, she hopes to finally work with leather and sell custom bags through her site while simultaneously selling them in retail stores with the help of a manufacturer and a sales representative to launch a proper line. She also hopes that one day she can get a booth at the French Market, Freret Market, or the Bywater Arts Market, because she likes, “selling in person better than selling online. It's harder to convey how a bag feels or how it looks with stuff in it.”

Ever the unconventional and never staying in one place, Campo hasn't had a steady 9-to-5 since her days gaming at Conspiracy. “She has never been that type of person,” Vince Campo says with a laugh. “She has always been the type of person to take risks, that's just her personality. You either learn to accept that or spend the rest of your life worrying.”

“I was always looking for a way to make money without having to work for the man,” Campo says as her dark brows furrowed above her green eyes with a look of certainty. “And I guess for a long time I never really thought that was going to be possible for me to do. That's probably why I danced for so long. It was the only thing that I was able to do that didn't require me to work on a schedule and do what people told me to do.”

Although she never found exactly the right amount of change for her coffee

that rainy day at Rue de la Course, C a m p o c o u l d n ' t l e a v e w i t h o u t

giving the barista a little something for excusing her for not paying. “I just feel so bad, I couldn't just let it go,” she says as she drops the two dollars that she pawed through the seats of her car to find into the tall tip jar. It's that same unrelenting spirit and confident attitude that her family and friends believe will support her business and make Christian Marie Handbag Purses and Accessories the must-have designer collection in New Orleans for people from all walks of life. Q

Fall forward, summer is back!

Featuring the fashions of Jolie & Elizabeth

By Elizabeth Hudson & Briana Prevost

Made in Louisiana

Jolie Bensen and Sarah Elizabeth Dewey are the modistes behind the women's apparel line Jolie & Elizabeth. Sarah was born in New Orleans and reared in Dallas and Jolie is a born and bred New Orleanian. Both graduated from Louisiana State University's fashion merchandising program, but the duo met in New York City while Sarah was one of Jolie's interns at BCBG.

Jolie worked at BCBG for three years, had a brief stint at Alice + Olivia and interned at Betsey Johnson. Sarah mostly stayed down South working in the Dallas fashion market with buyers and wholesalers. After working in the fashion markets in New York and Dallas, Jolie and Elizabeth decided to move home to New Orleans to launch their own fashion line. The twosome wanted to contribute to the rebuilding of New Orleans by doing what they loved.

As all of their products are made in the Greater New Orleans area, their designs help nurture the garment industry in Louisiana.

How to wear it

For a look that transitions best from summer to fall, you don't have to throw out your bold, fun summer colors or their breathable material. New Orleans is too hot not to be clothed in simple yet stylish fabrics, yet too flavorful of a city to be dressed in the usual fall dark colors. CIRQUE will show you how to liven up your looks by mixing and matching darks with lights to save your summer wear from finding its way to the back of your closet.

Models // **Becky Hardin & Laura Flannery**
Hair & Makeup // **Jeanne Coleman**

Styled by // **Jolie Bensen & Sarah Elizabeth Dewey**
Location // **Madame John's Legacy & Maginnis Cotton Mill**
All dresses are available at select retailers and online

CIRQUE

Black doesn't have to be reserved for just jackets and pumps this fall. This sleeveless shorts jumpsuit provides the color to transition from day to night without the heaviness and bulk of most fall wear material. The tank top upper half paired with shorts on the bottom make for an easy, carefree summer look that can easily be matched with some black design printed stockings and a beige blazer for when fall New Orleans nights start to get a chill.

The boldness of the purple in the dress to the right speaks for itself. Eye-catching lively color like this doesn't have to be reserved for one season: break this dress out in the summer wearing white as an accent color. Match it with black heels and a black handbag during the fall to get a reserved yet dynamic look. To top it all off, the oversized bright lavender bow in the back gives the look a little attitude.

{L} The Sadler Romper in Black, with Metallic Gold Piping
{R} The Rue Royale Work Dress in Purple, with Lavender Tie Back Bow

CIRQUE

{L} The Mimi Dress in Camel/Black
{R} The Run It Reversible Dress in Camel/Black

Mix your black outerwear with bright accessories this fall to give a less drab and more fab look. Pair simple black dresses with a string of pearls, gaudy white earrings or thick beige or gold bracelets and bands to make this simple look pop.

CIRQUE

Once again, pairing light beiges and nudes with simple black wear makes for a subtle summertime glimpse of color wrapped in traditional dark fall tones.

The gypsy style dress on the left is the perfect example of giving those brighter summer colors and thinner, more breathable materials a second wind for the fall season. The way the dress flows openly toward the bottom makes it ideal to attach a brown or black belt around the waist to liven up the intensity of the bright bodice with a touch of darkness. Next, throw on some brown or black pumps, and you're on your way to Thanksgiving dinner in no time.

{L} The Charlotte Dress in White, The Gabriella Chiffon Cardwrap in Gold with Black Trim
{R} The Cotton Classic in Black, with Gold Tulle Trim

CIRQUE

Be bold this fall season and whip out that bright crimson dress with the white trim to wear to brunch at the Court of Two Sisters, then transition the look well into the night to make a pit stop at Pat O'Brien's. Pairing this outfit with nude shoes and a tan handbag make this the ideal transitional treat from morning to evening.

{L} The Creole Lily Dress in Camel/Black
{R} The Dewdrop Dress in Crimson/White

WHO DAT

who dat, who dat said we gonna' stopreppin' ourSaints? In preparation for the new football season to start this fall, pair this black and gold tunic with some summer sandals and head on over to the Mid-City Yacht Club to watch the Saint's season opener.

Or, for a fancier evening of supporting the Who Dat Nation, wear this strapless yet breathable and lightweight simple black dress with gold trim to host an outdoorkick-offparty complete with hors d'oeuvres and boudain balls.

CIRQUE



{L} The Dewdrop Dress in Black with Metallic Gold Trim
{R} The Bedelia Blouse/Tunic

CIRQUE



Once again, rethink throwing those bold summer colors like pink, baby blue, and purple to the back of your closet this fall. Pair a black scarf with this purple tank dress any way you like it—draped around the neck, tied slightly above the waist or around your head to tone the brightness down for a more subdued fall look.

Finally, the ruffle short sleeves on this black dress to the right make for a perfect way to catch a cool breeze (though we all know that's few and far between in the fall). The largeness of the sleevesprovide for a fun, breathable look that would overcome any humidity this season. Match this dress with some gold gladiator sandals and you'll be on your way to transitioning the best of your summer and fall looks. Q

{L} The Creole Lily Dress in Lavendar/ Purple
{R} The First and Ten Flutter Sleeve Dress in Black, with Metallic Gold Trim



(op·por·tu·ni·ty) : A chance for progress or advancement

The **New Orleans Photo Alliance** works to preserve the rich and diverse photographic culture of the region. Every year we organize **PhotoNOLA**. A two week long celebration of photography in New Orleans, PhotoNOLA is centered around the needs of our member base; locally, nationally, and from around the globe.

neworleansphotoalliance.org

We provide opportunity. Are you taking advantage of it?

Per
062010

CIRQUE

~presents~

NEW ORLEANS

PHOTO

ALLIANCE

Each issue, in partnership with the **New Orleans Photo Alliance**,
CIRQUE showcases original photography by local artists

This issue's featured photographers



Lee Celano, 47, is from Los Angeles and has lived in New Orleans for about nine years. He became interested in photography as a child and has been practicing professionally for 22 years. He came back to the city after hurricane Katrina to document post-Katrina New Orleans. He is most engaged by social issues and post-disaster crises. Lee likes to illustrate these types of situations to help people become more connected. He discovered Cajun culture in 1997 and fell in love with how the people are connected to the land. He is intrigued by how the younger generations embrace their heritage. Lee has been a member of the New Orleans Photo Alliance for three years. He enjoys helping people understand life in Louisiana – the good parts and the bad. He hopes to continue pushing the envelope with his photography and continue to do in-depth journalistic work.



Daymon Gardner, 28, is from Baton Rouge. He became interested in photography while studying audio and visual arts in college. After college, Daymon attended Creative Circus in Atlanta. He moved to New Orleans in 2006 to be with his girlfriend (now his wife). Since he was young, he has always been drawn to cinema. He draws inspiration from movies like *The Machinist*, particularly enjoying their use of color. He landed his first cover on the New Orleans issue of *Good Magazine*. Daymon would like to continue shooting editorial photos and working on personal projects.



Laura D'Alessandro, 39, is from Cleveland and lived in New Orleans before hurricane Katrina. She studied photography at the Cleveland Institute of Art and attended graduate school at the School of Visual Arts. She has kept a journal since she was nine years old and was reared in a strict Catholic family. She likes to portray the roles of women in a satirical form. Laura has enjoyed developing her art over time. She is a film gal and learns from not receiving instant gratification that photographers receive from digital photography. She hopes to become a photographer full time and to become better at the business side of photography.



Samuel Portera, 38, is from Chalmette and moved to the North Shore after hurricane Katrina. He is a self-taught photographer practicing the art for 15 years. After Katrina, photography became more than a hobby for Samuel, it became a passion. He draws inspiration from Louisiana's wetlands and the Louisiana lifestyle. A member of the New Orleans Photo Alliance since its inception, he is one of the founding members. He has shown his work in shows in New York, Los Angeles and New Orleans. He is proud to be part of the book project "BEFORE DURING AFTER: Louisiana Photographers' Visual Reactions to Hurricane Katrina." Samuel hopes to showcase his photography in a solo show in the future.

Portraits courtesy of the artists

AUTUMN 35 BEAUX ARTS



LEE CELANO

Selection from The Cajun Project
Lee Celano
2010



CIRQUE



Selections from The Cajun Project
Lee Celano
2010

Laura *D'Alessandro*

I explore women's issues with a partly lyrical, partly satirical approach. I have investigated the many influences, both positive and negative, which act to shape women's beliefs, choices, and appearance.

By analyzing my personal roles as a woman and as a first generation Italian-American who grew up with strict Catholic parents, I have accumulated many elements which I incorporate into my artistic expression.

I have also learned the importance of crediting the historical personalities that have changed my world. For example, I have created a series of photographs of women whom I admire, including

Anne Frank, Harriet Tubman and Emily Dickinson. In the photographs, I meshed my portrait with theirs, as an illustration of what remains within me from their legacy.
Laura D'Alessandro



Chrysalis (Autumn)
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2007



Chrysalis (Spring)
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2007



Chrysalis (Summer)
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2007



Exercise Log for Harried Housewives (Beverage Pouring - 50 Calories Burnt)
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2008



Exercise Log for Harried Housewives (Presenting Cake-25 Calories Burnt)
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2008



From a Night in Houston
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2010

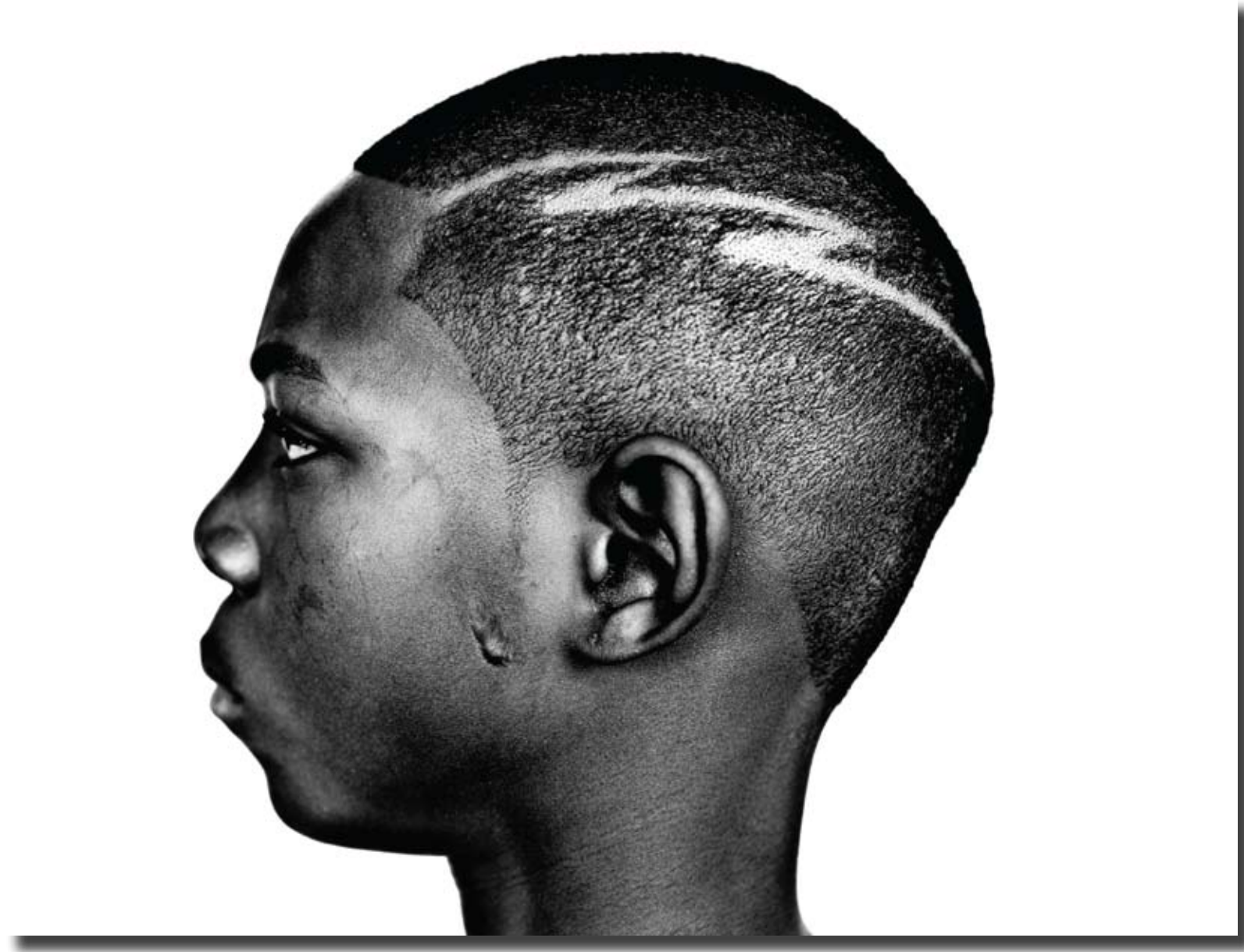
Once Known
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2010



From Women Admired (Emily Dickinson & the Chest of Triangles)
Laura D'Alessandro
Type C Print
2006

CIRQUE

Daymon Gardner



T Man
Daymon Gardner
2010

Bolt
Daymon Gardner
2010

AUTUMN 45 BEAUX ARTS



Interrogation
Daymon Gardner
2007



Powdered Sugar
Daymon Gardner
2009

Samuel PORTERA

Throughout history, wetlands have been demonized and depicted as a sinister place where evil resides and disease is born. There are many literary references to support this statement, for instance, in Dante Alighieri's "Divine Comedy," the river Styx's marsh is the final resting place

for the wrathful. Marshes, swamps, fens, bogs, wet meadows, and mires were all names for this god forsaken land that must be killed by draining its waters and driving away the evil. This process was called progress and reduced the wetlands by 53 percent in the United States alone.

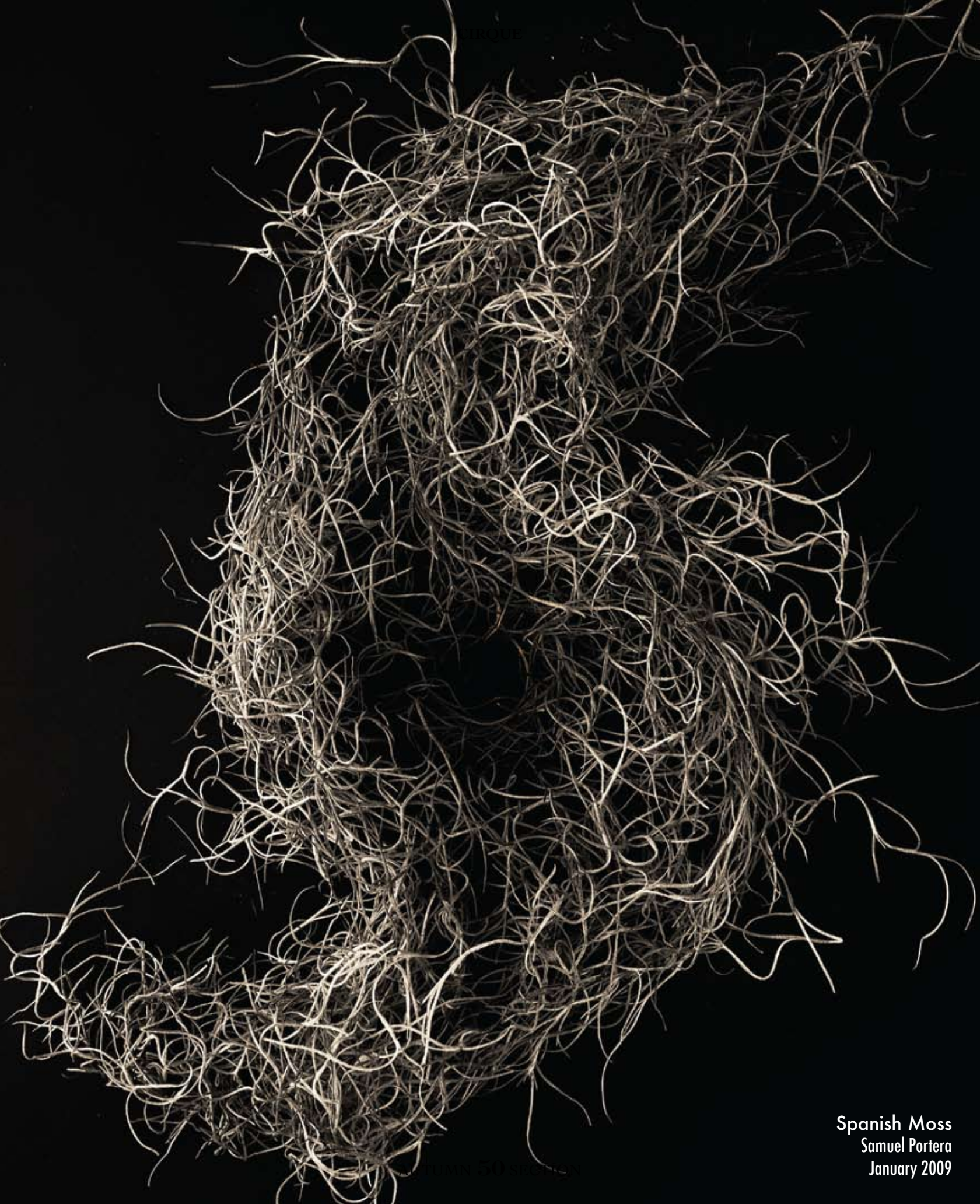
America's wetland is under attack, and this time the stakes are higher than ever. Oil soaked pelicans and bloated porpoises on the beaches are the reality of the day, and those with salt water running through their veins are saddened and furious.

Samuel Portera



Driftwood in Water
Samuel Portera
November 2007





Spanish Moss
Samuel Portera
January 2009

CIRQUE



Old Camp
Samuel Portera
August 2008

Palmetto
Samuel Portera
September 2010





Featured artists

From New Orleans:

Dave Greber,
Viorel Hodre,
Steve Martin,
George McClements,
Valorie Polmer,
Aaron Reichert,
Thomas Williams,
Luba Zyarewicz

From the UK:

Dan Baldwin,
Carne Griffiths,
Colin Hampden-White,
Shruti Thaker,
Rob Reed

100sqft

featuring 100 artists
from the UK and
the USA

Music by

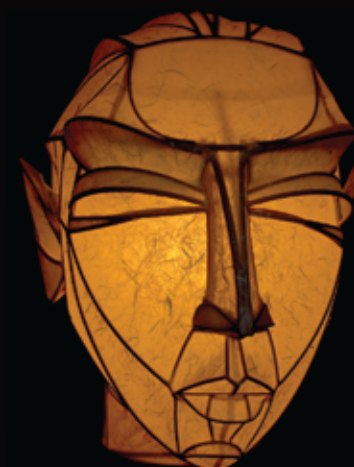
Steve Masakowski
and The Hiptones

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New Orleans, LA 70125

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TREKKERS VEER

The Prelude

by Bret LeBeau

Wanderlust, pure and simple.

I am not a journalist, a photographer, a scientist or a businessman. Nor am I independently wealthy with nothing to do. I'd hardly consider myself a tourist or a seasoned traveler, but I have travelled. I don't speak any foreign languages and I have remained considerably aloof to foreign politics and economic affairs. My travels are certainly not purpose driven in terms of anything entirely tangible. They are sought after with an inexplicable drive that, coupled with a little savings and few travelling companions, brings me far and wide.

This drive, like a small obsession or addiction, seeks pure experience. It's a desire for a change of scenery, similar to taking a stroll through a park, only expanded worldwide—looking, observing, enjoying, and returning.

From the places that I travel, I gather observations for my personal travel bag only. I don't set out on quests to concoct non-biased facts about different cultures, customs, races, and the sub-

strata of classes within them. A few weeks of firsthand experience in a foreign country is not enough to come to any certainties. I was born and raised in the Southeast United States and I still question my over-scrutinized perceptions of its culture. To avoid creating and spreading faulty suppositions, I try not to scrutinize other places because every culture in the world and every destination is vulnerable to attack. And it seems that the more unique and beautiful a place is, the darker its shadows are.

Most recently, I went on a month's excursion in South America. It all started as mere brainstorming about places to explore at cheap prices, and didn't fully materialize until the day before we got on the plane. We sat around a table, my old friend Jay and my brother Jake and I, staring at a pile of guide books for trekkers and travelers which covered an array of South American countries. We were still very uncertain where our path would lead us. All that we knew was that we

had three buddy-passes to Quito, Ecuador and, because we had the gear for it, we wanted to make as much of the trip as possible in the wilderness. So we flipped through a guide book and chose our first trek outside of a little Ecuadorian town named Otavalo. At that, we closed the book and started packing.

So this is our story. It's not intended to amend any general conceptions of the places that we saw. It's not to change any of your opinions or to force any of mine: no gossip, no tattle-tailing, no pointing fingers, no choosing sides or favorites. It's my story of what we experienced, told with the most honesty, closest accuracy, and nothing more.

It had all come down so quickly that we had done very little research on where we might be going, so, for me, all the specific places that we were to end up still didn't exist in mind. This made the fact of what we were doing impossible

to completely absorb. Even on the plane, as I briefly perused a guide book, it felt like it was all still a part of our simple travel musings from the month before.

We weren't long off the plane, though, when it all started to hit me.

In the line of tired strangers waiting with patience, sustained by the daze of a long flight, we noticed an irregularity in our breathing. Whether or not we were in motion, one of us would suddenly start drawing in air deeply.

At roughly 9,350 feet above sea level, Quito is placed as the second-highest capital city in the world. It's normal to be hiking around the top of a snowcapped mountain at a high altitude and notice a slight difficulty in breathing, but being from a city that rests below sea level, it seemed odd to be standing motionless, respiring laboriously. In those first few moments of acclimatization, I'd forget where we were and wonder where the hell all the oxygen had gone. Jake turned to me to describe his shortness of breath and had to stop half way to breathe.

Soon I was turning over and over in my head unappealing imaginings of hauling myself up a mountain with 50-plus pounds on my back, for days at a time, at that altitude and higher.

We pressed on through customs with the lingering thought of unbearable physical exertion looming in the near future and, upon exiting the airport, we confronted our first of many barrages of taxi cab drivers, pleading to take us somewhere, anywhere. That was one thing we experienced frequently, we were never questioned or advised to reconsider any place that we wanted to go. If we asked to be dropped off in the most dangerous neighborhood for three disoriented strangers, whether we seemed to be aware of it or not, we would have been brought there without a single hesitation or a raise of an eyebrow. All that the cabbies wanted was fares, and they pursued them with extreme desperation.

After correcting a couple of false destinations with our cabbie, we were finally at our intended hostel. Even though we were at the right address, an air of anxiety lingered silently as we unloaded our packs onto the sidewalk. It was late, around eleven o'clock; the street was completely lifeless and the hostel was set back into the unlit night, completely hidden behind an eight-foot brick wall. The only sense of se-

curety that we had was from our lingering cabbie. Several blocks away, we could hear the bustle of nightlife coming from Quito's Mariscal district, a focal point for bar-hopping party goers. This brought another level of comfort, knowing that at least we weren't in a completely abandoned part of town, but we also knew that the vacant outskirts of such areas are prime spots for

Soon I was turning over and over in my head unappealing imaginings of hauling myself up a mountain with fifty-plus pounds on my back for days at a time at that altitude and higher.

muggers.

Soon a small greasy man, more indigenous looking than mestizo, appeared from the dark on the other side of the hostel gate. Jay, being our personal translator the entire trip, asked for three beds and, after slowly rubbing a tired eye, the man let us in without a word. We thanked the cabbie as he began his race back to the airport to fight for more tired fares.

Everywhere about the hostel was impenetrable darkness, inside and out, but I could feel that it was welcoming and safe. We stumbled awkwardly through the small lobby then bumped along a hallway, kicking oddly placed chairs and brushing unframed paintings uneven. I apologized for our clumsiness in English. When I remembered which language I was supposed to be speaking, I made a poor

effort to correct myself by saying in Spanish 'good morning' instead of 'I'm sorry.'

We were aware from many sources that the only good water to consume in Ecuador comes bottled, otherwise we risked taking in parasites that could cause us to miss the comfort of our toilet back home on a whole grander scale. So our first night in Quito we inevitably began our constant, conscious efforts to find bottled water.

In the main strip of the Mariscal district, we quickly found some water and after walking down a few blocks of joyous Ecuadorians entering and exiting discotheques, we decided to stop at a bar to try out the local beer. We unknowingly picked a tourist trap. The walls were completely decked with Beatles paraphernalia, and the jukebox only played classic rock. Because of this special attraction, the beers that we ordered were twice the price of any other beer we ordered the rest of the trip. We bought one round then asked for the nearest liquor store so that we could have some drinks back at the hostel. The bartender impatiently pointed to the shop across the street, so we paid him the \$3.50 apiece (in Ecuador their currency is the U.S. dollar) and crossed over. From the middle shelf we picked up a bottle of rum for the same price of one of the beers. We made our way back to the hostel with our water and rum and, with very little help from the rum, we were asleep.

The next day we found a Roman Catholic church called La Basilica del Voto Nacional, which

stands as the largest Neo-Gothic cathedral in the Americas. Its construction was started in 1883 and remains unfinished due to the belief that its completion will signify the coming of Armageddon. A recent earthquake has left many parts of it in need of repair. The main attraction for us was the 300-foot climb to the top of one of the two clock towers for the best view of the city. The dangers of climbing up to the top of an unfinished, earthquake damaged cathedral never entered into our minds in our decision making.

From the outside, La Basilica looks much like a standard medieval cathedral, but as we approached its massive doors we noticed that the gargoyles were of Ecuadorian icons: monkeys, pumas, tortoises, and condors. Inside we were blown away by its immense size: 140 meters long and 35 meters wide. The only damage that we could see were just a few shattered stained-glass windows, otherwise spectacular.

We climbed up a narrow, spiraling stairwell of white stone, yellowed with hand grime. The stairs opened up suddenly into a chamber where the clock's hefty gears sat motionless. We followed another set of steel steps to an open landing where the bell hung and the city came into view. Looking around we noticed a tenuous ladder of welded rebar that led to another landing. Of course, we climbed up. Going one at a time, taking one slow step after another, we could feel the tower wavering over the city. The ladder slanted in such a way that all we could see while on it was the city below. At the top landing, I as

Searching for our trail on a barren plain.
Photographs courtesy of Bret LeBeau



From the top of the clock tower the 75 meter peak of the transept looks deceptively benign, but once on top, the slightest fear of heights is magnified.

sumed some safety violations were being broken the way just anyone was allowed up there. Black cracks meandered all about the concrete and random spikes of rebar jutted out with no apparent purpose. We could see the 600 foot high hilltop across the city, crested by the massive statue of the winged Virgen de Quito; which from the distance was an odd sight as she watched over everything, ominous and gray in shadow. Ultimately, the view was stunning; the width of a city and the low mountains beyond, all in one glance.

We could also see down at the third, seemingly ineffectual tower resting on the basilica’s transept. Forty-five feet below us, it looked much less intimidating; seeing people at its top, we knew there was a way to get over, so we slowly climbed down, waiting for the entire thing to crumble under us.

To get to the third tower, we walked along a wooden plank, crossing what was essentially the attic of the Basilica, then climbed a wooden ladder up onto an open ledge overlooking both the city and a potentially life-ending plummet. Up one more ladder, this time with real steps, and we were at the top of the tower. Although lower in height, this landing was much smaller and provided an even greater sense of danger as it swayed and shuttered. Five or six columns held up the rest of the tower; between each one was a concrete wall, which didn’t even reach our waists in height. I crouched low in the center with the urge to crawl. Ten feet down were planks of bamboo scaffolding that were pale from weathering and looked altogether forgotten; another sign of the cathedral’s ignored disrepair. I am not one to fear heights, but up there I found myself freezing up. The feeling was strange; too scared to be up there, but too scared to go down. It didn’t feel like a controlled rush of exhilaration like on a roller coaster, where safety is considered at every moment. It was a rush from fear of uncertain dangers and discarded precautions, but a rush it was, and I enjoyed it. We found the courage

to shuffle to the edge and ask one of the other frightened tourists to take our picture before fleeing the cathedral.

Back at the hostel we ran into a group of Australians who invited us to dinner with them. Had we known that they had already decided on going to a Texas-styled steakhouse, we would have declined. After restraining verbal lament all through dinner, we followed them to an Irish-American pub. Once again, had we known their intended destination, we wouldn’t have followed. After a game of pool on a beaten up pool table, the embarrassment and shame of being in another North American styled bar turned us back out into the street.

It didn’t feel like a controlled rush of exhilaration like a roller coaster or even sky-diving where safety is considered at every moment. It was a rush from fear of uncertain dangers and discarded precautions, but a rush it was, and I enjoyed it.

So far, with the exception of La Basilica, all we had done in Ecuador was visit overpriced imitations of U.S. establishments. Before ever getting on the plane, we had agreed that we would avoid tourist traps, guides and tours. We didn’t want to see tourists, we didn’t want to see groups of light-skinned people flashing cameras, we didn’t want to hear or even see the English language. We wanted to see and experience only what Ecuadorians see and experience, something the very fewest North Americans have, something we couldn’t read about in travel magazines or see on TV, and we were failing. Nearly disgruntled, we left the main strip and looked for a bar where we could listen to pasillo, the Ecuadorian genre of choice, and where the bartender didn’t greet us in English.

We found a small bar that was clearly family-owned. The twelve-year-old daughter of the patriarch served us beers from behind the bar while outside on the littered

sidewalk, the two older sons grilled large pieces of pig and a variety of vegetables in an oil drum barbecue pit. The patriarch himself, a big friendly old man, happy to serve us, brought out two bowls of popcorn. We sat around a table with the Aussies eating the plain popcorn and began to experience for the first time the effects of drinking at high altitude. After casually drinking two beers, it felt like we had guzzled five; but at \$1.50 for sixteen ounces, it’s hard to refrain. Eventually Jay requested a place with a dance floor, which led us back to the strip and into a flashy discotheque where we stayed until closing.

Despite our failure to avoid the tourist traps, which may have

created a lasting need to compensate, I’d say that our first day in Ecuador was a success. On our second day, my desire for adventure had its first real taste of fulfillment.

We woke up early to ask the hostel receptionist how to get to Otavalo by bus. Our plan was to get there as soon as possible, check into a hostel, drop off our bags, explore a local waterfall and prep for our first trek the following day. Getting there sounded easy from what we had been told: buy a bus ticket, get on, and expect to be there in about two hours. Things didn’t work out as such. Due to our lack of research on the political world of Ecuador and our apparently uninformative hostel receptionist, we were not aware of the indigenous rioters. Although we had seen a bus load of riot-control police in full gear and guns, we figured they were only concerned with city matters. I’m still uncertain

about most of the details of Ecuador’s civil unrest, but I now know some of its effects firsthand.

We had been out of Quito for 45 minutes, traveling along a small highway at a pretty good pace, when we came to an abrupt halt. The three of us were in the very back, me on the driver’s side and Jake and Jay across the aisle. Up in the front, a commotion started growing out of the confused passengers. The bus, an old unkempt motor coach, provided little view from our windows. Even the front windshield was blocked by a door that separated the driver from the passengers. Following the lead of the people in front of us, I opened up my window and stuck my head out to look around. All across the road about thirty feet ahead were piles of burning telephone pole segments and mounds of small boulders. Surrounding the fires were protesters, some holding picket signs, some with machetes. A small, dark-skinned man with a single braided pony tail swinging to his waist and wielding a machete approached the bus on the driver’s side. At the driver’s window, he pointed at the bus with the machete and waved it all around, exclaiming quickly, in a high pitched voice from the bottom of his throat. About this time, five or six other passengers had rushed off of the bus and joined the mob. Two more machete holders came running up, imitating the first one. On the other side of the fires was a vacated bus with slashed tires.

“Hijackers?” I asked Jay, hoping he was able to keep up with the incessant barrage of nervous Spanish. Bewilderment had overcome my common sense, preventing me from seeing the picket signs and coming to my own logical conclusion.

“I think they’re just rioters not letting anyone pass.” He responded, but I wondered neurotically whether that was what he heard or just his own hopeful speculation.

“I think if they were hijackers they would have come onto the bus by now.” Jake said, and I

Atop Peguche Waterfall. Down below is a look-out where our trail was supposed to have ended.



agreed, but still made the effort to pull out my passport and stow it away securely into my underwear in fear of it being stolen and sold on the black market. Moments later our bus was reversing and the three camo-clad machete wielders were strolling back to their bonfire.

I thought the bus ride was over and that Otavalo was just going to have to wait for another day, but I was wrong. About halfway back to Quito, our bus turned onto a small poorly-maintained road. The road led steeply up through two small villages. I concluded that we were taking another route, one not intended for speeding motor coaches. This became evident when the road, now hugging the mountainside, turned to gravel, then just dirt. We quickly continued up and up along a ridge of gaunt trees, pale orange from dust being stirred into gritty clouds. It was too hot to shut the window completely, but even a small crack for air let the dust pour in; before long it was crunching between my teeth and turning into a thin film of mud on my face and arms.

After a while I grew bored with my view—a sheer cliff face too close to see anything else—so I turned to see what Jake and Jay were looking at. It seemed at first a

small row of dust covered trees; just as uninteresting. But from time to time there were gaps between them, and we could see far down into an expansive valley. At the bottom, the cinderblock shanty homes that lined a dried-out river bed looked more like white dots in the green clearings around them. The dirt road was so narrow that we couldn't see it on either side without looking straight down out of the window. So from our seats if you looked left you saw a wall and if you looked right you saw either a thin line of trees or the three-hundred foot drop they concealed. I pictured that hot old, dusty metal box-on-wheels tumbling over and over, shuffling its contents of living carbon matter all around, ejecting us out two by two for minutes on end until it landed with the sound of hundreds of crashing empty soda cans into that dry river bed, all followed by a long dusty silence.

My morbid imaginings were interrupted about every 10 minutes when the bus would come to a stop at the sound of horns, both close and distant. At first I thought the protesters had blocked off our detour, too, but soon, to the irritation of my already unsettled nerves, it became clear what was blocking

the path. It may have been a lack of radio communication or it may have been an example of limited infrastructure; more than likely a little of both. For whatever reason, that mountainside road was the best way for large vehicles to get from Otavalo to Quito and back; there were some smaller cars but mostly just buses and convoys of dump trucks. When these convergences occurred, the vehicle going upwards, usually ours, was put into

As we passed, I pretended nothing else existed in the world of human endeavors; it was purity, simple and content subsistence.

neutral and coasted back down until the path widened up enough for a passing.

Each narrow passing was like a chisel chipping away hard at our block of luck, which would eventually crumble to the floor. When the bus wasn't climbing too steeply or backing up to let another bus squeeze by, it was flying, hugging the turns with only a few honks of the horn to alert anybody on the other side. This was our first and certainly not last experience with

the dangers of road transportation in the Andes.

Four and a half hours and a transition of hemispheres later, we were stumbling off the bus in Otavalo, numb to the calls of desperate cabbies and hunched farmers trying to sell their hens and corn. We followed a map from our guide book to a nearby hostel. Getting away from the bus station, the fresh air, the unique appearance of the city and its surrounding landscape immediately redeemed the bus ride. The whole town, inhabited by the indigenous Otavalenos, seemed to have strayed very little from its colonial roots, and every direction bore a colossal mountain under pure blue skies and swift clouds.

We wasted little time before walking up to the Peguche waterfall. It was an easy hike along a stream that paralleled an old aqueduct. The waterfall itself was beautiful as we climbed all the way up alongside it and crossed over at the top. Some of the outskirts of Otavalo were void of any sign of the twentieth century, the twenty-first much less. For about a mile at a time, we'd pass through areas of clay huts surrounded by small corn crops and chicken coops; no telephone wires seen nor car motors heard. The people working their crops were usu-

ally quite aged and proud in their traditional dress: wool ponchos for the men, frilly embroidered white dresses for the women, and miniature felt fedora hats for both. They would see us from their crops, smile and wave until we were out of sight.

As we passed, I pretended nothing else existed in the world of human endeavors; it was purity, simple and content subsistence. The moments disintegrated as teenagers would appear on the horizon, wearing faux designer clothing,

with gelled up hair and cell phones. I suppose I'll try not to frown upon their aggressive disruption of a beautiful, old, and unique culture. It is after all antiquated and inevitably changing.

That night, after a dinner of steak, little purple potatoes, fried plantains and vegetables, all on a mound of rice, we found a quiet bar with two bartenders our age. One spoke decent English so we were all able to partake in conversation. It went as conversation goes between young men from completely different places with similar unsatisfied curiosities: a battle over who gets to hear the most about the other's culture. We lost. We talked mostly about Jimi Hendrix and The Doors, but we did gain useful information about some good Ecuadorian beaches for later on.

The next morning we packed up and started making our way towards Laguna Cuicocha, a consistently striking volcanic caldera. It's a crater lake situated on the slopes of Cotacachi, a well-known extinct volcano in Northern Ecuador. The lake was formed about 3,000 years ago when an eruption of Cotacachi left its magma chambers empty, causing a large portion of its side to cave in; this left a crater roughly four miles wide, which eventually filled up with pristine blue water. Following the eruption, continuing volcanic activity caused two lava-dome islands to form in the center of the crater. These two bulbous islands are what gave the lake its name. Laguna Cuicocha translates to 'Guinea-pig Lake', and its islands

look like resting guinea-pigs. After hitchhiking all the way up to the lake we stopped at a little restaurant for a few roasted guinea-pigs, a common Ecuadorian delicacy. With the head and the paws still attached it took a moment of consideration before delving through the carcass for its scarce meat.

Our first of the four treks we did that month, just about seven miles around the rim of the caldera, was the mildest in length and severity of terrain, but in my



The Guinea Pig delicacy: topped with tomato, a boiled egg and a side of potatoes for those too squeamish to pick away at the grilled rodent.

opinion it was the most painful. The fact that we were still acclimatizing was well on our minds, but what we had failed to think through was that there isn't a single flat trail in the Andes. Everywhere you're going its either up steeply or down steeply. We also used poor judgment in packing water. Half way through the trail, Jake and I were already down to just a few sips. Less than four miles of hiking without water sounds easy; but at 11,000 feet and

with 500 feet more to go, all with fifty pounds on our backs, the need for water was dire. To make things worse, we were racing the day. We had to reach camp before nightfall and this meant we didn't have time to descend the 100-plus feet to the taunting lake to purify a couple of bottles worth of water. The only thing to do was push on.

Despite suffering from an arid mouth, burning lungs, and quivering legs which threatened to give out at any moment, I was able to take in the wondrous beauty around us. Wind poured into the caldera,

The trail continued up and down and, from time to time, would inexplicably sink into the ground in long level spans of trench, thick gravel and soil walls rising above our heads. The mountain foliage, usually waist high, grew across as a canopy closing us in.

We were away from the lake completely and approaching a small village. The guide book had mentioned a few creeks that we would cross with reliable drinking water, but they had all dried out; so we remained thirsty, thirstier than I can remember ever being.

I hurt everywhere. My boots, once a paradigm of comfort, pounded the soles of my feet like planks of wood, my back was wilting, and the weight of my pack felt like it was separating my shoulders from my neck. The worst pain of all was remembering that we had already committed to doing a seven day trek going over twice the distance.

We were able to procure water and set up camp on a hidden cliff overlooking Cuicocha just before nightfall. The ledge was less than 15 feet from our tent, which meant we did very little venturing once the night had grown

over black. Soon we played the sardine and filed into our two and half person tent. On our backs, shoulder to shoulder and with our headlamps on, we discovered that the only way to get to sleep was to read quietly while passing around the rum bottle.

In the morning, fog had collected in the caldera and all we could see was white. As we sluggishly packed up, the fog all seemed to settle into itself and vanish just in

time for us to head down to the shore for a volcanic, crater lake dip.

After our swim, we quickly made our way back through Otavalo, across the equator, back towards Quito and on towards our next two-day trek near the city of Latacunga. We did all of this traveling by bus, without any holdups by the indigent protesters.

Latacunga, although mildly peppered with passing tourists, is largely an authentic, well-preserved Ecuadorian city. Its main attraction is the nearby Cotopaxi, one of the world's highest active volcanoes. Its perfect cone shape makes it a specifically scenic destination.

We wisely bypassed toying with any climbs up Cotopaxi and chose a trek which traverses a 13,000 foot pass across another volcano in its northwestern shadow. Ruminahui, in ancient times, lost its cone shape in an eruption, much like the familiar Mt. St. Helens. The eruption left Ruminahui in three separate, craggy peaks. The trek followed up along its southwest shoulder then descended the next day down to Machachi, a large agricultural village known as the home of the wool-poncho-wearing Chagra, the E c u a -

dorian cowboy.

Less than two days after walking around Cuicocha, we were hitching a ride in the back of a pickup truck to the Ruminahui trailhead. The first thing we did when we got there was locate a suggested water source and top off our two and half gallon jugs; no more untreated thirst. We began along the trail with Cotopaxi's ever-presence matched only by the sun.

Our ascent the first day brought us nearly 2,000 feet higher than the trailhead. Compared to the two solid hours that we spent furiously searching for the trail, which had disappeared into a volcanic desert patched sporadically with thorny mosses and tussock grass, trudging steeply uphill every thirty minutes or so was a mere annoyance.

We eventually found our path and continued on up along Ruminahui until we reached the top of the pass. There we dropped our packs and climbed up to the southern peak at 14,062 feet to take in the view of both our travels and Cotopaxi beyond it; the view was our reward.

To the other side of the pass we could see down to Machachi in the far distance, but Pansalea, a small village between us, hid behind ridges and dense clusters of polylepis trees. Just below us were two small plateaus, a place suggested for camping.

For dinner we had tuna and granola on a hill near our camp and watched the stars above us and the lights of Machachi below. Just after dinner, as we prepared for bed, Jay turned to Jake and I from digging in the tent and released a couple of alarmed expletives. We turned around to see a dark apparitional canine approaching us in the night.

"Wolf!" I yelled. Our instincts led Jake and I to reach for a pile of sticks and start waving them around.

"It's a Culpeo! I saw his eyes glowing. They looked like fire flies at first," Jay said, obviously having read the wildlife guide book about this large Andean fox.

It had halted its trot just ten feet from us. Slouched and frozen in our headlamps it showed little concern as we raised a commotion. It began a series of backing off, pacing and then charging. Each time it began pacing we would lose sight of it in the darkness and when it reappeared from another direction it gave us a false impression that there was more than one. This feeling of being under attack sent us to more aggressive measures of defense: throwing sticks, charging and yelling.

After fleeing from our barrage of sticks, the Culpeo timidly investigated the hill top where we had just eaten.

"He wants the tuna," one of us said.

This posed a problem when we realized that we had dispersed our food rations throughout our bags. We no longer feared attack from the animal but the last thing we wanted was to wake up in the morning and find our packs, which we kept in an outer compartment of the tent, to be torn to shreds and our breakfast and lunch gone. So while Jake continued keeping the large fox away with a

We turned around to see a dark apparitional canine approaching us in the night.

stick in each hand, Jay and I scurried about gathering our food into a grocery bag and hoisting it up into a tree away from our tent. The fox, fearlessly curious and mostly invisible in the night except for its large glowing eyes, eventually disappeared and never returned, though our concern for its presence followed us to sleep.

Much like at Cuicocha, the morning was starkly white and dew covered. Everything we'd hung to dry was wetter than before, but we chose not to be fazed. Discomforts such as wet clothes were one of the many that we enjoyed learning to get over.

The hike down to Machachi was a difficult one, both surprising and undesired. The trail vanished again, and the terrain became overgrown and at times impassable. The ridge descending down would break off into deep ravines and the dense overgrowth kept us from being able to see the drop-offs until we were upon them, forcing us to backtrack uphill. Being able to see the village and feeling that getting there would be impossible made our grueling ascent from the previous day a matter of longing.

Eventually a dirt road appeared which followed down into Pansalea. We trudged along, watching the villagers with astonishment as they hand-tilled large portions of the nearly vertical hillsides. The village seemed to be hardly that. Sparse cinderblock huts were positioned along the dirt road that zigzagged down; no center or market or cars even. Finally, a truck did appear from behind us and we were able to get the farmer to give us a ride to Machachi. No humane person would deny a ride to people in such obvious need of one. Estimating the distance of the truck ride, we concluded that we wouldn't have made it on foot as we had planned. I equated my relief to that of a marooned sailor upon his rescuing. Again, I thought of our impending seven day trek with extreme uncertainty, but at

least we were allowing ourselves a couple of days of respite in Baños, our next city destination.

In our exhausted desperation to get there, we wasted no time finding a bus route as direct and as quick as possible. This meant we wouldn't spend the night at the nearest hostel to rest and clean up. Without showering or changing or even so much as washing the dirt off of our faces, we were getting on a bus for the long haul. Our odiferous and ragged state would not be acceptable in most public places in the U.S., but on rural, Ecuadorian buses, buses that may have passed as top of the line in 1960 but had lost any proof of it, carried anybody with fee in hand.

I found most of the buses throughout Ecuador to contain an assortment of opposites. As we loaded our packs into the undercarriage, there were always a few elderly locals in their ponchos and lambskin hats loading in live chickens and potato sacks of large, off-shaped grains of corn which trickled out everywhere.

On the bus, if we stank, it went unnoticed or became overpowered by the reek of garbage heaps that lined most roads. Usually young couples would fill up most of the seats, the man in a dress shirt and the woman in a sweater with a baby

wrapped up in a blanket and tied to her back. As these old buses rattled through unnamed villages they would occasionally halt at random and scoop up oddly placed villagers. Sometimes the bus would suddenly smell of cologne and after shave as adolescent boys would swarm in with gelled up hair and jewelry and miraculously clean shoes. These youngsters would be the counterbalance to the old, sedate hillside farmers who were probably their great-grand aunts and uncles. They looked eager and excited for what was probably a night at a discotheque. I couldn't imagine them in ponchos and rubber boots trudging through mule droppings as they carried in their harvested crops from deep in the hills. Out the windows I'd watch shanty house after shanty house for miles without ever seeing a single one that wasn't missing a significant portion of the roof and I wondered how those guys ever got so clean. Our hostels were far nicer than most village homes, and I never came close to looking that clean the entire trip. I'd wonder what they thought of us and why we would go so much out of our ways

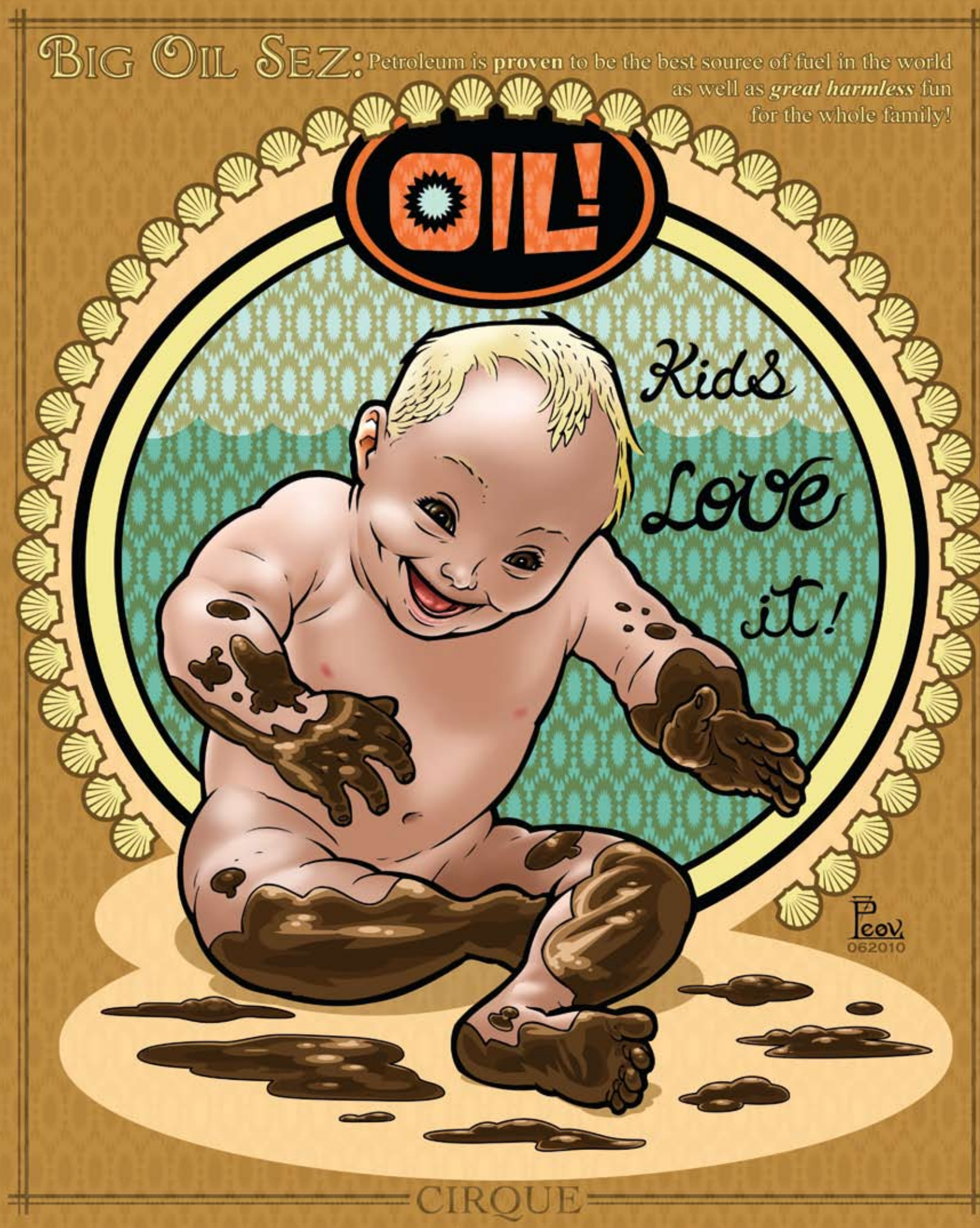
getting so damned dirty just to look at some mountains. Watching them, I wondered if they had ever looked at those mountains in wonderment.

Nearly half a day and a few bus changes later, we were in Baños. Fatigue and darkness kept us from seeing Baños for the small charismatic city that it is until the following day, after a deep slumber in the comfort of actual beds.

As we settled in at our hostel we discussed how our seven-day trek, a trudge into the Amazon to an undeveloped hot spring, was going to be a particularly memorable experience that would stay with us forever. We knew that it would be significant but we had no way of knowing what decisive moments would arise and send us in directions that had eluded our plans, and how those directions would bring us along dangerous roads and to unimaginable destinations. Q

Our trail on the second day crossing Ruminahui just before it vanished in a dense thicket of trees and crevices.

Experience the conclusion to *Trekkers Veer* in Issue 2 of CIRQUE.





CIRQUE INVESTIGATES THE ONGOING STRUGGLE BETWEEN
RESIDENTS AND MUSICIANS OVER THE NEWLY ENFORCED CITY
ORDINANCES THAT ARE SILENCING STREET PERFORMERS
by JESSICA WILLIAMS

It's Wednesday, and the sun has just begun to set in the Vieux Carré. As you cross Bourbon Street at Iberville, you can hear trombones, trumpets, and a lone tuba bellowing at the corner of Bourbon and Canal. And, every so often, this chant: "HEY! HEY, HEY, HEY, POCKAWAY!"

At 8:11 p.m., the To Be Continued Brass Band is well into their set for the night; seven of the nine players drop their instruments to their side and repeat the chant to the crowd of 20. A 50-something self-appointed hype man moves

his feet to the beat of the drum and shakes his cap in the air like only New Orleans natives can. In cars that pass the intersection, the loud booms penetrate the glass windows, and most passengers move their heads along with the beat. A band volunteer holds up a cardboard box for collections, and the dollars pile in. Stacked against the side of the Foot Locker store that band members lean on, there are signs that read: "New Orleans IS Music;" and "Please Don't Stop the Music – Preserve the Culture."

While performing on the streets is how the To Be Continued

band, and other local bands, got their start, these street performances have been at the center of recent ballyhoo surrounding the New Orleans Police Department's sudden enforcement of sections 66-205 and 30-1456 of city ordinance.

These ordinances ban all performances on a span of Bourbon Street between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m., and prohibit musicians from performing anywhere in the city between 8 p.m. and 9 a.m. without a permit. It is similar to entertainers' ordinances that have created uproar in other large cities; the main difference being that in many cases,

performers filed and won lawsuits against city lawmakers.

With an administrative review of the ordinances now underway, both Quarter residents and entertainers hope for a compromise to quiet the tension on all sides.

THE ENTERTAINERS

To Be Continued has played at the corner of Bourbon and Canal since 2002, says manager Lisa Palumbo. Before June, the band had never heard of the ordinances, she says.

"I had never heard anything about [an 8 p.m. curfew]," she

“*The NOPD isn’t just hurting us, they’re hurting everything around us,*” Davis says. “*People have said, ‘Man, y’all just made my day, I was about to hurt someone.’ It’s like a calling for us; you never know who you can meet out here.*”

says. “From what I had gathered, the band was allowed to play until 11 p.m. They had sort of an understanding with the police.”

Palumbo started a petition for supporters to sign in protest of the laws, saying that some parts of the citywide ordinance were unconstitutional.

“It’s overreaching and unenforceable, and that was an issue that needs to be addressed,” she says. “We just wanted to have the ordinances reexamined and have something more reasonable that doesn’t prohibit what has been going on for a long time.”

So far, the petition has garnered close to 1,000 signatures, says Palumbo. A Facebook support group has also been created for the musicians, and it has gathered more than 19,500 followers as of press time.

TBC’s band members include George Washington Carver High School Band and John F. Kennedy High School Band alumni, who started the new band in 2002 to help raise money for fellow school members who couldn’t afford a band trip. Since then, playing with TBC has become many members’ full-time job.

Christopher Davis, who plays trumpet, says that TBC collects funds and books gigs at their spot on Bourbon. In addition to helping themselves, the band has been able to have a positive impact on others, he says.

“The NOPD isn’t just hurting us, they’re hurting everything around us,” Davis says. “People have said, ‘Man, y’all just made my day, I was about to hurt someone.’ It’s like a calling for us; you never know who you can meet out here.”

The band has a positive impact on new faces to the city as well, because of its performance location, says Palumbo.

“It’s sort of an entry point to the French Quarter for a lot of people who are coming and visiting,” she says.

New Orleans Convention and Visitors Bureau President Stephen Perry echoes Palumbo in his June 25 statement:

“...Street performance in particular is a distinctive feature of the city and is at the heart of the visitor experience and marketing of the city internationally. Acting as front-line ambassadors, performers contribute to the authentic, hospitable and collective atmosphere cherished by those who visit New Orleans.”

while notices have been distributed citing the laws, “there has been no enforcement action taken,” and that “officers of the NOPD will continue to use discretion, appropriate to the circumstances present, to enforce any ordinances of the City of New Orleans.”

The Vieux Carré Property Owners and Residents Association confirmed that it has requested enforcement of the quality of life laws in this statement on its Website:

“VCPORA members enjoy music and support street musicians as contributors to New Orleans’s rich cultural scene. To preserve the livability of the historic French

tion did not agree to go on the record with personal statements.

THE FUTURE

Mayor Mitch Landrieu’s administration is reviewing the ordinances to ensure that they meet needs of both the residents and the entertainers, press secretary Ryan Berni says.

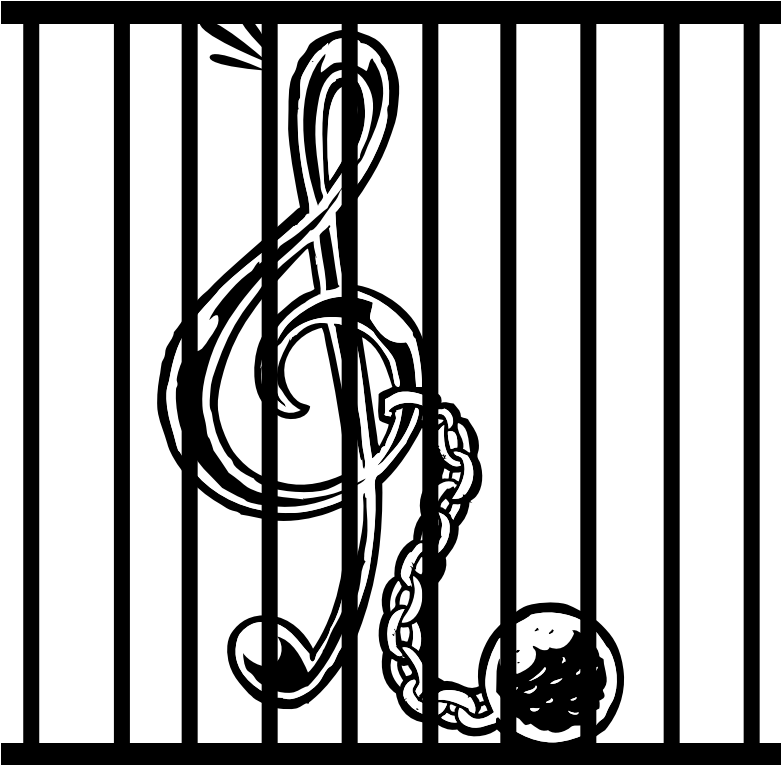
“Some advisers here have been meeting with both musicians and neighborhood representatives. The revised proposed ordinance will be available in the coming weeks,” he says.

But if the revised ordinance isn’t satisfactory to both parties, New Orleans may find itself in a similar situation to other cities with large street entertainer populations, such as Boston, Chicago, Cambridge, Mass., and Santa Cruz, California. In each of these cities, entertainers sued when authorities began to enforce unreasonable, and in often cases, unconstitutional ordinances, according to the street entertainers’ advocacy site, <http://www.buskersadvocates.org>. Many of these suits were successful.

The site has already begun to chronicle what it calls “The New Orleans Legal Battle,” with the only thing listed under this title being the current noise and performer ordinances.

While Davis feels that the quality of life ordinances should be reexamined and enforced, he says that the Landrieu administration has more important matters on its plate.

“Since there has been a change in New Orleans, they are worrying about the wrong thing,” he says. “You have the police shooting innocent people on Danizger Bridge – what’s up with that? It’s not like I’m out here selling drugs – I’m just playing my instrument.” Q



THE RESIDENTS

NOPD’s top official has said that June’s enforcement of the ordinance came after a series of complaints from French Quarter residents, complaints which have been voiced for years.

Chief Ronal Serpas said in a statement to CIRQUE, that

Quarter, we also support the long-standing ordinance that permits outdoor music only between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m. We have long encouraged NOPD to enforce all ordinances that contribute to the enhancement of both residential and visitor experiences.”

Members of the associa-

Stirring things up

With Chef Tory McPhail

By **ANDREA LYNN**

Tory McPhail *Executive Chef* Commander's Palace

Growing up on a farm in Washington state instilled Commander's Palace Executive Chef, Tory McPhail, with a deep respect for food and a realization that "every ounce of an ingredient should be cherished."

He was New Orleans-bound at age 19, getting a job at Commander's Palace and eventually working his way through all 12 stations of the kitchen, later leaving to pursue work at Michelin-rated restaurants around the world.

Returning to Commander's Palace years later, he once again relished the opportunity to embrace Creole cooking traditions and update classic dishes with local ingredients, like his favorite, chicory coffee. "We make a foie gras café au lait for our foie gras du monde appetizer. It also makes a great spice for bold meat like wild boar, and then we make chicory coffee ice cream to top a blackberry and white chocolate pie," says McPhail, who also co-hosted the Turner South show, "Off the Menu," in addition to other TV appearances.

McPhail, who is constantly looking for new opportunities to show off the restaurant's talents to the rest of the country, insists that a restaurant is only as good as its last meal served. Culinary perfection is a constant must, but inspiration in southern Louisiana is endless. "There is no shortage of ingredients and techniques," he says. "I just had turtle a few hours ago that was swimming in a swamp yesterday. Where else in the country is turtle soup a staple?"

Today's Menu

Rabbit and Goat Cheese Turnovers

Chicory Coffee-Crusted Pork Tenderloin with Red Beans and Rice "Salad"

Citrus Pound Cake with Citrus Compote

Concocting a fall dinner with Southern flair is a cinch with Chef McPhail's input. Start with rabbit confit, which incorporates the French method of cooking meat or game in its own fat, intensifying the flavor and producing meltingly tender meat that shreds with a slight touch of a fork. The rabbit meat is mixed with cheese and transformed

into a turnover. "The rabbit confit melts in your mouth and combining it with goat cheese and buttery puff pastry creates a great, slightly dressed up comfort food," McPhail says.

For the entrée, McPhail recommends a chicory and spice-crusted pork tenderloin with red beans and rice. McPhail says that dinner guests are constantly pleasantly surprised by the marriage of pork with the slight bitterness of the coffee. The pork rub also stands up to gamier meats, like venison or wild boar. The meat is served with a salad of red beans and rice dressed in an olive oil and hot sauce mixture.

And Citrus Pound Cake creates a refreshing and light end to

any meal. "Citrus is one of my favorite fall ingredients in Louisiana," McPhail says of the pound cake, which incorporates the juice and zest of lemons, limes, grapefruits and oranges. A citrus explosion is heightened by a fruity compote enhanced by Grand Marnier and mint.

Chicory Coffee-Crusted Pork Tenderloin with Red Beans and Rice "Salad"

Chef McPhail recommends replacing the pork tenderloin with a more gamey meat like venison, if desired

Ingredients (Yield: 6 servings)

For the chicory crust:

¼ cup chicory coffee
3 tbsp kosher salt
2 tbsp black pepper, freshly ground
1 pinch cayenne pepper
3 tbsp brown sugar
3 pieces pork tenderloin, cleaned of silver skin and fat
1/3 cup vegetable oil

Salt and pepper, to taste

For the rice:

2 tbsp vegetable oil
1 small onion, finely diced
1 bay leaf
2 tbsp kosher salt
2 cups rice
4 cups water

For the salad:

3 tbsp extra-virgin olive oil
4 tbsp hot sauce
3 tbsp cane vinegar or champagne vinegar
Salt and pepper, to taste

For the glaze:

1 bottle Brooklyn lager
1 cup sugar cane syrup
1 tbsp black pepper

Preparation

Make the chicory crust: Combine all dry ingredients together in a bowl and mix thoroughly. Rub the pork on all sides with oil, and dredge liberally in the crust. Let stand at room temperature while you make the salad.

For the red beans: Place a heavy gauge pot on the stove over high heat. Add the vegetable oil, and continue to heat until the oil starts to smoke, then add the onions, garlic, smoked sausage and bay leaf simultaneously and mix well. Continue to cook for 4 more minutes until the onions start to turn transparent. Add the hydrated beans, add the water and continue to cook over high heat until the beans come to a simmer. Reduce the heat and simmer the beans for an hour (stirring pot every 5 minutes) until the beans are tender but not falling apart. Season with salt and pepper, to taste. When done, drain the beans through a colander and refrigerate. Also, remember to save the liquid from the beans, which can be used in place of some of the water in the rice recipe to add more flavor.

To cook the rice: Before cooking the rice, rinse it under cool running water until the water runs clear. This rinses away any extra starch that will cause the rice to be very sticky and clumpy. This should only take one to two minutes.

Place a medium, heavy gauge pot on the stove over high heat. Add the oil and continue to heat until the oil starts to slightly smoke. Add the onions, salt and pepper all at once and stir vigorously for 30 seconds. Add the rice and continue to stir constantly for another 30 seconds. Add the bay leaf and water. Stir one last time, cover the pot then bring the liquid to a boil. Reduce the heat to low and continue to cook until the rice is done. Next, turn out the rice on a baking pan to cool and to evaporate extra moisture.

Finish the salad: Combine beans and rice together in a mixing bowl, add oil, hot sauce and cane vinegar, and then mix through. Finish with salt and pepper to taste.

Make the glaze: Place a small saucepan over medium high heat. Pour in the beer, bring to a simmer and reduce the volume of the liquid down to 2 ounces. Add the black pepper and cane syrup. Stir well and keep warm.

To cook the pork: Preheat a grill to medium high heat. Place the pork tenderloin on the grill and cook for 7 to 10 minutes, making sure to turn the meat frequently on all sides to avoid burning. When cooked, let the loins rest at room temperature for 4 minutes before slicing.

To finish the dish: Place the rice salad in the center of a serving tray. Slice the pork loins into several pieces. Arrange on the tray, and then drizzle with the sauce. Serve immediately.

Entrée

Rabbit and Goat Cheese Turnovers (Shown here unprepared)

According to Chef McPhail, confit and turnovers are time-honored ways to preserve meat and use leftovers

Ingredients

Yield: 16 servings

For the rabbit confit:

1 (2 ½) lb rabbit, cut into 8 pieces
1 tsp kosher salt
1 tsp fresh thyme, chopped, plus an additional sprig
½ tsp freshly ground black pepper
4 cups vegetable oil
3 garlic cloves, crushed
2 bay leaves
1/8 tsp whole black peppercorns

½ cup red onions, thinly sliced
1 cup crimini mushrooms, thinly sliced
4 oz goat cheese, at room temperature
1 tbsp fresh thyme, chopped
1/8 tsp kosher salt
1/8 tsp freshly ground black pepper
4 sheets (two 17-ounce packages) frozen prepared puff pastry, thawed
1 large egg, lightly beaten

Preparation

Prepare the rabbit confit: Place the rabbit in a 9-inch square baking dish and season on all sides with salt, thyme, and ground pepper. Cover and chill for 8 to 12 hours.

Preheat oven to 225°. Drain off excess liquid from rabbit. Add enough oil to the baking dish to cover the rabbit. Add the garlic, bay leaves, sprig thyme, and peppercorns. Cover tightly with aluminum foil, and cook one hour and 45 minutes until tender and falling off the bones. Transfer the rabbit to a platter and let cool to room temperature. Reserve the oil in an airtight container and chill for up to two weeks.

Pick the rabbit meat from the bones, chopping any large pieces. Cover and refrigerate the meat until ready to use. The meat will keep refrigerated, tightly covered, for up to five

days. Cover with the confit oil if you plan to do this, as the oil will seal out any oxygen from the meat.

Preheat the oven to 400°. Heat the reserved confit oil in a medium skillet over medium high heat. Add the onions and cook, stirring, for three minutes until translucent. Add the mushrooms and cook, stirring, about three to four minutes until soft and they give off their liquid. Remove from heat and stir in rabbit confit, goat cheese, thyme, salt, and pepper and stir well until the cheese is completely incorporated.

Unfold the pastry sheets on a lightly floured surface and roll with a rolling pin until a square just a little larger than the original shape is formed. Cut each puff pastry sheet into four squares. Using your finger or a pastry brush, lightly brush the beaten egg around the edges of each pastry square. Place a scant ¼-cup

of the filling in the center of each square and fold the pastry over the filling, pressing the edges together to completely enclose and form a triangle.

Place the turnovers on a large ungreased baking sheet. Crimp the edges of each pastry with a fork to seal and brush the tops with beaten egg. Bake about 15 to 20 minutes until the pastry is golden brown and the filling is hot.

Appetizer



Dessert



Citrus Pound Cake with Citrus Compote

"This is exactly the kind of dessert you find in homes of good cooks, not in restaurants. Invite us over. Really, we'll come," says McPhail.

Ingredients

Yield: 1 loaf, 8 servings

For the citrus pound cake:

½ lb (2 sticks) unsalted butter plus
1 tbsp, softened
2 cups sugar
1 ½ tbsp lemon zest, finely grated
1 ½ tbsp orange zest, finely grated
5 medium eggs
2 ¼ cups cake flour
¼ tsp baking powder
½ tsp salt
½ cup buttermilk
¼ cup fresh lemon juice

For the citrus glaze:

2 cups confectioner's sugar
¼ cup fresh orange juice
¼ cup fresh lemon juice

1 quart lemon sherbet

For the citrus compote:

1 medium grapefruit, peel and pith removed
1 medium lemon, peel and pith removed
1 medium lime, peel and pith removed
1 medium orange or Satsuma, peel and pith removed
1/3 cup Grand Marnier
1/3 cup granulated sugar
1 tbsp fresh mint, thinly sliced

Preparation

Preheat the oven to 350°. Butter and flour an 8 ½ x 4 ½ -inch loaf pan, knocking out excess flour.

Make the citrus pound cake:

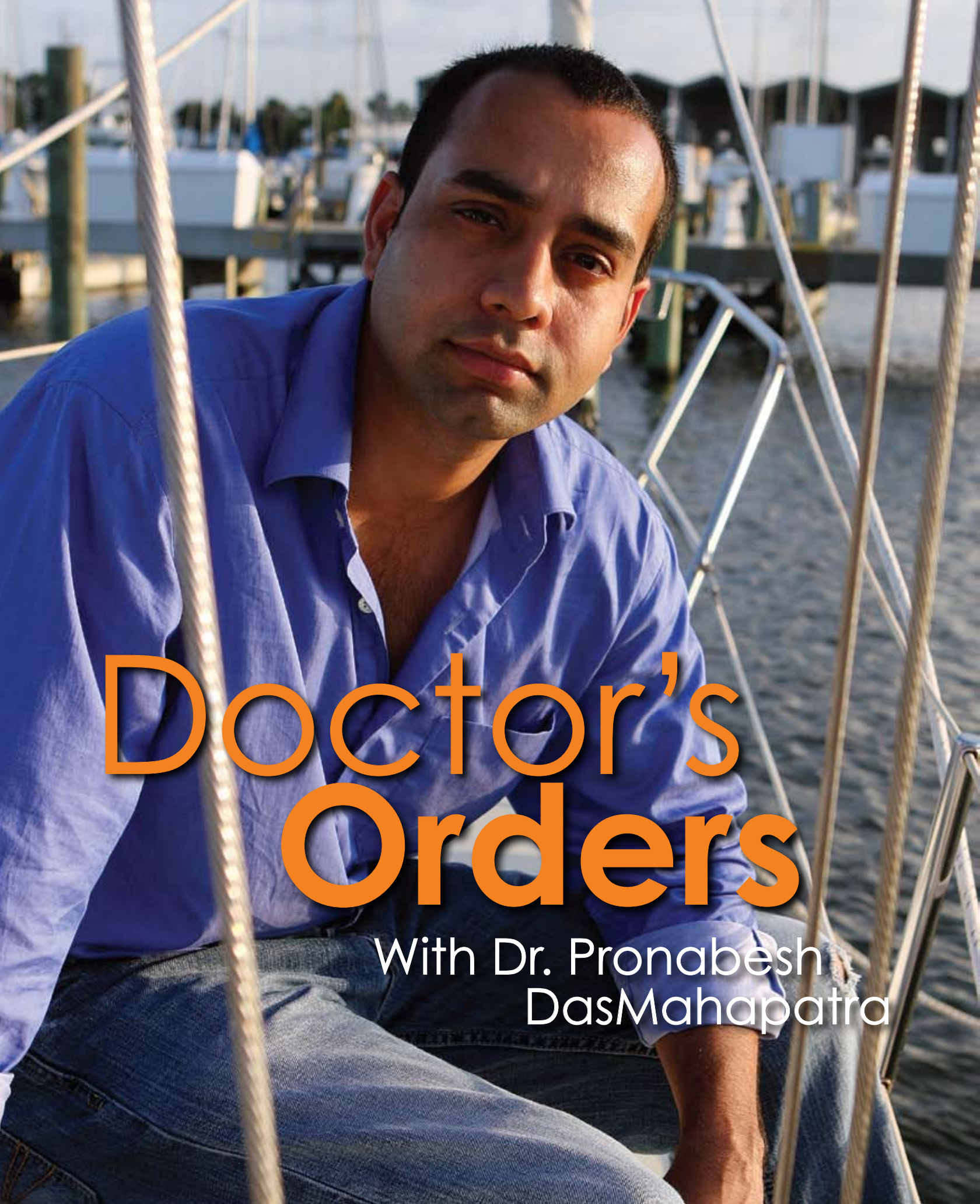
Cream together the butter and sugar with an electric mixer fitted with a paddle attachment on high for five minutes, until the mixture is fluffy and light in color, scraping the sides of the bowl as necessary. Add the lemon and orange zest and beat for five minutes. Add eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition.

Sift together dry ingredients into a large bowl. Combine the buttermilk and lemon juice in a bowl. Add 1/3 of the dry ingredients and mix until just incorporated. Add 1/3 of the buttermilk mixture, and mix until just incorporated. Continue adding dry and wet ingredients, being careful not to over-mix and scraping down the sides of the bowl as needed. Pour the batter into the prepared pan and bake about 40

minutes until golden brown and a tester inserted into the center of the cake comes out clean.

Make the citrus compote: Over a bowl to collect juices, hold the grapefruit in your hand and run a sharp knife alongside the white membranes of the grapefruit to remove the segments. Repeat with remaining fruit. Place Grand Marnier, sugar, and all reserved juice in a medium saucepan and bring to a boil. Cook for 12 minutes until liquid is reduced to about ¼ cup. Remove from heat and fold in fruit segments and mint.

Make the citrus glaze: Whisk together all ingredients in a medium bowl. Brush glaze over cake, letting excess drip down sides. Slice pound cake and serve topped with lemon sherbet and spooned over with compote. Q



Doctor's Orders

With Dr. Pronabesh DasMahapatra

The United States has witnessed a rising trend in obesity and related disorders in the past few decades. This has led to an increased burden in health care costs and deterioration in quality of life. Becoming healthy can be simple if you know how to eat right, get some exercise, develop good sleeping habits and in some instances quit smoking or drink less alcohol.

Healthy eating is not about strict unrealistic nutrition and deprivation of delicious food. It's about learning some nutrition basics and using them in a way that works for you. The few diet strategies that promote healthy metabolism are:

1.) Eat small and frequent meals: Eating well increases the body's metabolic rate, which enhances calorie burn. Four to six meals everyday including breakfast, lunch, dinner and snacks in between are ideal. Breakfast is the most important meal to jumpstart your day because it provides the much required calories after a good night's sleep. It is a good idea to have a hearty breakfast. Subsequent meals in the day should have lower calorie content especially dinner.

2.) Eat a balanced diet with carbohydrates, proteins and fats: Carbohydrates, proteins, and fats provide energy for the body. The body breaks energy down into glucose, amino acids and fatty acids. It uses these basic units to build substances it needs for growth, maintenance and activity.

Carbohydrates are essential for the body, however, they should be consumed in moderation as high amounts of simple carbohydrates like sugar, candy, and cookies promote fat storage in the body and spike blood sugar levels. Healthy carbs include whole grains, beans, fruits, and vegetables and should be an integral part of your diet. These are digested slowly, helping you feel full longer and keeping blood sugar and insulin

levels stable and provide a constant source of energy.

Protein in food is broken down into amino acids that are the body's basic building blocks for growth and energy and essential for maintaining cells, tissues, and organs. A lack of protein in our diet can slow growth, reduce muscle mass and lower immunity. The daily requirement of protein in an average sized adult is about 60 grams per day (0.8- 1.0 grams

Healthy eating is not about strict, unrealistic nutrition and depriving oneself of delicious food.

per kilogram) and about twice as much in body builders. However, most people in the U.S. consume too much protein. It is important to eat grains and vegetables along with different types of protein in the form of beans, nuts, peas, tofu, soy products, and meat. Fresh fish, chicken and turkey provide better quality of protein as compared to red meat due to lower content of saturated fat.

The body also needs fats for growth and energy. It uses them to synthesize hormones and other substances needed by the body and deposits excess fat in the abdomen and under the skin to use when it needs more energy. Excess fat may also be deposited in blood vessels and within organs, where it can block blood flow and damage organs, often causing serious

disorders. When the body needs fatty acids, it can synthesize certain ones. Others, called essential fatty acids, cannot be synthesized and must be consumed in the diet. They are present in vegetable oil and marine fish oils. Good sources of healthy fat are needed to nourish your brain, heart and cells, as well as your hair, skin, and nails. Foods rich in certain omega-3 fats are particularly important and can reduce cardiovascular disease, im-

prove your mood, and help prevent dementia.

Healthy fats include: **monounsaturated fats**, from plant oils like canola oil, peanut oil, and olive oil, as well as avocados, nuts (like almonds, hazelnuts, and pecans) and seeds (such as pumpkin, sesame); **polyunsaturated fats**, including **omega-3** and **omega-6** fatty acids, found in fatty fish such as salmon, herring, mackerel, anchovies, sardines, lake trout and some cold water fish oil supplements as well as sunflower, corn, soybean, and flaxseed oils, and walnuts.

Unhealthy fats that should be eliminated from your diet are: **saturated fats**, found primarily in animal sources including red meat, and whole milk dairy products; and **trans fats**, found in vegetable shortenings, some mar-

garines, crackers, candies, cookies, snack foods, fried foods, baked goods, and other processed foods made with partially hydrogenated vegetable oils.

3.) Eat fruits and vegetables: Fruits and vegetables are rich in vitamins, minerals, antioxidants, dietary fiber; yet, moderate on calories and should be part of every meal. The antioxidants and other nutrients in fruits and vegetables help protect against certain types of cancer and other diseases. Vitamins and minerals boost the immune system and promote growth and development. Dietary fibers help in digestion. You can choose from a wide range of selections available in Louisiana including fresh green leafy vegetables like spinach, broccoli, cauliflower, Chinese cabbage, lettuce, and sweet vegetables like carrots, beets and winter squash. Apples, oranges, berries, grapes, and mangoes are some of the fruits to choose from. As a general rule, the more colors you choose from, the better it is as it provides different essential micronutrients for the body. It is healthier to choose from fresh foods instead of processed food. Canned juices are not good alternative for fresh fruits as it contains high amounts of sweeteners.

4.) Hydrate: Water makes up about 75 percent of our bodies and helps flush our systems of waste products and toxins. Water can also have a thermogenic (calorie-burning) effect on the body. A more hydrated body is more metabolically active. At least eight glasses of water should be consumed in a day.

5) Develop good eating habits: Chew your food slowly, instead of rushing through your meals. This helps to actually taste the flavors of food and also optimizes metabolism. Even the muscle motions involved in chewing food helps in burning calories. During a meal, stop eating before you feel full. It actually takes a few minutes for your

Sample Six Meal Diet Plan

Breakfast

Omelet (Two egg whites, one egg yolk with mushrooms and spinach) with toast and baked beans

Snack

Fresh fruit and low-fat yogurt

Lunch

Grilled chicken/fish with a serving of vegetables

Snack

Nuts and fresh fruit

Dinner

Grilled chicken/fish with green salad

Post-Workout Snack

Protein shake, turkey sandwich on wheat bread

Along with a well balanced diet, equal emphasis should be given on exercise and mental discipline to attain a fit, healthy, and desirable body.

brain to tell your body that it has had enough food. Try to schedule a fixed time for dinner every night. You should eat a low calorie dinner about two hours before going to bed. Heavy dinner right before going to bed stimulates high amount of insulin secretion. This coupled with sleep results in fat deposition in the body.

The sample diet plan outlined here is based on the strategies I've just explained for an average sized male. Portion sizes should be increased or decreased according to body size and intensity of workouts.

Along with a well balanced diet, equal emphasis should be given on exercise and mental discipline to attain a fit, healthy, and desirable body.

The American College of Sports Medicine and American Heart Association recommend the following exercise guidelines for healthy adults under 65 years of age:

- Do moderately intense cardio 30 minutes a day, five days a week
- Do vigorously intense cardio 20 minutes a day, 3 days a week and 8 to 10 weight-training exercises, 8 to 12 repetitions of each exercise twice a week.

It is often difficult for a novice exerciser to determine how hard to train during exercise. Moderate cardio is exercise that is vigorous enough to produce sweating, increase breathing and elevate the heart rate but a conversation can still be maintained while mov-

ing. Any type of sport or activity like brisk walking, easy jogging, dancing, swimming, racquetball, tennis, basketball counts as moderate intensity exercise as long as an increased heart rate is maintained throughout the duration of time spent doing the activity. It should be noted that to lose weight or maintain weight loss, 60 to 90 minutes of physical activity may be necessary. The 30 minute recommendation is for the average healthy adult to maintain health and reduce the risk for chronic disease.

High-intensity exercise, even if only in short bursts, may rev up the metabolism and get fat mobilized in the post-exercise period. High intensity cardio feels challenging and leaves you too breathless to speak. High intensity training work can be helpful for weight loss as well as improving endurance and aerobic capacity. A great way of high in-

tensity cardio training is interval training, i.e., alternate a hard segment (e.g., running at a fast pace for 30 to 60 seconds) with a recovery segment (e.g., walking from one to two minutes). Repeat this series for the length of the workout, usually around 20 to 30 min-

utes. If you are a first timer at the gym, I would advise you to start with moderate intensity training for the first few weeks before you graduate to high intensity training.

Another way of optimizing fat loss is weight training. Weight training is increasingly recommended as a fat-busting tool because extra muscle burns more energy than body fat at rest, so if you develop more muscle and have a higher muscle to fat ratio than before, you must burn extra energy and more stored fat as a result. This is true and has been

shown in metabolic studies. Lifting weights can easily move us into the high intensity exercise zone, but it is only for short bursts. This is not a consistent, steady-state effort and does not generally burn as much energy as a good run on the treadmill. The best way of optimizing physical conditioning would be


to combine cardio exercises with weight training. Try to engage in different training regimens as this reduces monotony. Moreover, switching exercises from time to time help in working out different sets of muscles and develops uniformity and balance in muscle



strength.

Mental discipline and focus is extremely important for health. This means at least eight hours of sleep every night. Do not go by the old English proverb, "six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." Sleep is extremely important for repair of muscle wear and tear. It also induces release of growth hormone required for growth and development of the body. Last but not least, try to stay away from cigarettes and reduce alcohol consumption even though it might be an extremely difficult ordeal in New Orleans. Remember, if you want washboard abs, empty calories from alcohol is not the way to go.

Signing off for now. I will be looking forward to your feedback on this article.


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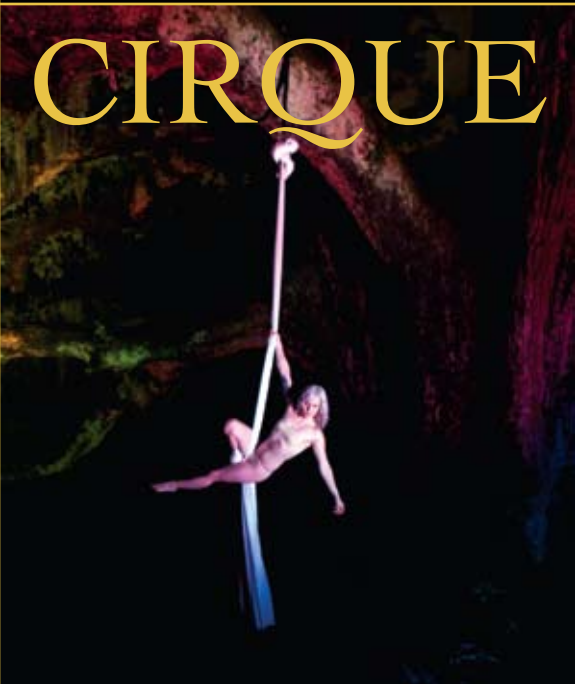
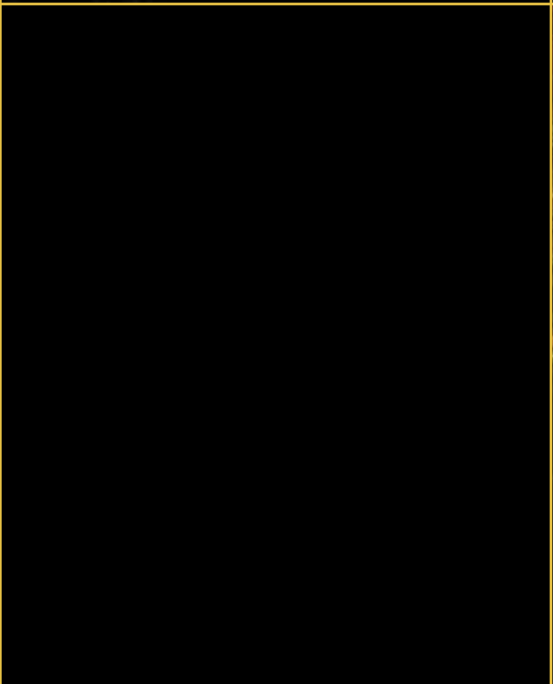
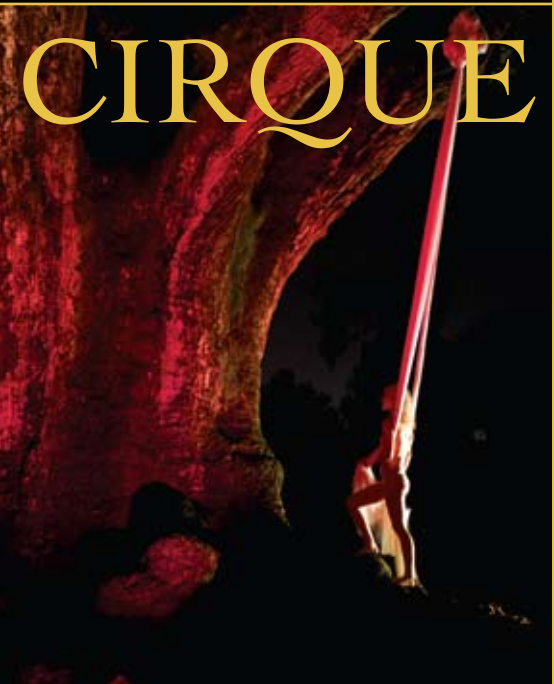
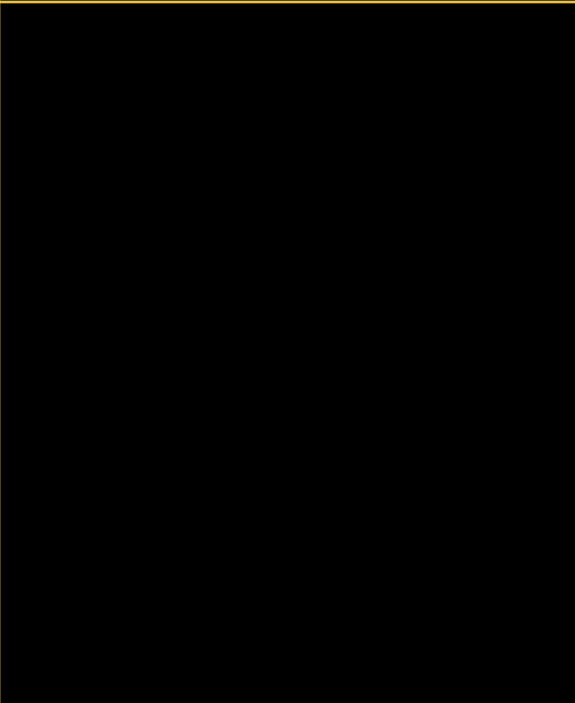
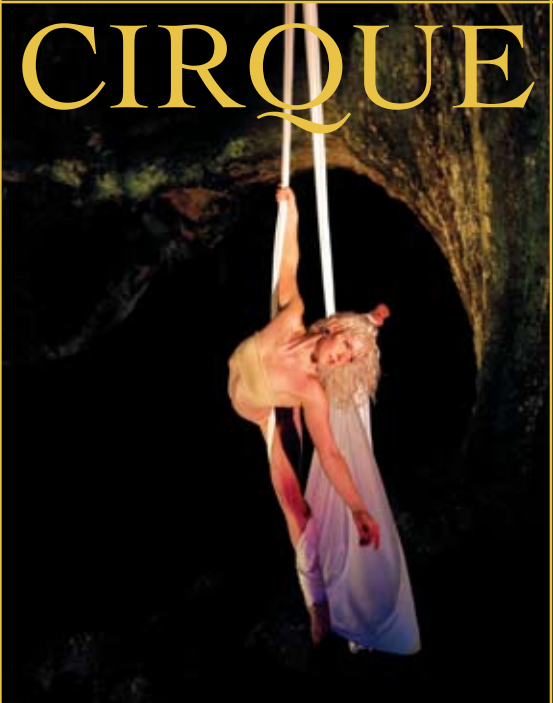
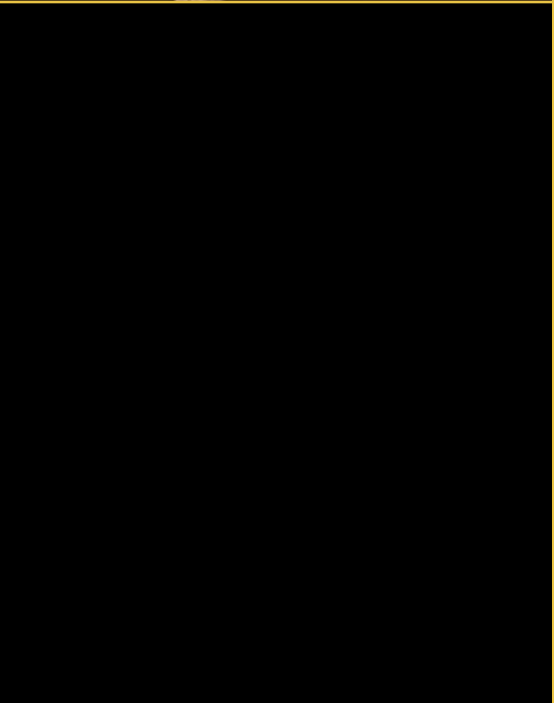
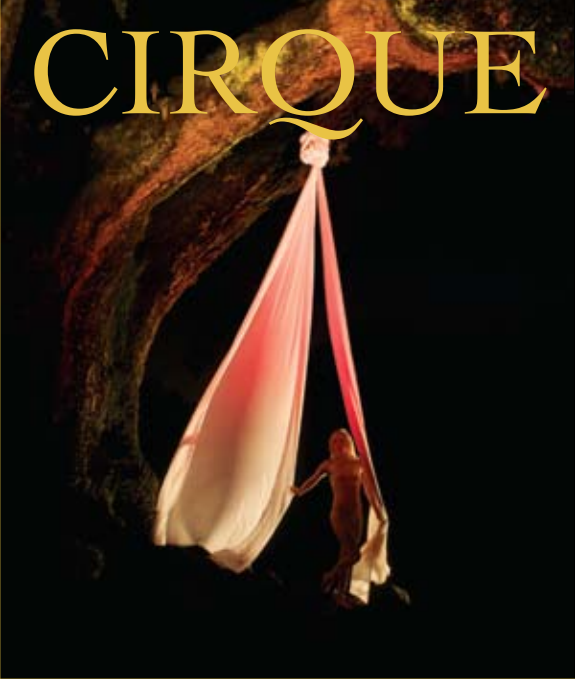
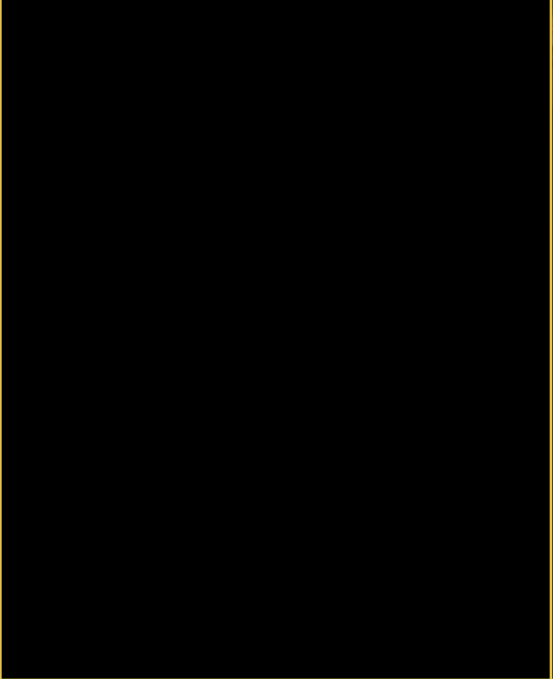
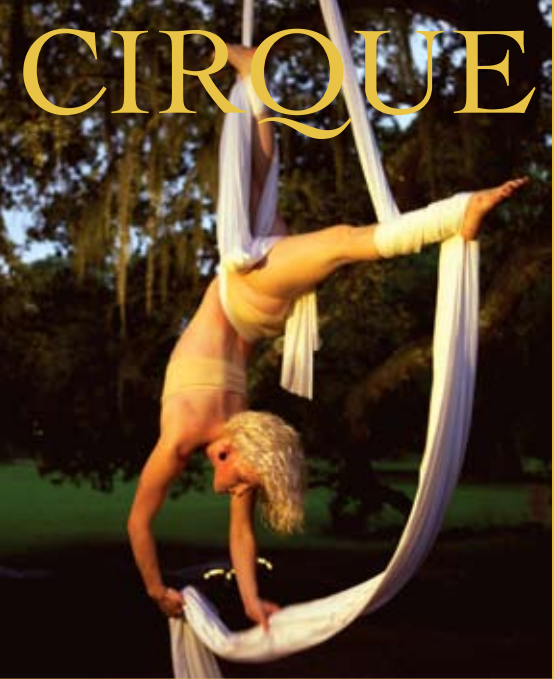
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Shine on, you crazy diamonds, y'herd me?



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